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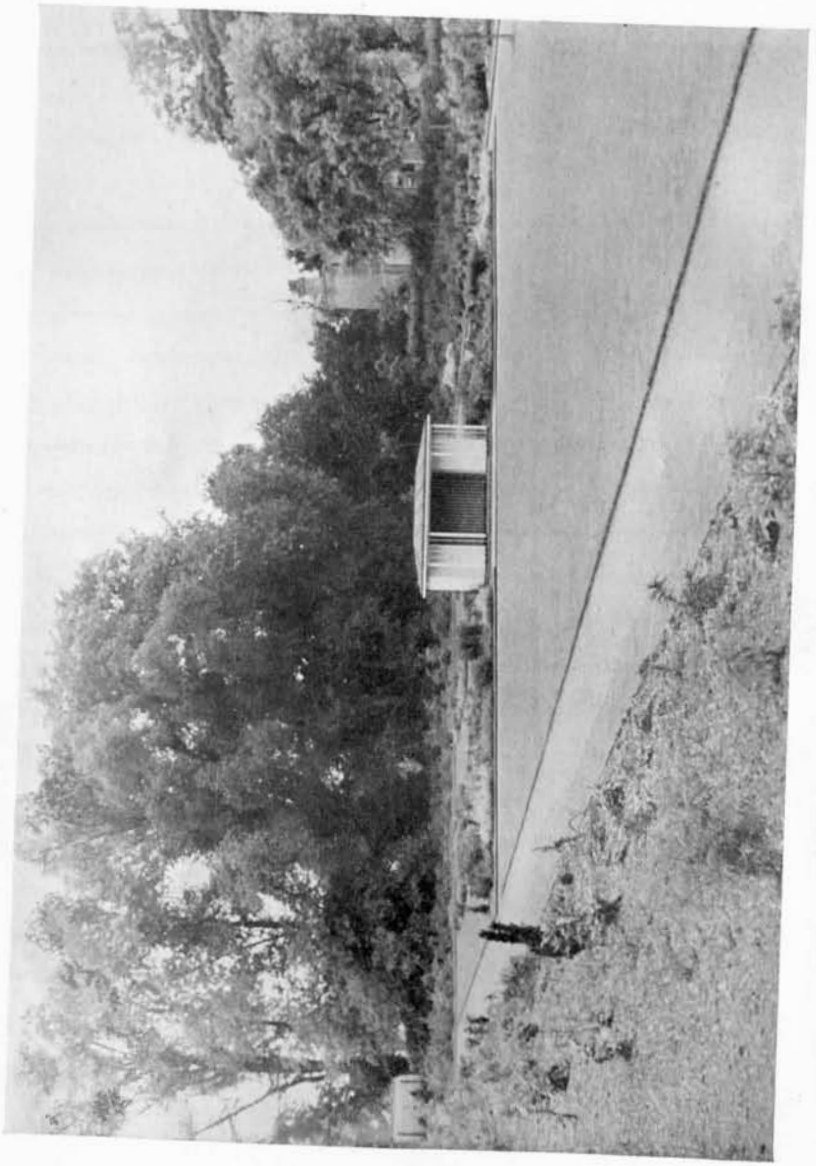

THE NEW GARDEN

THE EAGLE

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THE NEW GARDEN

THE photograph reproduced as the frontispiece of this Number shows the new garden recently made in the College Grounds on the piece of land adjoining the Broad Walk and lying to the north of the Wilderness. The photograph was taken in July 1953 by Mr Kendon and shows the view of the garden from a point near the entrance gate at its south-east corner, not far from the iron bridge.

The site of the garden, until 1951, was an orchard. It was apparently already an orchard when the College acquired the land by exchange in 1805, and it is so shown in R. G. Baker's map of Cambridge of the year 1830.* But that old orchard was largely replanted in about the year 1894, when William Bateson, afterwards Professor of Biology, was Steward. The trees then planted were mainly apples, selected to give a succession of fruit in a normal store from August to May, but there were also plums, some pears, and at least two quinces, one of which has been retained in the new garden. At that time there was a boarded fence along the boundary adjoining Queen's Road; the fence remained until it was ripped down to feed a bonfire in 1900, when it was replaced by the present iron railings.†

* *The Eagle*, Vol. LIII, p. 150 and Fig. 4; Vol. LIV, p. 307.

† I owe these details mainly to Mr R. E. Thoday, Head Gardener of the College, and to Mr Charles Gawthrop, formerly Porter. Mr Gawthrop, who entered the service of the College in March 1888 and retired in January 1946, helped to plant the fruit trees. He was then employed in the Kitchen. He became a Porter at the Gate in 1897 and so continued, becoming also Assistant Head Porter, until his retirement. He must know and be known to more Johnians than any other man living.

The bonfire was probably that on Market Hill on Thursday, 1 March 1900, when news reached Cambridge that Ladysmith had been relieved on 28 February (*Cambridge Chronicle*, 2 March 1900, p. 8; cf. 9 March, p. 8). Some

The conversion of the orchard into a garden was a part of Dr Thomas Sharp's scheme for the replanning and replanting of the College Grounds and Playing Fields as a whole, and he himself has given an account of the scheme and of the ideas that lay behind it.* His plans received the general approval of the Governing Body on 28 November 1950, though a decision to proceed with the new garden was not taken until the following January. The work began in the spring of 1951 and was completed in the autumn of 1952. The garden was laid out and planted by Messrs J. Cheal and Sons Limited, Nurserymen, of Crawley, Sussex, who carried out the whole of the work in the Grounds and Playing Fields, except the initial felling and removal of trees.

The orchard, with its blossom, was an attractive feature of the Backs in spring, and again in summer when the wild parsley, which grew there in abundance, was in flower; but it had often been felt that the area was not used to full advantage, and it would be true to say that since the College had acquired it a century and a half before it had never been fully incorporated, either physically or in feeling, in the College Grounds. Its conversion to a garden has made it for the first time in a full sense a part of the College precincts, and a part of the Backs.

In a letter of 11 July 1950 Dr Sharp, after a first inspection of the Grounds, wrote:

> I think that by far the best use that could be made of the present orchard is to convert it into a garden. Since this is the end of the Backs proper, the firm definition given by a closed garden will be beneficial to the local landscape as a whole....

In his formal report to the College of 9 October he reaffirmed this recommendation and proposed a simple design, formal in character, so that the garden might be "supplementary to the Wilderness and contrasting with it". Thus the garden was designed, not only for itself, but also as part of the general scene. At first it was suggested that the hedges—those on either side of the new avenue of limes along the Broad Walk, the one forming the northern boundary of the Wilderness and the other the southern boundary of the new garden, and also those round other sides of the garden—should be of beech; but, on Dr Sharp's recommendation, it was later decided that all these hedges should be of yew. It was also decided, in order not unduly to increase the costs of maintenance, that the borders in the garden should be planted mainly with flowering shrubs, including

memories have come to associate it with the rejoicings that followed the relief of Mafeking on 17 May 1900; but that is less likely (see *Cambridge Chronicle*, 25 May 1900, p. 7).

* *The Eagle*, Vol. LIV, pp. 314–19. For the new garden, see p. 317.

shrub roses, and that herbaceous borders should be limited to a small section.

The garden is laid out in two parts. The eastern and larger part consists of an unbroken rectangular lawn surrounded by gravel walks, outside which, on the north, south, and east, are wide borders planted mainly with flowering shrubs. These borders are backed by yew hedges, that on the south running the whole length of the garden and forming the northern boundary of the avenue of limes along the Broad Walk and thus corresponding with the new yew hedge along the northern limit of the Wilderness that bounds the avenue on the south. The smaller western part of the garden has as its central area a parterre of grass and beds planted with prostrate plants and shrubs, with gravel walks on the north and south and west, those on the north and south being continuous with the walks of the eastern part. Outside these, similarly, are wide borders planted with flowering shrubs. The two parts of the garden are separated by a yew hedge running north and south, broken only by the gravel walks that run continuously through both parts of the garden, and by a summer-house in the centre, which looks on to the large lawn of the eastern part. To the east of this dividing yew hedge, and flanking the summer-house on either side, are borders of perennial flowering plants. In the north-west corner of this large lawn is a weeping ash, and near the middle of its eastern end is a quince tree, the sole survivor of the orchard trees. Along the northern limit of the whole garden, outside the yew hedge, is a line of limes which will balance the avenue of limes along the Broad Walk to the south. The garden is entered from the Broad Walk at the south-eastern and south-western corners, where there are wrought-iron gates set in the yew hedge. Drainage is provided for the gravel walks, and there is a main-water supply for watering the garden. In the short space between the eastern end of the garden and the Bin Brook white horse chestnuts have been planted, and under these Redstem Dogwood.

The great variety of flowering shrubs and other plants, which include bulbs, were chosen and arranged by Miss Sylvia Crowe, working in association with Dr Sharp. The wrought-iron gates and the summer-house were designed by Mr David Wyn Roberts, University Lecturer in Architecture and a member of the College. The gates were made by Messrs George Lister and Sons, of Cambridge, and the summer-house by Messrs Coulson and Son, also of Cambridge.

Mr Kendon's photograph shows the garden late in the summer that followed the planting: the shrubs are small, the hedges ungrown, and the summer-house over-prominent in initial isolation. Moreover, at present the whole garden is open to the view of persons

passing to and fro along the Broad Walk. All this will change in a comparatively short period, though it will be many years before the limes on the north and south reach their full stature. This opportunity should be taken to place on record two opinions expressed by Dr Sharp in a letter of 30 January 1953, when the making of the garden was completed. He wrote:

> My idea has been that the yew hedges to the Garden and the Wilderness shall ultimately be of an architectural form, up to a height of 6 feet or 6 feet 6 inches, so as to give complete and sharply defined enclosures.

And further:

> I think that ultimately gates should be fixed on the paths between the two parts of the New Garden.

Looking forward in imagination some fifteen or twenty years, we may suppose ourselves to be walking through the College Grounds along the Broad Walk towards Queen's Road. Crossing the iron bridge, we enter the avenue of limes, now grown to some size. The avenue extends in appearance across the road and out into the Playing Fields, and the lines of trees being set more widely apart than the elms of earlier days, the whole composition of the Field Gate with its flanking walls and railings is visible within the width of the avenue. On either side of us, under the trees, is a wide strip of grass; and beyond the grass, on both sides, are yew walls cut square at the top and grown to a height above eye level. Beyond the yew wall on our left is the wild garden of the Wilderness, still very much in its old form; and beyond the yew wall on our right is a garden of formal design, now well established. The Wilderness and the formal garden, contrasting with each other, yet complementary, are visible from the Broad Walk only by glimpses, first as we pass their entrance-gates near the iron bridge, and then again as we reach their other entrances near the Field Gate. Or, instead of walking down the avenue, we may suppose that we turn into the formal garden to the north by the gate at its south-eastern corner and so enter its eastern part. It is a complete enclosure, surrounded on all sides by square-cut yew walls, with borders of roses and other flowering shrubs. In the centre is an open lawn with an old quince tree at its eastern end and a weeping ash in its north-west corner. In the centre of the western end is the summer-house, with a yew wall extending on either side and reaching towards its eaves, broken elsewhere only by iron gates across the two gravel walks which give access to the western part of the garden. We walk through the southern gateway and enter the western part, which is screened from Queen's Road by a high bank of shrubs and trees and sharply divided from the eastern part; and, after walking round

the central parterre, we return by the northern gateway to the eastern part of the garden again. In front of us as we do so, between us and the New Court, is a row of horse chestnuts growing beyond the limit of the garden, and on our left, between the garden and the grounds of Merton Hall, is a line of lime trees, grown as tall as those of the avenue.

The new garden, if developed on these lines in accordance with Dr Sharp's intention, will be a contribution to the gardens of Cambridge; for formal gardens in Cambridge are few. It will also add a new feature, and further variety, to the College Grounds and to the Backs as a whole. It will, in fact, be the completion, after a century and a half, of the extension and replanning of the Grounds begun in 1822 and made possible by the new areas acquired in 1805.*

J. S. B. S.

* *The Eagle*, Vol. LIII, pp. 147–61.

PSYCHOLOGY IN MEDICINE

(LINACRE LECTURE 1953)

By Sir FREDERIC BARTLETT, C.B.E., F.R.S.

All people who make a habit of attending lectures will know well that a lecturer may often say things that everybody in his audience knows already, with impunity, and even with approval. I am therefore well within tradition when I remark that the fact that I was asked, by my own College, to deliver the famous Linacre Lecture, gave me very deep pleasure. Whether, in the event, it can give comparable satisfaction to anybody else remains still to be seen. I can only hope for the best, and this I do with considerable trepidation.

No doubt most people to whose lot it falls to deliver a lecture in honour of some great man of the past, must at some time wonder what that great man himself would think and feel, if it were possible for him to walk in and listen. Would Thomas Linacre, for example, now be annoyed, or flattered? Would he be critical, or amused, or would he be merely tolerant? Probably he would be a little of all these; but on the whole I do not think that I should have any great reason to be disturbed.

He was a humanist before he was a doctor. He travelled widely, and since he seems to have won golden opinions wherever he went, he must have known very well how to get on with all kinds and conditions of people. I believe that every Linacre lecturer, from the first onwards, has pointed out that he translated the works of Galen, including the celebrated treatise on Temperaments. But it would hardly be right to build much on that, for Galen's Temperaments were more physical and physiological than psychological, and their frequently alleged psychological significance may perhaps be largely a matter of the exigencies of translation and of modern interpretation. More to the point is the fact that he became a personal physician to King Henry VIII. It must have been a fairly adventurous job, but he seems to have performed it with considerable success. In the style of the time he was appropriately rewarded by a number of ecclesiastical preferments. None of these provoked him into residence, but their results enabled him to make his two famous endowments for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. With all this he was, and ever since has been, regarded as a man of the most upright and blameless character.

Clearly, whatever Thomas Linacre might have thought about the more modern developments of psychology, he must have been a practising psychologist of the very highest order, and from this I may legitimately derive some little encouragement.

It is likely that the title "Psychology in Medicine", will at once suggest some excursion into the long and strange history of Psychological Medicine. The story of the slow development of psychiatry, with its short periods of advance, or of apparent advance, and its long intervening periods of standstill or retardation, has not yet, I think, been fully and wisely told, in a way both appreciative and properly critical. But no single lecture could tell that story, and it is in my mind now to try to speak of more ordinary and everyday affairs both in psychology and in medical practice.

Numerous people have pointed out that the physician, in the regular exercise of his vocation, has an unrivalled chance to appreciate for himself the mingled comedy and tragedy of human life. Often it has been said that the medical man becomes a psychologist willy-nilly, whatever his views about psychology as an alleged science may be. Indeed even now there are plenty of people who honestly believe that these views about scientific psychology are almost, if not quite, bound to become more critical, more disapproving, the better "natural psychologist" the doctor may be.

There seems to be some truth in this. For long I have wondered how much and of what kind. And now I am going to set out to try to discover the answers.

My own first fairly direct contact with medicine was the same, I suppose, as that of most other people of my own age. It was through the family doctor who was also the family friend. He had a wide-ranging country practice, and when I think of him now, for some reason, I picture him as wrapped in a vast and impressive fur coat, gloved and mufflered, with a diminutive coachman in livery by his side, perched high upon the driver's seat of a light gig, about to set out upon, or returning late from, his journeys in wind and storm, frost and snow. Or again I see him on summer days and evenings, going his rounds and making his special calls, on the horse which always preferred caution to valour. He was, like many others of his kind, a compound of great kindness and great irascibility. It now seems to me that the outstanding thing about his medical activities was not the doses that he used—rather few in variety on the whole, and either somewhat inert or decidedly drastic—but the fact that he appeared to be as interested in his patient's healthy avocations as in their ailments and he was apt to dangle the promise of a return to these before the sick man's sniffing nose as a kind of item in his dispensary.

In his different way, and for his different purpose, he must have been something like those Master Mendicants of whom Sir Thomas Browne wrote:

> There is surely a physiognomy which these experienced and Master Mendicants observe, whereby they instantly discover a merciful

aspect, and will single out a face wherein they spy the signatures and marks of Mercy. For there are mystically in our faces certain Characters which carry in them the Motto of our Souls, wherein he that cannot read A.B.C. may read our natures.

I think he had no formulated or systematic psychology at all. In all his training he had probably never heard that there was such a thing. Much later on, when I used to go back home, he would ask me to go in, and I would talk about dreams, and Freud, and even venture to relate the old story of Œdipus. He would listen gravely, and apparently with deep interest; and with a twinkle in his eye. I never imagined that it would make the smallest impression on the methods of a reasonably successful medical practice; and for a certainty it never did.

Was he a living illustration of psychology in medicine? Clearly in some sense he was, and so were many others like him; but not, I now think, in a particularly important or helpful sense. His "natural psychology" came in only at the stage of treatment. Sometimes it helped him, sometimes it hindered him, at that stage. It had almost no part, perhaps no part at all, in his more strictly medical procedure of diagnosis, or even of prognosis. He was often wrong in both of these and while I don't for a moment want to suggest that even the most professionally expert doctor never would be wrong, still the principal reasons are interesting. His habit was to look for nice sets of accredited physical signs and symptoms, and then to apply the equally accredited, established, tidy and conventional medical classifications. He did not go as far as that well-known character in the Medical Apocrypha who used to tie a string round the waist of the patient to help him to localize the pain. If the pain was above the string, the patient got an emetic; if it was below, he got a purgative; if it was on he got both. But he was somewhere along that line.

I believe that by far the most important part that psychology can play in medicine is the indirect one of putting, and keeping, the doctor on guard against the many pitfalls that await anybody whose practical work must begin by the accurate observation of human beings in disease and in health. It is not the "natural", rather proverbial kind of psychology that will best do this, but a study more experimentally directed, more stringent, more scientific and more critical. What it means perhaps is that before we begin to think very much about the psychology of the patient, we should give rather more attention to the psychology of medical procedure itself. What are the methods by which the doctor himself must try to meet his basic human problems? There seem to be peculiarities about observing and experimenting and thinking about human beings

which maybe the physician needs to know in a more practical and effective manner than almost anybody else.

Before I try to develop this, however, there is another matter that I wish to raise. The fault here lies rather with that kind of medical psychology which is concerned almost solely with emotions and motives and all sorts of human irrationalities. I do not for a moment dispute the importance of these, but they are not the only things in human behaviour, and great preoccupation with them has not a little to do with the still fashionable tendency to regard medical psychology as concerned chiefly with human faults, superstitions and beliefs in quack remedies. This tendency is well illustrated in a book called *The Corner of Harley Street*, much and rightly appreciated in its time, setting forth some of the intimate correspondence of Peter Harding, M.D. One of the prominent correspondents was Aunt Josephine.

My dear Aunt Josephine

With regard to your rheumatism there are, as you say, several kinds of this complaint. . . . And I think it is quite likely that the wearing of a ring upon your third finger may probably benefit your own particular variety, though I am much more doubtful about its efficacy in the case of your coachman's wife.

And later:

I am glad to hear that the ring has been so completely successful in driving away the pain from your joints. I haven't actually heard about the wearing of a ring round the waist for pains elsewhere. With regard to the pills, so much depends of course on what you mean by being worth a guinea. . . . No, I don't think there is the least risk in your taking four. I am sorry to hear of your gardener's trouble. But I should hardly have thought it would be necessary to send him to Torquay. Has it ever occurred to you to suggest that he should sign the pledge?

This may be first rate "natural psychology" but too often it is thought of as the sort of thing that represents psychology's most important contribution to medicine. Oliver Wendell Holmes, a doctor, a Professor of Anatomy, a wise man, and in his way a psychologist, said: "So long as the body is affected through the mind, no audacious device, even of the most manifestly dishonest character, can fail of producing occasional good to those who yield it an implicit, or even a partial faith." Maybe psychology in medicine has the job of making the best of human failings, and if so this is an honourable occupation, but it is not the first, or the last, or the best that psychology could do for the doctor.

Like every other branch of natural knowledge, medicine is based upon direct observation. The outstanding character of immediate

and unaided observation is the power of differences to attract attention. A few differences among many similarities are vastly easier to detect than a few similarities among many differences. Yet differences by themselves are of very little use for building up scientific knowledge whether theoretic or practical. When, as in all natural science, thinking has to be called in to help observation, it can make little headway on differences alone. The differences which mark the individual instances have to be grouped or classified in some way, or studied for important underlying and hidden similarities. By far the easiest and most natural way to do this is to seize superficial and often dramatic likenesses from a very few cases, and to generalize upon these alone. This is the way of folk lore, of popular proverbs, and when the problems that arise have to do with human beings, of "natural psychology".

Any survey of the development of medicine will show how often this has happened and how excessively difficult it can be, at every stage, but especially the earlier ones, to avoid broad and sweeping categorizations and classifications of human disorders. A curious thing is that the most sharply defined of these categorizing efforts have almost always been made by people who particularly prided themselves upon their acute psychological observation.

An extreme example is "large dose Brown" who, about the middle of the eighteenth century observed that healthy human life depended upon continuous external stimulation, and that human disorders must therefore be due, sometimes to excess, but more often to defect, of stimulation. All diseases were sthenic or asthenic, and diagnosis became very easy. Since asthenic troubles were by far the most common, the remedy was to administer large doses of stimulating drugs. It is said that he became one of Nature's most successful allies in keeping the human population within due bounds.

The trouble is fourfold. First, direct observation is bound to be preoccupied with differences; secondly, systematic knowledge cannot develop on differences alone; in the third place, where unaided observation must seek the underlying likeness there is a very strong chance that the likenesses found and used will be superficial ones; and last and most important of all, once a generalization is achieved it is apt to alter the whole balance of direct observation. The preoccupation with differences is swept away, and it is now the differences themselves that are most likely to escape observation. This danger is greatest of all in the fields of observation of human behaviour and human experience. The danger and its possible remedies, however, are just what the scientifically trained psychologist ought to, and I believe does, know something about. The busy physician, faced with a problem of diagnosis, has got to try to combine original

observation with some kind of accepted classification. His greatest risk is that the "slumping" influence of generalization should obscure differences in the particular case. There is then practically only one remedy. The ordinary methods of direct observation must be improved so as once again to sharpen up the differences which may have become blunted and merged in the generalities of the class. Every doctor, of course, uses instruments to aid the observations of his senses, and to that extent becomes an experimenter. But very rarely indeed is any care taken to design the instruments so that they can be most readily and accurately used, or to consider the ways in which they are to be used so that these may fit best the normal capacities and range of sensory observation.

There are, for example, a great variety of designs of the ordinary, common stethoscope. But as far as I know little or no serious consideration has ever been given to the distortion which the various adopted ways of conducting the sounds required are bound to introduce. No doubt there is something to be said for the design of instruments in such a manner that their use demands particular kinds of technological expertness. Yet, after all, instruments are but tools, to be applied with due care and thought. When their use demands very high technical skill there is some danger that this may become an end in itself and the skilful use of the instrument may threaten to step into the place of that function of thinking without which the tool may be of small genuine service.

Even apart from this, it is probably true to say that the method of unaided, direct observation, however much human understanding may be brought to its aid, has not, by itself, played a crucial part in any of the great medical advances of recent years. These have all come from a combination of clinical observation and knowledge with experiment, and experiment nearly always springs from the necessity to select and identify differences from among characters which, to a less analytical type of study, are all apt to be classed together.

If we consider carefully what people have generally said or believed about the place of scientific psychology in medicine, we shall find that for many years it has been held that its main desirable contributions lie in a detailed study of the special senses, and in the theories and practices of psychopathology. These are both highly specialized branches of knowledge. All doctors need some of them, and some doctors

the basic scientific foundations of medicine have been laid, and after much of the detail of its practice has been learned. What I believe to be far more important, especially at university level, is that the doctor, or the prospective doctor, should be able to learn something about the mechanisms, conditions and limitations of

human perceiving, remembering and thinking as these are applied to problems of human behaviour in health or disease. He should know how and when to experiment, and what must be the leading considerations in the design and use of experimental aids. No doubt many others are nowadays thinking about psychology in medicine in much the same way; but not, as yet, enough of them, or to sufficient purpose.

If what I have suggested could be achieved it would, I think, provide the best and most lasting safeguard against the threat of an encroaching staleness of an entirely routine diagnosis. Of course it would not be easy. So far as I can see there is, or there should be, nothing really easy in day by day medical practice. Anything that could help the physician to know how he could best make use of his own expanding experience with judgement and without undue prejudice would surely be a gain.

But if, in these ways, psychology could be of service in medicine, there is another direction in which, I believe, the doctor could most vitally assist the psychologist. Almost from the very beginning of medicine it has been recognized that diagnosis is only a first step. The future must be seen in the present. A prognosis must be made.

Nobody yet knows how a prognosis can be made. Often it is said to demand long experience, but most great prognosticians seem to have developed early and to have worked rapidly. Indeed it is obvious that the simple accumulation of knowledge and experience cannot by itself give any more sense of direction when the details belong to the past than when the concern is with current events. No reference to experience alone can point the difference, whether in medicine or anywhere else, between seeing or thinking descriptively, and thinking or seeing directionally.

What is it that does make this difference? I do not know, and I do not believe that there is any other psychologist who would venture to say for certain that he knows. Yet I suspect that when events occur, not merely in succession, but successively within a series, after they have proceeded some distance they acquire a character of "direction" which an alert and instructed mind is able to appreciate. This is not something imported by the mind into the events. It is objective just as much as colour, and number, and shape, and distance are objective. It means that the serial unfolding of the events is seen, or known, to be moving, and to be moving, with increasing certitude, towards a terminus.

By what qualities of mind can this objectivity of "direction" be accurately assigned to serially related events before, as yet, the series has reached its end? This still remains one of the great puzzles. Many people have said that it is all a matter of intuition, insight and sudden illumination. This is the easy thing to say, but it means no more than to assert that directional perception and thinking do

occur. Whatever the qualities may be it seems that they are needed in medicine more than anywhere else.

When I have searched the records of the lives and work of those great physicians who have been outstanding for the power and accuracy of their prognosis, there seems to be one character that recurs over and over again. They have been men of wide and varied interests, not keeping these interests separate, but allowing the ideas appropriate to one to mix and mingle with those appropriate to the rest. Just like the scientific discoverer they have that habit of mind which searches for hidden functional similarities in fields which usually are regarded as separate. This habit of mind they take with them into their own special realms of study and practice, and so they see, or know, as serial, and with increasing definiteness and limit of direction, events which to a less experimental observation remain merely successive.

But at most this can be only a general character which lies behind "directional" thinking. There must be more to it than this. It may be that if the medical student, the physician and the psychologist could agree to work at it together, something more would be learned, and it might well turn out that the successful practice of prognostic thinking is both more controllable and more a matter of acquisition than has frequently been supposed.

I have come then to this conclusion: Psychology in medicine has been, and in fact in most quarters still is, far too exclusively considered for its specialist *medical* implications. When this means a detailed exploration of the activities of the special senses it is not only concerned with problems that are now fast moving out of the field proper to psychological study into neurology and physiology, but also it is bound to travel into detail that to the ordinary practising doctor must appear remote and of little direct use. When, as more frequently still, it means a preoccupation with the more eccentric wanderings of the human mind, it can very easily appear to the "natural psychologist", as every practising doctor to some extent must be, as over elaborate and fanciful.

There are, I think, two main functions for psychology in medicine: the one for everybody, including the specialist, and the one for the specialist. The second should as I have said come late in any period of preparati
has been laid. The first ought to come early and be concerned with the basic nature of biological observation and experiment, and with the relations and differences of routine, experimental and prognostic thinking. This is to set a value upon psychology in medicine based upon its own specialist character, for it is certain that the only way of presenting these relations and differences successfully is in the psychological laboratory and by psychological experiment.

MEMOIRS OF A FOX-HUNTING SLAVIST (1953)

(On visiting a local D.P. Camp to talk on the English way of life)

I

THOUGH some would have it that the British Empire is fast dwindling, and that our civilizing mission is coming to a quiet end, this is hard to believe when there is work to be done in the marshes of East Anglia, not twenty miles from Cambridge. The task is heavy and complicated; and involves explanation which must include several levels of English thought and action. One might begin with the economic structure of the public house, or move on to the incautious butcheries which result from driving on the right hand side of the road; there are the fierce ethics of not speaking to "certain people", or the vast arrangements for tea-drinking, or perhaps the ingrained moral law of the collar and the tie, as opposed to the Corsican scarf or the deliberate anonymity of the military tunic. There is that part of the national heritage which shows itself by being able to pronounce Leicester or Gloucester in a way which does not suggest a Ukrainian heavy engineering centre.

But the crisis and clash of cultures comes magnificently in the explanation of English politics, where respectability is at a premium, and one is forced to admit that assassination is not a heavy card in the hand of any particular group. It is fair to add this word of warning; under no circumstances, not even the threat of being lashed to a wild mare and being loosed among the Cossacks, should one attempt to explain the British Empire. Parry all questions by insinuations about the Croats.

II

It must have been the fiercest night in February when I made my first attempt to penetrate these brooding concentrations of alien peoples, who were fast becoming a part of the English way of life, though their idea of the sanctities of that ordained pattern was vague and often merely bewildered. The crisis at the moment was not one of culture, but of German measles, which necessitated my being rushed past huts and along tiny roads, until finally I was thrust into the largest room with the hottest stove, by which were huddled the non-bemeasled remnants of the population.

It has since occurred to me that the English are, in their wholesomeness, quite an informal people; for introduction at this stage followed the pattern of rhetoric and interrogation. That I was a member of "the Cambridge Slave department" was soon shouted across from stove to stove; that I was aware of the fact that there was a flourishing university in one Eastern European country before America had been discovered, was a dubious point in my favour. But on one point, I was under reprimand of the sternest kind. There was not a trace of hunting dog by me; I lacked an opera hat, tweeds, a monocle, an old but serviceable shot-gun which had taken me alive through the Sudan and the North-West Indian frontier. And finally and irredeemably, I was not a lord.

At such a juncture, I threw away my notes; it is not too much to say that I both plunged, and was hurled, into my subject. Three Galicians slept their lugubrious sleep, while the proverbial back-row heaved and mumbled in an ominous, conspiratorial kind of way. The middle brooded, and looked all too plainly sad. At last it was finished, and I was braced for the agony of the questions on the mother of parliaments, and eighteenth-century corruption. After the tension of a moment, a fur coat and all the unrestrained splendour of gold teeth rose from the back, and demanded of me that I forecast the result of the American elections. From the very centre, a heavy military gentleman, his hair style denoting his profession, his tightly fastened collar giving the lie direct to elegance, forced me to admit that the "Opposition" was superfluous, for if we had a good government, why have an opposition? The possibilities he suggested, and more so the memories he evoked, had all the malignancy of bayonet charges across the floor of the House.

I got the bus back to Cambridge, thankfully without German measles, but desperately puzzling the difference between culture and Kulchur.

III

The Coronation was my undoing, for although on the previous occasion I had fled into the Fen night and into that comforting hostility of the passengers which rides with every English bus, before the climax of June I went once again among them. The same room loomed up, though this time minus the indiscriminate curse of German measles, and the burden of the hot stove; but this time, I had strayed into a counter-attack. Each minority, every feverish national group, rose to claim for itself the foundation of our dynasty. The competition was bitter, and backed by an array of facts which scoured Europe, and did not stop at dragging in those curiously

active Danes of the tenth century, or remote but seemingly omnipotent princelings who evidently had not spent all their time skulking in the Pripet marshes, or being *blasé* about the Tartars. The symbolism of orb and sceptre, the tradition welded into the Abbey, wilted before the stride of these inexorable and ingenious facts. I began to suspect that our National Anthem, with its strange rhythms, had once been the battle song of a Poltava tribe, or was intoned by Igor on his way to the wars; I was taunted by the irony that Chaucer did indeed speak Russian with a marked German accent. And I looked surreptitiously but carefully at my boots for that telltale snow.

It was a joyous night, entirely lacking in fact or discrimination; it was the death of history, and a most gorgeous gesture at the spirit of politics. Dynasty had never undergone such a trial, nor had genealogy ever been used so tellingly, quite in the manner of the dialectic. My bus-ride back to Cambridge was a very sombre affair, for I was unaware of the sensible atmosphere of the bus; my preoccupation was with an international arithmetic converting sixpence-halfpenny into złoty's and roubles, while my soul was threatened by that strange Eastern disease called "self-criticism".

IV

I am now ready to admit that both Gunga Din and Rudyard Kipling are better men than I; that strident poet has his own fascinations, which I am only beginning to discover. There can be no doubt that he knows the English, that he knew the English in India, and that not only can he explain the English to others, but also to himself. He is entirely free from my drastic Anglo-Carpathian bias, and I am certain that he is so sure that the Balkans begin at Calais, that he could have made my bus-ride full of his own accomplished arrogance, with a complete indifference to Kulchur, and a fine blasphemy against culture.

At night, when the east wind blows cold and hard, then I am lost in the thought that the same wind blows cold and hard in Eastern Europe. From that point, I surrender to genealogies, brood over the wise maxims about the role of the opposition, and consider the full and grievous difficulty of pronouncing a name like Cirencester, without making it sound too much like an English town; and I warn myself about the difficulties of explaining Croat political structure, and resolve to parry all questions by reference to the British Empire.

At that moment, but not an instant before, I open my Kipling and Mickiewicz.

JOHN ERICKSON

THREE POEMS

AUTUMN MOODS

BEFORE, in these spacious Autumn days,
the gracious ballet of the lichened trees
danced down the lanes
in the rustling moments,
the sun's soft, cool charm sang to me
as it stained her dark beauty with light
when I walked with her.

The moon I cried out for
was in the eyes and in the lips wherein I died
in tongue and eye and spirit kisses.

Autumn was soft then, and the dying light
of days was no end,
no end to love's light bubbling nights,
to the angry curved bow of her lips
shooting my heart's arrows
into the careless air.

But now, in this same Autumn,
in that laughing gold-memoried lane,
I am stone amid the gentle leaves
which fall, and have no meaning in their fall.
I am wistful, and the night is damp,
its starry mask cannot hide me from myself.

Somewhere my manhood has been lost
in these dusty mounds of leaves,
without her I am
virile like marble for womankind.

DENIS SULLIVAN

PITFALL

FATALISM arises so easily;
To stop and think
Becomes irresistible,
Mind hanging between
Shaving, loving
Between the shadow and the cross
Between the profit and the loss
The mirror's broken spirit speaks,
Fallen to thinking why
History is made slowly
While prices run so high.

And paddling in a bath
Waiting for the call,
The pseudo-therapeutic
Turning to the wall
(life is rather sordid
to the nurtured eye).

However there is always time
For rest and all due recreation,
A touch of wine, of procreation,
Even at times some spiritism.

But few, too few, care much for schism,
Content with picture postcard views
And comments on the morning news.

DENIS SULLIVAN

ANTICIPATION

WHY do I not fear the end of my days,
the ceasing of these, my acts and thoughts,
when parted from my smiles and usual ways
I'm there in the dull coffin's yellow rays,
sallow and sweet, and mourned in a neighbour room,
waiting.

Why do I not fear the spray of dirt
from customary hands ere the judgement thud
of harsher burial, when spadefuls spurt,
alone but for dark worms which cannot hurt,
drilling and squirming in my borrowed bones,
waiting.

But there is no fear in obvious things:
horror is in the decayed goodwill
of a world's worn systems where no bird sings
in the triteness of endeavour, which brings
only man's sweet centre of earth and dust,
waiting.

DENIS SULLIVAN

EXILE IN PARIS

A PERSONAL IMPRESSION OF THE RUSSIAN COMMUNITY

In an era of which the refugee and the emigrant are perhaps the most characteristic phenomena, the Russian community in Paris has attracted very little attention. This is not remarkable, since modern society has scant sympathy for its ailing or unproductive units. The immediate concern of the foster-state is to absorb the immigrant community, break up its national homogeneity, and chop it into suitable fuel for the economic machine. France, unlike America, has found the Russian emigré community indigestible. It is undoubtedly dying, but slowly, and without indecent haste; and through no fault of its own it has been, on the whole, materially unproductive. In 1917, France opened her arms wide to the Russian exiles: but she soon discovered that she had inevitably attracted the type of exile who would be of little practical use to her. The Russians who sailed to America in the 1890's and early 1900's did so because they wanted to work and, if possible, achieve their ambition of owning a little land. The Russians who came to Paris after the Revolution did so because they had nowhere else to go, and because they came, for the most part, from a class which in every country has always regarded Paris as its second capital.

Among them were men and women of great cultural distinction, and the majority could already speak French fluently. While their money lasted, the emigrés provided the finest adornment to Parisian society. But they brought with them little material wealth or practical training. Those who possessed qualifications of an international character—doctors, engineers, and scientists—experienced little difficulty in resettlement. Many more, by hard work and perseverance, succeeded in adapting themselves to employment in the mines and factories of the provinces. Of the hundred thousand Russians who chose to spend their exile in France, nearly four thousand became taxi-drivers in Paris, and half of them are still in business. By no means all the emigrés, however, found it easy to gain a footing in French society; and not all of them wished to. A large number were already past middle-age when the necessity of earning a living faced them for the first time, and for many, the great handicaps of inexperience and foreign birth proved insuperable. The sympathetic hospitality of the French was considerable, but it had limits. An ageing professional singer who, after years of unemployment in the early 1930's, finally succeeded in securing a job as

labourer in a builder's yard, was dismissed after his first day's work for wearing gloves to protect his hands. Many incidents of a similar nature show that it has often been impossible to make a successful transference from the habits and values of old St Petersburg to those of working-class Paris.

In many ways the Russians who have been unsuccessful in adapting themselves, economically and socially, to the conditions of their new home, and those who have made little effort to do so, are the most characteristic element in the emigrant community. For in them, the desire to remain a distinct community is strongest. The professionally talented and the wealthy are now, after over thirty years, firmly tied to French society by the bond of material success. The successful emigré lives, of necessity, in two worlds: inevitably, the French world of his business or career is gradually ousting from his life the Russian world, which has little save memories to offer him, and from a material viewpoint nothing to offer his children. In the second generation of emigrés, the dichotomy is naturally even more pronounced: most of them speak French more fluently than Russian, although their parents almost invariably forbid the adopted language in their homes. Russian parentage comes to mean little to them, after a French education, except an additional circle of friends, the advantages of a second language, and, usually, a keener cultural awareness than their French contemporaries. For the aged, the unmarried, the widowed and the childless, however, there is only the one, Russian, world. Throughout their exile, they have rarely extended their real contact with France beyond what is strictly necessary for the task of living. The exclusively Russian life of the community is vital to them. They it is who attend the Russian Church most regularly: who take the most fervent interest in emigré activities, in Russian plays and concerts: and who speak French only to the shopkeeper and the concierge. In their homes, they preserve the past as carefully as Miss Haversham, but without morbidity; they live with it rather than in it. One wall of my host's sitting-room was completely covered with portraits of every Tsar since the first Romanoff, and their families; the others were filled with views of St Petersburg, Russian paintings, and photographs of Russian friends, grouped around the large ikon. Nowhere in the small apartment had France secured the merest foothold. Emigrés of this type still do not regard France as their home, and never will. The absence of new roots sometimes tends to give one the impression of a temporary holiday rather than of permanent exile. The holiday-makers have been stranded, and their money is running out. Paris, after so many years, retains the novelty of someone else's city; an excursion from the Russian apartment in Boulogne-Billancourt to

the boulevards and cafés of the centre is still a minor adventure. The effect is heightened by the attitude and temperament of the Russians themselves. Personal tragedy is a commonplace, and they spend very little time talking about it. Blessed with a livelier sense of humour than most Europeans, they extract the maximum of pleasure from very slender means. Despite their poverty, they probably enjoy Paris more than most native Parisians.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the contribution of the Orthodox Church to the sustained cohesion and *esprit* of the Russian community. The Eglise Russe in the Rue Daru, which possesses one of the finest choirs in France, is filled to capacity every Sunday for most of the three-hour service: but it is more than a place of worship. The small churchyard is the focal point of emigré life, the place where, on a Sunday morning, one can always be sure of meeting one's acquaintances. Churchgoers normally divide their time equally between their worship and the social gathering outside, which overflows into the street when the service is over. Opposite the Church, a Russian boulangère does a good trade in *pirozhki* and vodka, especially if the sermon has been unusually long. Whether they are devout or not, the emigrés hold their Church in deep affection. Its Thursday Schools, the equivalent of English Sunday Schools, have done much for the education of their children, and it has been consistently active in the care of the old and the sick. Above all, it constitutes the one element in the Russian community which is likely to survive; the seminary is flourishing, and many Europeans have been converted to the Orthodox faith as a result of the emigration. The emigré finds comfort in the reflection that in fifty years' time, when Russian will be spoken in very few Parisian homes, Russian anthems will still be sung in the Rue Daru. Their religion shows signs of succeeding where their culture, in every sphere save that of the Ballet, has failed. Although many of the leaders of pre-revolutionary literature, thought and music came to Paris in 1917, the conditions of exile are seldom productive of great inspiration, and they have founded no tradition of emigrant culture. Ten thousand books were published by emigrants between 1920 and 1940, but the fusion of the Russian literary tradition with a Western environment has never been happy.

The tempo of Russian political life in Paris has, inevitably, become gradually slower, and will soon have died away altogether. Before 1939, innumerable anti-Bolshevik organizations existed, but they lacked a common figurehead and common political ideals; consequently, they achieved virtually nothing, and the emigrés rapidly lost faith in the possibility of effective action against the Soviet regime. During the war, the Russian community was politically

divided: many supported Nazi-ism against Communism, but many more opposed the evil which now affected them more nearly. When peace returned, the emigrés were split once more by the temporary improvements in relations between Russia and the West. The Soviet Embassy in Paris seized its opportunity, and founded the Soviet-sponsored Orthodox Church in the Rue Pétel. A Soviet newspaper, *Russian News*, was set up in opposition to the anti-Communist *Russian Thought*; the former now has a circulation of 3500 as opposed to the latter's 8000. This is no indication, however, of emigrant opinion, since most emigrés read anything in Russian they can lay their hands on, whatever its political flavour. Nevertheless, a considerable number of Russians have renewed their allegiance to their mother-country since the war, although only a few have carried their new loyalty to the point of applying for repatriation. Most of them have been discouraged by hearing at first hand the experiences of the small number of Russian refugees who have reached Paris since 1945. For the great majority of the Russian community, there is no prospect of a return to Russia, and no desire for it. Nearly all of them have had personal experience of the Communist régime, if only in its early days, and they prefer to remain without a country. Their intense faith in Russia, and in the mission of Russia, is not on this account one whit diminished. Whenever they see the genius of their people appearing through the clouds of politics, they applaud it unreservedly, even if it is in Soviet dress. They attend Soviet films assiduously, and praise them when praise is merited. If they read Soviet books but seldom, this derives from sound literary judgement rather than from political prejudice. Their love for Russia still eclipses their affection for France. As they firmly believe that the strength and intuitive wisdom of the Russian *narod* will eventually loosen and finally break the grip of an alien political creed, so they accept the approaching death of their exiled community with the greater equanimity. They suffer from no narrow delusion that the soul of Russia will be dying with them.

B. G. C.

THE GREEK EARTHQUAKE

An earthquake is the most dramatic of natural disasters: it is unexpected, violent and inexplicable, very obviously a Visitation. Every other catastrophe ravages the surface of the earth, but in an earthquake the whole force of Nature seems to be turned against the security of solid ground. There is no escape from the shuddering and the indescribable subterranean grinding—you cannot run away. It strikes with incredible speed; instead of the slow relentless rise of a flood, there is a single, short, savage attack—an earthquake does not mount up and die away; it begins, and ends, suddenly. This adds to its uncanny aura of personality; any man can watch flood water rise against a measuring stick and appreciate the existence of some rule of nature governing it. But an earthquake is ungovernable—it appears and it disappears. Perhaps, indeed, it would be nearer the truth to say that it comes and it goes, for its caprice tends to make one think, not that there have been tremors in Corinth and Cyprus, but that the earthquake has moved there. The forces of man seem quite powerless. You can play a hose on a fire, but you cannot put out an earthquake; it goes on until it is satisfied. There is, common to all these aspects, a kind of animism, which perhaps provides an earthquake with its peculiar fascination—for that it is fascinating, and dramatic, is demonstrated by the great attention which the Press paid to the happenings in Ionia. For a short while news of the islands filled the front pages, and then, suddenly, the reporters realized that the earthquake had gone away, and they went too. News of the disaster diminished to a trickle until, on the day on which I finally disentangled myself from the Annual T.A. Camp, there was no mention of it at all. I had ample time to think of the islands in my journey across Europe—as my Turkish travelling-companion said, "The Orient Express, it stops at every fountain"—and I wondered whether, perhaps, the whole affair might not be over by the time that I arrived. I need not have worried.

I arrived at Argostoli by devious and unofficial methods. A humble letter to the Foreign Office having produced no reply in the ten days which preceded my departure (nor, as has subsequently transpired, in the four months which have followed it), I was not very sanguine about my reception in Athens, and my predictions were fulfilled. The Consulate were most polite and most noncommittal. They suggested that I try to find the consul at Patras, but I felt that though this was sound in principle, I might arrive more quickly by less official means. It was fortunate that I did so decide, for the Consul was on a tour of the islands, and I should probably have never arrived at all.

By great good fortune I fell in with a benevolent Cephallonian on the train to Patras, who, after describing me, to my great dismay, as a "mechanico", secured me a passage to his island on a Greek naval vessel. I spent a disconcerting hour in a naval barrack-room during which sailors peered at me and departed muttering, and was then taken aboard the Patrol Vessel P14. One glance at my jeans, battered college blazer (in Greek, 'one personal small blue sack') and army boots convinced the officer of the watch unfavourably of my social status, and I was sent down to the mess deck. Here I spent twelve pleasant hours eating, sleeping, peeling potatoes, and watching the crew play backgammon with much shouting and banging of counters. The seamen were so kind that, although I could not speak their language, I was very sorry to leave the ship when we arrived at Cephallonia and the time came for me to try to find the British contingent.

I should have been even sorrier to leave if I had known that there was no British contingent. It is true that a good deal of search disclosed a naval helicopter and a detachment of men, but they, having finished their magnificent work, were "just pulling out, old boy". For the next three hours I wandered about the ruined town, with no official pass, and, as I later discovered, under suspicion of being a spy. I was particularly anxious to find some useful work to do, for, although the Greek Embassy in London had assured me that all help would be welcome, it was no part of my plan to find myself as a useless mouth to be fed from the overstrained resources of the relief-workers. Happily, with the aid of a kindly wireless operator at the American Mission, I found the Greek Red Cross, who provided me with shelter and employment.

When I set out, I had decided to attach myself to a demolition gang, as this sounded arduous and mildly dramatic, and for a while the actual work which I did, which was helping in the distribution of clothing, seemed by comparison to be extremely unromantic. But, as I soon realized, a foreigner with no Greek in a Greek demolition gang was likely to prove more of a menace than a help—and certainly my clothing distribution provided me with plenty of hard work. Early each morning we set out with a grossly overloaded lorry, on the top of which I perched, alternately fending off olive branches, and calculating which of the many earthquake-weakened hairpin bends would prove to be my particular Nemesis. The combination of the damaged mountain roads, and the almost spiritual unconcern with which the driver treated the mundane laws of gravity and friction made each journey three hours of continual terror—far more alarming, in fact, than most of the earthquake tremors which were still taking place three or four times a day. The

less violent of these tremors were, if one was at a safe distance from anything which was capable of falling down, mildly stimulating breaks in a long day, although at first they seemed rather alarming. I had the misfortune to open my score on the night of my arrival. A feeling of vague unease penetrated my sleep-muddled brain and I suddenly realized that it was not I who was restless, but my bed. I rose hurriedly and left the tent, unfortunately forgetting to get out of my sleeping bag first, so that I fell heavily to the ground. After a while I realized that this was a very tiny tremor, which nobody else had noticed, and crept back to bed, blushing. On all future occasions I cultivated a determined nonchalance, which was strained only during the very few serious tremors which took place during my three weeks in the island. We even began to feel a perverse pride in our experiences, like bombing raconteurs—"Three already today and one of them *particularly* bad"—and developed a grim sense of humour. When a soldier dealt one of the pegs of a nurse's tent a sharp tap, and it disappeared into a concealed fault, we all thought it very jolly.

The lorry rides, on the other hand, were never amusing. Limp with relief we would arrive at the village selected for the day, and begin to give out the parcels of clothes. This entailed the operation of a ponderous but effective system designed to ensure that everybody received one bundle and no more, a task more difficult than those who do not know the Cephallonian peasant might expect. Our lorry load usually consisted of about seven hundred packages, and after these were given out we would have our meal. This was very welcome, as it is difficult to raise much enthusiasm for bread and jam and cocoa at six fifteen in the morning, and even that seemed a very long time ago. Our mid-afternoon break also provided the only real opportunity for relaxation in the day since there was a strict curfew in Argostoli, and most people had two glasses of ouzo in the ramshackle café on the sea front and went to bed at eight thirty. It was my custom at lunch to try to increase my Greek vocabulary, which consisted of the numbers and about fifty other words, concerned almost exclusively with the distribution of clothing. When I left London I had pinned my faith on a phrasebook, which proved to be a broken reed—the author must have been one of the most remarkable conversationalists in Europe. Unfortunately space does not permit me to reproduce any of his little dialogues for the use of travellers, but it is sufficient to say that amidst such useful offerings as "I am five years older than my sister" and "At last we are at Volos, here is the town hall", the only phrase which seemed to have any likelihood of being used by my friends was "I am sorry for what has happened to you", which had a rather ominous ring. I had also

hoped that memories of a year spent on ancient Greek would come flooding back to me, but when it came to the point I could remember only two phrases. They were "The general is in the camp", which was true enough, but of no particular value as a conversational opening, and "The in the market-place messenger". I had often wondered at school why the messenger was always "The in the market-place", and never "The on the road" or "The delivering the message", and had formed a mental picture of an ancient Greek agora positively crammed with messengers, sitting in the cafés. I never met any messengers, but I sat in many Athenian cafés, and I fully see their point.

The afternoon break also provided me with an opportunity of learning something of the way in which each village was recovering from the disaster. At first the complete destruction of their patterns of living had produced a numbness in the peasants which led some visitors, who did not stop to think, to believe that the islanders were merely taking their ease and expecting everything to be done for them. But when the first shock had lost its effect, the younger people began to reconstruct their lives with considerable energy. Only the old people found the effort of readjustment too great. They had spent their lives in a narrow and settled world, and when their way of life collapsed, they were resigned to sitting beside the rubble of their homes, waiting for the next thing to go wrong. For these an emergency relief service could do little; it might provide shelter and clothing, but could not rebuild their spirit.

The spirit of the people varied in a curious manner from village to village. After a while we became able to tell, within a few minutes of arriving in a village, whether it was going to be a "good" village, with efficiency, muddle and co-operation; or a "bad" one with exasperation, muddle and discontent: we were never able to determine the precise cause of this very real difference, although it undoubtedly depended in part on the qualities of the mayors. Universally, however (with the exception of one village in which we discovered that our driver, whom we found to be a Communist, had been telling the peasants that the clothing which we brought was verminous) we encountered genuine appreciation of the clothing which we distributed. Practically all the clothing came from Great Britain and the United States and, although memories are short, these countries will be thought of with gratitude in the villages in Argostoli. The work of the British Army will be remembered for evermore there: they did more to strengthen the already firm bond between Greece and this country than could a thousand diplomatic pacts.

the disaster, and took risks which even the other detachments who

helped so splendidly were unable to countenance. It was a matter of the greatest pride to me to hear our Navy spoken of in such terms, and to be shaken by the hand by Greeks who wished to thank *some* Englishman for the risks which our men had taken in digging their families out of dangerous ruins. And this praise does not detract in the least from the outstanding work of the American, French and Greek detachments, and of my hosts, the Greek Red Cross, by whose efficiency and gross overwork the inhabitants were saved from disease.

When one is doing routine work in the wake of a disaster it is neither possible nor desirable to see the scene as a whole; only the little vignettes which suddenly stand out from the deadly sameness of dust and heat and rubble make one realize that this is a disaster involving human beings, and not just the sometime dwellers in ruined houses—the nest in a tree in which the former owner of a heap of stones was living, with two umbrellas hanging from a branch forming all that was left of his previous life. The page of Tiger Tim's adventures, a Rainbow comic dated August 1928, which was blown to my feet in a gust of wind from a ruined house. The small girl, orphaned by the earthquake, standing expressionless, with dull eyes, in the line of laughing and weeping evacuees, allowing no one to touch her, open to no compassion. The blind old lady, who had lost her whole family and her home in thirty seconds, and, in the next village, the fine gentle young farmer who had seen his wife and four of his five children killed. The sad line of nuns walking back to the ruined nunnery, with the relics of their Saint who is the protector of the island.

I left Greece with many impressions, not all of them sad. I shall remember the small boy, who introduced himself as Douglas Fairbanks, and carried my heavy kitbag through the streets of Patras, vanishing before I could offer payment; the Nursing Sisters, humorous and kindly, and Mr Pospati, the President of the First Aid Section who gave much of his valuable time to entertaining me on my return to Athens, unperturbed by my disreputable appearance; and all the others who demonstrated so well the natural hospitality of the Greek people. I loved the Greeks, and I loved the islands with their people, and I do not forget that, after earthquake, hurricane and torrential rain, they face in tents and crude huts a mountain winter with three feet of snow.

M. J. M.

MARTIAN ELEGY

DEATH is not different on the plains of Mars,
Nor is the sorrow of a love departed,
For grief comes easily in space among the stars.
Those whom we loved we love—
Those whom we hated—the sorrow still bites deep.
A loneliness, an icy loneliness of knowing,
Of comprehension, half awakened, half forgot—
The icy stillness binds the spell around our hearts.

Some there are who say that years of seven score
Are far too short for man's estate
That life before it begins has ended,
Brought to ruins by the crumbling wind of time
Before the fruit of knowledge has been won.
But wisdom lies not in the years of life devoured
In eating. . . drinking. . . sleeping. . .
Nor in love, though that be teacher fair enough.
Rather 'tis from the inner soul it comes
From that strange union with the infinite
Devoid of shape or meaning, place or time,
But spun invisible through the gloomy deeps of space.

Strange indeed, and terrible these worlds of Sol,
Hung by a thread of thought from Parent Star,
And aweful in their majesty the shifting,
Feckless seas of sand of ruddy Mars.

These few knew fear and hope and love
And ventured out lonely in the void
To seek the infinite expanse of truth.
And yet at home the world will say
"These lives, so carelessly laid down—
"Can it be right to die so young?"
And yet these few encased in the dust
Have known more than all the world did guess
And in their youth died happy to the last.

P. L. M.

12.30 A.M. CHAPEL COURT

THE rattle of the moon on this cold court
Rings footsteps round the brick,
Where the bright square darkness flings
My shadow over my shoulder,
Stark on the grass like a lonely boulder
Poised on a peak of moor.
Stretched like the shadow taut midnight's thought
Sings tremors down the rock,
Where the spark of an utter vision clings;
I turn and look behind me
Before the bony old man can find me
And take me where the dead men are.

W. T. H.

BEYOND

O THAT the pool of my concern
Would reach beyond the India,
And beyond
to lap among the stars;
Would stretch beyond this love,
This lawn, this summer land of mine,
To all the love-lorn lands.
The summer-lorn;
and cup its lapping
At the lips of pain,
Unto the least of lips that thirst
Beyond this love of mine,
Beyond this mine.

D. I. M.

TIGHTENING OF BELTS

(With apologies to Mr H. REED)

TODAY we have tightening of belts. Yesterday
We had a rise in fees. And tomorrow morning
We shall have some other imposition. But today,
Today we have tightening of belts. Spaghetti
Glistens like coral in all of the neighbouring restaurants,
And today we have tightening of belts.

This is the large silver fork. And this
Is the small steel knife, whose use you will see,
When you are given your meat. And this is the large helping,
Which in your case you have not got. The dons
Munch on high table their silent succulent mouthfuls
Which in our case we have not got.

This is the fruit jelly, which is always eaten
With an easy flick of the wrist. And please do not let me
See anyone using his biceps. You can do it quite easy
If you have any strength in your wrist. The waiters
Are fragile and motionless, never letting anyone see
Any of them using their biceps.

And this you can see is the soup. The purpose of this
Is to open the meal, as you see. We can pour it
Quietly platewards; we call this
Serving the Soup. And rapidly backwards and forwards
The whitecoats are messing and slopping the tables
They call it serving the Soup.

They call it serving the Soup; it is perfectly easy
If you have any strength in your wrist. Like the spam
And the plums and the meat-balls, and the value for money,
Which in our case we have not got; and the curries
Gleaming in all of the restaurants, and the spirits dropping
downwards and downwards,
For today we have tightening of belts.

ANDREW BRACEGIRDLE

RONALD DUNCAN'S

"THIS WAY TO THE TOMB"

Performed in the Chapel by the Lady Margaret Players
in the Michaelmas Term 1953

THERE are very few plays with a religious basis which are suitable for production in a college chapel, and even fewer suitable for this college chapel, which has peculiar and maddening difficulties of its own to be overcome—problems of audibility, visibility, lighting, entrances and exits, all of which enter into the choice of the play to be performed. In my opinion a wrong choice was made, but nobody can be criticized for that: it is difficult, in a week or so, to thumb through all the religious plays that have been written and pick a winner. The modest success of last year's production of *Samson Agonistes* was only due to the very hard work put into it by the producer. At any rate this play was chosen, and although the producer and a rather talented cast made a thoroughly good job of it, the play in part defeated their intentions. It is written in a rather slovenly variety of metres, and, if tedium is to be avoided, it needs either a certain amount of movement or a great variety of pace in the verse speaking. Much movement was impossible because a considerable part of the stage is invisible to most of the audience—as it was this reviewer missed a great deal of what went on round the corner—while variety of pace has to be sacrificed if the words are to be understood by the audience. And here there seemed to be a certain lack of discipline: a great deal of what was said *was* inaudible.

Trevor Williams managed the difficulty very well. This part was monumental, slow, and solemn, and therefore suited to the requirements of the chapel: he played it excellently. But David Ridley as Julian, in particular, and several others, went for their parts with a tremendous enthusiasm, which would have been admirable elsewhere but in the chapel, but with no control over the volume of their voices and the precise articulation of their lines—a control, which, it should be said in fairness to them, ought to have been imposed by the producer. Jeremy Trafford on the other hand sailed through on rather too even a keel in the first half, though in the second he had the success he deserved with his plummy-voiced father Opine. The women's parts were if anything rather underplayed; though certainly they were not helped by the author. Still one would have liked a little more sheer vulgarity in such things as the boogy woogy and the blues. As satire the antimasque is thin stuff, though one must admit it is not primarily meant as such: even so the author presumably

did not intend these songs to come over to the audience sounding rather like crystal clear music of the spheres.

Further criticism is difficult. The cast, and what audiences there were, probably know already what went wrong and what did not go wrong. The production was an honest and straightforward attempt on a very difficult play to stage anywhere. The play was produced with great simplicity and economy of means, and it was certainly not the producer's fault that it did not have the financial success it deserved.

A. C. L.

COLLEGE NOTES

Honours List

The Queen has appointed Sir HUGH MACKINTOSH FOOT (B.A. 1929), K.C.M.G., Governor of Jamaica, to be a Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order.

New Year Honours, 1954:

Knight Bachelor:

Mr A. L. BINNS (B.A. 1914), Chief Education Officer for Lancashire.

K.C.M.G.:

Mr J. J. PASKIN (B.A. 1918), Assistant Under-Secretary of State, Colonial Office.

C.B.E.:

Dr F. W. G. WHITE (Ph.D. 1934), Chief Executive Officer, Scientific and Industrial Research Organization, Australia.

O.B.E.:

Mr D. G. B. LEAKEY (B.A. 1931), Assistant Conservator of Forests, Kenya.

Mr P. E. MONTAGNON (B.A. 1939), Senior Principal Scientific Officer, Ministry of Fuel.

Prizes, Awards and other Honours

Mr C. EMBLETON (B.A. 1952) has been awarded a research studentship in physiography by the Nature Conservancy.

The title of Commendatore of the Order of Merit of the Italian Republic has been conferred upon Mr H. A. GENT (B.A. 1927), managing director of Laboratori Glaxo, Verona, for services to industry.

A Royal Medal of the Royal Society has been awarded to Professor N. F. MOTT (B.A. 1927).

Mr R. N. RADFORD (B.A. 1947) has been admitted to the degree of Master in Architecture of Harvard University.

Mr B. H. B. ROBINSON (B.A. 1951), Guy's Hospital, has been awarded the Beaney Prize in Pathology and the Golding Bird Medal and Scholarship in Bacteriology.

The Weldon Memorial Prize of the University of Oxford has been awarded to Dr F. YATES (B.A. 1924).

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

John Bernard Seely Prize in Aeronautics: J. D. JUKES (B.A. 1953).

Frank Smart Prize for Botany: D. A. HOPWOOD (Matric. 1951).

Hamilton Prize for research in radio communication: P. A. G. SCHEUER (B.A. 1951).

Raymond Horton-Smith Prize: E. K. WESTLAKE (B.A. 1946).

Sandys Studentship: J. P. SULLIVAN (B.A. 1953).

David Richards Travel Scholarships: J. HOLROYD (Matric. 1952) and D. M. METCALF (Matric. 1952).

Grant from the Philip Lake Fund: C. EMBLETON (B.A. 1952).

Grant from the Craven Fund: M. H. BALLANCE (B.A. 1948).

Grant from the Shell Chemical Engineering Studies Fund: C. B. GUTHRIE (B.A. 1952).

Imperial Chemical Industries Fellowship: N. K. BOARDMAN (Matric. 1951).

Academic Appointments

Mr J. A. BARNES (B.A. 1939), formerly Fellow, has been appointed Reader in Anthropology at the London School of Economics.

Mr J. A. CROOK (B.A. 1947), Fellow, has been appointed a University Assistant Lecturer in Classics.

Dr D. D. ELEY (Ph.D. 1940), Reader in Biophysical Chemistry in the University of Bristol, has been appointed Professor of Physical Chemistry at Nottingham.

Professor Sir FRANK ENGLEDOW (B.A. 1913), Fellow, has been appointed chairman of the governing body of the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture.

Mr W. M. FAIRBAIRN (B.A. 1951) and Mr A. GEDDES (B.A. 1951) have been appointed lecturers in mathematics in the University of Glasgow.

Dr R. M. GOODY (B.A. 1942), Fellow, has been appointed University Reader in Meteorology at the Imperial College of Science, South Kensington.

Mr G. H. GUEST (B.A. 1949), Mus.B., organist of the College, has been appointed a University Assistant Lecturer in Music.

Mr G. A. Holmes (B.A. 1948), Fellow, has been appointed a tutor in Modern History in St Catherine's Society, Oxford.

Dr J. B. Hutchinson (B.A. 1923), F.R.S., Director of the Empire Cotton Research Station, Namulonge, Uganda, has been appointed chairman of the Makerere College council.

Mr T. P. R. Laslett (B.A. 1938), formerly Fellow, has been elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, on appointment as College Lecturer in History.

Dr H. N. Mackworth (Ph.D. 1947), formerly Fellow, has been appointed Director of the Applied Psychology Research Unit in Cambridge of the Medical Research Council, in succession to Sir Frederic Bartlett, Fellow.

Mr P. A. P. Moran (B.A. 1939), Professor of Statistics in the Australian National University, has been appointed one of the original Fellows of University College, Canberra, and will act as Bursar.

Professor N. F. Mott (B.A. 1927), F.R.S., Henry Overton Wills Professor of Physics in the University of Bristol, has been elected Cavendish Professor of Physics in the University of Cambridge.

Mr B. G. Newman (B.A. 1947) has been appointed a research officer at the National Aeronautical Establishment, Ottawa, under the National Research Council of Canada.

Dr A. Salam (B.A. 1948), Fellow, has been appointed a University Lecturer in Mathematics.

Mr A. C. Trott (B.A. 1921), C.M.G., has been appointed Director of the Middle East Centre for Arabic Studies, Shemlan, Beirut, Lebanon.

Mr D. C. Weeks (B.A. 1953) has been appointed a University Demonstrator in Botany.

Ecclesiastical Appointments

The Rev. G. G. Carnell (B.A. 1940) to be rector of Isham and vicar of Great with Little Harrowden, Northamptonshire.

The Rev. Canon V. Y. Johnson (B.A. 1913), rector of St Cuthbert, Colinton, Edinburgh, has resigned owing to ill health.

The Rev. J. C. Makinson (B.A. 1913) has resigned the vicarage of St Werburgh, Derby.

The Rev. G. L. Tiarks (B.A. 1931), rector of St Paul, Rondebosch, Cape Town, to be vicar of Lyme Regis.

Ordinations

The following were ordained on 20 September 1953:

Priest: The Rev. M. L. H. Boyns (B.A. 1949), by the Bishop of Southwark; the Rev. P. G. Croft (B.A. 1948), by the Bishop of Coventry.

Deacon: Mr D. R. Howe (B.A. 1951), Wells Theological College, by the Bishop of Winchester, to a curacy at Basingstoke; Mr P. M. Lloyd (B.A. 1949), Cuddesdon College, by the Archbishop of York, to a curacy at South Bank, Yorkshire.

Mr J. A. P. Holdsworth (B.A. 1947), Wells Theological College, was ordained deacon 20 December 1953 by the Bishop of Liverpool, to a curacy at All Saints', Wigan.

The Rev. C. G. W. Nicholls (B.A. 1947) was ordained priest 20 December 1953 by the Bishop of Oxford.

Public Appointments

Mr A. C. Mayle (Matric. 1952) has taken up an appointment as District Officer, Lake Province, Tanganyika.

Mr G. L. Day (B.A. 1913), Town Clerk of St Ives, Huntingdonshire, is presenting a mace to the St Ives Council, in commemoration of his family's services to the Borough. His father, Mr G. D. Day (B.A. 1883), and his grandfather, Mr G. N. Day, were Town Clerks before him.

Legal Appointments

On 23 June 1953, Mr J. R. D'Arcy (B.A. 1952) was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple, and Mr B. J. Appleby (B.A. 1951) by the Middle Temple.

Mr P. Cradock (B.A. 1948) was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple 24 November 1953.

Sir Percy James Grigg (B.A. 1912), honorary Fellow, has been elected an honorary Master of the Bench of the Middle Temple.

Mr J. C. Hall (B.A. 1948) was placed in the second class in the examination for honours of candidates for admission on the Roll of Solicitors of the Supreme Court, 1953.

Mr R. G. Waterhouse (B.A. 1949) has been elected to a Harmsworth Law Scholarship at the Middle Temple.

Medical Appointments

Mr A. Hulme (B.A. 1939) has been appointed consultant neurosurgeon to Frenchay Hospital, Bristol.

Mr R. J. Williams (B.A. 1941) has been appointed consulting surgeon, Merthyr and Aberdare H.M.C.

Other Appointments

Mr F. R. G. CHEW (B.A. 1932), has been appointed a joint headmaster of Gordonstoun School.

Mr J. G. DEWES (B.A. 1950) has been appointed an assistant master at Rugby School.

Mr C. G. FREKE (B.A. 1909), Indian Civil Service (retired) has been co-opted a member of the Committee of Management of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

Mr R. RAE (B.A. 1951) has been appointed an assistant master at Christ's Hospital.

Mr D. H. REES (B.A. 1937) has been appointed senior Classics Master at Dame Allan's School, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Mr B. M. STROUTS (B.A. 1931) has been appointed deputy general manager, Nyasaland Railways.

Mr W. M. UNSWORTH (B.A. 1952) has been appointed an assistant master at Adams Grammar School, Newport, Shropshire.

Marriages

RAYMOND JOHN ADIE (Matric. 1950) to AILEEN ELIZABETH HANCOCK, daughter of Dr B. J. Hancock, of Coltishall, Norfolk—on 25 July 1953, at St Edward's Church, Cambridge.

HUGH FREDERIC BARTLETT (B.A. 1944) to MARGARET DICKINSON —on 5 September 1953, at the parish church, Billericay.

HENRY FRANCIS BEAUMONT (B.A. 1949) to ANNE BAGOTT LINDFIELD, elder daughter of the Rev. W. E. J. Lindfield, rector of Sedgeberrow, Worcestershire—on 27 July 1953, in Gloucester Cathedral.

JOHN ALFRED DEXTER (B.A. 1952) to HAZEL MARY KIRKUP, only daughter of F. M. Kirkup, of Cambridge—on 20 August 1953, at St Paul's Church, Cambridge.

LEONARD JOHN GOVIER (B.A. 1946) to MARGUERITE KATHLEEN FRAMPTON—on 4 July 1953, at Richmond Parish Church.

PETER GRIFFITHS (B.A. 1949) to GWYNETH MARGARET ROBERTS, daughter of G. Roberts, of The Beeches, Trumpington—on 10 July 1953, at Holy Trinity Church, Cambridge.

JAMES MACGREGOR BRUCE HARLEY (Matric. 1949) to BARBARA CORINNA ELLIS, younger daughter of Captain F. R. Ellis—on 7 November 1953, at St Andrew's Church, Hornchurch.

DESMOND JOHN HARRIS (B.A. 1950) to ELSIE STELLA MACSYMON, daughter of C. W. MacSymon, of Upton in the Wirral—on 4 July 1953, at St Bene't, Cambridge.

HANS LIEBECK (Matric. 1952) to PAMELA FRANCES LAWRENCE, daughter of Walter Lawrence, of Battledown, East Horsley, Surrey—on 14 August 1953, in Cambridge.

ROBERT PETER LAX MCMURTRIE (B.A. 1949) to MARGARET JANE WRIGHT, elder daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel L. E. L. Wright, of Rickstones, Hook Heath, Woking—on 12 September 1953, at St John's Church, Woking.

ALEXANDER PERCY DE NOBRIGA (B.A. 1948) to ANNE BIRBECK—on 11 July 1953, at Bodenham, near Leominster.

RICHARD GEORGE PENTNEY (B.A. 1947) to ELISABETH BERTHOUD, elder daughter of Eric Berthoud, of Gaston House, Bishop's Stortford—on 8 August 1953, at St Giles', Great Hollingbury.

RAYMOND HARRY WARWICK REID (B.A. 1948) to MELODIE BROOKE PETERS, of Chatfield, Exton, Devon—on 10 October 1953, at St Swithun's, Woodbury, Devon.

ALEXANDER JAMES OTWAY RITCHIE (B.A. 1950) to JOANNA WILLINK FLETCHER, elder daughter of Dr Herbert Morley Fletcher, of Fittleworth, West Sussex—on 12 September 1953, at Fittleworth Church.

BRIAN MOORE SCOTT (B.A. 1947) to MARGARET OLGA RAINSFORD, only daughter of H. B. Rainsford, of Wells, Norfolk—on 4 July 1953, at St Nicholas, Wells.

HARRY LEONARD SHORTO (B.A. 1940) to JOYCE LINGFORD, only daughter of Dr C. G. Lingford—on 11 July 1953, at St Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield.

DOUGLAS PHILIP THRES (B.A. 1923) to GRACE VERONICA ANDREW —on 18 September 1953, in London.

PIERO TREVES (Matric. 1938) to JANET M. DUTTON—on 27 July 1953, at St Marylebone Town Hall.

HENRY ARTHUR WICKSTEAD (B.A. 1935) to MARGARET GOODRICH, elder daughter of the Rev. Canon H. S. Goodrich (B.A. 1915), vicar of Corby, Lincolnshire—on 22 August 1953, at Corby Parish Church.

HUGH ARNOLD VAN ZWANENBERG (B.A. 1938) to SUZANNE BRIDGET HOLDRON, elder daughter of W. G. E. Holdron, of Fordcombe Manor, Kent—on 13 June 1953, at Fordcombe, Kent.

OBITUARY

Sir Percy Henry Winfield (B.A. 1899), Q.C., F.B.A., LL.D., who died on 7 July 1953, was born in 1878 at Stoke Ferry in Norfolk, was King's Scholar of the Royal Grammar School at King's Lynn, and entered the College as a commoner in 1896. At the end of his first year he took a first class in the College examinations in law and was elected an Exhibitioner and a Proper Sizar of the College. In his second year he was senior in the first class in Part I of the Law Tripos and was elected a Foundation Scholar; and in the following year, in Part II of the Tripos, he was again at the head of the first class, his scholarship was renewed, and he was awarded a Hughes Prize. In 1901 he was elected to a MacMahon Law Studentship and was awarded a Whewell Scholarship in International Law. He went out of residence in 1902 and, in June 1903, was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple. The annual lists of subscribers which were printed in the *Eagle* of those days indicate that, after a short period at Newcastle, he was now living in London: but in 1904 and thereafter he is given a Cambridge address, first at Fitzwilliam Hall and then (in 1907) at St Mary's Passage. It seems probable, therefore, that his year of practice on the South-Eastern Circuit was 1903–4 and that his years of law coaching at Cambridge (in association with D. T. Oliver of Trinity Hall) began soon afterwards.

In his third year as an undergraduate, he rowed two in the Second Lent Boat, and his *critique*, written perhaps by J. H. Beith who was at that time captain of the L.M.B.C., was not complimentary. The following year, after stroking one of the Junior L.M.B.C. Trial Eights, he rowed two in a First Lent Boat whose misfortunes included an over-bump. Thereafter, he played lawn tennis for the College, under the captaincy of Alfred Chapple; was awarded his Colours in 1901; and was (with Chapple, Atkins, Bromwich and others) a regular member of the Long Vacation team in that and the following year. His enthusiasm for lawn tennis continued in his later life, and he captained the County in 1912–14.

During the First World War he served four years in the Cambridgeshire Regiment and was wounded in action. On his return to Cambridge, both St John's and Trinity appointed him College Lecturer in Law. In 1921 he was elected a Fellow of the College; in 1926 he was appointed a University Lecturer under the new statutes; and in 1928 he became the first Rouse Ball Professor of English Law. He retired from his Professorship in 1943, but, as Reader in Common Law to the Council of Legal Education, continued lecturing at the Inns of Court until 1949. In that year he was

SIR PERCY WINFIELD

created Knight Bachelor. His other honours included three honorary doctorates and election as an Honorary Bencher of the Inner Temple; and he served as President of the Society of Public Teachers of Law (1929–30), of the Johnian Society (1948), and of the Rugby Football Clubs of the University and the College.

Winfield contributed numerous articles to the legal periodicals, edited the *Cambridge Law Journal* for twenty years, and was author or editor of at least sixteen law books. Of these, his monographs on the *Abuse of Legal Procedure* and his *Chief Sources of English History* reflect his earlier historical researches, miraculously pursued at a time when his burden of teaching was immense. His *Textbook of the Law of Tort*, from a later period when his interest lay chiefly in the modern law, is famous wherever English Law is known and, despite the old conventions to the contrary, is cited even by Bench and Bar. Dealing with a field of law which was being developed rapidly by the courts, it won confidence in the legal profession and has undoubtedly influenced the growth and refinement of legal principles. That an academic lawyer, writing a text-book intended primarily for students, achieved this wide recognition is indeed remarkable; and, incidentally, it has done something to break the barriers which have long separated academic from practising members of the profession.

A certain harsh deliberateness of speech and a somewhat remote expression, accentuated in later life by increasing deafness, led one to underestimate his persistent energy and his capacity for friendship. Even in his late fifties, he was an untiring opponent at lawn tennis and, however long and arduous the battle, was likely to defeat an adversary twenty years his junior. All social occasions, and particularly his contacts with undergraduates, were a delight to him. Inclined always to see the best in people, he was a staunch and warm-hearted friend, readily helpful to anyone who sought his advice and almost over-anxious to see the other man's point of view; and yet, in many ways, his own opinions were settled, uncomplicated and clear. S.J.B.

ERIC LEONARD ADENEY (B.A. 1910), died at Tintagel, 4 November 1953, aged 65.

ROBERT ALLEN (B.A. 1886), metallurgical engineer, late of the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, died 2 July 1953, aged 87.

VEREY ROBERT SIDLEY BECKLEY (Matric. 1949), of the Colonial Agricultural Service, Kenya, was killed in ambush while operating against the Mau Mau, 22 September 1953, aged 29.

JOHN BORTHWICK DALE (B.A. 1893), formerly professor of mathematics at King's College, London, died 1 July 1953, aged 83.

GEORGE RAYNER ELLIS (B.A. 1922), formerly editor of the *Rand Daily Mail*, Johannesburg, died at Cape Town, 6 November 1953, aged 56.

LEWIS GLADSTONE GLOVER (B.A. 1889), M.D., died at Hampstead, 25 September 1953, aged 85.

FREDERICK ALPHONSE ARTHUR WILLIAM HEATON (B.A. 1909), formerly vicar of St Michael, Tenterden, Kent, died in hospital, 23 November 1953, aged 66.

THOMAS FRANCIS HOWELL (B.A. 1887), LL.M., barrister at law, sometime chairman of James Howell and Co., Ltd., drapers, of Cardiff, and Master of the Drapers' Company, died in a nursing home at Cardiff, 16 November 1953, aged 89.

CURUPPUMULLAGE JINARAJADASA (B.A. 1900), President of the Theosophical Society from 1946 to 1953, died at Wheaton, Illinois, 18 June 1953, aged 77.

GEORGE HERBERT MCCALLUM KILBURN (B.A. 1892), formerly a master at Batley Grammar School, died at Burley in Wharfedale, 26 September 1953, aged 82.

JOHN JOSEPH MEWBURN LEVIEN (Matric. 1883), formerly secretary of the Royal Philharmonic Society, died in London, 2 July 1953, aged 90.

ALAN FREEMAN (WALKER) OGILVIE (B.A. 1893), solicitor, died at Boscombe, 23 December 1953, aged 80.

RICHARD VAUGHAN PAYNE (B.A. 1929), F.R.C.S., M.Chir., in medical practice at Windsor, died 10 December 1953, aged 45.

CHARLES ERNEST FREDERICK PLUTTE (B.A. 1930), died by his own hand, 8 July 1953, aged 45.

HARCOURT WYNNE PUGH (Matric. 1889), a coal exporter, died at Cobham, Surrey, 15 October 1953, aged 82.

JOHN GLADSTONE SCOULAR (B.A. 1907), colliery manager, a Rugby Football 'Blue', who afterwards played five times for Scotland as full-back, died at Wakefield, 7 September 1953, aged 67.

JOHN WILLIAM SCRIVIN (B.A. 1935), assistant professor of classics at Trinity College, Toronto, died at St Michael's Hospital, Toronto, 7 November 1953, aged 40.

WILFRED SHAW (B.A. 1919), M.D., F.R.C.S., surgeon in charge of the gynaecological and obstetrical departments of St Bartholomew's Hospital, died in London, 9 December 1953, aged 55.

WILLIAM LISLE SHEPHERD (B.A. 1909), vicar of Holme on Spalding Moore, Yorkshire, from 1941, died in May 1953, aged 65.

HENRY JAMES WARNER, B.D. (B.A. 1884), formerly vicar of North Stoke, Oxfordshire, died at Poole, Dorset, 16 August 1953, aged 91.

FRANK JOHN WYETH (B.A. 1900), Sc.D., headmaster of Newport Grammar School, Essex, from 1911 to 1938, died at Hove, 27 November 1953, aged 75.

ABDULLAH KHAN BAHADUR YUSUF-ALI (B.A. 1895), Indian Civil Service (retired), in 1928 a representative of India at the League of Nations Assembly, died in London in December 1953, aged 81.

Mr NOEL THATCHER (B.A. 1894), who died 27 June 1952, left £100 to the College, free of death duties, to help in the assistance given by the College to needy students.

BOOK REVIEWS

F. HOYLE. *A Decade of Decision.* (Heinemann. 6*s*.)

Fred Hoyle made his name with his broadcasts and book on *The Nature of the Universe.* If the present book fails to add to his reputation it will be because most people are less interested in the probable future of this planet than in the possible nature of others; and are moved, in so far as they are interested in this world, more by immediate interests than by larger considerations.

He is aware of this. He devotes his first chapter to an attack on the second of these fronts, deploring the pettiness of contemporary party politics, the irrelevance of contemporary international issues and the temptation to be content with "muddling through". His readers will no doubt resent these remarks in inverse proportion to their immersion in politics: the politicians will be his severest critics. In the next two chapters, however, concluding that the rules of politics will never change, he has anticipated these interested critics by appealing over the heads of the politicians to the average man. The "modest proposal" outlined there is that Great Britain is overcrowded; and that on economic, strategic and political grounds the sole hope of a sound future, if not of survival, is the reduction of her population from 50 to 25 millions by means of emigration to Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. He knows that this proposal has been made before; but it has rarely been outlined more cogently. He knows that it would be difficult to put into effect and has met most of the stock objections to it. And if the greatest of all the difficulties is not answered, and this is hardly noticed, it is only because there is no answer—except, perhaps, to write such books as this.

The average man in the nineteenth century, beginning with the average Irishman if there is such a thing, emigrated not only because he could, but also because he had to. The average man today is better off than he ever was; and if, as some believe, he is moved as much as the politician by immediate interests, he will prove to be as unconvinced as the politician by this argument; as unmoved, too, by the concluding pages in which Mr Hoyle summarizes the course of past civilizations to emphasize what might happen if the argument is ignored.

And yet, if this is the situation, those who feel as strongly as Mr Hoyle have no recourse but to attempt to undermine it; and those who write as clearly may one day, before it is too late, succeed in doing so. F. H. H.

R. L. C. FOOTTIT. *The Instrument at the Door: a search for reassurance in the modern world.* (Skeffington. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

Mr Foottit's search for reassurance has been conducted on such a wide scale that no single reviewer could hope to assess its findings. The first hundred pages are equally divided between *Peace and Progress* and

Society and Sex, and the second half of the book is devoted to *Appearance and Reality*. A selection of chapter headings will speak for the breadth of the author's interests and the variety of the questions on which he speaks with enthusiasm if not with authority: The Roots of War; Reason and Emotion; Free Will and Causality; Divorce; Homosexuality; The Upanishads; Early Greek Philosophy; The Nature of Religion; The Nature of Sex; The Nature of Happiness. This list is far from complete. It is inevitable that in writing chapters of five or ten pages on such a multiplicity of topics Mr Foottit should incur the suspicion and the censure of a score of specialists. The philosophical reader who finds the treatment of free will sketchy and unsatisfying, the account of Greek philosophy diagrammatic and overconfident, and the critique of contemporary philosophy based on a radical misunderstanding of an extremist doctrine which is in any case out of date, will wonder uneasily what his scientific, historical, psychological and Orientalist colleagues would have to say of other parts of the book. Mr Foottit writes crisply and incisively, even if he is too fond of the technical terms of a dozen disciplines. The man who aspires to be a polymath is always in danger of being no more than a polyglot; but the re-unification of learning can never be achieved unless it is attempted, and the author has made the attempt with a determination and an assurance which belie the sub-title of his interesting and irritating book. J. R. B.

A. G. LEE. *Cicero's 'Paradoxa Stoicorum'*. (Edited with Introduction and Notes. Macmillan. 1953. 4*s*. 6*d*.)

This edition of one of the lesser known of Cicero's works is full of interest. We see in the *Paradoxa* in as clear a form as anywhere the satisfaction which Cicero derived, and hoped to teach others to derive, from the study and discussion of the views of the philosophical schools; here he challenges his own powers of popular exposition by taking as his subject Stoic paradoxes which it seemed could not easily be explained in simple terms. "Temptare uolui possentne proferri in lucem, id est in forum, et ita dici ut probarentur, an alia quaedam esset erudita, alia popularis, oratio." Secondly, we find here (as indeed we do in all Cicero's writings) that extraordinary felicity of style and rhythm which is something more than the sum total of the technical skills and rhetorical devices that Cicero knew so well.

It is among the chief duties of an editor of the *Paradoxa* to illuminate these two aspects of the work; and this Mr Lee has done with the same precision and sureness of touch, the same exact appreciation of the meaning and mood of his author, which characterize his edition of *Metamorphoses* I. The whole of the introduction and commentary is of a lucid and straightforward nature, and we are not often taken far into the advanced technicalities of the point at issue: this is because the editor has done the journey for us and brought back the answer. The result is

that his edition will be of value to the widest possible field of readers; the inexperienced will not be perplexed, while the more advanced student will find his appreciation stimulated and broadened. R. D. W.

A. G. LEE. *Ovid: Metamorphoseon Liber I.* (Cambridge University Press. 1953. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

It is comparatively easy to appreciate Ovid's facility as a versifier and to admire his dexterity and wit, but in this excellent edition of the first book of the *Metamorphoses* Mr Lee takes us a great deal further than that. He shows us Ovid as a man and a writer whose interests and capacities are far from being merely superficial and who can produce poetry of real depth and feeling. "A scholar should be a lover, too," and Mr Lee's love of Ovid is made apparent by the skill and enthusiasm with which he shows us the sparkling vitality of Ovid's genius, by the scholarly sincerity of his own approach and by his penetrating and sensitive analysis of the effects which Ovid achieves and the methods by which he achieves them. (See, for instance, the notes on lines 304, 308, 628 and particularly that on the passage 504–21.) It is especially important that he reminds us that Ovid's poetry was written to be read aloud, and that the so-called rhetorical tricks are not tricks at all, but an essential part of the style, and necessarily employed.

The introduction contains many useful and illuminating suggestions, as well as the salient facts about Ovid's life and work; and there is a particularly interesting section on the early translators. The notes give just the right kind of assistance and comparative illustration, and translations quoted from Golding, Sandys and Dryden enliven and enrich them. We are referred to the Old Testament, the music of Debussy, the mythology of the tribes on the Orinoco and to much other interesting and always relevant matter (though the last sentence on page 107 of the notes is either a gloss which should be omitted or a suggestion which needs further explanation). In particular the notes on various proper names (e.g. Deucalion, Tempe, Io, Phaethon) are models of their kind.

Mr Lee is aware of the failings of his author (e.g. Introduction, p. 22) but his enthusiasm for Ovid shines through everywhere and his scholarly interpretations and comments stimulate a similar enthusiasm in the reader. In short, it is difficult to see how an edition of these dimensions could have been done better. R. L. H.

R. A. LYTTLETON. *The Stability of Rotating Liquid Masses.* (Cambridge University Press. 35*s.*)

The forms of liquid gravitating masses in steady rotation and their stability have been the subject of many monumental papers. It has been supposed that the acceleration of the rotation as the body condenses can lead to separation into two or more parts, and that

explanations of the formation of satellites and of multiple stars (especially binaries) were to be found on these lines. Maclaurin showed that ellipsoids of revolution were possible forms; Jacobi that at a certain rate of rotation a series of ellipsoids with three unequal axes branched from the Maclaurin series; Poincaré showed that when this happened the Maclaurin series became unstable and that the Jacobi series was stable; and also that at a still higher rate of rotation the Jacobi series became unstable and that a further series became possible, branching from the Jacobi focus by developing a furrow near one end. This is known as the pear-shaped series.

Liapounoff and Jeans proved that the pear-shaped figures are secularly unstable, but Jeans stated that ordinary instability, if it occurs at all, must occur after secular instability, and that it is therefore of no practical importance. Cartan, however, showed that this is wrong and that in this case the Jacobi series becomes ordinarily unstable and secularly unstable at the same time.

Lyttleton's book gives an account of the complete theory, and especially of the theory of exchange of stabilities, which has many other applications. His chief contribution, however, is to develop the consequences of Cartan's result. He shows that a triaxial ellipsoid would not produce two associated bodies, but two or more independent ones, and that the whole theory of the formation of satellites and binary stars by fission must be abandoned. On the other hand his development leads to a suggestion that there may have been not more than two planets originally and that these may have broken up to give the present planets. The book illustrates the fact that even if a mathematical theory is difficult, it may be even more difficult to see what the answer means. H. J.

R. A. LYTTLETON. *The Comets and their Origin.* (Cambridge University Press. 25*s.*)

It is rare indeed that a scientific author is able to offer a book with the completeness of Lyttleton's *The Comets and their Origin.* Within its scope is an extensive discussion, not only of the observed properties of comets—once thought to be the most mysterious of all celestial objects—but of their genesis from a process of widespread cosmic importance.

The reader who takes the trouble to look carefully into the matters treated by Dr Lyttleton will discover a curious point that is of interest to the general philosophy of science. It concerns the reluctance of scientists to abandon unsuccessful theories and notions. No man can be accused of prejudice if he refuses to give up lightly the well-tried rules of mechanics. But what is the sense of persisting with ideas that have never shown themselves capable of yielding anything of value? Yet this is just what we all tend to do unless very much on our guard. The explanation is, I suppose, sheer laziness.

The relevance of this to Lyttleton's study of the comets is that it has been precisely by rejecting a widespread (and entirely unproductive) belief concerning the very nature of comets that Lyttleton has been so successful in developing his new theory. The belief in question is that a comet consists basically of a solid massive nucleus (a general halo of small particles surrounding the nucleus being, of course, admitted). On the rejection of this apparently innocent, but unattested, supposition, many vital steps depend. Those who wonder just how this happens must read Dr Lyttleton's book for themselves. The reviewer's purpose is not to describe the surprising twists of the argument but to point to how much can be forthcoming from so apparently simple a move as the rejection of a popular fallacy.

F. H.

JOHNIANA

(i) *Mr Tanner, the Duke of York, and Mr Bagehot*

Queen Victoria was a sensible judge of human values. She had been quick to realize that Princess May, in spite of her early diffidence and self-effacement, was a woman of distinctive personality and one whose range of interests, intellectual standards and refinement of perception would be bound in the end to enlarge, deepen and enrich her husband's mind and tastes:

"She strikes me," the Queen had written to the Empress Frederick on May 14, 1894, "more and more as vy. clever & so sensible & right-minded & is a great help to Georgie. Helping him in his Speeches and what he has to write. They read together & he also has a Professor from Cambridge to read with him."

The Professor referred to was Mr J. R. Tanner of St John's College, an authority on naval and constitutional history, who in March 1894, had been engaged to instruct the Duke of York in the law and practice of the Constitution. It must be admitted that the visits of Mr Tanner to York House are recorded with less frequency than those of Mr Tilleard, the philatelist. Mr Tanner none the less did succeed in inducing the Duke to read and analyse some at least of the sparkling pages of Walter Bagehot's *English Constitution*. There exists at Windsor a school note-book, in the opening pages of which the Duke summarized in his own careful handwriting the precepts which Mr Bagehot, in his confident way, had laid down for the instruction and guidance of our English kings.

From *King George the Fifth: His Life and Reign*. By HAROLD NICOLSON. Constable and Co., London, 1952.

(ii) *An unusual visitor to the College*

One final vignette of St John's. I stood on the bridge that spans the river like a stone screen with delicate window tracery, iron grilles and pinnacled parapets. Built last century, it is known as the Bridge of Sighs. . . . The river was calm and unruffled. No punt, canoe, or human being was in sight. Suddenly I noticed a miniature wave fanning the surface. I waited to see what would happen. Very soon an otter poked his mask above the water. Seeing and scenting no danger, he began to quarter the river like a dog working cover for game. Twice in the next fifteen minutes he scrambled on the bank within a few yards of where I stood and each time proceeded to eat a fish, the crunching of the bones being plainly audible. Then, without warning, it gave a sharp whistle and dived. It must have winded me. An interesting episode reminiscent of the days before the New Court was built on swamp land where fish ponds used to be.

From *Life in Cambridge*. By LOUIS T. STANLEY. Hutchinson, London, 1952.