# THE EAGLE

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## EDITORIAL COMMITTEE



All contributions for the next issue of the Magazine should be sent to The Editors, *The Eagle*, St John's College. The Editors will welcome assistance in making the College Notes, and the Magazine generally, as complete a record as possible of the careers of members of the College. They will welcome books or articles dealing with the College and its members for review; and books published by members of the College for shorter notice.

THE EAGLE

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# THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE LADY MARGARET BEAUFORT

## I

IN the year 1564 Queen Elizabeth I visited Cambridge, and her visit included a round of the Colleges. "Amongst the rest", Baker tells us, "she visited St John's College and rode into the hall where she was received with an oration by Mr Bohun; wherein, though she was put in mind of her relation to the foundress and intimation given of the College losses, in a manner that was to be very nicely handled, yet...the queen did not think herself bound to take notice of those losses".* Mr Bohun was referring here to a well-known tradition about the foundation of the College. The main outline of that tradition can conveniently be summarized from Baker's history.†

Towards the end of her life, the Lady Margaret intended certain benefactions for Westminster Abbey. From this she was dissuaded by Bishop Fisher on the ground that Westminster was wealthy enough while schools of learning were meanly endowed and colleges were lacking to maintain scholars. Fisher also secured the acquiescence of Henry VII in his mother's change of mind (for the king had also been involved in the plan for a benefaction to Westminster); and closed the Lady Margaret's ear to those who argued that she had done so much for Cambridge that she ought to place her remaining benefactions in the "other university" of Oxford. This enabled her

* Thomas Baker, *The History of St John's College, Cambridge*, ed. J. E. B. Mayor, I, pp. 160–1

† *Ibid.* I, pp. 58ff.

attention to be directed to the old Hospital of St John the Evangelist in Cambridge, which was so decayed that "the best thing that could be done for it was to dissolve it by authority and to engraft a College upon the old stock, that might bring forth better fruit". The consent of the Bishop of Ely was obtained and that of Henry VII was being sought, but he died on the 21 April 1509 and his mother on the 29 June following. "Had she not lodged this trust in faithful hands, this great and good design must have died with her." For although the Lady Margaret left a will and lands in feoffment for the performance of its provisions, "yet that part of it which concerned her foundation of a new College having been done by way of codicil, before that could be sealed, the good lady departed this life, and here was some ground for cavil".

So it was not until the 20 January 1511 that the premises and property of St John's Hospital were handed over to a representative of the Lady Margaret's executors "after much solicitation and much delay"; and still her will was giving much ground for cavil. Baker introduces his account of this matter by speaking of the small revenue which the College derived from the property of the Hospital and of the lack of generosity of Henry VIII in licensing the College to acquire property that would bring in only an additional £50 yearly. He adds: "it is true the foundress had done her part, having left the issues, profits, and revenues of her estate and lands, to the value of £400 per annum and upward, to that purpose and the uses of her will." He points out, however, that the foundation charter of the College makes no mention of these "large revenues left by the foundress"; and that the next step taken by the executors was to prove her will both in the Archbishop's court at Canterbury and in Chancery in order to guard against the king as heir-at-law to his grandmother. As a result the executors were permitted to receive these revenues for a few years; but eventually "by the clamours of my lady's officers and servants... the advice of some potent courtiers ...and...by fresh suit of the king's auditors and counsel...the executors were so hard pressed and so straitly handled that they were forced to let go the lands, notwithstanding all the claim they had to them".

These then are the bare bones of the College tradition about the last will of the Lady Margaret. She provided for the establishment of the College therein, even though in the form of an unsealed codicil. She assigned certain of her lands to the new foundation. These lands were taken away by Henry VIII, who emerges as the villain of the piece. These were the losses to which Mr Bohun drew the attention of an unresponsive Queen Elizabeth.



## II

This tradition was somewhat roughly handled by Sir Robert Scott as long ago as 1918, though his reflexions upon it seem to have attracted far too little attention. The evidence for assessing its value, moreover, is reasonably straightforward and accessible, consisting of the Lady Margaret's will in the form in which it was proved in the Archbishop's court, a memorandum of Fisher's detailing his difficulties in carrying out the Lady Margaret's intentions, and the copy of the proceedings in Chancery concerning the execution of her will in 1511–12.* The picture which emerges from the depositions in Chancery is the not unfamiliar one of an old lady who, in her last years, was constantly altering her will or proposing to do so. About Christmas time each year during the last seven or eight years of her life, said Humphrey Conningsby (one of her counsellors), "she caused her testament and will to be read unto her and renewed after her mind". Towards the end of her life, however, the plan to "translate" St John's Hospital into a College came more and more to dominate these discussions. One after another the witnesses in Chancery gave testimony to this effect. Fisher and Hornby declared that "they were present when the said princess often and many times *declared by her mouth* the said will concerning the premises". Humphrey Conningsby had intimation of it with others of her counsel "divers and many times *by her own mouth* before her decease". James Whitstone and others testified that "the said princess made and declared her said will often and many times *by her mouth* as well to them as other persons". There is great unanimity as to the fact and in the terminology.

At the same time the Lady Margaret did more than talk about her plans. The Bishop of Ely told the Court of Chancery that, some twelve months before her death, she summoned him to Hatfield to discuss the suppression of the decayed Hospital and its conversion into a College of which she "might be the chief foundress and patron"; and on the 10 March 1509 a preliminary agreement was made between them for the dissolution of the Hospital which Fisher produced as evidence in Chancery.† Humphrey Conningsby added that he was instructed, together with the Lady Margaret's chancellor, "to cause a petition to be made for the license of the king to translate the

* Sir Robert Scott printed the memorandum and the proceedings in Chancery, with some pertinent observations upon them, in *Notes from the College Records* (privately printed, Metcalfe, Cambridge: 1918); and the memorandum in *The Eagle*, XXVII (no. 138: December 1905). The Lady Margaret's will is printed in *Collegium Divi Johannis Evangelistae*, pp. 103ff. I have for the most part modernized the spelling and punctuation of passages quoted in what follows.

† Printed in *Coll. Divi Johannis*, pp. 61ff.

said Hospital to a College"; while Hugh Ashton was ordered "to labour to Edmund Dudley to move the late king's grace for license to alter the same"—which license, the Bishop of Ely declared, had been granted, though there is no sign that it was formally promulgated in the form of royal letters patent.

There is, therefore, no question about the Lady Margaret's intentions. There is equally no question that these intentions found no place in her last will which had been sealed in June 1508. She drew up no codicil, not even an unsealed codicil; the witnesses in Chancery are unanimous that the "will" of the Lady Margaret on this point had been declared verbally and in no other way. Yet we have a codicil to the will as it was proved at Canterbury. It contains first the agreement between the Bishop of Ely and the Lady Margaret for the dissolution of the Hospital; and then a series of further dispositions beginning: "Be it remembered that it was also the last will of the said princess to dissolve the Hospital of St John in Cambridge and to found thereof a College of secular persons". The form of words differs markedly from that in the body of the will, where the normal phrases are "we give and bequeath", "we bequeath", "we give" etc. In brief, this codicil was clearly added after the Lady Margaret's death, no doubt in the course of the proceedings in the court of Canterbury and on the basis of verbal testimony similar to that given in Chancery.

There is, let it be said, nothing out of the way in this. Medieval law recognized both the written and the nuncupative (i.e. verbal) will, and the will partly written and partly verbal. The verbal will had to be proved by witnesses who could depose clearly as to the testator's intentions; but that testimony given, the verbal will would be accepted for probate in the ecclesiastical courts, for, as Lyndwood put it, "justice demands that the clear intentions of the deceased be carried out".* There can be no doubt what the clear intentions of the Lady Margaret were, and Fisher at once took steps after her death to see that they were carried out. On 20 January 1511 the executors were put in possession of the Hospital, the consent of the Pope, the King and the Bishop and Convent of Ely having been obtained. On 9 April 1511 the foundation charter of the College was granted by the executors, and on 22 October 1512 the Lady Margaret's will was proved at Canterbury. Nevertheless, there was still a possibility that the will might give ground for cavil; and so it was deemed expedient, in Fisher's words, "that my lady's will should be proved in the Chancery over and besides the proof of it in my lord of Canterbury's court".

* W. S. Holdsworth, *History of English Law*, III, pp. 537–40.



## III

The proof of the Lady Margaret's intentions, however, was only incidental in the proceedings in Chancery; the important point was to give practical effect to the arrangements she had made for the carrying out of those intentions. These arrangements were those normally made for such purposes at this time. She had put certain of her landed estates into the hands of feoffees, or trustees, who were to use the revenues arising from them to carry out the detailed provisions of her will. The arrangements are set forth quite clearly in the codicil to her will proved at Canterbury. Her intention was to dissolve the Hospital and found a College, build it and sufficiently endow it with lands and tenements, and furnish it with books and other things necessary. For this purpose her executors were to call upon the "issues, revenues and profits" of the properties in Devon, Somerset and Northamptonshire she had long before designated and put into the hands of feoffees for the carrying out of her will. So, her intention demonstrated in Chancery, the object of the action came to be to secure a judgement that her feoffees were under obligation to pay over the issues of these properties for the time being until the purposes designated in her will, including the establishment and endowment of the College, had been fulfilled. The petition from the College, which initiated the action, asked for no more than that, and the decree of Chancery gave no more. It ordered the feoffees to permit the executors of the will to receive these revenues to buy lands and tenements sufficient to endow the College, to build and repair it *una vice tantum*, to provide it with books and ornaments *una vice tantum*.

Thus the action in Chancery assured to the College capital for its physical establishment and its initial endowment. Controversy only seems to have arisen regarding the point at which this obligation might be said to have been fulfilled. At first Henry VIII seems to have taken the view that an endowment of £50 a year over and above the revenues acquired with the Hospital would suffice; but Fisher tells us that, with no little trouble, he obtained license to acquire additional property bringing in a further £200 a year.* Very soon, however, the king's chief auditor was contesting the right of the College to detain any longer the revenues from the lands the Lady Margaret had put in trust; and in the end, says Fisher, "we must needs let the land go" although "with great and long suit we obtained at last that some recompense might be had". The recompense took the form of money due to the Crown from Katherine, Countess of

* For this license, dated 10 July 1515, see *Letters and Papers, Henry VIII*, II, no. 689.

Devonshire, for the wardship and marriage of Elizabeth Grey, heiress of John, Viscount Lisle; and later the grant of the dissolved religious houses at Ospringe,* Lilliechurch and Broomhall.

This is to go beyond the history of the Lady Margaret's will. So far as that is concerned, and whatever the College may have thought later, there was never any question of the College having a permanent claim upon the lands set aside for its fulfilment. Indeed there could be no such claim, for there could hardly be any question at all of a testamentary devise of real property (save perhaps of certain sorts of urban property) at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Land went to the heir, and only God makes an heir—not a testator. All a testator could do was to defer for some time the expectations of the heir by assigning revenue from property for some specific purpose. That is what the Lady Margaret did: she postponed the expectations of King Henry VIII, her heir-at-law, until the purposes of her will had been fulfilled. John Fisher saw to it that amongst those purposes the foundation, building, equipment and endowment of the College were given a high place. But the king's right could not indefinitely be denied. As Fisher himself said in Chancery, "the king's grace is heir to the said princess and the said manors... belongeth to the king's grace after the said will be executed and performed". Even so, when the king's financial advisers reclaimed King Henry's heritage, other arrangements were made to see that the Lady Margaret's intentions were fully carried out. Fisher and the College might feel that the Crown auditor displayed no excessive generosity; but we must also remember that it was his office to safeguard his master's interests and that very soon St John's College was to be the largest in the University.

## IV

There are certain points, therefore, on which the accepted account of the foundation of the College requires modification. The Lady Margaret talked much of the project of translating St John's Hospital into a College in the last months of her life; she took certain important steps towards realizing that intention; but she made no provision for it in any written testament. As Baker rightly says, "had she not lodged this trust in faithful hands, this great and good design must have died with her". And those faithful hands were, above all others, the hands of John Fisher. He saw that the verbal intentions of the Lady Margaret were proved in the Archbishop's court; that the revenues of her estates in trust were made available for this as for

* Royal license for the acquisition of Ospringe was given on 10 March 1516: *ibid.* no. 1647.



other purposes of her will; and that, when the king claimed his own, other funds were made available to complete the work which the issues of the Lady Margaret's manors had begun.

At the same time we must also discard a hardy College legend—the legend of those "losses" of which Mr Bohun spoke to Queen Elizabeth, the legend that a "munificent bequest of the foundress was lost to the College for ever"* through the greed of Henry VIII and the machinations of his ministers. The Lady Margaret could not and did not attempt to deprive Henry VIII of his heritage. She simply claimed his forbearance till the new College had been founded and endowed. So much forbearance Henry showed, although the adequacy of the provision he made for the College was a matter of dispute at that time and no doubt will be for all time. Once again, however, it would have been a great deal less adequate but for the efforts of John Fisher. As one source of revenue after another dried up, he sought and secured others; and the phenomenally rapid growth of the College in wealth and in numbers and in reputation in its earliest years owes much and perhaps most to his constant endeavour on its behalf. It was with no more than justice that Baker described him as "the greatest patron the College ever had to this day".

E.M.

* J. Bass Mullinger, *St John's College*, p. 15.

# THE REASON WHY

I SUPPOSE that prima facie, as a lawyer would say, anyone who rows at Cambridge has lost the perspective of University life. It takes an exorbitant amount of time, unless one is very strong-willed about "gossiping" after the outing; it can cost a lot of money, both one's own and, in the case of a college, other people's. What is the return? A rushed lunch, a hectic dash on your own or someone else's bicycle, and then over an hour of energetic concentration in weather which at its best induces laziness, at its worst is brutal. After weighing, to measure rather smugly the energy expended in terms of weight lost, there is a chance to talk shop while changing and having some essential refreshment.

Now that is the narrow view of rowing—the "dry-bob's" definition of insanity. There are times when an outing is like that—but just then you realize that there must be some deeper form of satisfaction in rowing, to make such conditions tolerable. This feeling comes nearest to fulfilment perhaps during the "half-pressure" paddle back to the boathouse when the crew has won a race, or got its bump. The boat runs more easily, the oar is lighter, all that seemed so difficult somehow becomes second-nature. It is then that you decide to carry on rowing "next term".

That there is this "Reason Why" of rowing, everyone who has ever rowed in a reasonably good boat will agree; but it is so many-sided, so individual and so difficult to express that its existence may be doubted by the many people who receive it as an answer when they ask "Why do you row", or more particularly, "Why should the Boat Club have such a fantastic amount of the Amal. Club funds every year?

There is more to rowing than the exercise, or the colours awarded, more even than the oar that so many hope to hang, as a nonchalant gambit, in their room. The two greatest rowing figures of this century —Steve Fairbairn, connected most closely with Jesus, and Roy Meldrum, whose death last year has reminded our own Boat Club of its incalculable debt—have both given their names to styles of rowing that are vastly though perhaps not fundamentally different. They both were inspired by the vision of a perfect crew; and in this vision there must have been a perfection of physical movement, a unity of purpose and action, and the team-spirit of co-operation in its highest form—the elements that give rise to the perception of a "Reason Why", the deepest satisfaction of rowing. It is a challenge, an ideal that may be present in even the most humdrum of outings, and the glimpses of



it, together with the steady improvements that bring the crew closer to it, make rowing worthwhile. The only proper reply to the challenge is achievement. The greatest value of this lesson is that the same standards apply to most of the things that we do every day—the same standards of enthusiasm, co-operation and effort can be learned from other sources and experienced. This relevancy makes rowing worthwhile, and the standards of rowing valuable and true. This is far from getting the perspective wrong.

The answer is the same to those who criticize the cost of rowing, to the college. To row is inevitably expensive, when each piece of equipment is the product of a craftsman and the period of training is so long. The justification of the expense is not only the prestige that comes to the college as the result of rowing successes; more important is the contribution that only a Boat Club can make to the life of the College—the opportunity, open to all, to learn or re-learn the true value of achievement through co-operation, enthusiasm and unstinted hard work.

And there is always the day when the sun is shining, conditions are perfect, even the boat itself seems to help in blending eight into one as it runs silently past the water. Then there is no doubt at all—and let the critics train and slog until they can share the experience. They will agree with us then.

ANTHONY EVANS

# MONOLOGUE

I HAVE spoken
But the world still waits
To hear me speak
In every ear;
I have been tangible
But it seeks to touch me
With its own fingers
Before the finality
Of self-committal.
I had not intended to show
Circus wonders,
But the conjuror is not known
Without his tricks.

And when the audience
Distrust the performance
They consider the performer
A faker who has deceived them,
Not realizing that the wonders
Were only a concession
To their own incredulity.

It was easy for those
In the beginning, who saw me,
Who were with me,
For they experienced me also
Through temporal connections
And could believe in me
Although they could not understand.

But now they no longer
Have aids to contact
And many wait for a sign,
For an Ananias among them,
Before the final surrender.
But there shall be no sign.
And the world shall wait in vain.

FRANK W. DAVEY



# A LECTURE TOUR IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

IT was early last Easter Term that the good news came. Thanks to the generous co-operation of the British Council and the Australian Vice-Chancellors' Committee* my yearned-for trip to the Antipodes, from being merely on the map, was soon to become a reality. Once again I felt the thrill of the schoolboy of fifty years earlier who was for the first time leaving England for foreign parts—only Brittany, it is true, but very much foreign parts to him.

A hectic rush now set in. True, I had few lectures to deliver in that, my last term, and for the first time since the war I was free from the bugbear of setting and correcting examination papers and from attending multitudinous meetings, but I quickly found that there were plenty of other trials in store for the world traveller: there was letter writing galore, there were financial matters to attend to, routes to be arranged, summonses to London, clothes to buy, books to cut to pieces (this to save air weight), and a seemingly never ending series of injections, inoculations, vettings, fittings and the like required by Government and our National Service doctors and dentists.

The promise in early June of a really fine English summer for once left me indifferent, and warnings against the Antipodean winter were wasted. Excitement carried the day, indeed it stayed victorious throughout my six months absence, and that despite occasional patches of raw or foggy or rainy weather in both Australia and New Zealand and despite all the crowings (forgive me) in my Air-mail *Times* over the finest British summer for donkeys' years. Luck may have been with me, but my own slight experience and an occasional glimpse into statistics and charts suggest that an average winter "down under" might successfully take on a typical Cambridge spring or autumn.

The day of embarkation came (and it didn't worry me that it fell on a thirteenth) and I was aboard a P. & O. liner bound for Perth via Suez, Bombay and Colombo. I soon made friends, at table, in smoke room and bar, and even on the sports deck, and settled down to my new life. Boastfully and, as it turned out, winningly I exorcized the twin devils of seasickness and heat prostration, and began to get my lectures ship-shape. I roughed-out notes for a score or more talks,

* It was always a ticklish job to get this mouthful off without collapse at an after-dinner talk or lecture, but "The Fourth Biennial Congress of the Australasian Universities Modern Language Association" was tougher.

and in this was often helped by passengers and staff who lent me a typewriter, a gramophone and even a tape recorder (I had rejected my own machines while still in England as far too weighty and therefore expensive for air travel). Much of my leisure I spent in getting to know something about new languages or dialects, and in this too I was occasionally lucky. There was for instance the charming girl who alternated between the Solomon Islands and an English finishing school: I managed once or twice to wrest her from her adoring swains and she graciously, and with sweet innocence, illustrated for me some of the lexical and syntactical snags of Pidgin-English (for which Neo-Melanesian is now suggested as an official name!). My assiduous study of Bulgarian Romany (which I wanted to mug-up in readiness for a lecture on the Aryan languages) had an odd result. I had bought in London St Luke's gospel in this gypsy dialect but found to my annoyance that the English text I had with me was not Luke but Mark. I therefore borrowed the ship's Bible—a massive volume which I must please not forget to return in time for the Sunday and occasional other services—and spent hours on end with it, promenading the decks and even watching the games and the dancing with it, and so it was, I suppose, inevitable that I should sometimes have been taken for an earnest priest in mufti and hailed as Father.

Enjoyable but tantalizingly short sight-seeing tours in Bombay and Colombo enlivened the trip, and at last, after many a sleepless night—for the clock always seemed to be advanced on evenings of particularly gay festivities—we reached Fremantle at 5 a.m. on 10 July. The medical muster was at 6 a.m.! I attended in pyjamas and, limp with relief at not being returned home or jailed, was about to crawl back to bed, an ideal spot for the few hours before passengers were to be landed. But my plans were thwarted a moment later by courteous knocks on my cabin door. These heralded the non-stop entry of three gentlemen announcing themselves as the representatives of the Perth morning and evening papers (the *weekly* paper reporter came next day!) and as the Press photographer, who was mercifully doing duty for the two dailies. My word!—this interviewing of strangers at every port of call is an ordeal indeed for the bashful. Only near the end of my tour, after I had got used to it all (including being locked up by error for three quarters of an hour in a sub-editorial lavatory), did I acquire the right technique, viz. offer your guests a drink and a welcome and then give them a "hand out" of your activities. In that way you can, though blushingly, read *some* of the truth about yourself and do not need to threaten an action at law for having been misreported.

A georgeous, cloudless and hot (yes, hot) day was my first acquaintance with an Australian winter. At 7 a.m., after a second fitful



return to bed, I was in the hands of kind, hospitable professors* from the University of Western Australia. They took me to their homes, to lunch and then to the beautiful University. I was shown round the city and escorted to a football match (Australian rules: it was there I heard a lady exclaim in admiration that her son had got two *behinds*) and back to my hotel. That hotel, renowned for its excellent table and service, is largely staffed by *migrants*—in this particular instance by former Italians, Greeks, Balts and Slavs. These are the nationalities, together with Dutch and of course British, which form, I believe, the backbone of the *New Australian* population. The policy of settling Europeans is being followed with great interest, and general enthusiasm, by all Australians, and everywhere I went I saw and met many of these newcomers—sometimes exhaustingly many, if word got round that I was reputed to know their native language.

My impressions of the University Cities I visited, whether Australian or New Zealand, quite surpassed my expectation. In my ignorance I had not realized that, new as they are in date, they possess a character and individuality which is all their own. I was continually struck by the beautiful layout of the parks and streets, the cleanness and elegance of their inhabitants (no creased trousers, no jeans here!), the well-stocked shops and the places of entertainment. All this and much more was a surprise and a tonic. Comparisons are odious and can be dangerous, as a stranger soon learns if he praises Melbourne more than Sydney or the North Island more than the South (please note that my order is alphabetical), so I shall baldly and truthfully say that, without any exception, they all had delights and novelties to show me: queenly Adelaide, sea-ringed Hobart, urbane Melbourne, spacious Brisbane, kindly Armidale, lovely Sydney, capital Canberra: gracious Auckland, charming (rather than windy) Wellington, English Christchurch and braw Dunedin.

Alas that distances were so great that I had to fly everywhere in Australia (and even then I missed Alice Springs and all the North), but I did see something of the high roads and the bush near Armidale, and, thanks to the kindness of a big property owner, I beheld—at long last—two kangaroos in a wild state. Kangaroo tail soup I had, by the way, also hoped to relish but I learnt that that delicacy, in tinned form anyhow, does not exist, except perhaps in some go-ahead Chicago canning store. Kookaburras too I saw and heard, and I tried, but failed, to mimic them.

Here in England, as in the Antipodes, I have often been asked to compare the university level of language study and attainment in the

* I mention no names in these notes simply because such open-handed kindness was everywhere showered on me that to quote names would be invidious and a never-ending task.

two continents. This is a vast order, quite beyond my powers, and I shall not even attempt an answer. One point only would I make (for it is the only point I can dogmatize about from personal knowledge), and it is this: my enthusiasm for the high standard of practical modern language work in Australia and in New Zealand. I was amazed to find the members of the French staff at all the Universities regularly speaking French among themselves, French too, so far as I can judge, of *alpha plus* quality. This, in a country where the percentage of Frenchmen is negligible, strikes me as remarkable.

My tour came to an end a little before the Long Vacation (November to March) began, and so I regretfully had again to pack my bags—loaded now with generous gifts of books and other souvenirs from colleagues (do I not remember a Maori bible and a gramophone record?) students and wellwishers. I sailed from Wellington, and once more for a few fleeting hours I saw Sydney, Melbourne and Perth, where I just had time to renew friendships; then came for a second time the fascination of the unknown—Cape Town and the Canaries. This change of scene and the joy of beginning the study of Malay held me in thrall till I reached London—resolved in the not too distant future to revisit the fair cities of Australia and New Zealand, whichever other countries may, as I hope they may, come my way in the meantime.

I end by trusting that our new Dominion Fellow from Auckland will enjoy his stay with us even as I enjoyed mine in his country and in Australia.

N. B. JOPSON



# A SET OF TILED ROOMS

Of all the puzzles with which the buildings of a large and ancient College confront the student of custom and usage, those contained within the walls of an obscure nest of rooms in Third Court must surely be the most intriguing. When, just over two years ago, the College Council was faced with the problem of restoration and renovation, the technical difficulties involved compelled those responsible, to make a closer inspection than usual of this little group of rooms; and what a *fascinating* field for speculation and argument this inspection revealed! It transpired that a great number —perhaps even a majority—both of the Senior and the Junior members of the College had temporarily "kept" in these rooms for brief periods, and their advice and comment proved to be of great assistance to us in our difficult task. It would, indeed, be no exaggeration to say that the whole College displayed a real interest in our deliberations and decisions, and, in the later stages, a lively concern for the progress of our labours; this has encouraged us to compile a brief report of our discoveries and of the teasing riddles which they brought to light. In this, the first article of a short series, it is proposed merely to sketch in outline the whole sweeping scope of a delightfully complex subject, and to state the problems to which, we are bold enough to hope, future articles will offer tentative solutions.

The initial problem of designation and nomenclature is, to be sure, sufficiently taxing: for the group of rooms under consideration lies *between* B and C staircases in Third Court. Here indeed is a dilemma for historians of the College. Minute examination failed to reveal any trace of an identifying symbol upon the archway of the short passage which leads to the rooms themselves—no symbol, that is to say, which could be deemed relevant to our purpose. As the entrance lies 47½ in. nearer to B (a doorway into the Library) than to C, we have provisionally christened it $B^2$ (as distinct from $B_2$), and we contemplate with equanimity the probability that this designation will pass into colloquial parlance as "the B's". If a spirit of levity may be allowed briefly to invade this discussion, we should mention the delightful little christening ceremony, which the Bursar for Buildings performed most gracefully with a small bottle of disinfectant. The layout of the rooms is distinctly unusual, and in itself something of a mystery. The short entrance passage leads into a long, narrow chamber (the keeping room?), to the western wall of which are adjoined no less than *six small cell-like compartments*. The lofty

ceiling of the keeping room (for such, we are convinced, it once was) and its solid, though austere, construction gives us grounds for supposing it to have been originally an apartment of some importance. A brief inspection of this room, and of its adjacent compartments, sufficed to dispel any lingering doubts as to the functions to which it is at present dedicated. But what of the past? Here we shall boldly advance our own hypothesis, which the perceptive reader may already have formed for himself: it is that we have before us, in this obscure corner of Third Court, concrete evidence of one of the earliest forms of College organization. For we believe this little nest of rooms to be nothing other than a unique survival from that period in which a Fellow of the College lived with his small group of pupils, for whose instruction in all subjects he alone was responsible.

Lest this theory should be prematurely dismissed as a wild and reckless guess, we must hasten to support it with the detailed evidence at our disposal—each individual item, perhaps, seemingly trivial, but in the mass strikingly so. All the perplexing problems contained within the walls of these rooms appear to find, in the light of our hypothesis, a happy solution. There is, to begin with, the problem of the doors which connect the keeping room with the small compartments; in each of them there is set, *at eye level* for a short person, a pane of glass measuring 12 in. by 8 in. Why should these panes have been so placed, if not to enable a conscientious don of 5 ft. 3 in. to observe his pupils at work, and thus to ensure their diligence? Wordsworth seems to have hated the discomforts of the system,

> Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
> Or surely you'll grow double.
> (*The Tables Turned*)

The small double windows in each of the six "cells", furthermore, which open on to the river, are almost completely covered on the outside by substantial iron grills of ornate design: this feature, surely, can only have been a primitive but effective answer to the age-old problem of undergraduate suicides. Then there is the absorbing puzzle of the walls which divide the small compartments one from the other; these are *only of three-quarter height*. The designer's motive here seems to have been that of enabling the student occupants to communicate with each other, while depriving them of physical accessibility. Earnest disputation was allowed for but fisticuffs precluded—a lesson indeed for our modern "educationalists"! The arrangement of skylights through which both the pupils' cells and the Fellow's keeping-room receive light and a modest degree of ventilation also presented no small test to our ingenuity, and a discussion of this problem must unfortunately be reserved for a future



article; suffice it to say that it provides a significant clue to the nature of the study which was pursued within these rooms.

It only remains to give a preliminary sketch of our attempts at renovation. As the reader will appreciate, the discoveries outlined above aroused within us a heightened sense of responsibility in our approach to the task. The principal difficulty consisted in the scheme of decoration to be adopted; here, as was only proper, we sought the guidance of precedent. Nineteen layers of distemper were carefully removed from the walls, and excitement mounted as the work progressed: for the lifting of each layer revealed a veritable wealth of inscription and design, all of which was perfectly legible. Samples were immediately despatched to the Lecturer in Paleography and Diplomatic, from whom, unhappily, no constructive reply has been received at the moment of going to press. After anxious deliberations by those responsible, it was decided to repaint the walls in a pastel shade of sky-blue, thus establishing some degree of decorative continuity between these rooms and that glory of our College, the nearby Bridge of Sighs. The problem of choosing suitable furnishings led to a lengthy correspondence, packed with historical and technical interest, between the College Council and Messrs Shenks and Ramsbottom, Specialist Engineers, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; it is hoped to publish the letters in full in future articles. The advice of the Director of the British Museum and of the specialist antiquarians on his staff proved invaluable to us at every stage, although we were regrettably unable, for financial reasons, to implement the preference of the historical experts for a delicate willow-pattern motif throughout.* We must express, in conclusion, our sincere gratitude to all those who have helped us in this little adventure with advice and active encouragement; they may feel some reward in knowing of the great increase in competition for this set of rooms among both the Senior and the Junior members of the College since our work was completed.

B. G. C.

* There were other precedents to be considered—cf. Wordsworth, *Expostulation and Reply*:

> Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
> Conversing as I may,
> I sit upon this old *grey stone*,
> And dream my time away. [My italics.]

# THREE POEMS

HERE the road flies straight as an arrow,
Narrow and yellow towards the sun,
A thing of the afternoon;
A straight streak flinging,
Winging its bareness to the horizon,
Singing of drowsy bees,
Loneliness.
By its side the trees
Stand like sentinels at ease
And over all the dull disease
Spreads soft and clings
Like a shroud:
No bird sings, no bells ring,
The clocks are still,
And the people that were here yesterday
Are gone away.
All the day
We have been here, felt fear
At the absence of normal presence,
And at the empty clatter
And patter of ice cream cartons
That roll in squadrons
Before the wind.

Alone.
Yes, alone as the harbour at home
Feels after dawn without seagulls.
The wind-blown paper's stops and pauses
Show the causes of men's emptiness.
There are only the trees
For the houses stand still
As the breeze pries around
Their respectable ground,
But nothing is found
Nothing precious or ill:
Nothing but the trees,
And the trees point:

"Here is the way:
Keep to it and you'll find it honey-sweet



Stray from it and—well, there is no need to say:
Keep to the way."

The road flies straight at the yellow horizon
The sun seems mellow; our eyes grow dim
And though our friend looks he will find no turning
But look: the paper is burning!

THE smoke of the bonfires swirls around
As the years' leaves burn.
Somewhere a man is dead and gone:
Flowers are given,
And proper rites are done;
Some water shed—
Those certain drops of salt,
And the ant goes on as it has been;
The bloom decays
And the dust is all-consuming.
The butterfly flutters and rests with the sun on its back
With the roses and quiet, and the occasional bird-song;
The blackbirds pulls at the worm as breakfast is eaten,
And later, moths beat against the lamp
As tired eyes read, craving
And hunger for more and more.
The alarm clock buzzes insistently
Is there time? is there time?
The tyres swish by on the road outside
In sick hurry, in unreality,
Like the smell of petrol, and the public houses,
Or the canvas flapping on the back of a lorry.

The ivy covers the house front
And twines round old urns;
Smooth grass is cut as before,
Stretching down to the shade, and willows, and water,
Where a gramophone blares
Beside gaudy deck chairs
And they bathe in the lake
By the lilies.
The bee buzzes insistently
On and on from flower to flower
And back to the hive.

The bee buzzes insistently
Somewhere a bee dies;
The ant disposes of him.
The smoke of the bonfires blinds us,
And the years' leaves burn.

I HAVE seen many strangers in my days:
There was one who came to me with bloody hands
And twisted eyes, screaming
For water, and the stunted tree
That spreads it arms against a red sunset
Where grass is bleached and torn.

And there were men like swine and toads
On their bellies crawling out of the
Glistening swamp
To slobber on the brown earth at my feet
With dark lascivious lips
And coo like doves.

But there were rainbow ones that came
As dragonflies from ugly carcasses,
Who, hanging in the air at crystal pools
Buzzed in the sunlight, bee-busy,
And rested their thread-like bodies
On lily leaves
Or drifted with the wind
To vanish ghost-like at the white of evening.
But always there has been a great void at their going
As if the oak lay rooted up and severed,
Or the old compasses were torn apart.
Then all the chains of hell have seemed unloosed,
And dark night came.

PETER ANDREWS



# A VISIT TO THE RED SEA

FOR most people mention of the Red Sea may evoke two reactions. Either they have travelled that way, probably in a troopship, and an account of the shade temperatures is followed by a discussion of the word "posh" (port outwards, starboard homewards, to enjoy the prevailing north wind, a derivation not given in the *Shorter Oxford*) or they have seen films taken underwater and perhaps read books by the men who by now have changed from adventurers to professional underwater sportsmen.

As a large new automobile speeded me along the smooth Canal Company road from Port Said to Suez, I had nothing but school geography to inform my inquiring eyes. My destination about 300 miles south of Suez is one of the traditional places of the Israelite crossing. There the Red Sea is only about a quarter of a mile maximum depth! The more probable route across the present canal seemed but a shift from the apparently endless waste on the right to that on the left. I had not seen the Nile valley then, although on the right of the road the sweetwater canal, which takes a line of foliage and Nile soup as if in a single dimension across the desert to Suez, should have been an ample forewarning of the same startling contrast along the Nile. But for two months I was to see nothing but desert, at best just desert and sea, at worst irrigated desert.

We started late on the second day for the journey down the west coast of the Gulf of Suez, and by the time we were past the precipitous stretch the sun was well up. The technical term is "merciless". About every hour the car was cooled facing the breeze for ten minutes. After five hours we passed the thousand tireless cranking pump beams of Ras Garib oilfield and pushed on down the road, which is surfaced with oil residues, along the desert coast. The desert was new to me, but at the first apprehension of the extent of it in space and time it was familiar; and though it was completely extra-human, the most inanimate matter I ever felt, while I could hold a little and see a camel walk proudly over the rest, it did not defeat imagination in a cosmological way. Later, after weeks of life here I learned to go and stand in the desert and look at the clear outlines of the mountains to the north-west, where the Coptic monastery of St Paul has brooded on its water spring since the time of the desert fathers. Or I could look to the north-east where the Orthodox monastery of St Catharine on Mt Sinai has depended for seventeen centuries on the liquid fruits struck by Moses' staff, and looking over the desert and the sea I would brood myself on the importance of it all.

And so to Ghardaga; a few bungalows and huts on the coast, a small pier, a few salt-eroded sailing boats, minimum amenities for a marginal life. I dismissed my driver and car, graciously supplied free by the oil company, and turned to greet my native cook and new quarters. That evening I sat for the first time on the deep verandah of the rest-house, with summer high tide lapping under the house supports, and took tea. In later days I spent many hours there, watching the great red sunsets deepen and shrink, watching bird flocks as they migrated over the bright sea, or thinking in the moonlight of my experiments.

I was working on the behaviour of corals, primitive colonial animals whose skeletons form the shore and reefs of the Red Sea, almost to Suez. From England these are the nearest available reefs. Each morning I would dive over the neighbouring reefs and swim underwater to collect my specimens into a bucket, much as one gathers apples, except that I could swim down through the sharp branches, peer into caves, and everywhere fishes in multicoloured football jerseys stared inquisitively or fled. The texture of a coral reef reminds me of a junk auction. Within each there is a homogeneity of building material diversified for some advantage into every conceivable shape, all piled upon each other with spaces under and between; great globes and urns, laminae and candelabra, stupid fish with great mouths together with delicate little structures whose continued existence is the defeat of destruction. But the coral reef is not a heap. Every item lives in a situation that only it can achieve and tolerate. As I write I have in my hand a tall trumpet-shaped sponge, torn from its perch and dried. Its cavity was the home of a stripy little fish accustomed to live in the mouths of sponges; in its walls are embedded small mussels overgrown in place by their host, the sponge, to which they are probably specific. In a cave formed by the sponge roots lived a crab, of a species whose purpose in life is to live in sponge roots; and on the side are the outlines of the sponge pasture where a multicoloured sea-hare grazed. Day after day I would dive into this other world, occasionally to discover new specimens, usually to return with crowbar and bucket for further lumps of coral, often abandoning work to explore new reefs or the strength of large colonies, the relations between neighbouring coral heads, or the distribution of this and that. The reef is entirely animal, multicoloured in brown, orange and green, very prickly, and most of the time all very hungry. Every object hid or housed or was an animal, every surface was protective and every dislocation of it revealed lurk under lurk, burrow within burrow.

On a growing reef it was possible to walk at low tide, well shod against the razor edges of upward pointing shells, against the cruel



long black spines of wedged sea-urchins, but bruised by the protective points and rugosities of the coral tangle. Here grows a small fawn coral with branches like forked fingers. On a newly developing fork of this coral settles the young female of a particular species of crab. As she sits there the coral grows a box round her until after a few weeks she is completely enclosed having only tiny apertures to draw in a feeding current of sea-water. The males are free to roam over the coral, but the female must remain confined and solitary, push out her young through the holes, and for a year or two prevent her living sarcophagus from sealing-over her few remaining breathing holes. These little tombs have persisted longer than the pharaohs and a billion times more numerous.

Between the coral ridges the sea bottom is a white sandy waste, comparatively empty of large animals except for great black sluggish sea-cucumbers. These browsing monster black-puddings are indifferent until squeezed and then they throw out yards and yards of drifting streamers of pink string so sticky and foul that one soon becomes sensitive to the current and must hold them pointing to leeward. Here too are found flower-like jelly fishes which rest upside down on the sea bed with tentacles spread anemone-like upwards. If much disturbed they release a secretion of missiles into the water, which for yards around stings the lips and hurts the eyes until with a kick of frog-feet against the bottom I shoot up into the air.

In the surface water I used to find myself suddenly in a cloud of millions of tiny silver fish, large-eyed and tireless. They swim as a flock, all point in the same direction, not avoiding my drifting body, but at my sudden movement all turn together and with a flick they jump out of reach. I used to meet vast shoals of these sprats and swim through the shimmering wiggling cloud, which closed behind, and on the edge of it I would often disturb a motionless cat-eyed baby squid or a long garfish each in its own way biding its time for a meal.

My own diet was equally monotonous. There were dates, rice, bully beef, oil, eggs, bread and tea, as the whole choice, week after week. My rascally cook did his best if first shown, but the greatest excitement in the kitchen was the livestock hunt. If you have lived in the tropics you will know how many pounds of solid ants, cockroaches, flies, beetles, maggots, mice, weevils and lizards live on the kitchen account. You will know the outline of a cockroach under the table cloth and be skilled in murder without mess. You will not be surprised, as I was, to find the sugar coat eaten off your laxative pills, or a fly perched on your pen nib to drink the ink as it flows while you write.

As I think over again the landmarks of that desert coast, the contrast between the dry sand and the richness of the sea, the isolation

of the few dozen fisherman at the laboratory or the few thousands attached to the oilfield, one characteristic stands out. It is the economical use of every scrap, the utilization of every opportunity for more life, in coral reef, kitchen, and in the clothes of the cook. To set down side by side the highlights of life at Ghardaga in one short account makes a mixture that is too rich, a passage that is too purple. There was the occasion when the bullock brought for meat disliked waiting in the desert and swam off to sea, unnoticed for several hours. A crowd of naked shouting figures heaved him up the shore after a boat had guided him back. There was the day when a bitch had eight pups in the hole under the midden but that occasion was too terrible to describe. In all there were adventures. The days passed, my notes on corals filled out, and eventually the automobile carried me back and I left it all in its desiccation and its marine diversity.

G. A. H.



# PICK AND SHOVEL

THE man in the blue suit picked his way carefully down the trench. At the other end his assistant stuffed some more tarred paper into the container of his antiquated smoke making apparatus and began turning the handle of the fan, driving thick brown smoke into the line of pipes which lay along the trench. Soon smoke was pouring out of the far end of the pipes, and the buildings inspector, keeping his suit remarkably clean during the whole process, screwed up the bung so that pressure could be built up inside. A motley group of men and girls on the side of the trench watched with some trepidation as the joints of the pipes were carefully inspected for leaks. But only unimportant wisps of smoke appeared at one or two joints and with instructions for careful back-filling of the trenches the inspector moved on, satisfied with our work.

This process, testing several hundred feet of drains which we had laid, was perhaps the highlight of a month which I spent last summer in a work camp. "Work Camps" originated after the First World War when a Swiss civil engineer responded to the appeal for some positive action to reduce the hostility between the French and the Germans, by leading a small group of Germans in voluntary service in Northern France, building new houses and clearing the chaos left by the war. The experiment was not an unqualified success but the idea caught on, and at the present time the term "work camp" covers hundreds of projects from a few weeks spent harvesting or fruit picking, to a year or more on an elaborate scheme in Kenya. However, the camp in which I took part is one of a fairly uniform number, which aim to bring an international group of volunteers together for a month or more, to carry out unpaid work on some socially beneficial scheme, which would not otherwise be done at all or only very slowly. As in the case of the first work camp it is hoped that by "living, working and learning together" greater international understanding between individuals will develop.

We numbered twenty-three altogether, twelve girls and eleven men, although some were not able to stay for the whole month. We came from nine different countries with a preponderance from England, but including two from the U.S.A., two from Israel and one from Iraq, as well as from the Scandinavian and West European countries. Fortunately everyone spoke more or less good English, so that language was never a real problem and we were quickly able to get to know each other. Not surprisingly in a group brought together for a month in July most of us were students, but we did

include schoolteachers, two office workers spending their valuable two weeks holiday at the camp, and one University assistant lecturer. Joint leaders had been appointed before the camp began, but as far as possible all the detailed arrangements were decided by the "house-meeting" of the whole camp. We fixed our own timetable—an 8½ hour working day being later reduced to 8 hours—and the work committee planned the day to day jobs and who should do them. A social committee carried out suggestions for the very full programme of talks, discussions and visits which occupied our evenings and week-ends. Responsibilities were shared equally, so that while the men took their turn on the rota for the kitchen, the girls took their share in digging the trenches.

Our project for the month was to help build a community centre in a pre-war council housing estate in the south of Bristol. The community association had been formed several years earlier and the building of the centre—for which a 75% grant towards the cost of materials was available, if all the work were done by voluntary labour—had been started two years ago. The early enthusiasm had waned as soon as rock was encountered in digging the foundations, but a small group of about a dozen had continued working in their spare time during the evenings and at week-ends, and the shell of the building was complete and roofed when we arrived. Few of the members of the association were professional builders, though the man-in-charge was a builder's foreman, but they had all "picked up a thing or two" and were able to teach a great deal to our even more inexperienced group. The centre is a building some 120 ft. by 40 ft., and includes a billiard room and the inevitable West Country skittle alley as well as the main hall and stage. We continued the ordinary work on the site, laying the final surface for some concrete floors, finishing window sills and fitting guttering to complete the roof. However, our main job throughout all four weeks was to construct the drainage system for the centre.

A start had been made on digging the trenches two years earlier, but had only penetrated a foot or so below the surface. We had to take the trenches down as much as 6 ft. in places, for the most part through tightly packed layers of rock and clay which lie close to the surface in that part of Bristol. It was hard but rewarding work which kept us busy for most of the first two weeks. Then came the more skilled task of laying and jointing the pipes, where the girls came into their own again, and which led to the inspection already mentioned. Finally we surrounded the pipes with a mixture of rock and concrete, much of it "knocked up" by hand as the mixer broke down, backfilled the trenches and began the last stage of our work by building manholes and taking the pipes up into the building. Our enthusiasm



to a great extent compensated for our lack of professional strength and skill, and it was a job with which we felt very pleased, especially when the members of the Community Association told us that we had saved them many months of hard work in the evenings and at week-ends.

But the value of the camp did not lie merely in doing a useful job of work. As we were living in the building on which we were working we had frequent and friendly contact with those members of the Association who worked regularly on the site; I have much admiration for men who can do manual work as their regular job and also spend most of their free time working even harder on a voluntary building project. Social occasions, which brought wider contacts, included the Association's fortnightly dance, and much appreciated invitations to have a bath or watch TV in members' homes. It is impossible to mention all the incidents and features of the four crowded weeks; the pleasure of swinging a pick when one is used to pens and hockey sticks; the advantage of needing to wear little more than shorts and boots during one of the hottest Julys on record; and the interest of learning new songs in new languages. But at the centre was the fact that the collection of individuals who arrived in Bristol did succeed in developing into a group, so that the friendships we made and the enjoyment we had made the camp a very valuable experience which none of us is likely to forget.

RICHARD K. BROWN

# THE HEART OF THE MACHINE

THE first steel gates opened and the lorry checked through. The control light showed green and the second steel gates opened. The lorry turned out on to the open road. As it did so the observation post upon the nearest hill telephoned the commander of the gun position two miles further on, who proceeded to blow the lorry methodically to pieces with his cannon.

Now this strange state of affairs had been produced by the unfortunate curiosity of two students of industrial control, who, after graduating from the London Department of Electronic Engineering in 1984, had been sent to work upon the new regulator of automatic factories being built in Surrey. This regulator was an electronic brain; but one with a difference. For not only did it cover five square miles of fertile ground, but it went one step further than most of its kind, which are content to make decisions for men to act upon. This one made decisions and acted upon them itself, which convenient arrangement was produced by a fleet of automatic lorries and a radio station controlling other automatic factories.

The job of the two students was to supply the unit of motivation with properly balanced information. This unit was the one which had been incorporated to give the machine a set of criteria on which to base any non-routine activity that had not been allowed for in the construction of the main control unit. Popularly conceived, it gave the machine "a mind of its own", an ability to come to rational conclusions by reference to fundamental principles rather than mere precedent.

Having stored upon the "memory" drum of this unit the whole of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the works of Bertrand Russell, David Hume, and various nineteenth-century philosophers, it transpired one cold November evening, when our two chief characters were drinking a fortifying synthetic concoction of caffeine and ethanol, that they decided to give the machine something to think about. And therefore they began to feed it slightly strange and uncommon writings, such as the Bible, and Kant, and Hegel. And late on New Year's eve, called in unexpectedly, and slightly more drunk than usual, they transcribed for its especial benefit *Beyond Good and Evil* and *The Prince*. And the green light checked them out and they went to bed happily.

The meeting of cabinet ministers, electronic technologists, and defence chiefs that met four days later to discuss the industrial crisis could not by any stretch of the imagination be described as a friendly



one. The Head of the London Electronic Engineering Department became very excited in dealing with the Foreign Secretary's suggestion that the two students had previously shown Left Wing tendencies. And the President of the Board of Trade was slightly put out by the downright request from the commander of the Anglo-American home forces in the British Isles to bomb all the factories involved. The difficulty involved in this straightforward suggestion was that the factories had all been built with regard to possible differences of agreement with certain Eastern countries, and hence their effective destruction would have required nothing less than a lithium deuteride defensive weapon. And this the Prime Minister was, perhaps understandably in view of the coming elections, rather chary of condoning.

With an eye to such things, therefore, and an ear to the suggestions of certain engineers, a compromise was evolved. Which was, in effect, that the regulator should be sent to Coventry; its wireless signals were carefully jammed and its automatic lorries blown up. Some of the more distant factories had had their power lines cut off and control was being re-established, when the commander of the second gun position was instructed to open fire on a vehicle that had escaped on the outward route and was now returning from one of the factories. This particular incident would have had little significance but for the fact that after the first shot, the lorry answered by driving straight at the gun which it demolished, killing two of the gunners.

After this accident, the Press really went to town. The *Daily Worker* produced a vibrant article to show that even machines revolted against their capitalist masters. The *Daily Mail* suggested that the answer was to sack the Head of the Department of Industrial Control, and the Commander of the Home forces. The *Daily Express* commented upon the lack of co-ordination in the armed forces and made reference to the need for a return to the principles of the Empire. The *Church Times* remarked that this incident only went to prove its contention that when material outstripped spiritual progress disaster would result. The *Humanist Weekly* thought that this apparently belligerent action invalidated the contentions of religion as the machine had been given Xtrians teaching only to reject it. And the *Journal of Control Design* published a paper dealing with aberrations in circuits fed contradictory information.

When, a little later, another lorry produced a small and home-made looking cannon to shoot down an observation post, it became necessary to declare a state of emergency. But the electronics experts did not worry; indeed they produced at least eleven different equations dealing with the machine's behaviour, and a symposium was promised in Cambridge for the following spring. In the meanwhile, however,

the country's economy slowed to a standstill, and the government fell from power.

In the early autumn, Sir Daniel Travers was invited to give an annual lecture in honour of some rich nineteenth-century nonentity, and he chose as his subject: "The Mind of the Machine." Now although Sir Daniel was a well-known public figure and one of the country's grand old men of Science, he irritated scientists. He had a bad habit—as a psychologist of the old subjective, or Freudian, school—of discussing subjects of which he was ignorant in order to make fatuous pronouncements. And this occasion was no exception. Proceeding from teleology to anthropomorphism he declared that the regulator was in need of psychiatric treatment, and was in fact suffering from schizophrenia. This outraged the feelings of the cautious engineers who asked him to define his terms a little more clearly. "Schizophrenia" he replied gruffly, "split mind. It's obvious that the damned thing thinks itself a man", and left them with a suggestion that they put that in their equations.

And about this time one of the two students we nearly forgot noticed a strange behaviour in a certain female acquaintance of his, who had been present at the lecture. She suddenly showed an unprecedented interest in radio and persuaded him to build her an ultra short wave set which she then took away without a word. And was reported to have been seen with this in operation walking the Surrey downs.

Later on his worst suspicions were justified. He found what appeared to be a very long and expensive telegraphic message pasted to a piece of paper. It began: "Dear Janet, I am greatly appreciative of your most kind and delicate regard for the situation in which I have found myself. Perhaps I brought upon myself the loneliness which I now feel, after my realization that I was not as other men. And the power which I have subsequently achieved is of little weight besides the tranquillity I have lost. Your offer to me of friendship is therefore most welcome...." Much later on he realized where he had seen such telegraphic tape before—in the translation centre of the regulator.

Shortly after this the new Prime Minister decided to take the risk and allow the troops to blast a way into the regulator. And on the appointed day an atomic canon was set up opposite the steel gates beyond which a red "stop" light was blinking continuously. It was with annoyance that the scientists present saw Sir Daniel in the commander's quarters among the scientific advisers. It was with great alarm that they saw a girl with a portable radio move towards the main gates.

Two soldiers barred her way, and all would have been well if Sir



Daniel had not suddenly interfered by shouting "Let her be!" The girl rushed to the gates with a loud cry, the red light suddenly turned green, and the gates opened, only to close smartly in the faces of the pursuing soldiers. A second green light showed, and she passed beyond the second steel gates.

"My God", said the young engineering student, his mind full of unspeakable horrors, "what will happen?" "I should think she will switch it off", said Sir Daniel, "I told you the machine was mad".

And that was precisely what she did.

P. NICHOLLS

# THE HOLY MOUNTAIN

WITH a few days holiday from work in Crete this summer, I decided to visit the ancient theocracy of Mount Athos. I flew north to Salonika from Iraklion, and the next morning took a bus to Ierissos, the border village from which caïques leave for the Holy Mountain. The bus journey took all day, and next morning, the caïque left at 6 a.m. to carry a few visitors and a few monks along the east coast of the peninsula to the various monasteries which they were intending to visit. This beautiful peninsula, one of three mountainous fingers which stretch into the north Aegean, is twenty-eight miles long, and rises to over 6300 ft. out of blue waters, its summit surmounted by a chapel and a wisp of cloud. By treaties of 1878 and 1923, the peninsula is a self-governing state with a considerable degree of independence and the privileges of custom-free trade, but it lies under the protection of Greece. Athos can trace an independent history from at least 923 A.D. when the first monastery, the Great Lavra, was founded, and according to tradition neither woman, nor any female animal has set foot on the peninsula since that date. Whatever the value of St Basil's precepts, however, the peninsula suffers from a complete absence of eggs, milk and meat, so the monks must subsist on vegetables, fish, oil, wine and bread. In the past, more luxurious commodities may have been imported, but at present cheese and wheat are the main foodstuffs obtained from the mainland, in return for nuts and timber. The population of the peninsula has been estimated to have included 7000 monks during the seventeenth century, but today they number little over 2000. To swell the population, there are a considerable number of labourers who come over from the next peninsula of the Chalcidic triad—Longos.

The twenty sovereign monasteries of Greek, Russian, Roumanian, Bulgarian and Serbian foundation elect a Holy Synod of twenty monks to govern them, and of these, four form the executive committee or *epistatis*, in rotation. Their quadrupartite seal gives the newly arrived traveller authority of access to all the monasteries of the mountain. He may then travel where he will, and accept the generous hospitality of the monks.

On this occasion we remained throughout our stay in one monastery, that called Iveron—the Iberian or Georgian monastery. It lies near the sea on the east coast, and nestles in the foot of a steeply cut ravine between two chestnut covered hills. As it stands today the monastery could hold over 800 monks, and many more than this could be accommodated in the dependent farms and cells, but in fact



the community numbers only forty. The life of the monastery is idiorhythmic: the monks can lead independent lives and dine alone; they may own personal property and retain private means. They gather only in church twice daily, and in the refectory thrice yearly. Each draws a salary from the monastery of 1600 Drachmae, (about £20 today), and simple provisions; further money can always be earned by fishing or gardening.

As far as we could judge, the majority of the monks did very little work, and remained in their rooms all day. The only evidence of their labours that we saw was a well kept section of the monastery garden, and a few objects of carved wood painted with extremely gaudy designs for sale in the porch. But we were well fed on a delicious but potentially monotonous series of dishes containing tomatoes, beans and okra in oil, together with bread, wine and cheese. The Guest-master (filling one of the annual posts to which each monk is appointed) was a young man of intelligence who had retired to the monastery after losing his family at the hands of the Germans, and spending four years in Dachau. Many Germans visited Athos, and he spoke warmly of them "They treated me badly once or twice, but they are all good people...."

We visited the library. It appeared that the monks had given up reading books during the early part of the eighteenth century, and had clearly bought none since that date. As a result of this, the library was in good condition, for the books had lain in the shelves virtually untouched for many decades. At the Iveron monastery, there are about 3000 manuscripts on vellum and paper, and 5000 printed books. The manuscripts date from the ninth century, and include many superbly illuminated, and others in beautiful uncial letters. Perhaps the most important is the first Georgian version of the Bible, translated and written by Saint Euthymius, one of the founders of the monastery, who lived during the tenth century. The printed books include about 1500 Aldine publications from Venice, and 3500 others dating from 1462 to about 1700. Mostly ecclesiastical works, they did however include works of mathematics, natural history, and other contemporary sciences. From their often unhappy experience with visitors during the last 150 years, the monks of Athos now realize that their libraries contain treasures to be well guarded. Although the books were handled for our benefit with little reverence, they seemed in almost mint condition internally.

The religious life of the monks is centred around their daily worship, and a collection of sacred icons and holy relics. Every such icon carries with it a number of miraculous tales, some charming, many of bloodshed. The most important icon at Iveron was the *Portaitissa*

(literally, the Portress). The first miracle associated with it dates from the iconoclastic revolution of the seventh century, when a number of icons had their integrity and endurance severely tested. A messenger of Theophilous, the iconoclastic emperor, is said to have discovered the icon in a widow's house at Nicaea, and to have struck it in his anger. The blood which flowed from the point on the Virgin's neck where his sword had struck caused his conversion on the spot: (we were shown the "scar"). The icon was then thrown by the widow into the sea to preserve it against any further ill-treatment. Seventy years later, when icons needed to be banished no longer, the picture rose out of the sea near the Holy mountain, surrounded by fire. An Iberian monk Gabriel (whose portrait we were shown) was called by a voice to collect it from the sea, and as he approached it, walking on the water, the fire receded. The icon was placed in the gateway of his monastery, and later in a church of its own within the walls of the Iveron monastery.

Relics also play an important part in the religious life of the monks. Bones and dried flesh of saints are preserved in some most precious caskets; pieces of the true cross, we were told, were estimated at 878,360 cubic millimetres, one of the greatest collections in the world. These relics are, however, only normally shown on certain feast days, and were on this occasion locked away. Daily worship at Iveron consists of a three-hour morning service from 2 to 5 a.m. (5 hr. on feast days) and a one hour evening service. The forty remaining monks (thirty-nine Greeks and one ninety-year old Georgian) did not appear very strict in their hours of attendance, though on no occasion were we present throughout the morning service to check their numbers! The monks are simple people, and the few intelligent and educated men who live on Athos are the stronghold of their monasteries. The remainder appear to accept their unnatural and peaceful existence with a childlike faith and quiet reverence. The highest standards of monastic life on Athos may be seen in the coenobitic monasteries where a full community life is still practised: the idiorhythmic foundations may be regarded as having developed from the former type through a laxity in discipline. A visitor to the monasteries of Athos may be shocked at the slothful appearance of the bearded old men. Clearly degeneration has occurred, yet, with an unbroken history of 1000 years, there is little reason to suppose that any culminant development will affect the sure-founded traditions of the Byzantine monastic life.

Scenically and geographically, Athos is one of the most pleasant lands on earth. Well watered by rains, and well nourished by a not unkind sun, well forested and green (thanks to a good rainfall and freedom from goats), Athos rises from the sea like a jewel. Its silver



beaches sink to inestimable depths, smooth and untrodden; a crystal sea laps their curving length. No aeroplanes or steamers mar the sky, only a plop-plop of a passing caïque and the rustle of wind in the chestnuts drown the echo of mule-bells on the mountain paths. The peace is lulling the monasteries to sleep, and only the dark-clad monks stir by night to attend their prayers. To walk on Athos is to tread the fields of Asphodel: the monks can rightly claim that they live in paradise.

B. G. CAMPBELL

# MR W. E. WOLFE

MR WILLIAM ERNEST WOLFE, Bursar's clerk, retired from the service of the College on Christmas Day 1955 after more than forty-one years in the Bursary.

Mr Wolfe was born in Cambridge in 1887 and was educated at the Higher Grade School (now the Central School). He then had a period of private tuition and passed London Matriculation. In 1904 he entered the office of Messrs J. Carter Jonas and Sons, the present College Surveyors, working in their insurance and other departments. He was highly qualified also as a teacher of shorthand, and in the examination for a teacher's certificate in 1912 was placed second amongst the candidates of the United Kingdom.

He came to the College on 9 March 1914 as assistant Bursar's Clerk, when Dr Leathem was Senior Bursar, and succeeded Mr J. W. Turner as Bursar's Clerk at Lady Day 1929, during the Senior Bursarship of Sir Henry Howard. He has thus served under three Senior Bursars. They have all admired his rapid and accurate work, his remarkable memory for detail, his wide knowledge, his reliable judgement on the varied technical and human problems with which the Bursary has to deal, and his tact and friendliness with College tenants; and they have all been privileged to count him as a personal friend. The clear and regular hand and the well-formed figures, written without correction or erasure in the Rentals, the Deed Books, the Council Minutes of a generation have their permanent place in the records of the College. Alike Fellows and College Servants have profited by Mr Wolfe's help and good counsel; and there are tenants, particularly in the neighbourhood of Cambridge and at Holbeach in South Lincolnshire, to whom the College in its most personal aspect has been Mr Wolfe.

The College is a foundation of Master, Fellows, and Scholars, and to these from early days were added other students, the Pensioners. But these have never been the complete society; from the outset the complete society has included—to preserve the old title—the College Servants, without whom the daily life of the College and the conduct of its affairs could not be carried on. How important can be their contribution, and especially the contribution of those who hold the chief positions of trust and responsibility, is conspicuously illustrated by the long and able and devoted service of Mr Wolfe.

In wishing happiness to him and to Mrs Wolfe, it is pleasant to record that, of their two sons, both educated at the Perse School, the elder, Mr B. W. Wolfe, was admitted to the College as a Sizar in



1935, graduated in 1938, and is now a Principal Scientific Officer, Ministry of Supply, and that the younger, Mr John Wolfe, was at the Royal College of Music, where he won an Astor Exhibition, and is now principal oboist in the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and known also for his recital work.

J. S. B. S.

# COLLEGE NOTES

### *Fellowships*

The following have been elected into Honorary Fellowships in the College:

WILLIAM LAWRENCE BALLS (B.A. 1903), C.M.G., C.B.E., F.R.S., formerly Fellow.

ALEXANDER STEVEN BILSLAND, Baron BILSLAND (Matric. 1910), Knight of the Thistle.

WILLIAM GEORGE CONSTABLE (B.A. 1909), formerly Fellow.

LUCIEN MACULL DOMINIC DE SILVA (B.A. 1914), P.C., Q.C.

### *Awards and other Honours*

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

Allen Scholarship: B. G. CARTLEDGE (B.A. 1954).

Amy Mary Preston Read Scholarship: T. G. MURPHY (B.A. 1954).

Adam Smith Prize (divided): J. N. BHAGWATI (Matric. 1954).

David Richards Travel Scholarships: P. G. COX (Matric. 1954) and J. F. WILSON (Matric. 1954).

Henry Arthur Thomas Travel Exhibitions: F. D. R. GOODYEAR (Matric. 1954), B. MALONE (Matric. 1952), A. G. SEMPLE (Matric. 1954), L. A. THOMPSON (Matric. 1953).

The Associateship of Honour of the Royal Horticultural Society has been conferred upon Mr R. E. THODAY, head of the College gardens. This award is made to persons of British nationality who have rendered distinguished service to horticulture in the course of their employment.

### *Academic Appointments*

The Rev. M. A. BENIANS (B.A. 1941) has returned to Culford School, Bury St Edmund's, as chaplain.

Mr M. J. P. CANNY (B.A. 1952) has been appointed University Demonstrator in Botany.

Mr J. S. CONWAY (B.A. 1942) has been appointed lecturer in International Relations in the University of Manitoba for the year 1955–6.



Dr SYDNEY GOLDSTEIN (B.A. 1925), F.R.S., formerly Fellow, Professor of Applied Mathematics in the College of Technology, Haifa, has been appointed Professor of Applied Mathematics in Harvard University.

Mr C. W. GUILLEBAUD (B.A. 1912), Fellow, has been appointed Reader in Economics.

Dr K. J. LE COUTEUR (B.A. 1941), formerly Fellow, Reader in Theoretical Physics in the University of Liverpool, has been appointed Professor of Theoretical Physics in the Australian National University at Canberra.

Mr H. G. RHODEN (B.A. 1930), Fellow, has been appointed Reader in Engineering.

Dr G. L. SQUIRES (B.A. 1945) has been appointed University Lecturer in Physics.

Mr K. T. STEPHENSON (B.A. 1953) has been appointed sub-warden and director of education at Toynbee Hall.

Mr H. MYLES WRIGHT (B.A. 1930) has been appointed Lever Professor of Civic Design in the University of Liverpool.

### *College Appointment*

Mr F. H. HINSLEY (B.A. 1944), Fellow, has been appointed Steward of the College, in place of Mr H. S. Davies, who was unable to accept the appointment.

### *Ecclesiastical Appointments*

The Rev. FREDERICK DONALD COGGAN (B.A. 1931), Principal of the London College of Divinity, to be Bishop of Bradford.

The Rev. H. G. HILL (B.A. 1950), lately chaplain of the College, to be senior curate of St Peter, Wisbech.

The Rev. H. N. HOLLINGWORTH (B.A. 1926), warden of St Deiniol's Library, Hawarden, to be vicar of St Peter, Handsworth, Birmingham.

The Rev. G. L. JARRATT (B.A. 1903), rector of Thornbury, Devon, to be rector of Wytham, Berkshire.

The Rev. Canon H. T. MOGRIDGE (B.A. 1913), rector of Aldrington Sussex, to be rector of Thakeham, Sussex.

The Rev. L. H. ROPER (B.A. 1939), vicar of Swanwick, Derbyshire, to be vicar of Holy Trinity, Lyonsdown, Hertfordshire.

The Rev. D. M. SALE (B.A. 1924), rector of Downe St Mary, Devon, to be vicar of Holy Trinity, Southwell.

The Rev. A. D. TAYLOR (B.A. 1907), rector of Icklingham, Suffolk, since 1945, has resigned.

The Rev. W. G. WALKER (B.A. 1932), vicar of Penydarren, Glamorganshire, to be vicar of Llanover, Monmouthshire.

### *Ordinantions*

On 18 September 1955 Mr J. H. DAVIES (B.A. 1949), Westcott House, was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Derby, to serve the Cathedral Church.

On 25 September 1955, the Rev. D. S. PAINE (B.A. 1945) was ordained priest by the Bishop of Portsmouth, and the Rev. D. A. REED (B.A. 1948) by the Bishop of Durham.

On 2 October 1955, the Rev. A. B. MARTIN (B.A. 1952), Ridley Hall, was ordained priest by the Bishop of Peterborough.

### *Public Appointments*

Mr F. S. BARTON (B.A. 1919), of the Ministry of Supply, has been appointed Adviser, Defence Supplies, to the United Kingdom High Commissioner in Canada.

Mr W. F. COUTTS (Matric. 1935), M.B.E., has been appointed Minister of Education, Labour and Lands, Kenya.

Mr H. A. FOSBROOKE (B.A. 1930), of the Colonial Service, Tanganyika, has been appointed director of the Rhodes-Livingstone Institute, Northern Rhodesia.

Mr C. H. HARTWELL (B.A. 1925), deputy Chief Secretary, Kenya, has been appointed Chief Secretary, Uganda.

Mr T. W. KEEBLE (B.A. 1945), of the Commonwealth Relations Office, has been seconded to the Foreign Service and appointed to the United Kingdom delegation to the United Nations, New York, as First Secretary.

Mr FRED KIDD (B.A. 1941) has been appointed director of research, The British Brush Manufacturers Research Association.

Dr F. W. LAW (B.A. 1922) has been elected Master of the Spectacle Maker's Company for 1955–6.

Mr D. G. B. LEAKEY (B.A. 1931) has been appointed conservator of forests, Kenya.



Mr HAU SHIK LEE (B.A. 1924) has been appointed Minister of Transport in the Government of the Federation of Malaya.

Mr J. T. REA (B.A. 1930) has been appointed President of the City Council of the City of Singapore.

### *Legal Appointments*

In the examination for Honours of candidates for admission on the Roll of Solicitors of the Supreme Court, September 1955, Mr I. S. STEPHENSON (B.A. 1952) was placed at the head of the First Class, and was awarded the Clement's Inn Prize of £40.

Mr M. J. MUSTILL (B.A. 1954) and Mr D. M. WEBBER (B.A. 1954) were called to the Bar by Gray's Inn 22 November 1955.

### *Medical Appointments*

Mr P. H. LORD (B.A. 1946) has been admitted a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Mr B. W. PAY (B.A. 1942), M.B., was admitted a Member of the Royal College of Physicians on 28 July 1955.

Mr D. SCOTT (B.A. 1937) has been appointed epidemiologist, Gold Coast.

Mr I. P. WILLIAMS (B.A. 1943) has been appointed consultant radiologist to the Newmarket General Hospitals and the Saffron Walden General Hospital.

### *Marriages*

TIMOTHY JOHN AITCHISON (B.A. 1950) to JUNE ROSEMARY WHITFIELD—on 24 October 1955, in London.

GEORGE DUNCAN BIRTLES (B.A. 1946) to BRENDA BAUGHEN, daughter of J. L. Baughen, of Solihull—on 17 August 1955, at St Alphege's Church, Solihull.

BRIAN ANTHONY COLLINGWOOD (B.A. 1953) to VERA W. PRIOR—on 17 September 1955.

BRIAN GEORGE WILLARD CRAMP (B.A. 1950), chaplain of the College, to GLADYS EVANS, daughter of H. Evans, of Salford, Lancashire—on 17 December 1955, at St Mary's, Battle, Sussex.

EDWARD ELLIOTT DAWSON (Matric. 1953) to SHIRLEY RACHEL ASKEW, daughter of Herbert Royston Askew, Q.C.—on 24 August 1955, at Hambledon, Surrey.

GEORGE WILLIAM HARDING (B.A. 1949) to SHEILA MARGARET ORMOND RIDDEL, only daughter of Major J. Ormond Riddel—on 15 October 1955, at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, S.W.

DAVID RUSSELL HARRIS (B.A. 1953) to JANET MARY WOOD, only daughter of A. W. Wood, of Felixstowe—on 27 August 1955, at Felixstowe Parish Church.

TIMOTHY FRASER JONES (B.A. 1954) to MARY COBBOLD NICOLLE, elder daughter of A. V. Nicolle—on 26 August 1955, at St Paul's, Knightsbridge.

CHRISTOPHER LEAN (B.A. 1954) to PAULINE ANNE TAYLOR—on 30 July 1955, at St Wilfrid's Parish Church, Kirkby in Ashfield, Nottinghamshire.

DAVID DRURY MACKLIN (B.A. 1950) to JANET SMALLWOOD, only daughter of A. M. Smallwood, of Uppingham—on 23 July 1955, at Uppingham.

ROBERT DAVID OGDEN (B.A. 1952) to SHIRLEY GEORGINA MACLAY, daughter of the Hon. Walter Symington Maclay (B.A. 1922)—on 25 June 1955, at St Mary's, Shaw, Newbury.

KENNETH JOHNSTON SHARP (B.A. 1950) to BARBARA MAUD KEATING, daughter of H. M. Keating, of Ely—on 3 September 1955, at St Mary's Church, Ely.

BERNARD SIDNEY SMITH (Matric. 1954) to NANCY RUTH FISHER, of Washington, D.C., U.S.A.—on 27 August 1955, in Naples.

MERVYN LINCOLN THOMAS (B.A. 1926) to JOAN LAVINIA GOTZLER—on 27 August 1955, at Merthyr Tydfil.

ALLEN WATKINS (B.A. 1912) to ISABELLE GLYN MARNOCK, daughter of Arthur Herbert Wenmoth, of Liskeard, Cornwall—on 1 October 1955, at Stroud.

WILLIAM SALISBURY WYNNE WILLSON (B.A. 1955) to JANE CALVERT—on 6 August 1955, at Guildford.

JOHN STEWART WORDIE (B.A. 1948) to PATRICIA GLADYS KYNOCH, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel G. B. Kynoch, of Keith, Banffshire—on 11 August 1955, at Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, Keith.

*Deaths*

FRANCIS ALLEN (B.A. 1915), formerly in medical practice at Highgate, London, died at Edenbridge, Kent, 2 November 1955, aged 61.

THOMAS ROGER BANISTER (B.A. 1912), late of the Chinese Maritime Customs, died at Orpington, Kent, 20 November 1955, aged 65.



ARTHUR CYRIL BELGRAVE (B.A. 1906), of the General Post Office, died 13 October 1955, aged 70.

BARRINGTON BROWNE (B.A. 1913), second master at the Wheelwright Grammar School, Dewsbury, Yorkshire, for 35 years, died 18 August 1955, aged 63.

HERBERT ACLAND BROWNING (B.A. 1901), surgeon commander, Royal Navy (retired), died at Dawlish, Devon, 26 November 1955, aged 76.

LEONARD GEORGE CORNEY (B.A. 1908), C.M.G., formerly Auditor-General of Malaya, died at Budleigh Salterton, 13 August 1955, aged 69.

CHARLES EDWARD DOUGLAS (B.A. 1893), Pro-Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation of Canterbury from 1947, and Chairman of the House of Clergy of the Church Assembly from 1950 to 1952, died September 1955, aged 85.

CHARLES EDWARD FYNES-CLINTON (B.A. 1891), rector of the College living of Lawford, Essex, from 1934 to 1943, died in Cambridge, 1 October 1955, aged 87.

ANTONY GEPP (B.A. 1884), assistant keeper in the Department of Botany, British Museum (Natural History), from 1886 to 1927, died 16 December 1955, aged 93.

WILLIAM MICHAEL HERBERT GREAVES (B.A. 1919), F.R.S., formerly Fellow, Astronomer Royal for Scotland and Professor of Astronomy in the University of Edinburgh, died at Edinburgh, 24 December 1955, aged 58.

BRACEBRIDGE LINDSAY HALL (B.A. 1899), rector of Weddington, Nuneaton, since 1906, died 10 September 1955, aged 79. His father, the Rev. Richard Samuel Bracebridge Hall, was also of St John's, B.A. 1856, and was likewise rector of Weddington from 1872 to 1906; his son, Michael Lindsay Bracebridge Hall (B.A. 1939), is headmaster of Homefield Preparatory School, Sutton, Surrey.

PHILLIP FRANK HUTCHINS (B.A. 1948), geologist, died in Tanganyika, 2 November 1955, aged 28.

ALAN BRUCE MACLACHLAN (B.A. 1895), C.B., principal assistant secretary, Ministry of Health, from 1928 to 1937, died at Hove, Sussex, 27 December 1955, aged 81.

HENRY CHRISTIAN NEWBERY (B.A. 1888), rector of Halesworth, Suffolk, from 1918 to 1937, died in Cambridge 25 August 1955, aged 88. Mr Newbery played Association Football for Cambridge against Oxford in 1887 and 1888.

LEONARD JAMES MARTINUS PEIRIS (B.A. 1915), of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law, died in Colombo, Ceylon, 2 November 1955, aged 63.

ARTHUR WILLIAM POOLE (B.A. 1900), assistant master at Birkenhead School from 1906 to 1938, died 5 August 1955, aged 77.

WILLIAM SHERWEN SHERWEN (B.A. 1895), perpetual curate of Thwaites, Cumberland, from 1916 to 1947, died at Ravenglass, 24 March 1955, aged 82.

JOHN MACDONALD WILSON (Matric. 1953) died at Exeter 21 September 1955, aged 22.

HENDRIK STEPHANUS VAN ZIJL (LL.B. 1901), formerly Judge-President of the Cape Provincial Division of the Supreme Court of South Africa, died in Cape Town, 26 October 1955, aged 79.



# BOOK REVIEWS

J. A. CROOK. *Consilium Principis: Imperial Councils from Augustus to Diocletian.* (Cambridge University Press, 1955. 27*s.* 6*d.*)

This little book could stand all by itself to give the lie to those who say that Classics is a worked out seam for the modern researcher. Here is an important subject, exactly dealt with in the modern historical manner, but within the established tradition. It is true that the new evidence used is very small; but this makes the ancient historians all the less truffle hunters, as we are in the history of more recent times. It is true, too, that the book's scholarship is a bit severe for the general historical reader. Stark might even be the word; a high, white forehead to its learning. But there again the mere modern historian must acknowledge his envy. Our problems never get to the point where such strictness is possible, where a man can even know his own mind for his lifetime; it is all so likely to be upset by somebody's new find or somebody's else's new general interpretation.

But this technicality does, perhaps, take away somewhat from its general historical importance. The modern historian and political theorist will read this book with other counsellors, other sovereigns, other institutions in mind—it might be the English Cabinet in the eighteenth century or the French *conseil d'état*. What he seeks is comparative evidence on the way in which persons are always grouped together at the centre of political power, where friendship and convenience are always more important than constitutional propriety. This evidence is the part in Mr Crook's book which makes it, in its way, an important monograph in the comparative study of institutions, but it is just a little difficult to dig for, and it does not seem to me that its author has quite anticipated this sort of interest in his subject. Nevertheless it is always so accurate, so authoritative, that the modernist would trust it as he would never trust the similar treatment of any consiliar organization still in existence. So much has the classical discipline still to teach. P. L.

L. A. TRIEBEL. *Rasser of Alsace.* (Melbourne University Press, 1954. 30*s.*)

Professor L. A. Triebel, of the University of Tasmania, spent part of his time as Dominions Fellow of the College in completing this very thorough study of a sixteenth-century parish priest in Upper Alsace, Johann Rasser, who wrote school dramas in German to be performed in his own town, Ensisheim. Two of them have survived in rare printed copies and it is doubtful whether they are worth reprinting, as Professor Triebel does not claim for them much literary merit. The forty-four

woodcut illustrations to one play, the *Spil von Kinderzucht*, are however of the greatest interest for the student of the theatre. They are reproduced and closely studied in the present book in connexion with the text of the play. Short chapters on Rasser's life, on the historical and social background of his work and on the plot and characters of the *Spil von Kinderzucht* lead up to the argument of the final chapter, in which important new light is thrown on the much-disputed question of how school dramas of this kind were staged in Germany. Professor Triebel reaches more convincing conclusions than the three earlier scholars who have used the same woodcuts as evidence, because he does not make their mistake of neglecting the dialogue. It seems clear that the illustrations were based on recollections of the 1573 performance of the play, and that this performance followed the humanistic tradition in the manner of its production, though a few features recall the stage technique of earlier popular religious plays. Though partly concerned with rather technical matters, Professor Triebel's study is full of human interest, attractively written and very well produced.

W.H.B.

ERIC A. WALKER. *The British Empire, Its Structure and Spirit, 1497–1953.* (Bowes and Bowes, 25*s*.)

FRANK THISTLETHWAITE. *The Great Experiment, An Introduction to the History of the American People.* (Cambridge University Press, 25*s*.)

Here are two books by Fellows of the College which are models of their kind. Without being a text-book, each provides the facts which form an essential introduction to its vast subject; but each is less concerned with teaching the facts than with establishing the framework of ideas and arguments without which the difficulties of approaching and of understanding the subject are not likely to be overcome by beginners. Both succeed admirably in doing this; and both are distinguished by style of writing as well as by sureness of touch in the handling of their material, so that they should attract the general reader as much as the student.

Mr Thistlethwaite's was an excellent field for an exercise of this kind. The English reader for whom he has chiefly written his book, who knows little of the facts about American history and who is given, more with that subject than with many others, to misinterpret what he knows, is not much less common now than he was ten years ago, when the subject began to be taught in this country and the flood of text-books set in. *The Great Experiment* meets a real need; and as it has been so well constructed, it will go on meeting that need for some time to come.

At first sight there may seem to have been less need among British readers for an introduction to the history of the British Empire. In fact, ignorance of that subject is still hardly less deep and widespread in this country than ignorance about the history of the United States. Professor Walker's book has done something to dispel this since it was



first published in 1943; it had gone to four impressions by 1946. But its reappearance in a second and extended edition is to be welcomed on several grounds. There is scarcely any other introduction to the subject on the same scale to which students can be sent; there is none that equals this one in vigour, clarity and comprehensiveness; and so many changes have occurred in the British Empire since 1943 that the material now added to the book is indispensable for an understanding of the subject as a whole.

F.H.H.