

THE EAGLE

A Magazine

SUPPORTED BY MEMBERS OF

St John's College



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VOLUME LVII, No. 250

PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
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THE EAGLE'S CENTENARY

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

VOL. LVII

OCTOBER 1957

No. 250



A SENSE OF GRIEVANCE?

There are undergraduates at Cambridge today who, having got where a generation ago it would have been impossible to enter, nurse inside themselves a peculiar kind of grievance that a place with such traditions should survive.

“OLIVER EDWARDS,” *The Times*, 30 May 1957

June 1957

*St John's College
Cambridge*

My dear John,

Thank you for writing and giving me circumstantial news of your progress. Your work sounds interesting, important, and appears to yield more by way of tangible results than even you anticipated—I don't see how you could have done better in any job. The slight twinges of regret for research abandoned will abate, I am sure, while the real achievements of your day-to-day labours will not fail to provide you with that feeling of concrete satisfaction which you could always be relied upon to experience. Whether all this justifies you in adopting a slightly (albeit unconsciously) patronizing attitude towards us here in Cambridge is another question. I don't think living even in Equatorial Africa is an excuse for clichés about “the Old Place”: I don't know at what hour the clock stands: and I don't, emphatically, care whether there is honey still for tea.

“And how *is* the Old Place?”, you ask. Well, you know, it isn't. Nor ever was. The indescribable, imperceptible, minute-hand changes go on from week to week, from term to term, from tripos-reform to tripos-reform; there is no arrest in the flux. Here especially, where we have our sharp time divisions and regular calendar of the academic year, we are frighteningly adept at gulping down long draughts of time without stopping to notice much difference in the vintage.

But of course changes do take place. (And if changes, then from something constant, one supposes.) People outside—people who have so thoroughly gone “down” that they call it “up”—people who make it their business to state, expound, analyse—tell us of these changes from time to time. They say (for instance) that undergraduates nowadays are more religious than they used to be: and of lower social standing: and less interested in politics: more polite: and more angry. It is all very difficult to sort out—for don’t we believe that it is unsound, dangerous &c. to generalize? I suppose I could have tried to “discover the temper of this generation” by conducting a Gallup poll in the College, and presented you with a neat numerical table. But unlike yourself I abhor statistics and so, instead, you must be content with a few impressions.

It is, then, my impression that some undergraduates today have a feeling of grievance some of the time, and that these “some” make up a fairly compact and important group; I also think that the reasons for this feeling are not social at all. Social class in England—and in the universities especially—has always been in flux; and in a college as large and as liberal as ours social origin cannot be a serious issue. Gone are the days when, standing at a window in Trinity Great Court, you could shout “Fag!” and thus attract the anxious attention of three-quarters of those passing by. The sense of grievance—at any rate as far as arts students are concerned—seems to me directly connected with the subjects which (often for no respectable reason) undergraduates have decided to read.

The teachers of a generation ago were wont to engage in long arguments on the virtues of studying classics. It is not only the case that that dispute has now spread to all the humanities, but also that it has spread from the teachers to the taught who (one presumes) are worse equipped for conducting it. We believe—we would like to believe—that the study of the humanities provides its own justification: that its own justification *is* a part of that study. But is it? After all, most of the intellectual criteria of truth which our undergraduate encounters every day are more or less scientific, not qualitative. To come here he has acquired the requisite amount of facts; he has also acquired a fair capacity for negotiating them. And that, very often, is that. But what happens when he starts asking what to make of these facts? He enjoys the mental acrobatics of this subject or that—but when he asks for a decent reason why he should prefer history to philately, or modern languages to crossword-puzzles—is he really given it? From the point of view of “practical life” (meaning Amalgamated Steel, Ltd. or Inc.) it all comes to much the same thing, no doubt. But meanwhile he is here, he has some leisure to think (or brood), and would like to know why he should be more concerned

with one set of facts, or one set of opinions, or one account of experience, than with another—and often he isn’t told.

It is no doubt faintly embarrassing to be talking in terms of the Arts *v.* the Sciences, as people have been doing for the last 150 years. Yet there is a feeling of assurance, a factualness, to be found among all kinds of undergraduate scientists (not, admittedly, in the last week before Tripos) which is absent among a corresponding group of arts students. I don’t, of course, want you to think of this generation as intolerably profound—tortured by grave intellectual doubts—foundering in metaphysical scepticism. There is, nowadays, almost as much incurious mediocrity as there ever was, though there is also, perhaps, rather more brilliance. The doubt and the ensuing sense of grievance are rarely formulated at all, and never in an abstract way. The form they take is often merely a mute kind of truculence, leaving one with the classic choice of the unhappy sergeant-major between “plain hopeless” and “hopeless with bloodyminded intent”. Yet if you were to listen to the discussions in supervisions you would, I think, come to see what I mean. Often, of course, a supervisor’s criticism of, say, an essay, is taken with that economic minimum of argument which is intended to simulate interest and wouldn’t deceive a deaf-mute. Yet from time to time you would hear something like this: “But I thought you wanted a criticism of the *novel*, not what *I* thought. . .”; or “But that’s to do with *history*, not with the Work of Art. . .”; or “How do you mean, ‘a coherent argument’?”; or “Well, I don’t know whether it’s important, but it’s a set book, isn’t it?”; or “I thought it didn’t matter *what* you put down, as long as the grammar was all right. . .”; or, with the maximum effort to disarm, “But *Sir*. . .”—for we are all “*Sirs*” nowadays, you must know, “But *Sir*, that is what I *feel*” and “Surely, that’s a matter of personal *opinion*, don’t you think?”

Here lies a legitimate sense of grievance. All these questions are concerned with the living reality of what we are to teach, each is an appeal to make explicit the grounds of discrimination, of the choice of subjects, an appeal to explain what kind of knowledge we think worthy of attention, and why. Those who used to speak of the character-value of scholarship took their subjects’ connections with “Life” for granted: they can’t be any longer: nor can the self-sufficiency of our studies. The tradition which took the value of the humanities to be self-evident is, for some of the most enquiring of our undergraduates, no longer alive. And where we proceed as if it were we encounter a resentment which *is* legitimate, and is *becoming* articulate.

I think the time has come when those of us who are concerned with the humanities must be prepared to justify them explicitly; our reasons mustn’t be esoteric, nor may we borrow them from the

natural sciences. And we must reconcile ourselves to a new situation, bleak and yet also bracing, in which the content of our studies should no longer be determined by reasons and half-reasons which are no longer valid; but then, the tradition according to which it was "not done" to enquire too closely into the status and *raison d'être* of our studies is less important than the knowledge these studies will yield. In this situation our responsibility and our task are plain enough. Instead of indulging your nostalgia for "your" time you ought to wish us good luck.

Well, my dear John, this is as I see it. I have asked a number of undergraduates for *their* views—they appear below. It is quite possible, however, that those who felt most strongly on this topic chose to express themselves by not replying.

With kindest regards,
Yours ever,
J.P.S.

I

In this passage from his *Times* article Mr Edwards makes three main statements. He says that Cambridge has become more accessible to ordinary people, that these people feel resentment against Cambridge, and that their resentment is more particularly against the traditions that the University upholds. Tradition is the achievement of the past, so revolt against tradition is above all a revolt against the past, when Cambridge was a closed shop—against the self-sufficient, public-school sense of achievement under a system which would have excluded them, ordinary people, from its numbers and so from any contribution to its achievements. So the grievance against tradition is a grievance against the exclusiveness of Cambridge in the past.

Today the number of ordinary people in Cambridge is so great that the grievance of inferiority has been engulfed in the swell and there is a feeling that a new tradition is established. The grievance of which Mr Edwards speaks is less between groups (ordinary present and exclusive past) than between the new individual and the established group. The freshman comes from supremacy in school to obscurity among 7000 equals, and from home to self-reliance; so he suffers a shock to intellect and emotions, above all to his sense of worth. Some (especially those who have been through this before, at an early age in boarding schools or later in National Service) have the gift of quick adaptation, feeling that the quickest way to recover identity is to make themselves a part of the institution; others curl away and roll themselves up into untouchable independence and

nurse their grievance until time softens the blow. They are helped by the realization that the group is really a lot of small groups—indeed individuals—whose threat to them is scarcely greater, although more intelligent, than that they have found elsewhere.

If grievance is caused more by the individual's maladjustment to the group than by the present's maladjustment to the past, both causes are the same, the threat to self-value. People look for a means of self-expression, of realization of personal worth. I would like to consider other ways in which this impulse is frustrated in Cambridge, because its frustration is the general cause of grievance against the institution which engenders frustration.

Most people go to Cambridge to get a good degree, to realize themselves intellectually. Some are frustrated because they are not good enough and labour under the consciousness of limitation; others because Cambridge fails to correspond to their ideal Cambridge which produced celebrated intelligences now discovered to be the exceptions among thousands of comparative mediocrities. Lecturers too may seem mediocre, and they seem cynical as well, for no one can make conscious mediocrity his profession without becoming cynical about the profession's value. This environment gives little spur to competitiveness and the intellectual loses its value as a sphere for self-realization.

This loss of value sets off another limitation of the intellectual which, in a society that strove for and attained high intellectual achievement, might pass unnoticed; yet perhaps, on the contrary, it is this limitation which is the main cause of doubt about the value of the intellectual. This limitation is the hostility of the intellectual to life. Most of the ordinary people who get to Cambridge have worked very hard in school. This period of qualification is often one of emotional abnegation, for both greater intelligence and the confinement of study separate from other people. After a time, and especially when the goal (Cambridge) has been reached, there may be a feeling of abstraction from the reality of one's own living; the intellectual becomes a sort of barrier between the self and the self's mark upon life. The assumption is that people realize themselves not only through the power of intellect but through self-expression in other people, and that the first often prevents the second. Science subjects involve the intellect but are remote from life, i.e. an inter-living with others. Literature comes nearest to life but is still at a remove from it. If you read a novel you read about life but you do not live; you acquire wisdom for living but you do not live through a book, which is incapable of receiving your self-expression, capable only of expressing itself in your mind. It is surfeiting to absorb more wisdom than one expends; but I think this happens to many People in Cambridge.

The solution is to go among people. It seems that Cambridge offers a satisfying social life; but there are reservations to be made. What does the social life consist of? There are the societies, but these are only an extension of academic pursuits: Debating, the Heretics, Faculty Societies, the Theatre are all about living, they are not life itself. Apart from the societies, Cambridge is known as a place where you meet people; but the very formulation of the cry turns life into social life, the willed thing, a part of one's education and a cultivation of the spirit, which are precisely the object of revolt. There is the alternative of beer-drinking, geniality and *esprit de corps*; but the superficiality of this solution, on top of the too-conscious effort to throw learning to the wind, and the facile indulgence of mob spirit, are the reasons why those who do not participate do not.

This is a picture only of a small part of what the undergraduate feels about Cambridge, of the sense of grievance which is not a very acute sense. A great many people settle in a niche which they find big enough to contain them, and their frustration is only that of every person who sets himself an ideal of achievement in a particular sphere, but approaches it only off and on—whether in acting, debating, writing, sport, parties or academic studies themselves. Those who do not fit exactly anywhere eventually get used to having bits of themselves left over; also, as time moves on, it becomes impossible to hold grievance against a place through which one is only passing.

A. S.

II

A pretty assertion. Too pretty, I suspect. It has that air of paradoxical probability which so appeals to those of us who like to believe that truth is stranger than fiction, that what seems a fiction is a profound psychological truth. I suggest that the assertion is of the kind that one accepts for this reason; tries to illustrate and finds it difficult; tries again and finds it impossible; and rejects at last as untrue. With which suggestion I seem to have indicated the course of my essay.

Many Cambridge undergraduates have not only got where a generation ago it would have been impossible to enter, but also started from a place formerly inaccessible to them—a good secondary school. Many grammar schools are minor public schools come upon evil days and as such they receive the sons of only the more wealthy—or the less poor. The values now are bright-dim, no longer rich-poor; the grammar school boy is proud of having passed the 11-plus examination, not of his father's income. He is the more proud because his distinction from his fellows at other schools is based on personal merit. He has little knowledge of public schools; he reads school-stories and admires the chaps, he sees Billy Bunter

on the parental amusement-machine and laughs, he may smile condescendingly at the silly uniform of Eton boys, but the institutions of book-, television- or photograph-worlds are not real. His social consciousness recognizes only the rival school, whether a grammar or a public school, because he fights against the younger boys there and later plays cricket in the annual match. The rival school is the nearest one; there is no social prejudice in the choice. Even the politically conscious grammar-school boy ignores the public schools as unworthy of attention and directs his spleen against fat, ugly businessmen with cigars, prosperous against all divine justice—how can God smile on the fat and ugly? (No one thinks of them as products of a traditional system of education.) What is important about the grammar-school boy is his attitude to the universities. Ever since his parents tired of the satisfaction they derived from his success in the 11-plus examination, they, and perforce he, have been thinking of the university. The Headmaster, a Cambridge man—it is unlikely that he will be a red-brick upstart—sends all his bright boys to Cambridge in December or Oxford in March. If they do not win scholarships, they are treated as failures and sent to the University College of Lampeter in North Wales. Headmasters of grammar schools who have influence in Cambridge are rare. A scholarship to Cambridge or Oxford has enormous prestige-value and will help to lure your friends. A state scholarship will enable you to get to Cambridge or Oxford and keep your friends. A simple acceptance for Oxford or Cambridge is regarded as slightly underhand. The bright boy's parents swell with pride—has he not passed a second, more glorious 11-plus examination?—and the boy borrows a copy of the *Student's Handbook* from a kindly member of the staff. He has got where a generation ago it would have been impossible to enter. But this does not interest him. He has got where it is, even now, impossible for his less intelligent fellows to get. And this grieves him little.

After the first flush of success has died, when his name can no longer be seen on the scholarship lists which were on the screens, the new, but ageing, undergraduate begins to look around him. He sees and meets fellow undergraduates, who, he imagines, toiled up the long hill of Higher Mathematics. He is a little hurt to find they came to Cambridge because dad thought it was a good idea. The snobbish glow he had felt at the expense of his less fortunate schoolfellows is replaced by a grudge against these men who are more fortunate than he. He begins to read the *Daily Mirror*. He rapidly realizes that the University belongs to those people who entered so easily, that the time-table of University life is modelled on their habits. This he

must change. He meets a whole variety of sports he has never heard of; discards his corduroys; and changes his accent, for he nurses his grievance inside himself. He lives in perpetual awe of a Trinity man called George. He is haunted by the word "smooth". He wishes his trousers were tapered like George's; he wonders why all public school boys have soft curly hair. He hates the gods. And he stops using "Brylcreem".

Soon he finds tradition hinders him. The gown he so proudly wore is becoming a nuisance—and after two or three fits of second-year bravado, an expense. He tears his best suit on the spikes when climbing in. He misses a many-splendoured thing because guest-hours end at 11 p.m. He envies the freedom enjoyed by his friends at other universities. He dines in Hall five times a week and always misses the two best meals of the week by signing out.

Tradition extends even to smaller things. He has to offer sherry to his friends; he dines out; he punts to Grantchester for tea; he goes to the May Ball—a question of keeping up with the Harcourt-Joneses on a State Grant. He envies the Pitt Club men with their cars and new suits; their trips to Newmarket and London; their eternal cocktails and their smart porcelain girls. And he wishes he had soft curly hair and tapered trousers—and money. He hates the Post Office, where he works in the vacations.

He nurses inside himself a peculiar kind of grievance that some undergraduates entered easily where he got with difficulty, that surviving traditions should hamper his movements; that his State Grant does not allow lavish entertaining. Does this add up to a grievance that a place with such traditions should survive? I think not. In any case George was a grocer's son from Birmingham. The trousers were his grandfather's.

If I have been unkind to our bright boy from the grammar school, it is because I do not think he exists, except in essays of this nature. And if he did exist, his grievance would not be that suggested by "Oliver Edwards". If he does exist, he will not take his degree by proxy. This hypothetical grammar-school boy has not the postulated grievance. Who has?

The obvious place to search first for the grievance is among the politicians. What of the socialists who preach comprehensive schools and the abolition of the public-school system? They are perfectly happy to wear their gowns, delighted to be invited to dessert with the Master and Fellows. They scorn the other universities. They take their umbrellas home; they wrap up their new accents in their college scarves. They are theorists.

There are the men who speak with exaggerated Yorkshire accents

and hate Cambridge. A term is a crossed calendar. They came to Cambridge because the instruction is better than that offered at the local technical college. They are never very polite. But they have no grievance against surviving traditions. They simply prefer home and good food. I suspect them of dropping the Yorkshire accent for periods spent away from home.

There are the outsiders. They have a communal clothes pool—jeans, chafi trousers, loose sweaters, dirty silk neckties, sandals. They pretend to be homosexuals; they love tuneless cool jazz. They hate everything—theoretically. But they dress up for balls and put on ties for supervisions. They are in King's. They would like to be thought drug-addicts. They live in Liverpool 12 and went to Quarry Route Grammar School.

These—Reds, home-lovers, and outsiders—appear to be social rebels, but I can find among them no grievance against tradition. Where then shall I look? Perhaps among the lean and hungry, who think too much.

They play soccer and secretly distribute leaflets for the Labour Club. They go to the cinema when they are not reading Toynbee. They are not serious politicians, but they are serious haters of tradition. They are, in fact, made to measure for Mr Oliver Edwards. But "they nurse their grievance inside themselves"; how does one know them? They open up their hearts over a cup of coffee after the examinations. To Mr Edwards, or to me. They sincerely nourish this paradox: they wish the place which they reached with such difficulty were on the same level as places they could have entered as easily. They are modern, and they are so few as to be hardly worth remarking. I have met one. Perhaps Mr Edwards met one too. I hope these men are exceptions, and not a sound basis for his general assertion.

There are indeed undergraduates like this in Cambridge today. Two, as far as we know, and yet my Labour Club friend reads grace in Hall with obvious satisfaction; here is a tradition he does not hate. We are left with Mr Edwards's undergraduate; we are left with Mr Edwards's unsubstantiated assertion. And we, or I, at least, rest the case.

MICHAEL WOOD

III

A.B. I quote from *The Times*: "There are undergraduates at Cambridge today who . . ." What are *your* views?

C. d'E. Pardon?

A.B. I mean, do you nurse inside yourself a peculiar kind of . . . What I have to tell my readers is whether you are angered at the

thought of money and influence and strings being the key to University admission.

C. d'E. Well, actually, that's how *I* got in. Why, didn't you?

A.B. (confused). I'm sorry, I did not mean to rush you into accepting my interpretation of the above quotation. What *would* you say?

C. d'E. Well, what's wrong with this money aspect? If your father's been clever, and...and hardworking and got somewhere, why shouldn't he have the right to give his son the sort of education....

A.B. Mmmmm, I see.

C. d'E. ...also the "money is king" theme was apparent some years ago in all aspects of "welfare": health, entertainment, and so on. Also it was inevitable. Advanced education must have been a sort of conspicuous consumption for the rich, as it still is in many countries. Only now can the "equal chances" business apply.

A.B. (scribbling). So you would like to express your admiration for the way in which State assistance, the Great Leveller, has allowed education to free individuality and personality from the stifling... no, restricting shackles of ignorance?

C. d'E. All I really want to say is that from "To him that hath it shall be given", we have moved to "From him that hath it shall be taken away." I mean the means test.

A.B. (glances at watch). But we are trying to prove... illustrate that undergraduates here resent "wearing the mantle" (to coin a phrase) of these traditions of inequality, lack of opportunity, that they actively suffer the burden of an evil past, as it were.

C. d'E. (Gosh, is that really the time?) You see, undergraduates have more immediate problems, like not missing the laundry hours, and passing exams and being elected officers of societies to worry about such grievances. Few of them anyway believe in the existence of a fair system of selection based on intellect. A bank account is so much more precise. I am assured the rich are the most likely to benefit from a University life. We have a few people who try to pass off as indigent wards of the State, forced to work to make ends meet. But I think you are chasing an echo. I must go now, I am afraid.

A.B. (shrugging). He's probably an exception. C. V. F.

TWO POEMS

I. REMINISCENCE*

當月兒隱現密雲間，
橋上交織着格子形的光影
橫跨靜靜流着的劍河，
步履聲消失後
紐葛脫的迴廊復歸寂靜，
神奇的夜色放出多彩的光華：
他從常春藤滿佈的石雕孔隙中窺
小仙在銀色的草地上跳舞，
用一頂蛛絲織成的冠冕加在仙后頭上，
溪畔每一根垂下的柳絮
閃耀着一個頑皮的小精靈。
月影婆娑下他像聽見榆樹低訴
愛人的神聖名字給晚風輕輕地叫喚着
從三合吹到遙遠的加麗和王子學院：
像無窮期過掉才見巡夜者到來干涉
「月夜美麗，是不是，先生？」

When the moon paused between high clouds,
Chiselling latticed patterns on the bridge
Over the quiet-flowing Cam,
After footfalls had died into the stones
Of New Court cloisters and stillness once more reigned,
The wondrous night unleashed its pregnant splendours:
Through ivied traceries he peeped and saw
Elves dance the magic ring on the silvered lawn,

* From *Between the Worlds*, a narrative poem by Wong Man, Hong Kong (The Student Book Store), 1956.

Crowning his faery queen in gossamer,
 As on each drooping wisp of willow by the brook
 Glimmered an impish little gnome;
 He heard the tall elms in the moonbeam whisper
 Her sacred name which the night breeze caught and played
 Through Trinity to distant Clare and King's:
 Aeons passed before the night porter intervened
 "Beautiful moon to-night, isn't it, sir?"

II. THE CAMBRIDGE MAN

(Five in a bar)

Sélf-serious, súbtle-slick, quíp-consúming, he
 Cróss-threads the stránds in dízzy-busy motion through
 The áll-entwining, trúth-designing néedle's eye in ever-growing glee
 In fúming-frántic searching whátever's new.

But what is Newth?—Ah! Wait not só on the word!
 —This is no time for half-deciphered tags:
 Your quibbling-squabbling arguments are not heard
 In the laugh-long half-light, from life's looming crags.

Here's for a jólly-time, seed-time! Dare-devil he
 No pílot néeds down the helter-skelter race.
 Into the whirl-pool twirl, fool! Slave, you're free!
 Drift down giddy to the ever-heard nether-world beneath,
 In the dánce of the drównèd—dównèd ín the same pláce—
 To the dúll-inévitable díрге-world, drúdge-a-day death.

GYM H***INS

THE MEMORIAL MATCH

TWO years ago, scientific work landed me for some weeks in a small town on the Cumberland coast where there were few amenities, and even fewer amusements of the kind that usually amuse me. Some of my colleagues who had been castaway there much longer understood and sympathized with my situation, with the long evenings pretending to read in hotel lounges, or trying to get some work done in ill-lit, ill-heated, ill-furnished bedrooms. They were very kind. Sometimes they kept me company in a rather desperate visit to the one cinema, which confined itself to very simple programmes. Or they would take me for a crawl among the many local pubs. And sometimes they asked me to their homes, where they and their wives would do their best to entertain me in the manner to which they were sure I was accustomed, and until about the middle of the evening they would conceal their appalling sense of isolation and provinciality. Later, their pretence usually broke down, and they talked of themselves and their families as of people shipwrecked on some barren atoll, denuded of all civilization, quite isolated from the rest of the world, and with little hope of rescue. They were all really very kind.

There was only one among them, a bachelor, who had in the slightest degree made any contact with the place itself. It was with him that I occasionally went crawling among the pubs. He was, it seemed, genuinely interested in the local manner of life, apart from the large scientific industry which had been recently superimposed on it, and which had so far left it unchanged. He admitted that it was drab and graceless at first sight, at second sight, and at any subsequent inspection; but it had, he said, an acrid and pungent quality of its own which was at least distinctive. One day he asked me whether I knew anything about Rugby football. I told him that I had played it as a boy, and probably remembered as much about it as one usually does of outgrown interests—and that is surprisingly much. It was many years since I had bothered to watch a game, but I had no prejudice against it, and if he knew of an interesting match, under my present rather reduced circumstances I should quite like to see it.

"I don't know if 'interesting' is quite the right word," he said. "But I can promise you it would be quite unlike any other match you've ever seen. Meet me about eight tonight, and I'll take you along."

I observed that it was a curious time to watch football, and he replied that it would be curious football to watch.

We met at the Central Hotel, the least desolate of the pubs with which we were acquainted, and a favourite with my friend because it was a focal point of the local life which so much interested him. As we walked towards the outskirts of the town, I asked him to tell me more about the match, but he refused. He thought that it would all be much more entertaining for me if I knew nothing about it beforehand. The expedition became more and more puzzling, for there were few people in the dim gas-lit streets, and they became still fewer as we approached the football ground. There was no sign of even the most moderate of crowds making its way to the match. And when we reached the ground itself, there were no lights, certainly not the floodlights which I had expected. All was dark, save for a moon crossed by quick-moving clouds. The gates of the field were open, and in the shifting moonlight the tall white goal-posts rose up indistinctly, so that it was hard to make out how far away they might be—at times they were easily confused with the only slightly more distant chimneys of the steel mills which overshadowed the field.

We went across to the rudimentary grandstand, and climbed up the tiers of empty benches to the darkness under the roof. My friend seemed to know precisely where to go, as if he had reserved seats for us.

"Now we must wait a bit," he said. "It starts about half-past."

We waited, and as my eyes got used to the darkness, I thought I could make out a few darker patches on the benches under the roof to each side of us.

"I suppose we're not quite the only spectators?" I asked.

"Probably not," he said quietly. "It's a memorial match."

We waited again in silence. I heard a church clock in the distance strike the half-hour, and looked towards the town, and the glow in the sky above it. I was beginning to feel cold.

When I looked down at the field again, a single figure was walking slowly and deliberately towards the middle of the field. He was dressed in a white jersey and shorts, and was very clearly visible, even in the shadier patches of moonlight. As he walked, he turned his head to one side or the other, as if he were talking. Once his arm was raised for a moment as if to rest on someone else's shoulder, in a gesture of protection and encouragement. He looked exactly as footballers look when the team walks out on to the field, talking to one another, excited because they are soon going to be running and struggling. But there was no team—just this one man. Near the middle of the field, he paused. His eyes rose and fell exactly as if

he were watching the tossing of a coin. Then he trotted quickly back behind the halfway line and turned forwards, waiting for the whistle, for the ball to be kicked off.

In a moment the game began. He ran a little one way, then another, not yet quickly or urgently, not yet doing anything himself, but keeping in position behind the game as it swayed one way or another, so that he would be in the right position when the ball came to him—but there was no ball to come. Even in this relaxed, watchful phase of the game he moved with an extraordinary combination of agility and power. It was clear, I thought, both from his positioning, and even more from his movements, what his place in the team must be.

"The fly-half?" I whispered.

"Yes," he whispered back. "The best player the town ever had. An international. He's worth watching."

He was indeed worth watching. Soon his movements became quicker, more urgently alert. The ball was coming his way. His hands suddenly snapped out to catch it, and he darted off in a fierce, short run that ended in a long kick to touch. Then he trotted quickly to his place behind the line-out, dancing on his toes, ready for the ball to come back to him—one of those moments of heightened tension in a game when one side is within striking distance of the other goal-line, when there is a real chance of scoring if things go right for them. But this time they went wrong. There was confusion. He ran a little one way, then the other, behind the indecisive scrapping of the forwards. Then suddenly he darted forward, picked up the ball, and kicked again, gaining more ground. Once more the line-out, the moment of tension. And this time things went right, the ball came out to him quickly in a long pass, and he was running diagonally across the field, with that almost miraculous acceleration to top speed in two or three strides that so few players can achieve. Twice he twisted out of the grasp of tacklers, and then, just as he was swinging his arms to pass the ball outwards, he was well tackled, and went flying across the wet grass. When he got up, he suddenly looked lop-sided in the faint moonlight—the mud had blacked out part of his white trousers, making one side of him invisible. But he was smiling, at somebody in particular, somebody entirely real and as much there as he was himself.

For that matter, there were by now many other people on the field for me too. There were two teams, forwards, halves, three-quarters, none quite visible, but all clearly involved in his movements, in the game that was played around him. There were runs, tackles, the tense periods of waiting while the forwards fought for the ball, then that preternaturally swift acceleration as he broke into

a run, or plunged at his opponent's legs and brought him down. It was nearly twenty minutes before he scored his first try, a wonderful jinking run along the touchline, turning in at the corner to touch down about half-way in to the dim white goal-posts. He picked the ball up and walked straight down the field, looking back over his shoulder—he was taking the kick himself. Then he stopped and turned, felt the strength of the wind on his cheeks, bent down to place the ball at just the right angle between the fingers of the man who lay prone to hold it for him. He stepped slowly backwards, counting the paces, wiped the toe of his right boot against his left leg, and took his short quick run to the kick. The ball sailed upwards, but there was no way of telling whether it had gone between the posts or not. When he trotted back to his own half, he was smiling again; and again it was as if his arm lay for a moment on the shoulders of someone beside him—someone a little shorter than himself.

The game went on. After this first score, the other side made a fierce sustained effort to score in their turn. They pressed him back with a long succession of kicks, runs and forward rushes. Nearly all the time he was kept back in his own half, even behind the twenty-five yard line. There was something dour and grim about his movements now—the lithe agility had gone, only the power remained. And it seemed to be used in a new way. I had never remembered seeing a fly-half playing quite like that, so close behind the forwards, taking so much the brunt of their attack on himself, falling on the ball under their feet, snatching it away from them to make short runs and desperately defensive kicks.

“Are you quite sure he's the fly-half, not the scrum-half?” I whispered. “He's working awfully close to his forwards.”

“Quite sure,” the whisper came back. “But I ought to have told you that. He's nursing his scrum-half all the time. He always did.”

And as I watched the game again, I saw that almost every movement was designed with this double purpose. It was part of his own game, the game he ought to have played for himself; and it was also a flashing protective screen thrown round another of the players. He attacked, constantly and brilliantly, both for the sake of attack, and for the purpose of drawing the weight of the defence upon himself, away from this other player. One would have called it virtuosity, save that it was so much more moving, more pathetic, than any display of mere technical skill.

I cannot describe the game in detail. The grim defensive phase came to an end at last. The play moved to the other end of the field, and just before half-time he scored again. There was the smile, the arm laid for a moment on his scrum-half's shoulder as they turned away from the kick. And just for a moment he glanced

up at the stands, both of them, and they were full of people cheering and clapping. From that point onwards, I was completely absorbed in the game, and the seats around me seemed to be full of people and light, no longer empty and dark, and he played now with an easy, relaxed brilliance, because the match was as good as won. They were taking risks, making jokes with their jinking runs, the dummy passes that they sold, their high-humoured side-steps and dizzy swerves. And they were smiling a little nearly all the time.

It came to an end at last. He stopped dead in mid-field, relaxed. The match was over, with three quick cheers for the losers. Then he walked slowly to the edge of the field, and melted into the darkness.

“He's putting his ordinary clothes on,” my friend whispered. “We'll wait a minute till he's cleared off.”

We waited. Soon, three other spectators emerged from the darkness under the roof of the grandstand, and walked down the tiers of benches. One of them passed near us, and called quietly up to us, “He was good tonight, wasn't he?” We said he had been very good.

As we walked back into the town, my friend explained it all. The man who had played this game for us had been the best footballer, not only of his own generation, but of all the other generations who had ever played football in the town, and they hardly hoped to look upon his like again. In all his achievements—in county matches, internationals—he had been partnered by the same scrum-half, hardly less brilliant as a player, but finely built, delicate, quick-silverish. “It was long before I landed up here, of course,” my friend said. “But the locals tell me it was extraordinary to see them playing together. This one was always protecting the other, the smaller one, always drawing the forwards off him, getting the rough work for himself. They were great friends off the field—they tell me you rarely saw them apart. The other one was killed in the war. When this one came back, he refused to play again, except this one game, on the anniversary of his friend's death. He does it every year. A memorial match. Just a few of the locals know about it. One of them took me to it last year. If you'd like to see what he looks like, come along to the bar at the Central. He'll be there.”

The bar was full. When we had got our drinks, I looked round. At a table a little apart from the crowd, three men were sitting. One of them was flushed, with bright eyes. I glanced down under the table, and saw a mud-stained white stocking under his dark trousers. There was nothing else out of the ordinary about him.

One of the locals saw where I had been looking. He asked me quietly if I had seen the game, and I said I had. He nodded slightly towards the table. “It's the only night we ever see him in here,”

he said. "The rest of the year he keeps in training for the memorial match. Just this one night, and he'll drink and drink, and when we've all gone, he'll go on drinking in the landlord's room, and he'll start talking of the games they played together. He doesn't get drunk, exactly. He gets paler and paler. Drinks himself sober, you might say. Then he walks off home, talking to himself, till next year. We often wonder how long he can keep it up."

A. M.

STUDENTS' TALK: GERMAN

LET us imagine the scene, still enacted there, this very night perhaps, in a small room. No economic miracle here, only a barely furnished bed-sitter, a rickety table with a white, exquisitely laundered linen cloth on it, finest spiderweb of patches: a shiny tin of biscuits: a bottle of white wine in the basin by the wall, a steady trickle of water dissolving its label: a lamp with a home-made, elaborate paper shade, Paul-Klee-patterned: a shelf of books. Grey, threadbare blankets cover the bed on which three young men sit, one more in a basketchair, all taut and attentive: one is standing by the window, a little withdrawn from the rest yet ready to leap from the dark window to the lit centre of the room the instant the word, the thought is uttered for which he has been waiting: on the carpet between the bed and the chair a girl, serious yet a little abstracted, listening perhaps more to the sound of the voices than to the words that are spoken, turning her head, every now and then, from one speaker to the other.

And mists of talk and veils of talk. Clouds of words, cumulus- and cirrus-shaped, flocks of far-roaming sheep: reed-beds of sentences, water-logged, gnarled trunks of words floating down the large and then the small hours of the night: roman candles and searing catherine-wheels of words bursting in the darkness, their paper cartridges hissing away long after the last spark and puff is spent: carefully planned sand-castles of argument, solemnly festooned with ancient device, their battlements bristling with chipped shells and mussels and craggy, twisted remains of hermit-crab: swaying dark green deepsea vegetations of talk in shapes as unnatural as nature made them, bizarre top-heavy subaqueous fir-trees and ocean rocks of conversation, meeting places of the wandering eel in the sargasso seas of words.

J. P. S.

THE HASSANPOULIA

A fragment of the troubled past of western Cyprus,
told by an aged villager in a Paphos vineyard.

THE rangers of Oritaes rest in peace;
The Dhiarizos river runs no more
With sanguined waters, to the sullen seas
Restlessly thundering on a barren shore.

The forest, wreathed in smoke-blue, twilight mist,
Sinks softly into deeper mystery:
A presence, breathing soundlessly, at rest,
Hushed to the stillness of eternity.

There, years ago, one golden, dusty day,
In summertime in Salamiou, the blest
Saint Paul and Barnabas paused on their way
To drink the coarse, red wine and be refreshed.

But summer's glory fades; November's storms
The tumbling Dhiarizos overflow;
And shuttered doors and shrouded, silent forms
Recall the terror-time when, long ago,

Those slender pines, whose clean scents subtly wing
The air in lofty Milikouri, saw
Bells in a blazing tower wildly ring,
While murderers forced the sanctuary door.

The poplars of Ay Yeorghios incline
Their feathered crests in shame; the sombre stones
Of desolate Mamonia now decline
In stricken ruin, blending with the tones

Of the swiftly darkening east, as shadows creep
Up through the green-gold haze of vines, to gain
The heights above Ay Nicola and sweep
Down to the spreading Mesaorian plain.

This quiet valley, watered by royal tears,
Wrung by Apollo from Olympian snows,
In silent sorrowing her burden bears,
Ashamed her bitter secrets to disclose.

Few strangers toil to climb the single street
Of evil Dhora: Kelokedhara
Is shunned by travellers, who dread to meet
The spirits of the Hassanpoulia.

The passing of a century has failed
To fade the memory of their fearful crimes;
They earned the earthquake devastation, hailed
Down by avenging heaven, in later times.

United with the trembling firmament
In common cause, the tempest angels flung
Their sparkling spears, while flame engulfed and rent
The church of doomed Mamonia with its tongue.

There, in the shocked and ashy earth, revealed
By the coldly glittering moon's inquisitive bars,
The skull of some long-dead Cyprian saint, unsealed,
Stares, sightless, at the unforgiving stars.

Still may the venturer on those lonely heights,
Watching beneath a black, star-powdered sky,
Hear thundering hooves approach: the terror by night,
Pursued by the crackle of spectral musketry.

Beneath unhallowed soil their bodies rest;
Their spirits roam Oritaes ceaselessly:
This valley still shall be by peace unblest,
Till time destroy their fearful memory.

P. A. KENNEDY

THE AWAKENING

REMEMBER him well, my grandfather. He had a kindly, weathered face, parched and wrinkled over jowl and forehead by the mellow warmth of time. His eyes were deep and expressive, and on occasion showed a rare gleam, a gleam of hope and enjoyment, like the light in the fathomless black of an opal. Two things could conjure up this light—his archaeology and his children. These he had made his life's work and his life's relaxation; and he had hoped to find solace in his retirement in grandchildren of his own. But I was the only one, for I had no brother, no sister, and the eager hopes of my only aunt for a child had not been fulfilled in thirteen years of marriage.

And so, quietly and with myself alone to cheer him, my grandfather weakened and died, leaving behind him a rich collection of his finds, and a vivid, though at my age scarcely poignant, memory.

A short time after his death, my aunt and uncle joined us for Christmas, which, though sorrowful, we celebrated as usual. It had, however, an unusual sequel.

Opening my presents after breakfast on Christmas day, I found among them an odd-shaped bundle; it was labelled, in my father's writing, "To John, from his Grandfather." I loosened the wrapping, and discovered—a turbanned mask, or rather a half head, sculpted in white marble, of a man. There was a light laugh hanging on the half-closed lips, and the brow above the wide, clear eyes was sympathetically wrinkled. The expression was beautiful and kind. Among the wrapping, I found a note in my grandfather's minute hand:

"Christmas day is the equivalent of the seventh day of the Roman festival of Saturnalia. That day was called the Sigillaria, for on that day heads like this (*oscilla*) and similar clay figures (*sigilla*) were given as toys to children. The *oscilla*, which were representations of Bacchus, would be hung in the branches of the vines and olive trees; swinging there in the wind, their faces would turn toward every part of the orchard and were supposed to make fruitful every tree which they faced. This one dates from 400 B.C., and is one of my most valuable finds. My dying blessing goes with it."

For a joke, I hung the head on the topmost twig of our Christmas tree. It swung easily and quietly, gazing with its mild smile out and round the room, seeming to accept us and ask no more attention. But my aunt seemed drawn towards it; and if her eyes were raised

to it from her knitting, she would gaze at it raptly for a minute or two before resuming her work. She had known it when a child, and now seemed to be strengthened and encouraged by it. She gave it a whimsical farewell when they left us in early January.

Then in April I had a letter from her, in the course of which she said:

"I thought that head had some power over me. I am expecting a baby in September..."

MICHAEL DOWER

GOLUBCHIK: A TRUE STORY

I FIRST met Golubchik in the autumn of 1946, when we were casting a play. He was an individual figure, and appearing suddenly, as all great eccentrics should, at our auditions, he told us that he had learnt his acting during the war in the Middle East, at an Egyptian theatre where the Shakespearean repertoire was performed in classical Arabic; and he would now give us the Dagger Speech from *Macbeth* in the manner of that great Shakespearean actor, Yussuf Wahibi Bey. The manner of Yussuf Wahibi Bey, as Golubchik interpreted it, seemed to consist essentially in standing fixedly in the middle of the stage and vibrating from the ankles up; and after a brief discussion on the possibility of giving him the part of Third Murderer, we decided to cast our play without Golubchik if he didn't prove indispensable. So we heard no more of him until later that year, when he succeeded in borrowing our theatre over our heads—a thing which was possible in those days, for administrative reasons—there to present an evening's display of the theatrical art, devised and produced by himself. As a good deal of our equipment would be used in the course of the evening, we insisted on providing the stage crew from our own members, and not a few of us turned up among the audience, to see what Golubchik had to offer.

We found a packed house and a programme announcing a "Soirée du Théâtre Internationale. In honour of the French and Greek resistance movements." The evening was to be taken up with scenes from various plays by Shakespeare, each presented—so said the programme—in a different technique. Thus, there was technique Reinhardt, technique French, technique Hellenic and technique—needless to say—Yussuf Wahibi Bey. I cannot now remember with certainty in what order they came, but I am fairly sure that the first performance of the evening was technique Reinhardt, and the play selected was *Romeo and Juliet*. We were given the "Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day" scene, and the last scene of all. Technique Reinhardt, as it was here disclosed, meant that the lovers lay dead on a tomb with their heads to the audience and innumerable characters in black dominos, like familiars of the Inquisition, filed on to our tiny stage with candles in their hands and arranged themselves in rows along the footlights, their backs turned to us and totally obscuring the star-crossed ones from view. As Friar Laurence buckled down to his explanations, I noticed that one of the burning

candles in somebody's hand was resting against one of our hessian curtains and that sparks were beginning to shoot up into the flies. That theatre was never a good fire-risk at the best of times, and on that particular evening it was unquestionably a death-trap; so feeling some responsibility in the matter, I rose in my seat—an idea which occurred to several others in the same instant—and pointed out in unmistakable tones what was going on. All the candles guttered; all the black dominos flapped wildly; but after a moment's confusion the action was resumed and it was seen that only the fluff, and not the fabric, of the curtain had taken fire and that no danger was to be apprehended. Golubchik alluded several times to the needlessness of the alarm when he came before the curtain to introduce the next piece. His remarks under this head were all addressed to me by name.

Then came a scene from *Henry VIII*. I forget what technique was employed, and all that now survives of its principles is that Cardinal Campeius, being, so Golubchik explained to us, a Frenchman—pedantry constrains me to mention that he was an Italian—spoke with a French accent. Next *Macbeth*; technique—of course—Yussuf Wahibi Bey. Golubchik performed the Dagger Speech as before, with this difference only, that he was wearing a kilt, a boiled shirt, the Order of St Michael and St George, and grey ankle-length socks. A naval member of the audience was heard to inquire for his Africa Star. There ensued the Banquet Scene, ushered in by a Highland Fling which appeared to last some seven and a half minutes; and as long as I live I shall never forget the sight of Macbeth's courtiers wassailing one another out of beer bottles clasped by the neck. The Ghost was one of the small boys who had performed the Highland Fling; he had flour on his face and walked along the top of the table. By now the audience was showing signs of getting out of hand. Our stage crew had abandoned the struggle and were thronging in the doorway of the theatre and hanging out of the electrician's box, resolved to lose no drop of this immortal man; and we in the audience were beginning to realize the true tragedy of this occasion for us, which was that nobody—including (I have no doubt) my present listeners—would ever believe that the tale we had to tell of this evening's work was a true one.

The last piece was the most ambitious of the evening: a compressed version of *Twelfth Night*, and the technique, I believe, was Hellenic. At all events, Golubchik appeared once more, even more bizarrely dressed than previously, to tell us about it. He said that the fundamental principle of this technique was to transport the audience imaginatively into the atmosphere of the scene where the play took place; and we were now to be transported into the atmo-

sphere of the coast of Illyria—into the atmosphere of a Mediterranean seaport town, where the people laughed and danced and life, said Golubchik, was one long fiasco. . . . He now withdrew, and the curtains opened to disclose a number of characters of both sexes, seated and standing with silk handkerchiefs tied pirate-fashion round their heads. At a given signal they broke into song, and the song they sang was "Otchi Tchernia".

As the strains of this number died away, a little boy in a wool beard—whom subsequent proceedings disclosed to be the Duke Orsino—clapped his hands like a sultan, and there danced in from the wings a very dear friend of us all, whom I shall call Cathleen Ni Houlihan. She was Irish, blonde, very talented, very temperamental and at this time very young; she was wearing a Spanish dress and she proceeded to execute a dance, at the end of which she flung the rose she carried in her teeth inaccurately at Golubchik, who was playing Malvolio. Of the merits of her dance I am not qualified to judge, but it was charming and above all normal, and such by now was the condition of the audience that we vociferously encored her and would take no denial. Houlihan came back, but she had no encore prepared and attempted to repeat her former dance without the rose. Something went wrong, she swore echoingly and retired into the wings. The Duke Orsino clapped his hands once more and, as God is my witness, the assembled plug-uglies sang "The Rio Grande".

Over the greater part of what followed my memory prefers to draw a veil impenetrable even to me, and I can only remark with Brutus:

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.

I do, however, recall that Sir Toby Belch was played by a little red-faced man in a dinner-jacket with a vast, green, floppy bow-tie; and as I say, Golubchik played Malvolio. Cross-gartered he was, but he had been unable, for some reason, to procure any yellow stockings. He therefore altered the text and wherever the lines spoke of "yellow" stockings, he called them "khaki", an expedient all the bolder because he was still wearing the ankle-length grey socks which had figured in the part of Macbeth. My last detailed recollection is of the treatment of the scene in which Malvolio, locked up as a madman, is visited by the Clown, pretending to be Sir Topas the curate. There was a flat with a lattice or grille in it, and Golubchik retired behind this and shook the bars of the grille and mowed at us through it; an unnerving sight, but we braced ourselves and waited for the Clown's entrance. But no Sir Topas appeared, and no

Clown. Instead there entered one of the silk-kerchiefed characters from the opening scene, who took post outside Malvolio's padded cell and proceeded, in a voice which shook the rafters, to sing "Come back to Sorrento".

Every word of this story, except the names, is factually true. The next day Golubchik appeared at the theatre to collect some properties, and there met one of our youngest members, who was Viennese, fiery and disputatious. He asked her what she had thought of the evening, and she told him.

I didn't meet Golubchik again until about a year later, at a repertory party. He confided in me that he was planning to produce *Volpone*—which I believe he subsequently did, in a derelict teashop somewhere—but that he was held up by a casting difficulty. *Volpone* is accompanied, as magnificos often were, by a troupe of freaks—a dwarf, a eunuch and a hermaphrodite; and Golubchik said he didn't know who was to play the hermaphrodite. I said that from what I knew of the theatrical life of the city in which we both lived, this should not be an altogether insoluble problem. "Ah, yes," said Golubchik seriously, "but you see, we don't want an exhibitionist."

J.P.

TIME OUT FOR A YEAR

WE all have to face the inevitable prospect of what we are going to do when we go down. Some people know already before they come up, but the majority leave the decision until well into their last year, and make a hurried visit to the Appointments Board where their immediate fate is settled with an urbane efficiency. The chances of having a trial run are limited, although a few people do familiarize themselves with their future careers by working in the Long Vacations. But even so, few are privileged with the opportunity of going away for a year in the middle of a University course, to do a specific job, and to return afterwards to complete their studies.

This privilege was mine, when, after completing my first year, I was offered a post at Radio Bremen in Germany for the ensuing year. I had thus the chance at once of a trial run, and of postponing my eventual decision—a prospect which delighted me. This elation was soon tempered when I learned more about the job.

I was to be a scriptwriter and broadcaster for the schools' English language programme. This at first sounded fascinating and interesting, but when I considered my meagre qualifications and almost complete lack of experience, I must confess to having felt a secret fright. However, in a moment of bravado I was strengthened by warm memories of illusory acting ability (minor parts in school plays), and a conviction, bolstered by wishful thinking, that I had a flair for writing (having once written a children's short story), and I said I was willing to try. Furthermore, the prospect of following in the footsteps of two Modern Languages graduates (one a Johnian), made me feel something of a guinea-pig in my "halfway Tripos position". The assurances and recommendations of my supervisor, who had also arranged the job for my predecessors, were, however, sufficient for the authorities in Bremen, and I got the job.

Prior to my arrival in Bremen I was preoccupied with the thought: "Will I like the job?" My immediate answer was: "Well, it doesn't matter if I don't, it's only for a year, and then I return to Cambridge. But supposing I do like the job, supposing I like it so much that I won't want to return to Cambridge?" To this I had no immediate answer, and in fact these questions were never resolved with clear-cut answers, for I both liked and enjoyed the job immensely, yet I always looked forward to my return to Cambridge.

Once in the job, and plunged as I was into the hectic rush of

programme planning, I had little time for such thoughts or even for making comparisons. But still vivid in my mind is the complete change of atmosphere from being a student to being a semi-official in charge of a radio programme. Gone now were the qualms of inexperience. I knew that the job had to be done or bust. Responsibility, efficiency, competence, smooth relations, man-management—once high-sounding concepts of the far off working world, now became living realities. Apart from the first shock of realizing what I had to do, I was soon delighted with the work, and found it intensely absorbing. The simple feeling of having a job to do, the consciousness of being indispensable, produced in me a feeling of what can only be described as elation. I feel now that this was due largely to the knowledge that it was all temporary, and that time was short. This isolated year, I felt, should be experienced as intensely as possible. This sensation of excitement in doing a job, the end of which you can see in terms of time, is, I am sure, universal. It encouraged me to take a far less cautious approach to the work than if it had been a permanent engagement. I felt myself to be unburdened with long-term preoccupations, sustained always by the knowledge that this was, for me, a trial run.

Temporariness—the sense of time and its limits—made me forget largely about salary, promotion, security, insurance and other such concomitants to a permanent position. Yet the time was not so short, the feeling not so temporary, as to make me feel that my efforts could have little effect. On the contrary, being the sole Englishman on the staff with a virtually free hand to do what I wanted, made me very much aware of my responsibility to the position; I was made to feel acutely that my work constituted a personal contribution.

The precarious financial situation at Radio Bremen, which is the smallest of the eight independent German radio stations, explains why I was the sole Englishman employed permanently. I say permanently, since I was there to write the scripts and obviously could not act all the parts in the various "playlets". For these parts, simple stock characters, we engaged any Englishman with an aptitude for radio acting who happened to be in the district. These ranged from consular officials (including, once, the Consul himself) and school teachers to National Servicemen or permanent officers who happened to be serving in Germany. Out of this motley assembly of amateurs we established a proficient acting ensemble, whose range covered milkmen, mothers, fathers, angry old men, nice old ladies, policemen, and a host of other familiar characters.

The English programme consisted of a broadcast each week for the beginners and the intermediate group. These broadcasts were

usually in playlet form involving simple characters in slightly extraordinary situations, with an attempted humorous ending. For the advanced pupils there was a broadcast every fortnight. Here we were more ambitious, producing adapted versions of plays from Shakespeare to Galsworthy, along with poetry readings, short stories and programmes on current affairs.

The work was made the more enjoyable by the degree of freedom I was allowed. To all intents and purposes I was my own boss, and my working hours were irregular in the extreme. This no doubt gave me a somewhat rosy view of the working world, and led to an inflated notion of the position. But I did learn to respect the attitude of my employers, which intimated that all was well as long as the work was done. As it was, I spent more time in the studios at my work than if I had been subject to petty office regulations. This, in a small way, is my tribute to the generosity and good judgement of my superiors. Of course life in Bremen was totally different from that in Cambridge. At first the feeling of being compelled to write three scripts each week was rather similar to having to write three essays on obscure subjects for a supervision, but practice brought with it a certain ease which dispelled the feeling of compulsion. Life was also different in that I was never allowed to neglect English national affairs as is common at Cambridge. The rather romantic notion that every Englishman abroad is an ambassador on the common plane was shown to me to be frighteningly full of truth. Being the only Englishman at a radio station has its disadvantages. At every turn in English affairs I was asked to comment. My comment was always taken to represent the official English point of view, however strenuously I denied this. I was thus made responsible in succession for the unhappy conclusion of the Royal romance, the Government's Cyprus policy, the stationing of British troops in Western Germany, and lastly for the Suez crisis. Often was the occasion when my office was filled with enraged people who had come to see what "der Engländer" would say. They always departed enraged although (or because?) I was so often non-committal. I fell completely between the devil and the deep blue sea when at a luncheon club for British businessmen in Bremen, where the "Empire spirit" still flourished, I dared to expound my youthful and radical views.

These incidents apart, the complete change and the year away allowed me to look at Cambridge from a distance, and to get things there into perspective. I could reflect on my first year and examine those things which I had not done. I could also consider, in what leisure I had, what I would do in the ensuing two years of my time at College. For at no stage did I consider staying in Germany and taking up a permanent career in broadcasting there. I felt quite

simply that I could not do it, for in this particular field of broadcasting it seemed that the intense and narrow range of script writing would cause any inventiveness I might have to dry up, or, alternatively, would cause me to become routine and dull. And this, precisely, is the bane of so many schools broadcasts. Added to this, my increased proficiency in the German language heightened my interest in German literature, and I looked forward to having the time and opportunity of studying this at some length for Part II of my Tripos. Finally, the very ordinary desire was there to return and do all those things I had missed doing during my first year.

On returning to Cambridge I felt for the second time like a Freshman, who, nevertheless, knew his way around. Needless to say this feeling of greenness soon gave way to delight at being back. I found, however, contrary to my expectations, that the time away and the different nature of the work had not conditioned me well for reading of the intense kind necessary for the Modern Languages Tripos. I realized also that proficiency in the spoken language does not have the effect on one's written work that one would like to expect.

What then were the advantages and disadvantages? Apart from putting off the "inevitable day" by prolonging my University career, I found that my "time out for a year" did me a lot of good. It gave me a "broader view of the world", an intimate knowledge of north German life, a better understanding of some European problems, a proficiency in the German language—all of which I could not have obtained at home. More generally, it has pre-conditioned me for a career which I would like to follow up—a career which had not entered my mind before. The disadvantages are the dislocation of one's studies and the re-acustoming of mind and attitude to Cambridge life. But these are relatively negligible and can be overcome in a short time.

Fortunate enough to have had "a year out", I can only recommend it to others, who may be sure, or at least hopeful that a trial run will prevent any eventual false starts.

F. A. EMERY

THE PASSING OF THE PROFESSOR

DOWN here, we are very tolerant of what goes on in the neighbouring state of England, and are quite prepared to admit that a newspaper such as *The Times* has its points; although as Ben Tregenza, editor of our *Royal West Lyonesse Intelligencer and Daily Gazette* once said, "us couldn't zee zhe reporting a Faith Tea tu Mauzel". Anyway, the *Gazette* is what we read first at breakfast, and that is why our ever-loving wife said to us the other day, I see Professor Ramsbottom is dead, and that means another funeral for you, my boy. The point being of course that as the Highly Honorary Scientific Adviser and General Dogsboddy to the Civil Conservation Corps (generally known as "the corpse") we get let in for all sorts of odd jobs, probably, we suspect, because we have a very fine uniform for some occasions, and quite a presentable top hat for others. Since the announcement contained thanks to all the medicos and nurses who had assisted the late Professor from this sublunary sphere, and concluded with a verse stating that he had gone now from among them, being past beyond recall, and all that they had left of him was his photo on the wall, hardly in the style of, say, an *Eagle* obituary, we wondered somewhat as to the Professor's exact University status until we remembered that we had met him, in somewhat hilarious circumstances, and that he was definitely an academician most extraordinary.

It was on an evening not long before D-day, outside the main gate of St Trebogus aerodrome, where our ever-loving wife had been made catering officer, on the strength of having secured, about 1915, an Oxford Certificate of Proficiency in Housecraft. The general effect she gave in uniform, touched up, we regret to say, in places to make it more decorative, was so very striking that on her appearance a nervous sentry, told to keep a sharp eye for a V.V.I.P., turned the guard out, thereby completely missing "Bomber" Harris, the real object of this distinguished consideration. We were ourselves, like an Austrian autocrat, awfully arrayed as full colonels of the intellectual corps, to which we had just been forcibly appointed on the grounds that we could curse in German if not like a native, at any rate with considerable skill. In fact, all the customers we eventually met in the Fatherland spoke admirable English, except one, who as a professional Scot and a matter of principle, would use only Gaelic, and our most distinguished service was to cure the Brigadier's lumbago with a tailor's goose and several layers of brown paper. The uniform apart,

our E.L.W.'s hilarity—her husband's impending departure notwithstanding—was increased by our load of an enormous revolver (whereof we were terrified) and a large parcel labelled "ONLY TO BE OPENED IN AN EMERGENCY", the instructions as to what constituted an emergency being, we gathered, inside. Out of the Celtic twilight there then emerged a cortège—one could not call it less—consisting of a large motor hearse driven by a land-girl, with another as footman, containing sundry rolls of wire netting, bags inscribed: Mixtures no. 1, 2 and 3, several depressed-looking ferrets, and a large board with the strange device "Professor Ramsbottom, Rodent Exterminator, by Appointment". The Professor himself followed in a seaman's jersey bearing the initials R.Y.S., a bowler hat, and a 1925 Ford. Our A.T.S. driver becoming restive, we then had to say adieu to the E.L.W. and leave, but later heard more about our learned colleague.

As a professional man, he always paid a courtesy call on the Station Commander before commencing operations, the technique of which was simple. Mixing handfuls of brew from bags 1, 2 and 3, he concocted what a notice described as "Professor Ramsbottom's Rodent-attractive Reagent", which was strewn on all likely looking runs. He then retired to a secluded spot behind the cook-house, where a game of crown and anchor could be organized, and when all the erks' money had gone, usually within the half-hour, went round the baited zone with a queer high-pitched whistle, whereat rats didn't just come out—they boiled out, as our gardener would put it, each with a gloriously inebriated look and incapable of realizing the presence of furies with the abhorred shears in the shape of ferrets. . . . The bodies were then collected by Daisy, the senior land-girl, and taken off to the Catering Office to be counted, the occupying official being the only one the Professor would trust, ever since words had passed with the Adjutant over an estimate of mortality that was favourable more to the R.A.F. than to the Professor. There had at one time been a nice point of protocol as to whether the Rodent Exterminator could be invited into the office for a cup of tea, the Pianoforte Adjuster being admitted although the By-products Collector (an odoriferous bit of Lyonesse who came twice a week for the pig swill) was excluded. With the handing over of what one presumes must be termed a caudation fee, reckoned on the number of intact rat-tails produced, and a dignified exchange of compliments with the Finance Officer, the transaction was completed, and the cortège withdrew in the same order as before, except that now the blinds of the hearse were drawn. Wise and wily he was in the ways of rats. What went into nos. 1, 2 and 3 mixtures he shall never know; we professional men have our secrets, sir, as he once

said to the M.O. A solitary colony of black rats, living on the edge of the moor, he encouraged up to a point. They recalled, he said, his native Yorkshire, essentially English and not like the grey brutes he slaughtered *con brio*, a perpetual reminder of his sojourn in *partibus infidelium*.

We gave him a lovely funeral—right 'andsome it was, iss fay, and the floral tributes—we quote Ben—were as numerous as they were costly. St Trebogus sent their Pest Infestation Inhibitory Officer, with whom we had, over the funeral baked meats, a grand get-together; having been ourself in 1917-18, Battalion Rat Officer, when we either shot the beast with a service revolver, or stunned it with an army biscuit and finished it off with a boot, ankle, officers for the use of. Daisy was there, married locally, having a lovely cry, and the pastor of the United Original Seceders (of which the Professor was a vague adherent) gave a powerful address, all about hell fire. (You have to come to Lyonesse to learn how seriously we take predestination and damnation, eternity being too short for some sinners.) We couldn't be quite sure about the hearse, although we had our suspicions. A happy life, a useful life. *Molliter cubent ossa*. But what in Heaven will St Peter find for him to do?

E. J. B. W.

COMRADE KUZNETZOV

I STOOD on platform six, nervously clutching my *Anglo-Rooski Avtortraktorni Slovar*, waiting for the train to arrive from London. Beside me stood the man from a local firm of boiler engineers; he was toying with the straps of his brief case. "I shouldn't be surprised if he doesn't come," he said after a long, awkward pause.

A look of uncertain happiness flitted across my face.

"Mind you," he continued, "if he isn't on this train he will be on the next, or the one after that anyway. . . completely unreliable, these damn Russians."

That last word filled me with horror. Russians. What was I doing here, waiting for a train from London that was to bring a Russian. Out he would jump, walk along the platform towards us, and I should have to speak to him. . . in Russian.

I had been one of those clever people. I had decided before I started my National Service that I would use my time sensibly, no wasting time at playing soldiers. I had worried and bullied the authorities incessantly until they had shoved me on the Russian course to be rid of me. Now my folly was becoming apparent. I had gone home after demobilization, spoken airily of now having fluent Russian, and before I knew where I was I had had myself appointed as interpreter for a visiting Russian inspector. There I stood, equipped with my "vast" knowledge of Russian—"please", "thank you", "Day and night, another twenty-four hours gone" (Pushkin)—and, my *Anglo-Rooski Avtortraktorni Slovar*.

Frantically I tried to prepare a first sentence. Anyway, I thought, he will, no doubt, be quite a reasonable sort of chap. He is sure to understand that I am only here to do my best.

All this time my companion had been looking at me rather uneasily.

"By the way," he said at last, "We didn't like to say anything before, because we didn't want to put you off, but this man is a damned unco-operative blighter; I can't get on with him at all."

Well, eventually he arrived.

He walked towards us, grinning (so I thought at the time) evilly. He was about forty, dressed in an English suit, and had a slightly Mongolian face surmounted by black greasy hair. I braced myself; I spoke.

"Good morning this is the man from the firm I am your interpreter I am not very good but better than nothing did you have a good journey. . . ."

I hoped that I had said it quickly enough to obscure the endings (Russian is a highly inflected language) and give an impression of fluency.

There was a pause. Suddenly it occurred to me. Supposing he did not understand a word I said? Supposing he spoke in some dreadful dialect and I did not understand a word that he said!

He began to speak. "Oh, you speak very well. Tell me, where did you learn Russian..." He had understood, all was well... or was it?

We left the station and set out for the factory. There we were met by the works manager. He was a burly northerner, with a rich vocabulary.

"Tell 'im I'm chap what puts muck round bloody onions," he declaimed when asked to define his duties.

"Did you have a nice trip?" I interpreted.

"Well, ask him if he likes football," said the works manager, obviously disappointed that our friend had not collapsed with uncontrollable laughter.

"Do you like the game in which twelve men walk with their feet an oval shape from one end of the field to the other," I stuttered (ungrammatically).

"What!" exclaimed the Russian incredulously.

I was desperate; I could not afford to have complete mutual misunderstanding at this early stage.

"Do you like vodka," I whispered hoarsely... it was a dangerous gamble, but it worked. He beamed, he banged the works manager on the back, he shook him vigorously by the hand. They were both pleased.

The first hurdle was over. Now we had to get down to work. As we walked through the factory yard my spirits began once more to flag. I was surrounded by hideous pieces of equipment, paddle ash extractors, boiler feed stand pipes, tie backs, and many other monstrosities. All that morning was spent speaking of "Fixing that thing that you just mentioned to this thing here," and "You absent this from that (in a standing position) on the opposite to the word from inside, and in the bedroom of that other thing you find the thing which works the thing which that man there (the one who likes vodka) said you wanted to see last week but could not because it was not yet made."

I shall never cease to admire the Russian's intelligence. The amount of work we did that morning was quite incredible. Hurdle number two was over.

Hurdle number three came at lunch time. I had simply no idea how to speak about food in Russian. I drew lurid pictures of a man

operating on a sort of cow, in a frantic attempt to describe oxtail soup; I drew plums and potatoes on the table cloth, and nearly got us all thrown out of the hotel when I approached the elderly gentleman in the corner and asked: "Excuse me but do you think that I can show our friend your lunch?" Luckily the hotel stocked vodka and all was well... in the end.

That afternoon, there being no work to be done, we took our Russian to see the town. Normally I would complain bitterly about our town, because it is one of those places that has a very fine cathedral, but nothing more. On this occasion I was pleased. I know the Russian for cathedral.

"Here is the cathedral," I declaimed in good "here-is-the-pen-of-my-aunt" style. The Russian was duly impressed, but seemed far more interested in the fact that the building has a tendency to fall outwards. On the way in we passed the bishop's palace. I decided to call it the bishop's castle, not because I wished to make it sound grander, but because "castle" was the nearest word to "palace" that I knew. Unfortunately, I gave the word the wrong stress, changed the meaning, and said in a tone of proud admiration...

"And here we have the bishop's key-hole."

Duly impressed with my knowledge of detail, he asked who the bishop was. Regrettable as it was, but persuading myself that he would understand this terminology better, I informed him that the bishop was the managing director of the cathedral.

Later that day we had to go further up north, to Wakefield. After we had been in the train only a few minutes it became more than clear that our friend was bored. Having made a few puerile jokes about the woman opposite, he said gruffly "I'm bored, I want a drink."

When the waiter arrived, however, it was only to inform us that there was no hope of getting a drink because the account books were closed. I tried to point out that our friend was a very important visitor, a Russian in fact. This only made matters worse. I suspect that the waiter was a Pole. Whether this was the case or not, his refusal to get a drink inaugurated a pro-Russian half hour.

"In Russia one can get a drink at any time of the day."

"Yes, but..."

"What is more one can get food at any time of the day as well."

"But here..."

"And another thing, my friend, let me tell you this. In Russian trains every carriage has its own chess sets, its own packs of cards, its own wirelasses, and its own magazines."

"Yes, but look here, in Russia the distances..."

"What time does this train get to Wakefield?"

"Oh, in about an hour's time."

"Good, that means that we shall be able to go to the pictures then?"

"Well, I am afraid I don't see how we can. By the time we have found the hotel and all that sort of thing we shall be far too late for the evening performance."

"Too late? Why, what time does the last performance begin?"

"Round about seven I expect."

"Good heavens! In Russia the last performance does not begin until midnight!"

"Midnight!", it was my turn to register surprise, "but what about the people who have to go to work the following day? Aren't they rather tired, don't they need to sleep?"

"Sleep, sleep, sleep! All you English do is to think about sleep. Do you realize that you spend a third of your life asleep? You only live once, you know. In any case the Russian people do not need much sleep."

Having more or less exhausted himself, he proved something or other by promptly taking a nap... Unfortunately this only meant that he was in good form by the time that we reached our destination.

Having signed in, I took our friend up to his rooms. Eyeing the contemporary wallpaper distastefully, he observed that Russian hotel rooms were warmer, longer, taller, broader, lighter... and they had built-in wireless-sets. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he soliloquized to the effect that Russian hotel beds were softer, tidier, wider... and (no doubt) they had built-in thermostat-controlled hot-water bottles. By midnight I was feeling that, despite my linguistic deficiencies, I had earned my money.

The following morning there turned out to be very little to do. We simply walked into a large firm that has been making a certain piece of equipment for 150 years. The Russian took one look, said that they did not know what they were doing, and that was that.

By ten o'clock I was free. The Russian and the man from the firm had to go to Scotland, but that did not really interest me. I strode (almost skipped) down the road, despite the fact that it was no doubt shorter, narrower, dirtier, etc. I was immensely relieved at not having to attempt to speak in a language I hardly knew, and a language which at that moment I did not wish to know. Having a spare half an hour I slipped into a shop to buy some postcards.

"Yestli oo Vas otkreetkoye," I asked the shopkeeper.

"DO YOU NOT SPEAK ENGLISH?" he said very slowly and very emphatically.

"What? of course... Oh, damn! Have you got any postcards?"

D. J. NEWSON

THE POP SONG AND THE POP SINGER

SOME months ago Mr Colin MacInnes gave a delightful radio series on "The Music Hall and its Songs". During the course of his discussions, he put forward the idea that the Music Hall in its hey-day was the expression of a particular kind of folk-lore. Through the Music Hall the industrial working class of this country, herded by the Industrial Revolution into great towns and cities, gave voice to the philosophy, unformulated and yet ever-present, which sustained them from day to day and insulated them against what was often a harsh and unpleasant world. In the songs of the Music Hall the working class expressed, what they could not express in words, their courage, their humour, their patriotism, their sense of solidarity, and their yearning for a pastoral idyll which they believed had once been theirs. The stars of the old Music Hall sprang from the working class and remained aggressively proletarian all their lives.

So much is, or ought to be, common knowledge. But Mr MacInnes did not pursue his thoughts on this topic beyond the scope of his programmes. Perhaps it may be worth while to give a little thought to the popular song of our own day. Does it too symbolize an attitude to life? Does it express an ideal? For there can be little doubt that the big pops of today are made or unmade by working-class favour or disfavour. And this is the great similarity between the pop of our own day and the songs of the Music Hall. In any case, however much we regret the passing of the old Music Hall, there can be little doubt that it was bound to come. It was unable to compete with the great modern media of mass-communication. But it seems to me that there was a hiatus in this transition, which corresponds roughly with the period between the wars.

While the Music Hall was in decay and the talking film still barely in its infancy, the initiative of the popular song passed to the London and New York musical comedy stage. And this stage, although it produced many fine songs, was essentially patronized by the middle class and catered for a middle-class audience. Musical comedies then were about sheiks, mounties or the Ruritanian dreams of Ivor Novello, not, as they are today, about pyjama factories in the Middle West or U.S. Marines on a Pacific island. Records there certainly were, but in only too many working-class homes in this period there was hardly enough money to secure the necessities of life, let alone gramophone records.

It is only since the end of the last war that the record industry has

swollen to fantastic proportions, borne upwards on a tide of working-class prosperity, and that the disk-jockeys have taken their fitting place in society. What are these songs which catch the public fancy and make large profits for those lucky mortals who have a hand in their production? And how do they compare with the great songs of yesteryear?

Most of all, as the discerning listener can hardly fail to have noticed, the pop of today is about love—or more often “lurv”. Or even, as I heard the word pronounced on one startling but ever-memorable occasion—“loff”. Well, yes indeed, many of the old Music Hall songs were also about love in its myriad manifestations—and many of them were extremely sentimental. The audience knew when a good old tear-jerker was coming and prepared to react accordingly. But the modern song seems to have lost its sense of proportion—no more the honest sentiment to make our eyes smart, but nowadays wallowing self-abasement to make our ears burn. It is dangerous to generalize about the modern pop, when the not too infrequent good song can make one a liar, but only too often tunes are trite and the words are rubbish.

However, such songs often become very popular, because they seem to be accepted on a different level of understanding from the one used in facing everyday life. The factory girls and workers who buy the sheet-music and records can find no resemblance between the “love” in their current favourite and their own courtships of the back stalls and the frigid parlour, reserved for the courting couple and the corpse. Unless it is in these songs they see love as it ought really to be, as they would like it to be, but as they know it never can be.

Certain things in songs are always sure-fire winners. To name a few there are mothers, Ireland and Christmas. The Goons, cocking a shrewd eye at society, soon realized this and in their happy role as the licensed court jesters of the TV age, lumped them all together in that soul-stirring epic, “I’m Walking Backwards for Christmas”, where an “immigrant lad loved an Irish colleen, from Dublin’s Galway Bay”. A less happy development is the realization in Tin Pan Alley that today religion is another sure sell-out, when presented in an easily recognizable form, with backing from the inevitable heavenly choir. The Music Hall song, to its credit, never treated religion as a money-spinner, but today we are inundated by chapels on the hill, on the corner by the river, in the valley and, for all I know, under the sea, unless Debussy thought up that one first.

Songs expressing the society from which they spring are becoming increasingly rare. Practically all the Music Hall songs were about easily recognizable aspects of life as the audiences of the day knew it, but, today, with constant easy escapes from reality always available

and class-barriers breaking down, there is no demand for such a type of song. Songs like “Sixteen Tons” belong more to the fake southern ballad school, which has also leapt to popularity of recent years. Just about the last “social conscience” songs I can recall are two immortals from between the wars—in America, “Buddy, Can You Spare a Dime?” and in Britain, Flanagan and Allen’s “Underneath the Arches”.

However, perhaps this is not a very serious loss, except that the task of future historians is hereby made more difficult. It is possible to write a social survey of working-class life from a study of the Music Hall song. Any future historian attempting to do the same thing for us will certainly come to some very strange conclusions.

Another type of song which has completely dropped out—in Britain at least—is the patriotic song. The old Music Hall could always be relied upon to produce a hearty response to the needs of any particular international situation. Notable here was of course the Great MacDermott—the “Statesman of the Halls”—with his famous “We don’t want to fight, but, by jingo, if we do.” Perhaps the decline of the patriotic song is the product of a loss of national self-confidence, of a realization that we “haven’t got the ships, the men nor the money too”. But I have heard a young labourer, recently released from the Army and in imminent danger of being recalled to it because of the exigencies of the international situation, ignore all this and fulminate vigorously against the B.B.C., which had just banned one of the more nauseating “religious” songs from its wave-lengths, in a gallant attempt to preserve standards no longer generally accepted.

The modern pop singer is essentially the product of the pop song—in direct contrast to the days of the Music Hall, when the artist made the song depend on his or her personality. Even today singers of the outstanding calibre of Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra can still do this, but a host of lesser worthies may find their careers at the top “nasty, brutish and short”. But certainly never solitary, because the modern pop singer lives in the constant distorting glare of high-pressure popularity and publicity. Occasionally a song, such as “The Happy Wanderer” or a tune such as “The Dam-Busters’ March” may last a year on the Hit Parade, but these are exceptional. The life of the average pop can be measured in months, and if a singer is unfortunate in his follow-ups to his original success, he may soon disappear into the oblivion from which he so rapidly sprang.

Some singers, notably Perry Como and Eddie Fisher in America, and Ronnie Hilton in Britain, survive on the sheer virtue of being pleasant to listen to, but more depend on a gimmick—be it crying, shouting or just sheer unintelligibility. Sometimes it can be a com-

bination of all three, as in the case of Elvis the Pelvis Presley or of his great rival, Gene Vincent. We are informed that some lucky young lady is to be suitably rewarded for having dreamt up the edifying title for the latter discovery of "Gene the Spleen". It is difficult to imagine any of the Music Hall artists as having gimmicks, unless we count George Robey's eyebrows or Harry Champion's emphatic stamps on the boards of the stage.

The worshipping fans flock round the successful pop singer and his first duty is to learn to bear it with a fixed, determined grin. For the fans, professionally organized in pressure groups known as Fan Clubs, like nothing better than to be able to say of their idol that, "He's just like us really." There is a constant element of jealousy and even sadism in fan-worship, coupled with a never-ending inspection of the hero's every action, however slight, which would do credit to the activities of the Un-American Activities Committee. Let the pop singer just once show the slightest sign of hesitation in acceding to the more irresponsible demands of his following and the word will go round that he is getting "big-headed". And then the ex-pop singer might as well return to his fitter's bench or miner's drill, because professionally it will be as if he had never existed. He will have earned the plaudits of a few freedom-loving, individualistic cranks, but it is doubtful whether this will compensate him for his drop in salary.

Naturally, there are deviations from the norm, even in the world of records, radio and television. An American called Stan Freberg performs a valuable service to suffering humanity with his brilliant skits on the large monstrosities of the recording world surrounding him, but he is a voice crying in the wilderness. In Britain, Billy Cotton does something to keep alive the vulgar, earthy tradition of the Music Hall days. Sometimes he delivers shafts against some of the facets of modern life which seem to him ridiculous.

To quote the title of one of the newer and better popular songs, of which we shall all doubtless grow heartily sick during the next few months, "Two Different Worlds"—the pop of today and the Music Hall song of yesterday certainly belong to two different worlds. But all is not lost, for while the pop has an ephemeral life, the greatest of the Music Hall songs have become part of our heritage. If you don't believe this, ask any of the Willows who played cricket and drank beer in the villages of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire last season. When a jovial company was assembled in a public bar suitably equipped with a piano, it was the old songs which were called for, with everybody of course joining in the chorus "IF YOU PLEASE!". Long may it remain so.

DAVID MANN

ON THE PHYSIOLOGY AND PSYCHOLOGY OF ROWING

IN the past few years, and again with renewed vigour last year, there has been much criticism of the lack of scientific interest taken in rowing in this country. Two of the nations, America and Russia, who have taken some considerable trouble to investigate the problems involved in the selection and training of crews on a scientific basis, have met with an impressive number of successes in international competition.

When we compare Great Britain's successes over the last decade in international rowing, and particularly our record last year after our not unexpected disgrace in the European championships at Bled, it would seem that scientific experiment applied to our problems has been neglected far too long.

A simple analysis will show that the problems of rowing fall into three categories: selection, training and coaching, and racing. It is the difficult task of the coach to integrate the first two in such a way that a crew can give of its best under racing conditions. The choice of a coach is thus a most important factor in the producing of a crew if it is to be successful, probably even of greater importance than the quality of the individual oarsmen, judging from the remarkable results obtained by some coaches from seemingly mediocre material.

When the coach has been chosen it is his first duty to select the best crew from the list made available to him by the captain of the club. Almost without exception in this country the method used is to scrutinize each potential member of the crew both in the bank tub and tub pair, and then further to evaluate his capabilities during outings in different orders in the trial eight, until a combination of eight men has been found who are able to adapt themselves to each others' idiosyncrasies. It has been suggested that "aptitude" tests somewhat similar to those employed by the Royal Air Force in the selection of potential pilots would be a more satisfactory method. Since no work has been done yet to correlate different tests with the abilities of any outstanding oarsmen, it is impossible to say how efficient this method would be. However, it does seem an idea well worth scientific research.

For the members of the training squad, as it is called, this is a most anxious period, because the basis of our present methods of selection depends on current form and performance. In consequence, considerable mental as well as physical strain is involved

in proving oneself to the coach. This psychological background is of great aid to him because he is assured of continued maximum concentration and effort. When this stimulus has been withdrawn, for instance by the awarding of colours, a notable easing of effort has been observed in some crews—a good indication of the value of this mental tension.

The regrettable feature of these selections is that they must obviously take place at the beginning of the period of training, when it is impossible to forecast how great will be the improvement of any individual oarsman before the race, when he has been given the opportunity of rowing for several weeks actually in the crew. As a result, the coach has to delay making his decision absolutely final until after the completion of the first three or four weeks of training if the race is to take place in the eighth week. Since the ultimate pace of the crew depends to a large extent on the co-ordination of the eight men in the crew, the longer the crew is given to achieve this co-ordination the greater the pace of that crew is likely to be. Hence, the coach has to strike a "happy medium" between the time available for selection and the time available for serious training of eight men as a crew. Delayed or too hasty decisions on this point have lost many races.

What is the purpose of training? Before answering this question let us consider the muscular actions involved in rowing. Anatomically speaking, we can divide the actions of rowing into two separate halves: the first half, where the body is working against the resistance of the oar in the water, involves complete extension of the extensor muscles of the legs and trunk from a state of complete flexion at the "front-stops" position, followed simultaneously by contraction of the flexors of the arms to complete flexion; the second half, the recovery process preparatory to taking the next stroke, involves the relaxed extension of the arms followed by carefully regulated flexion of trunk and legs as the slide is drawn towards "front-stops" once more, to complete flexion. In a race this sequence of events may be repeated as often as forty times a minute for as long as seven or eight minutes. The wide range of muscular movements involved and their frequency demand an amount of energy far above that required by the body under normal circumstances, so far above normal in fact that without some method of increasing the body's efficiency and endurance the body is totally unable to cope with it.

The Americans have given us an easily understandable equivalent to one minute's "full-pressure" rowing from the results of their research. They estimated the work done per man per minute in a racing eight, by towing a boat with its crew of eight men in it, by means of a long rope and a spring balance attached to a fast motor

launch at a speed corresponding to that obtained by the crew rowing at forty strokes per minute. From the reading on the spring balance the work done by each man at this rating was calculated and was found to require the same amount of energy as would a climb up an eight-storey building.

Here we have the answer to our question. The purpose of training is firstly to increase the body's endurance to its allotted task, and secondly to develop its efficiency so that less energy is required to carry out this task.

The increase in endurance is brought about by changes both in muscular structure and in muscular size. Regular and heavy work thickens and toughens the sarcolemma—the muscle-fibre covering; and increases the muscle's connective tissue. (This change is easily recognizable when the meat from a worked and a non-worked animal is compared on the dining table.) The increase in size is caused chiefly by three factors. First, an improvement in the blood circulation to each of the exercised muscles, which thus gives them a bigger and better supply of oxygen and foodstuffs; secondly, by growth of each of the many thousands of muscle fibres which make up a muscle and a development of many fibres previously latent; and thirdly, by the over-compensation effect of nature herself in repairing tissues broken down by the violent muscular exertion.

The change in structure of the muscles due to this increase in the work required from them takes place comparatively quickly, and therefore to maintain these changes the training schedule must involve working them against an increasing resistance. This increasing resistance is obtained usually by lengthening the mileage covered in an outing from an initial seven or eight miles to seventeen miles or more, depending both on the time available and the distance of the race in mind. This, together with the increased pressure the oarsman is capable of applying to the water per stroke due to his improving technique, is regarded by many authorities as sufficient for developing the muscles. However, a few more enlightened coaches have discovered that daily exercises on the bank, designed to impose considerable strain on the muscles principally involved in rowing, namely those of the arms, shoulders, trunk and legs, have produced in a test period of four weeks an increase in strength comparable to that obtained from exercise in the boat in twelve weeks. This means that the crew which undergoes exercise on land, and uses its boat chiefly to improve rowing technique and watermanship, is going to be, at the end of twelve weeks, three times as strong as the crew which relies entirely on its boat for strengthening exercise—a point which might well be brought to the notice of many Cambridge coaches.

The schedule worked out by the coach at the beginning of the training period involves a number of pieces of work either over the full length of the proposed course of the race or over half of it. The purpose of these pieces of work is twofold. First, it is to give the crew some experience of working under conditions of high concentrations of lactic acid, which is a breakdown product of glycogen produced in muscular contraction.*

To give the crew more experience of these conditions, and to include these pre-race courses in his schedule, the coach might well be advised to begin every training session on the river with a stretch of hard paddling or rowing. The effect of this would be to produce right from the beginning of the outing a large amount of lactic acid in the muscles, enabling all the exercise taken in the outing to be under conditions of high lactic acid concentration.

The second point of these pieces of work is principally a psychological one. Their "build up" or introduction to the crew is such that there is a feeling of nervous apprehension, similar though lesser in degree to that experienced before a race. Undoubtedly the oarsman's primary fear must be whether or not he can row with maximum effort on every stroke over the course. It is only by actually attempting to row with maximum effort on every stroke over the whole of the course that he can find this out for himself; and by finding it out before, he has, when the actual race does come along, his mind free to concentrate on rowing technique and on winning.

The efficiency of the body is developed by teaching it the simplest system of movements that will produce the most effective stroke to move the boat through the water. A crew of eight novices in a boat will go through a remarkable series of motions in the acts of putting the oar blade into the water and pulling it out again at the cost of

* This action is reversible and can be written as follows:

Glycogen $\xrightarrow{\text{enzyme}}$ lactic acid + energy for muscular contraction. During mild exercise, such as walking, sufficient oxygen is carried in the blood to remove by oxidation to carbon dioxide and water about one-fifth of the lactic acid, the remainder of which is re-synthesized to glycogen in the muscle itself. However, during severe exercise, as in rowing, more lactic acid is produced than can be dealt with in this way, which means that lactic acid becomes amassed on the right-hand side of the equation. By Le Chabellier's principle, if the concentration of lactic acid continues to increase, the action from left to right of the equation will proceed more and more slowly, until eventually a state of equilibrium is reached. This slowing down in the speed of the reaction will mean that less and less energy is available for muscular contraction and in consequence the contractions will become weaker and weaker until at the equilibrium state they stop completely. In practice, this state of affairs rarely occurs because complete fatigue takes place in the nervous control of the muscle quite a long time before complete fatigue of the muscle.

an enormous amount of redundant energy. If the oarsman was able to prune down these movements, with the assistance of the coach, until only those essential to moving the boat remained, for the same amount of energy he used previously over one stroke he would now be able to take three or four. This is in fact what happens; and although different coaches prune by different methods, it is only by the continual concentration on the removal of these superfluous movements, and by the attempt to row each stroke more effectively than the last, that any real improvement in rowing efficiency can be obtained.

When the training schedule has been completed each member of the crew should, ideally, be at the peak of his form. Unfortunately, this uniformity rarely occurs, because individuals of differing physical build take differing lengths of time to reach their personal peaks. For instance, a short stocky person requires considerably longer than a tall lean person. Consequently, the coach must attempt to gauge his training schedule so that the majority of the crew are at or close to their peak at the time of the race. The difficulty of the coach's task was well demonstrated by the performance of the Cambridge crew in this year's Boat Race.

The last few days, and in particular the day of the race, are a time of acute emotional stress for both crew and coach. This emotional stress causes release into the body of adrenalin, which by its widespread effect prepares the body for maximum effort. This, together with the determination—fostered by the coach—to win the race, will bring a fully trained crew to the starting post ready to row itself into a state of complete exhaustion in the hope of success.

Before the race actually begins, the crew practises a number of rowing starts, and does a length of hard paddling in a process known as "warming up". The reason for doing this apparently unnecessary extra work is to bring about circulatory changes in the body, so that the blood supply to the viscera is reduced and the blood supply to the muscles is increased in preparation for their severe exercise.

After the initial flurry of leaving the starting post in the race at a high rating, the crew attempt to settle down to a "stride" at a lower rating which they hope to maintain over the rest of the course. Since this "stride" is usually developed at the end of the first minute of the race it will always coincide with the feeling of breathlessness experienced before the arrival of the "second wind", and it is here that many crews falter, lose their stride, and lose their race. If, instead of faltering, each member of the crew was to put more effort into his strokes during this transition period, not only would the crew keep its stride, but the discomfort would be alleviated more quickly by the earlier arrival of the "second wind". The symptoms

of this "second wind" are—a fall in the high carbon dioxide tension in the lungs, a lowering in the rate of breathing and an outbreak of sweating with a rise of body temperature. Their physiological explanations are not fully known yet, but it has been suggested that the increased rate of breathing before "second wind" is due to the stimulation of the respiratory centre of the brain by the carbon dioxide displaced from the blood bicarbonate by the production of lactic acid in the muscles.

When the "second wind" has appeared, there is a period over about two-thirds of the course of the race where the working power of the muscles remains stationary at a high level. However, during the latter third of the course the power and output decrease as a result of muscular fatigue. This fatigue is due to an accumulation of the end products of muscle metabolism and to a depletion of the glycogen reserves in the muscles. This depletion can be offset to a certain extent by taking prepared glucose a sufficient time before the race to allow for its assimilation in the muscles as glycogen.

Perhaps it should be mentioned here that susceptibility to fatigue has been found to vary from person to person, and in one individual to vary from day to day, the amount of variation depending both on the individual's constitution and the nature of his task. This means that there will be a slight variation amongst the members of the crew in the precise time of obtaining their second wind and in the falling off of their muscular effort which, in all but exceptional crews, always has a disturbing effect on the co-ordination of the rhythm of the eight men in the boat.

Many riverside rowing critics, having seen the complete state of exhaustion of each member of a crew at the end of a race, have been unable to understand what is the fascination of rowing. The fascination of rowing lies in its great difficulty. Few persons have the many innate qualities required to make them outstanding oarsmen, which means that to the host of ordinary oarsmen perfection in rowing must present an unattainable goal, and it is in the optimistic attempt to reach this goal that we "hack" oarsmen obtain our satisfaction.

I. L. MACKENZIE

L.M.B.C. HISTORY

THREE years ago the project of bringing the Club history up to date was started; since then many members of the Club have helped both with writing and donkey work so that now the book is nearing completion.

This is in the nature of a progress report, to outline and to give a brief description of its contents, and also to give an estimated date of publication.

Now, the beginning of March, most of the contents have passed the galley-proof stage and soon will be in page-proof form; a selection of photographs will be made as soon as a fully representative collection has been made up. Present progress continuing on the same lines, it seems that there is a good chance of it being produced during the May Term.

The book will have a comprehensive introductory chapter giving the highlights of the first 100 years of the Club's life; this will be followed by the main section of the book: a year to year account of the past 30 years, each year's account being followed by complete crew lists and full details of the year's bumping races. Irrelevant details and incidents have been added to give a slight tinge of the colour that tends to mark an active boat club's progress and its relations with authority. Quite a large portion of the book has been taken up with supporting chapters under the headings of *Memorabilia*, *Personalia* and *Acta*.

Memorabilia comprises articles on the origin of the "Blazers"—now indisputably an L.M.B.C. contribution to the English language—the uniform of L.M.B.C., and a short account of other Johnian boat clubs. There is a brief section on the institution and early history of the Colquhoun Sculls, a sketch of the Club's post-war activity, and two relevant *Times* fourth leaders. Also included are two accounts, one of the European championships at Mâcon in 1951, and one of the 1952 Olympics, which have been specially written for the book.

Appreciations of some of the great L.M.B.C. characters and personalities of the past 30 years appear under *Personalia*; also included is a broadcast by Roy Meldrum, and finally there is a Roll of Honour of all those who fell in the Second World War.

Acta has the usual lists and appendices that are common and necessary to all club histories; missing, however, from these will be the list of May Colours who gained firsts in their Tripos; it might

have been used as evidence by tutors against the Club because of the invidious comparison with the "Good Old Days"—anyway the editor is biased. It is hoped to have a good selection of at least twelve photographs, both of club personalities and of successful crews in action.

So far about 250 copies of the book have been guaranteed out of a total edition of five or six hundred. Two hundred uncut and unbound copies of the previous combined 1926 edition of the history have been discovered, and it is proposed that some of these will be used to make a complete volume of the history. This will be at a very small extra cost because the uncut copies have already been paid for.

If anyone would like to place an order for a copy, or copies of either book, or would like to change their previous order, will they please write to me c/o the College Office.

J. F. HALL-CRAGGS, *Editor*

OBITUARY

DUDLEY WILLIAM WARD

DUDLEY WILLIAM WARD, who died on 8 February 1957 at the age of 71, was educated at Derby School and St John's College, being elected a Fellow in 1909. From 1910 to 1912 he was Assistant Editor of *The Economist*. He spent the year 1913-14 in Germany engaged in research, and only just got away in time to avoid being interned; but had to leave behind the manuscript of the book which he had been writing which he was never able to recover. During the 1914-18 war he was in the Treasury, while after the war he served on a number of important official bodies including the Dawes Committee set up to deal with German reparations. He was awarded the C.B.E. in 1922. From 1920 to 1939 he was a Director and Manager of the British Overseas Bank. During part of the Second World War he was attached to the Ministry of Economic Warfare. From 1944 to 1948 he was General Counsel to the European Office of U.N.R.R.A. (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration); while from 1948 until his death he acted as London Representative of U.N.I.C.E.F. (United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund).

He married in 1912 Anne-Marie Clothilde, daughter of Hans Elder von der Planitz. His son Peter Ward, who was also a member of St John's College, was a good athlete and was given his Blue for running.

Dudley Ward was a man of considerable intellectual power and force of character. He was not one who suffered fools gladly; and his abruptness of manner, occasional shortness of temper and bluntness of speech, could prove disconcerting to those who worked for or with him. But below the surface he was a man of high ideals with a strong urge to contribute all that was in his power to make life easier for those in misfortune who needed a helping hand. Of the many posts that he occupied in an active and varied working life the one that he found most satisfying was that which he held during the last nine years of his life when he was working for U.N.I.C.E.F. There, despite all the frustrations inescapable from the operation of such a body, he could feel assured that he was contributing his quota towards the well-being of the coming generation; and with that knowledge he could die content.

C. W. G.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

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THE ADAMS SOCIETY

President: R. FAWCETT. *Vice-President:* J. NUTTALL.
Secretary: C. W. J. MCCALLIEN. *Treasurer:* H. T. CROFT.

THE College mathematical society has had a very quiet, but very interesting year; the thirty-fifth since its foundation.

The meetings have been addressed by various senior members of the University, and we should like to express our thanks to them for their help and co-operation.

Dr E. A. Maxwell spoke about "Diagrams in Argument", and, after showing us how easy it was to make mistakes by arguing from appearances, he went on to point out that most of the proofs of Pythagoras' Theorem we had ever learnt were completely invalid. "Electromagnetism inside Molecules" was the title Dr J. A. Pople took, and he told us of various research techniques depending on the behaviour of substances in strong magnetic fields.

In the Lent Term, Dr J. Proudman gave a very interesting talk under the surprising title of "Bores", which, we discovered, referred to tidal waves on the Severn and other rivers. Dr M. V. Wilkes spoke on "Error-correcting Codes", describing methods of detecting and correcting automatically errors that might crop up in computers and similar electronic machines. Our last meeting was addressed by Professor Sir Harold Jeffreys, who took as his subject "Saturn". He mentioned many of the peculiar physical properties of that planet, and a few of the theories attempting to explain them, including some of his own research into the subject.

The Society's activities for the year concluded with the Annual General Meeting, when, after the Treasurer had survived the tradi-

tional motion of censure, the following officers were elected for next year:

President: C. W. J. MCCALLIEN. *Vice-President:* H. T. CROFT.
Secretary: A. M. JUDD. *Treasurer:* P. V. LANDSHOFF.

We are also glad to record that H. T. CROFT was elected *Vice-President* of the Archimedean, the University mathematical society.
A. M. JUDD

ATHLETIC CLUB

President: MR WHITE. *Captain:* C. J. CONSTABLE.
Secretary: R. DUNKLEY.

THE College side has had only a fair season by recent standards and this has probably been largely due to lack of support. The number of serious athletes would certainly not amount to a dozen and for a college the size of St John's this seems a great pity. The result has been that throughout all matches far too much has rested on the shoulders of too few.

The main competitions of the Michaelmas Term were the inter-college field events and relays.

In the field events we were second in the first division behind Emmanuel, but alas a great deal behind. The team was as follows:

Long Jump: J. Fletcher, J. Nuttall.
High Jump: C. J. Platten, G. Reynolds.
Pole Vault: J. McManus, G. Reynolds.
Hop, Step and Jump: C. J. Constable, J. McManus.
Discus: J. H. Dunn, C. K. Corder.
Javelin: G. Denny, C. J. Constable.
Weight: J. Fletcher, J. M. Dunn.

We were first in the hop, step and jump and first equal in the pole vault.

In the relays we were placed fourth in the first division, which was again won by Emmanuel.

The team was:

3 × 120 yards hurdles } C. J. Constable, H. G. Waterfield, J. Firth.
3 × 220 yards hurdles }
4 × 110 yards: C. J. Constable, C. Berbs, A. J. Miller, J. Walton.
440 × 220 × 440 yards: R. McLaren, C. Berbs, R. Dunkley.
1 mile × 880 yards × 880 yards × 1 mile: D. J. Murray Bruce,
R. McLaren, C. J. Heathcote, R. Dunkley.

We were placed first in the long-distance medley relay, which was largely due to a fine last mile by Dunkley.

During this term the College had several representatives in the University teams. In the Freshman's match against Oxford J. Fletcher competed in the shot and discus and D. J. Murray Bruce ran in the mile. In the relays we were represented by R. Dunkley in the 4×1 mile and $4 \times \frac{1}{2}$ mile and R. McLaren in the $4 \times \frac{1}{2}$ mile, whilst in the field events we had G. Reynolds and J. McManus in the pole vault, G. Denny in the javelin and J. Fletcher in the shot.

Our first fixture in the Lent Term was against Balliol and University College. After an exciting match we just won by one point from University College.

The Cuppers were then held and in the First Division preliminary round we easily defeated Selwyn and Peterhouse. However, for the final R. McLaren was unfit and we had lost J. Fletcher who had gone down (voluntarily) after only one term's residence. The team was therefore not as strong as it might have been, and we finished third with 88 points behind Emmanuel (133 points) and Queens' (92 points). Our individual winners were R. Dunkley (1 mile and 3 miles), J. Firth (120 yards hurdles) and G. Denny (javelin).

In the match against Oxford at the White City in April, our only representative in the Cambridge team was R. Dunkley, who is to be congratulated on winning the 3 miles.

During the Easter Term the college club has been rather inactive. Our annual match against Nottingham University and Emmanuel was cancelled because the Nottingham track was undergoing repairs. However, individual members performed on several occasions for the University Athletics Club and the Alverstone Club, and in the Alverstone Club match against the Oxford University Centipedes G. Denny competed in the javelin and D. J. Murray Bruce ran in the mile.

Officers elected for 1957:

Captain: R. DUNKLEY. *Secretary:* G. DENNY.

CHESS CLUB

Captain: J. NUTTALL. *Secretary:* C. J. R. LASPER.

THIS season, the Chess Club, as is customary, competed both in the Cuppers and in the Cambridge and District League. But while both the First Team and the Second Team were eliminated from the Cuppers in the Michaelmas Term, the Club atoned for this failure by finishing at the top of the league. Losing only to Trinity Hall, and defeating Cambridge City (who, in the past few years, have

monopolized the championship) in the deciding encounter, the Club emerged a clear two points ahead of the runners-up. In the traditional match between the champions and the rest of the league, however, we were defeated by an extremely powerful league team. Individually, P. Hawes and R. A. Pearson played with consistent success throughout the season; while H. T. Croft, R. A. Pearson, and W. N. Bryant played in the University Championship. The Club was represented by the following: D. J. P. Gray, J. J. Billington, P. Hawes, R. A. Pearson, W. N. Bryant, C. J. R. Lasper, J. Nuttall, R. Axford, H. T. Croft, and R. Clarke. At the annual Chess Club Lunch held in the Michaelmas Term, the officers elected for next (1957-8) season were:

Captain: J. J. BILLINGTON. *Secretary:* W. N. BRYANT.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

1956-7

President: A. G. SEMPLE. *Secretary:* F. R. D. GOODYEAR.

Treasurer: J. N. SPENCER.

THE Classical Society has had a flourishing year, largely through the regular attendance of a number of junior members and the continual support of the senior members. The year began with a joint meeting with Newnham Classical Society, held at Newnham. After this unconventional beginning the Society has heard papers on textual criticism, philology, history, and Greek architecture. Another innovation, or perhaps revival, was a reading of the *Amphitryo* of Plautus.

The Society's Annual Dinner was held on 11 June and proved a notable success. The guests were Professor A. T. Campbell, Mr Shackleton Bailey and Mr Tomlinson. Professor Campbell, the Nestor of the company, recalled the activity of the Society during the 1900's. Before 1900 it is wrapped in the mists of antiquity.

CRICKET CLUB

1956

President: MR J. G. W. DAVIES. *Captain:* D. A. MUSIC.

Secretary: R. B. BLATCHER.

THE disappearance of the scorebook and the inability of people to remember what has preceded accounts for the inadequacy of this report. There were many highlights in the season, but curiously

enough it was probably a car and the antics of its occupants that will long remain in the memories of those who played for the First XI. At the end of the season its non-arrival caused no great consternation; for by then everybody had great faith in R. B. Blatcher solving the intrinsic mysteries of the machine he so proudly owned. It played no small part in a notable win at Portsmouth against United Services, where our captain, D. A. Music, had no alternative but to ask the opposition to allow us to bat first as fielding with seven men might well prove disastrous. When our opponents batted it was fine bowling by J. L. Wilkins and P. E. Barber that gave us victory. Of the other bowlers R. B. Blatcher, J. R. B. Meehan and F. B. Walter all returned good performances. In the batting few will forget C. I. M. Jones's and R. B. Blatcher's stand against Northants Amateurs, where the score was taken from 86 for 5 to 259 in ninety minutes. Jones's share was 166 not out—surely one of the highest scores in college cricket. D. A. Music, the captain, had the misfortune to miss a century against the Stoics by one run and J. H. M. Salmon, J. L. Wilkins, A. G. Tait and D. Tranter all batted well. M. A. Hetherington shared the wicket-keeping with R. D. Bennett and both acquitted themselves well.

The Second XI under the determined captaincy of P. C. N. Conder had another enjoyable season, although very rarely was a full side available.

First XI: D. A. Music, R. B. Blatcher, J. H. M. Salmon, F. B. Walter, A. G. Tait, J. L. Wilkins, C. I. M. Jones, J. R. B. Meehan, D. Tranter, M. A. Hetherington, P. E. Barber.

1957

President: MR J. G. W. DAVIES. *Captain:* C. I. M. JONES.

Secretary: M. A. HETHERINGTON.

WITH eight old colours hopes for a good season materialized. Examinations as usual weakened the side considerably during the latter half of May and this accounted for a few disappointing performances. The final record of won 8, drawn 8, lost 3, reflected the difficulty of obtaining results on plumb Cambridge wickets. The highlight of the season was a notable victory against United Services, Portsmouth, who included six Royal Navy players. It is to be hoped that this will become a permanent fixture, as its social accompaniments cannot be rivalled. Another outstanding victory was achieved against the Northants Amateurs on the County ground at Northampton, where the winning score of 212 was reached in just over two hours. Of the bowling performances J. R. B. Meehan's 14 overs,

9 maidens, 7 runs, 5 wickets against H.M.S. Ganges was outstanding. Other good performances came from D. A. R. Williams, J. L. Wilkins and P. L. Morris, who all bowled very consistently. By far the most consistent batsman was C. I. M. Jones the captain, who scored 563 runs in all, including one hundred and four innings of seventy or over. J. L. Ward was the most promising freshman, scoring one century and also being a very useful slow left-hand bowler. M. A. Hetherington, a sound wicket-keeper, A. G. Tait, J. L. Wilkins, R. J. Peberdy and M. W. Vallance all returned some very useful performances. Mention should also be made of the willing umpiring of C. J. R. Lasper and M. A. Oakley.

The Second XI under the able leadership of S. C. K. Bird and J. I. Coulthard had little opportunity of fielding full-strength teams. Mention should be made of J. M. B. E. Raven's hundred against New Chesterton Institute, of the consistency of P. A. Ward as an all-rounder and J. I. Coulthard behind the stumps, and of useful performances with the bat by C. H. Beaumont, J. M. Firth and T. R. Davies.

The Devon tour which was such a success last year is taking place again this year under the management of W. J. Down.

First XI: C. I. M. Jones, M. A. Hetherington, D. J. Smith, J. L. Wilkins, A. G. Tait, J. R. B. Meehan, D. A. R. Williams, J. H. M. Salmon, J. L. Ward, P. E. Barber, M. W. Vallance, P. L. Morris, R. J. Peberdy.

Officers for next season: *Captain:* M. A. HETHERINGTON. *Secretary:* D. A. R. WILLIAMS.

CRUISING CLUB

THE number of members of the College, who are members of the Cruising Club, has decreased this year; but of the eighteen members at present, many have been regular visitors to St Ives and a few have been regularly chosen to represent the Club in their many matches.

Last year the College team survived the first round of the Cuppers, but were beaten in the second by Trinity. This year, the College has perhaps the strongest team for many years; having already beaten King's, Emmanuel, and Trinity Hall, it has reached the finals which will be decided at the Inland Regatta.

R. M. Needham has held office in the Club this year as Vice-President and Secretary.

ETON FIVES CLUB

1955-7

DESPITE its shortage of members the Eton Fives Club has managed to stay alive over the past two years. J. R. Tusting, as secretary to the Club in 1955-6, arranged friendly games within the College and a few equally friendly matches against teams from other colleges. This year, with a larger membership—and the reference is to active members—the Club has confined itself to games amongst its members. The season was rounded off, however, in March with a pleasant match against a Magdalene pair.

Our noteworthy successes in the sport this year have rested with M. G. N. Walker, who has captained the University side in which he himself was the only old Blue, and with J. L. Ward, a freshman, who has played regularly for the University. The Club extends its congratulations to them.

HOCKEY CLUB

1956-7

THE Hockey Club continued to run three XI's, which succeeded in supplying most members of the College with all the hockey they needed and occasionally a bit more. From the membership point of view the Club had a successful season with nearly fifty playing members.

The First XI, captained this year by R. C. Lallemand, had a great potential which unfortunately remained largely unrealized throughout the season. With six of last year's team still in residence, prospects were bright, especially as we were joined by two very promising freshmen in J. S. Chick and N. G. Mayhew. However, we soon "lost" C. I. M. Jones and J. H. Lutley to the University side and we must congratulate them on subsequently obtaining their Blue. As a result of this depletion we were not too successful in the league, only finishing sixth, and even with the Blues we were defeated for the third successive year in the preliminary round of Cuppers, this time by Pembroke, the eventual finalists, in a game which was very closely contested. Paradoxically enough we had more success outside Cambridge, for in February we inflicted the first defeat of the season upon Norwich Grasshoppers, always a difficult side to beat.

The Second XI, captained and organized throughout the season by R. B. McDaniel, had a moderately good season and when playing at full strength managed to inflict heavy defeats upon other College

sides. The Third XI continued to be run as a social function and I gather from the Secretary, T. P. Williams, that they had an enjoyable season and even managed to defeat Girton and Newnham.

Club officers for next season are:

Captain: N. G. MAYHEW. *Hon. Secretary:* J. S. CHICK.

THE LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB

1956-7

President: THE MASTER. *Senior Treasurer:* MR A. M. P. BROOKES.

Captain: K. W. BLYTH. *Vice-Captain:* A. J. FORBES.

Secretary: R. R. A. F. MACRORY. *Junior Treasurer:* I. L. MACKENZIE

ON several occasions during the year the Club narrowly missed achieving its first success since 1954. In spite of these frequent disappointments, the year showed the beginnings of a return to former glories, and, what was more important, produced some pleasing and enjoyable rowing. Only the Lent Term gave cause for dissatisfaction.

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1956

Two crews were entered for the Light IV's, and one for the Clinker IV's. The two Light IV's remained unchanged in order throughout the period of training. For the first fortnight both were coached by Dr Rhodes Hambridge. J. F. Hall-Craggs and P. V. Pigott then coached, and Dr Hambridge returned to take "B" IV for the week of the races. The two fours were of equal standard; by combination it might have been possible to produce a four faster than either, but since this was not certain the crews were left unaltered. "B" IV had the misfortune to collide with a Jesus IV halfway through training. Luckily there was no injury to any member of either crew, but the damage to "B" IV meant that the crew had to row for a fortnight in a boat borrowed from Corpus.

The Clinker IV was coached throughout by J. F. Hall-Craggs. Until two days before the races M. R. Ayers rowed at "2". He then went ill, and Schroeder was brought in instead of him. With Ayers rowing, the crew had an average weight of over 13 stone. Their strength was greater than their skill; but both in practice and in the races they rowed with commendable spirit. When they reached the final they were rowing against a crew that had had, by avoidance of dead-heats, two fewer races. It was unfortunate that three of the crew found themselves unable to row regularly during the rest of the year.

In their race against Pembroke, "B" IV just failed to repeat the dead-heat of the previous year, in spite of a fine finishing spurt after having been 5 sec. down in the Long Reach. The Clinker IV in their first race were 6 sec. down at the first signal, but drew up steadily from then on.

Crews:

"A" IV		"B" IV	
Bow	R. G. Fleming (<i>steerer</i>)	Bow	I. L. Mackenzie
2	R. H. Linstead	2	A. J. Forbes (<i>steerer</i>)
3	C. Vita-Finzi	3	K. W. Blyth
Str.	J. M. Andrews	Str.	D. J. Buckton

Clinker IV

Bow	S. J. Ross-Macdonald
2	A. G. Schroeder
3	R. C. Brandt
Str.	J. W. Dolman
Cox	C. J. Atkinson

Results:

"A" IV. *First round*: beat St Catharine's by 28 sec. in 10 min. 34 sec. *Second round*: lost to Jesus "A" by 7.2 sec. in 10 min. 19 sec.

"B" IV. *First round*: beat Emmanuel by 15 sec. in 10 min. 17 sec. *Second round*: lost to Pembroke by 2 sec. in 10 min. 8 sec.

Clinker IV. *First round*: beat St Catharine's "B" by 5 sec. in 7 min. 48 sec. after a dead-heat in 7 min. 47 sec. *Second round*: beat Queens' by 11.2 sec. in 7 min. 47 sec. *Semi-final*: beat Emmanuel by 2 sec. in 7 min. 50 sec., after a dead-heat in 7 min. 51 sec. *Final*: lost to St Catharine's "A" by 3 sec. in 7 min. 46 sec.

In the final of the Light IV's, Magdalene beat Pembroke by 3.2 sec. in 10 min. 12 sec.

There were four entries from the Club for the Colquhoun Sculls, Macrory and Keens having been sculling since the beginning of term.

Results:

R. R. A. F. Macrory beat K. W. Blyth by 11.8 sec. in 8 min. 53 sec.; lost to M. F. Harcourt-Williams (Jesus) by 9.5 sec. in 8 min. 55 sec.

D. Keens beat N. Debenham (King's) by 2.8 sec., no time taken; lost to M. H. Bartlett (Peterhouse) by 17 sec. in 9 min. 9 sec.

B. H. Rofe beat R. M. Smart (Christ's) by 8.2 sec. in 9 min. 8 sec.; lost to G. M. Wolfson (Pembroke) by 15 sec. in 9 min. 39.5 sec.

In the final Bartlett beat Harcourt-Williams by 5 sec. in 8 min. 29 sec.

The Club again received good support from the freshmen, although few had previously rowed. Seven crews were entered for the Fairbairns, and of these two, as last year, were composed of novice

freshmen. These two, the 4th and 5th, did particularly well, and the Club finished the races with five VIII's in the first division of the Fairbairns. At the Fairbairn Supper, the "crockpots" were awarded to the 5th VIII.

The 1st VIII was together for a fortnight before the race, the order till then having been frequently changed with the departure and return of people to and from trials. R. V. Taylor coached for a fortnight, and it became clear that the boat had a good chance of winning the race. In the event, it had a close struggle with Jesus, the crew being told of its position in relation to them all over the course. A 2 sec. lead at the Gasworks had turned into a 2 sec. deficit at Ditton. At the finish the crew was 1 sec. behind Jesus. Emmanuel, who were third, finished 17 sec. behind.

Crews:

1st VIII		2nd VIII	
Bow	R. G. Fleming	Bow	R. H. C. Symon
2	D. Keens	2	F. C. German
3	R. I. L. Howland	3	D. N. H. Greig
4	M. R. Ayers	4	F. M. Barrett
5	R. H. T. Ward	5	J. R. B. Murray
6	K. W. Blyth	6	R. H. Linstead
7	C. Vita-Finzi	7	W. S. Shand
Str.	I. L. Mackenzie	Str.	A. G. Schroeder
Cox	F. B. M. Page	Cox	C. J. Atkinson

3rd VIII		4th VIII	
Bow	K. S. Ashton	Bow	D. R. C. Kelly
2	B. E. Staley	2	F. C. Woodhouse
3	R. C. Toase	3	P. H. M. Price
4	M. G. Denning	4	T. J. Scantlebury
5	N. C. Page	5	J. T. Spence
6	P. V. Landshoff	6	J. M. Dunn
7	B. Jeffrey	7	D. W. H. Farmer
Str.	C. Elliott	Str.	A. D. Thombs
Cox	D. T. C. Hayes	Cox	J. L. Libson

5th VIII		6th VIII	
Bow	A. S. Durward	Bow	C. D. Robins
2	C. F. M. Cox	2	J. V. H. Hippiisley
3	K. A. Ryde	3	J. R. Longbottom
4	G. M. Newbury	4	J. C. Rucklidge
5	N. C. Peacock	5	J. N. Spencer
6	J. A. Vincent	6	R. S. Randall
7	R. S. Jackson	7	W. J. Norman
Str.	J. M. Aitken	Str.	T. P. Abbiss
Cox	G. L. Williams	Cox	H. W. Thirlway

7th VIII

Bow P. D. Budgen
 2 G. T. Bungay
 3 P. J. Vincent
 4 G. C. A. Talbot
 5 H. Hope Johnston
 6 J. Tippett
 7 M. J. E. Adams
Str. M. J. S. Smith
Cox G. F. Boothby

Results:

1st VIII started third finished second, time 16 min. 14 sec.; 2nd VIII started twenty-eighth finished twenty-third, time 17 min. 22 sec.; 3rd VIII started thirty-second finished thirty-fifth, time 17 min. 48 sec.; 4th VIII started thirty-third finished thirty-sixth, time 17 min. 52 sec.; 5th VIII started forty-third finished thirty-second, time 17 min. 40 sec.; 6th VIII started sixty-fifth finished fifty-seventh, time 18 min. 57 sec.; 7th VIII started seventy-second finished fiftieth, time 18 min. 28 sec.

No member of the Club rowed in the C.U.B.C. Trial VIII's race. Forbes, who had been stroking one of the Trial VIII's, slipped a cartilage in his knee a fortnight before the race and had to go into hospital for an operation.

In the Andrews-Maples freshmen's sculls, M. S. King beat D. N. H. Greig. The Pearson-Wright sculls were not held.

LENT TERM 1957

Two VIII's came up a week before the beginning of term: the 1st VIII and a crew consisting of novice freshmen, which subsequently rowed as 3rd VIII. The former was coached by Mr L. V. Bevan, and the latter by K. W. Blyth. Four changes were made in the order of the 1st VIII. It was subsequently coached by K. W. Blyth, D. H. Whitaker and R. S. Emery. At no time did it appear to develop the potentiality that was suggested at the beginning of the term. The 2nd VIII was handicapped by the absence of some members of the Club from the river. In the races, however, they performed better than the record suggests. The 3rd VIII, although as yet deficient in technique, rowed well as a crew, and only the presence of a very bad King's 2nd VIII deprived them of their oars. The only other six-day-a-week crew was the 6th VIII. They had the misfortune to miss their bump on the Friday by a few inches at the Pike and Eel. Next day they fell to a fast Selwyn crew. The 7th VIII, with a stern five that would have been useful in one of the regular VIII's, won their oars without having to row past First Post Corner. On the first night,

however, they all but went down to a Queens' Rigger boat, which came up fast at 44 before expiring.

The 1st VIII disappointingly went down to 1st and 3rd Trinity at the Glasshouses on the first night after having held their distance to Ditton. The rowing improved after that, and Peterhouse were caught at Ditton Corner on Friday. L.M.B.C. were helped by some good coxing by Frisby. On Saturday they were unable to make any impression on 1st and 3rd Trinity.

After being bumped by St Catharine's at the Glasshouses on Wednesday, the 2nd VIII next day got to within a third of a length of Selwyn at Ditton. They then dropped back and were bumped by Sidney at Morley's Holt. A start half on the bank gave Downing a fairly easy bump; but on Saturday the 2nd VIII were in no danger from 1st and 3rd Trinity II.

The 3rd VIII's bumps were all made at First Post, or sooner. On Friday the boat in front bumped King's II in less than a minute, and with a further two bumps in front of that there was no hope of anything spectacular. The 5th VIII had a good row on Saturday in keeping away from Trinity Hall IV, by inches.

Crews and results:

1st VIII	2nd VIII
<i>Bow</i> R. R. A. F. Macrory	<i>Bow</i> W. S. Shand
2 A. G. Schroeder	2 M. G. Denning
3 R. I. L. Howland	3 J. B. Northam
4 R. H. Linstead	4 D. N. A. Greig
5 R. H. T. Ward	5 J. M. Dunn
6 C. Vita-Finzi	6 J. S. H. Sanderson
7 I. L. Mackenzie	7 J. R. Lancaster
<i>Str.</i> J. M. Andrews	<i>Str.</i> C. Elliott
<i>Cox</i> M. J. Frisby	<i>Cox</i> H. W. Thirlway

Started 3rd, finished 3rd.
 Bumped by 1st and 3rd Trinity;
 bumped Peterhouse.

Started 17th, finished 20th.
 Bumped by St Catharine's,
 Sidney Sussex and Downing.

3rd VIII

Bow N. C. Peacock
 2 G. M. Newbury
 3 R. S. Jackson
 4 D. W. H. Farmer
 5 T. J. Scantlebury
 6 J. A. Vincent
 7 D. R. C. Kelly
Str. J. M. Aitken
Cox G. L. Williams

Started 42nd, finished 39th.
 Bumped Selwyn II, 1st and 3rd
 Trinity IV and King's II

4th ("Medics") VIII

Bow J. R. Longbottom
 2 C. J. Platten
 3 T. P. Abbiss
 4 R. S. Randall
 5 I. Campbell
 6 M. S. King
 7 R. H. C. Symon
Str. H. R. Quibell
Cox W. R. G. Arnold

Started 51st, finished 52nd.
 Bumped by Caius III.

5th VIII

Bow K. S. Ashton
 2 F. C. German
 3 D. Keens
 4 F. M. Barrett
 5 M. J. E. Adams
 6 G. C. A. Talbot
 7 A. P. L. Cox
Str. M. J. S. Smith
Cox G. F. Boothby

Started 52nd, finished 53rd.
 Bumped by Caius III.

6th VIII

Bow A. S. Durward
 2 G. R. Brown
 3 A. C. Sturt
 4 D. J. Newson
 5 N. C. Page
 6 K. A. Ryde
 7 J. N. Spencer
Str. R. C. Toase
Cox B. Jeffrey

Started 57th, finished 57th.
 Bumped 1st and 3rd Trinity V;
 bumped by Selwyn IV

7th VIII

Bow C. A. Charnaud
 2 J. C. Rucklidge
 3 C. D. Robins
 4 P. I. Sygall
 5 P. V. Landshoff
 6 A. D. Thombs
 7 J. T. Spence
Str. C. F. M. Cox
Cox S. P. H. Mandel

Started 74th, finished 70th.
 Bumped Peterhouse IV, Clare V,
 Pembroke V and St Catharine's V

There were two entries from the Club for the Fairbairn Junior Sculls and four for the Bushe-Fox Freshmen's Sculls. There was none for the Foster-Fairbairn Pairs.

Results. Fairbairn Junior Sculls: B. H. Rofe lost to J. O. Carter (King's) by 17 sec. in 8 min. 51 sec. K. W. Blyth beat M. B. Mennie (Emmanuel) by 17 sec. in 9 min. 3 sec.; beat C. E. A. Sweatman (Selwyn) by 18 sec. in 8 min. 58 sec.; lost (semi-final) to R. D. Carver (1st and 3rd Trinity) by 29 sec. in 8 min. 54½ sec.

In the final Carver beat Carter.

Bushe-Fox Freshmen's Sculls: M. S. King lost to J. A. Tripp (Jesus) by 12 sec. in 9 min. 38 sec. D. N. H. Greig beat R. H. T. Ward by 13 sec. in 10 min. 9 sec.; beat R. I. L. Howland by 26.2 sec. in 10 min. 4½ sec.; lost to J. A. Tripp (Jesus) by 32 sec. in 10 min. 23 sec. R. I. L. Howland beat I. Orr-Ewing (Pembroke) by 23 sec. in 10 min. 30 sec.; lost to Greig.

Greig, in his race against Tripp, went the wrong way round Grassy Corner, and collided with a boat on the outside bank. In the final Tripp lost to de Selincourt (Magdalene).

In the Club races, the Almond-Worldidge pairs were won by B. Jeffrey and M. J. S. Smith. The Bateman pairs were not held.

No crew was entered for the Reading Head of the River Race, but two went to Putney. The second of the two crews, since it was not a representative 2nd VIII, entered under the name of Lady Somerset B.C. It was made up entirely of novice freshmen. After ten days or so on the Cam after the Lents, the two crews went to Putney on the Monday before the race. The Club once again enjoyed the hospitality of Thames R.C. The 1st VIII was coached while at Putney by R. V. Taylor, the Lady Somerset crew by R. G. Fleming. Conditions were rough for the first two days, but gradually became calmer. For the race, on Saturday 23 March, the water was smooth, with a light head-wind. The race was rowed from Mortlake to Putney.

The 1st VIII, starting 14th, were hotly pursued by Pembroke, who came up to within half a length at Hammersmith, but the 1st VIII then drew away. They finished, however, 13th, 1 sec. behind Pembroke, but 1 sec. in front of Jesus. Lady Somerset, as a new entry, started 232nd. They did well, finishing 37th in 20 min. 32 sec., as opposed to the 1st VIII's 19 min. 51 sec.

Crews:

	1st VIII	Lady Somerset
<i>Bow</i>	R. R. A. F. Macrory	<i>Bow</i> D. R. C. Kelly
2	R. H. Linstead	2 G. M. Newbury
3	R. I. L. Howland	3 N. C. Peacock
4	R. H. T. Ward	4 J. A. Vincent
5	C. Vita-Finzi	5 J. M. Dunn
6	K. W. Blyth	6 J. M. Aitken
7	I. L. Mackenzie	7 R. S. Jackson
<i>Str.</i>	J. M. Andrews	<i>Str.</i> D. W. H. Farmer
<i>Cox</i>	F. B. M. Page	<i>Cox</i> M. J. Frisby

A. J. Forbes, who earlier in the term had had a trial in the Blue Boat, rowed at "4" in the Goldie crew that competed at Putney. As a new entry they started 224th and finished 2nd to Isis, in 19 min. 21 sec.

MAY TERM 1957

There were no entries from the Club for the Magdalene Pairs or for the Lowe Double Sculls.

The 1st VIII was coached by David Webster, Alastair Macleod, Dick Emery and Brian Lloyd. David Webster was unfortunately unable to be with the crew for more than a week. During that time, however, he gave the crew a good start and settled many of the selection problems. The good effects of his coaching were apparent throughout the rest of the year. When Brian Lloyd took over for the last fortnight he had a sound basis on which to build; and under his guidance the crew came on fast. It was apparent in the races, how-

ever, that the crew was not fully fit and had difficulty over the second half of the course. This was something which had been put right by Henley.

The Mays provided some of the most exciting racing for many years; and those who watched from Ditton Corner know how few inches there were between the 1st VIII's finishing fourth and going Head. On the first night the crew came up quickly on Queens' from Grassy, and got to within a canvas at Ditton. Queens', however, were always slightly nearer to Trinity Hall, and bumped them just round Ditton Corner. The next night, spurred by Pembroke behind, the crew had a very good row, and bumped Trinity Hall on Grassy. (This was the first bump made by an L.M.B.C. 1st May boat since 1950.) The next night was most disappointing. A less spirited row left the crew almost at their distance from Queens' at Grassy. They then closed up more quickly, but never got closer than a canvas, and over the second half fell back. Saturday was an entirely different row; but again Queens' held off, after being a third of a length away after Grassy, and a matter of inches at Ditton. They then drew away, but L.M.B.C. did not fall off as badly as before. Pembroke, however, came up very fast after the Railway Bridge and bumped at the Pike and Eel.

The 2nd VIII was coached throughout the term by Mr L. V. Bevan and B. H. Rofe. They did not develop the pace that had been hoped from them, but rowed over each night without ever being dangerously pressed by King's. More skilful steering on the corners would have saved them much distance; as it was they never got within striking distance of 1st and 3rd Trinity II or of Selwyn. The 3rd VIII also had steering trouble, and might well otherwise have bumped Clare II. They did well to catch Pembroke II at the Railway Bridge after narrowly missing their bump at Ditton. This crew did well to improve its position.

The 4th VIII finished higher than any other college 4th VIII, and also higher than any previous L.M.B.C. 4th VIII. The 5th VIII achieved a similar performance, and also won its oars. The 8th VIII produced much consternation by going up four places on the first night, bringing itself right behind the 7th VIII. This, the "Rugger" boat and (with an average weight of 14 stone) the heaviest crew on the river, found this too much for its nerves, and failed to produce the form sometimes achieved in practice. The 8th VIII finished higher than previous L.M.B.C. 8th VIII's, and the fourth crew to achieve this distinction was the 9th VIII, a Gentlemen's VIII of more than usual enthusiasm and efficiency. The record of the 10th VIII does little justice to them, for on three occasions they were past the Railway Bridge before being bumped. Their fate was not deserved.

The term was sadly marked by the retirement of Professor Walker from towpath coaching. It was a fitting tribute to his many services to the Club that the Medics, who were once again coached by him, should present him with a record of six places gained in four nights—together with the scalp of yet another L.M.B.C. crew. To him, and to the many others who give up so much of their time to coach, the Club is very grateful.

Crews and results:

1st VIII	2nd VIII
<i>Bow</i> R. S. Jackson	<i>Bow</i> R. G. Fleming
2 J. M. Andrews	2 A. G. Schroeder
3 I. L. Mackenzie	3 N. E. Recordon
4 K. W. Blyth	4 M. R. Ayers
5 C. Vita-Finzi	5 R. M. Newson
6 R. H. T. Ward	6 R. H. Linstead
7 R. I. L. Howland	7 R. R. A. F. Macrory
<i>Str.</i> A. J. Forbes	<i>Str.</i> R. H. C. Symon
<i>Cox</i> M. J. Frisby	<i>Cox</i> H. W. Thirlway
Started 4th, finished 4th.	Started 15th, finished 15th.
Bumped Trinity Hall; bumped by Pembroke	Rowed over all nights
3rd VIII	4th VIII
<i>Bow</i> D. R. C. Kelly	<i>Bow</i> G. R. Brown
2 G. M. Newbury	2 R. C. Toase
3 J. A. Vincent	3 A. S. Durward
4 D. W. H. Farmer	4 P. I. Sygall
5 J. M. Dunn	5 A. D. Thombs
6 D. N. H. Greig	6 T. J. Scantlebury
7 J. R. B. Murray	7 K. A. Ryde
<i>Str.</i> W. S. Shand	<i>Str.</i> J. M. Aitken
<i>Cox</i> G. L. Williams	<i>Cox</i> B. Jeffrey
Started 27th, finished 26th.	Started 39th, finished 37th.
Bumped Pembroke II	Bumped Clare III and Jesus IV
5th VIII	6th VIII
<i>Bow</i> P. V. Landshoff	<i>Bow</i> D. C. Ledger
2 C. D. Robins	2 D. W. Harvey
3 N. C. Peacock	3 C. Elliott
4 C. Morgan	4 C. G. Booth
5 J. B. Northam	5 D. C. Hogg
6 C. F. M. Cox	6 F. M. Barrett
7 J. T. Spence	7 G. Fryer
<i>Str.</i> M. J. S. Smith	<i>Str.</i> F. C. German
<i>Cox</i> R. J. Fraser	<i>Cox</i> G. F. Boothby
Started 59th, finished 55th.	Started 60th, finished 63rd.
Bumped Downing III, Jesus V, Magdalene III, and 1st and 3rd Trinity V	Bumped by Trinity Hall V, Peterhouse III, and Clare IV

7th (Rugger) VIII

Bow C. R. K. Considine
 2 D. Brierley
 3 J. M. Walker
 4 D. W. Hayter
 5 W. E. L. Reid
 6 R. C. Brandt
 7 R. R. H. Newson
Str. P. Bilton
Cox W. R. G. Arnold

Started 77th, finished 77th.
 Bumped Queens' V; bumped by
 L.M.B.C. VIII

9th (Gentlemen's) VIII

Bow G. D. Ingram
 2 C. T. M. Hadwen
 3 L. Wharton
 4 T. E. B. Abraham
 5 D. Kaars Sypesteyn
 6 R. I. Raitt
 7 C. A. Charnaud
Str. M. S. Peacock
Cox P. C. Dodd

Started 90th, finished 89th.
 Bumped 1st and 3rd Trinity VII

8th (Medics) VIII

Bow J. J. Cogswell *W. Cogswell*
 2 J. P. Recordon
 3 W. J. Norman
 4 R. F. E. Axford
 5 I. Campbell
 6 M. S. King
 7 J. G. Robson
Str. H. R. Quibell
Cox J. E. L. Sales

Started 82nd, finished 76th.
 Overbumped Sidney Sussex III;
 bumped King's IV, Queen's V
 and L.M.B.C. VII

10th VIII

Bow J. J. Billington
 2 D. A. Goulden
 3 D. J. C. Whitfield
 4 P. O. Brown
 5 J. Crabtree
 6 A. F. Moncur
 7 D. Little
Str. B. J. Webber
Cox C. W. Peacock

Started 103rd, finished 109th.
 Overbumped by Queens' VI;
 bumped by Emmanuel VII, Fitz-
 william IV and Trinity Hall VI

Marlow

The 1st VIII competed in the Marlow Eights, and the 3rd VIII, with one enforced change, in the Junior Eights. The 2nd VIII was unable to compete at either Marlow or Henley. The crews had one day on the Cam and two days at Marlow before the regatta.

The 1st VIII had two easy rounds, and then came up against Crowland. After leading by about $\frac{1}{2}$ length at halfway, the crew appeared to be unsettled by Crowland's boring tactics, and faltered, allowing Crowland to snatch a $\frac{1}{2}$ length lead which they maintained. In the final Crowland beat London. The Junior VIII, rowing in a clinker, did well in its races. The first was won from a deficit of $\frac{3}{4}$ length at halfway. The semi-final produced a dead-heat, and both crews were put through to the final. As a result, L.M.B.C. was the only Cambridge club with a crew in any final. The effects of May Week had apparently not worn off.

Crews: 1st VIII as for the Mays. Junior VIII, as the 3rd May boat, except that J. A. Vincent rowed at "7" and A. D. Thombs at "3".

Results:

Marlow Eights. *First round:* beat Quintin and Twickenham by 3 lengths; *second round:* beat King's College, Cambridge, and Caius College by $2\frac{1}{2}$ lengths; *semi-final:* lost to Crowland by $\frac{1}{2}$ length.

Junior Eights. *First round:* beat Clifton College by 2 feet; *semi-final:* beat Downing College, dead-heat with Maidenhead; *final:* lost to Nottingham High School, and Maidenhead, by 1 length.

Leiden

The day after Marlow the 1st VIII flew over to Holland, and raced the following evening against Studenten Roeivereeniging "Njord", the boat club of Leiden University. This race formed part of "Cambridge Week" in Leiden, and the crew went over at the invitation, and expense, of the Cambridge Week Committee. The Club's second shell eight, together with its oars, had been sent over the previous week. In spite of the short time the crew was over in Leiden it was a very enjoyable and worthwhile visit, and the crew was fortunate in the very friendly hospitality of the Leiden crew. Conditions were not such that the crew could have been expected to give of its best; but in fact it performed well. In the race, which took place on a canal over 2000 metres, "Njord" quickly gained a lead, and led by over $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths at 1000 metres. L.M.B.C. then started to come back, and pushing "Njord" very hard at the finish lost by only about $\frac{3}{4}$ length. After the race the "Njord" crew scratched from the Grand at Henley. They had previously entered in 1950 and 1951. L.M.B.C. flew back on the Tuesday morning, arriving at Henley by midday.

Henley

At Henley the crew had the good fortune to be coached again by Dr Owen, who had also accompanied the crew to Leiden. In the last three days before the regatta the boat began moving well, and there were satisfactory performances in practice.

The two fours appeared to be coping satisfactorily in practice; but it was no small disaster when both got defeated on the first day of the regatta. The Wyfold IV hit the boom decisively after fifteen strokes, and thereafter played no part in the race. The Visitors' IV did not have similar steering trouble, but were not as well together as they were in the eight.

The eight had a comfortable win over Lincoln, Oxford; and then corrected any false impressions that might have been left by the

Mays. Queens' were led by about $\frac{1}{2}$ length at the Barrier and thereafter held without much difficulty. Over most of the course Queens' were rating 36 to L.M.B.C.'s 33. The semi-final against Pembroke was generally regarded as the virtual final of the Ladies' Plate, and so it turned out to be. L.M.B.C. had a fair start, but at the first signal Pembroke were almost $\frac{2}{3}$ length ahead. At this point L.M.B.C. got into a stride and prevented them going further away. At Fawley Pembroke were back to a lead of $\frac{1}{2}$ length, and the struggle continued over the whole course. This was a race which, though lost, left no unpleasant memories, and it was some satisfaction to the crew to have established itself as the second fastest college crew at Henley. It was a thoroughly enjoyable Henley; and as usual the care and consideration with which Cecil and Mrs Butler looked after us contributed largely to this. It was only matched by that with which Don Strange had throughout the year looked after the Club's boats.

Crews: VIII, as for the Mays.

Visitors IV	Wyfold
<i>Bow</i> R. I. L. Howland	<i>Bow</i> R. S. Jackson
2 R. H. T. Ward (<i>steerer</i>)	2 J. M. Andrews (<i>steerer</i>)
3 C. Vita-Finzi	3 I. L. Mackenzie
<i>Str.</i> A. J. Forbes	<i>Str.</i> K. W. Blyth

Results:

	Station	Distance	Time (min. sec.)		
			Barrier	Fawley	Finish
Ladies' Plate. <i>First round</i>					
Beat Lincoln College, Oxford	Berks	3 l.	1.58	3.19	6.54
<i>Second round</i>					
Beat Queens' College, Cambridge	Berks	$\frac{3}{4}$ l.	1.59	3.20	6.56
<i>Semi-final</i>					
Lost to Pembroke College, Cambridge	Bucks	$\frac{3}{4}$ l.	1.57	3.17	6.48
Visitors' Cup. <i>First round</i>					
Lost to The Queen's College, Oxford	Berks	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ l.	2.14	3.43	7.43
Wyfold Cup. <i>First round</i>					
Lost to Burton Leander	Bucks	Easily	2.17	3.51	7.58

Newquay

After Henley, members of the Club again went down to Cornwall to race in the pilot gigs at Newquay. The crew was unfortunately a light one, and the sea on the evening of the race unpleasantly rough. The result was that they were unable to repeat last year's perfor-

mance, and only on the last leg of the 5-mile course did they succeed in passing one of the other six boats. In spite of this not very impressive performance an enjoyable three days were spent there; it is widely hoped, however, that one year the Club will be able to send down a crew from its 1st VIII and for once defeat the local crews. The crew for the race was: R. H. C. Symon (*bow*), R. S. Jackson, G. M. Newbury, D. N. H. Greig, K. W. Blyth, J. M. Andrews (*str.*) and D. R. C. Kelly (*cox*).
K.W.B.

THE LACROSSE CLUB

1955-6

Captain: B. E. REEVE.

THE Club had quite an enjoyable season, playing friendly matches against Christ's, King's and Jesus. In the six-a-side competition in the Michaelmas Term, the Club First team lost to a strong combined side (the eventual winners) and in the Cuppers in the Lent Term were beaten by Christ's in the final.

Half-blues: B. E. Reeve, P. W. Jackson.

Eagles (University Second team) *Colours:* H. H. Magnay, J. Tippet.

1956-7

Captain: P. W. JACKSON.

Membership of the Club has been rather on the low side this year and it is hoped that more support can be obtained from members of the College next year to keep the Club in full operation.

The Club possesses one Half-blue (P. W. Jackson) and two Eagles Colours (J. Tippet and R. Varley). J. Tippet played for the Varsity during the Michaelmas Term before being injured in a climbing accident during the Christmas vacation, and R. H. White and B. J. North have also played for the Eagles.

Unfortunately, we had to scratch from the Cuppers at the last minute, being unable to raise a team, because of injuries.

Other matches arranged included one against the University Ladies' team (played according to Ladies' Rules) and two with Christ's, which unfortunately Christ's were forced to cancel at the last minute.

Next year's captain: J. TIPPETT.

LAW SOCIETY

President: A. H. M. EVANS. *Secretary:* A. J. JACOVIDES.

Junior Treasurer: N. RECORDON.

THIS was another active year for the Society. The opening meeting was addressed by Professor S. J. Bailey who dealt with clarity and precision with the academic study of law. He considered its major objective to be not so much to give actual knowledge as to enable the student to develop individuality, to weigh evidence and distinguish matters of fact from matters of opinion. The second meeting, held in Dr Campbell's rooms at the invitation of the Medical Society, was interesting from more than one angle: a medical man, a lawyer and a priest put forward their respective points of view on the topic of euthanasia, and this stimulated an interesting discussion and exchange of views between the members of the two societies. The International Law moot was another innovation; said to be the first of its kind ever to be held in the University, it was judged by Mr Clive Parry (who set the problem) and Dr K. Lipstein (who delivered the judgment). P. N. Smith and M. Pritchard appeared for the appellants, C. J. Cartwright and J. Crabtree for the respondents.

At a joint meeting with the Trinity Law Society H.E. Sir Hersch Lauterpacht spoke about "Individuals as Subjects of International Law", with particular reference to a recent Advisory Opinion of the I.C.J., of which he is a distinguished member. He dealt with the subject in an admirably simple way.

The Society's Annual Dinner was a memorable occasion. It was held in the Wordsworth Room with J. Megaw, Esq., Q.C., C.B.E. as the Guest of Honour, after Dr Jackson had entertained to sherry those attending the event.

Two moots took place in the Lent Term. The first one, against the Gonville and Caius College Law Society, was argued before Mr Prichard, Mr Hall and Mr Sealey in the absence of Dr T. Ellis Lewis, who set the problem. It was ably argued by J. Northam and J. Jones on behalf of the Society. The other, against University College, London, was judged by Mr K. Scott, N. Recordon and Mr Simpson representing the Society. An opportunity was afforded to members of the Society to entertain the London visitors informally.

H. J. B. Cockshutt, Esq., Senior Partner, Gibson and Weldon, gave a very useful talk on "Professional Examinations".

Finally, Mr J. C. Hall gave a reception to enable members of the Society to meet the Rt. Hon. L. M. D. de Silva, Q.C., a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. This proved a most enjoyable occasion.

The membership of the Society was satisfactorily high; and it would be an omission not to express the sincerest thanks to Professor Bailey, Dr Jackson, Mr Scott and Mr Hall for their active support of the Society.

At a committee meeting A. J. JACOVIDES, A. J. HANSON, and M. NEWBURY were elected to serve as *President*, *Secretary* and *Junior Treasurer*, respectively, pending a proper election at the beginning of the Michaelmas Term.

LAWN TENNIS CLUB

1956

Captain: T. B. DUFF. *Secretary:* D. A. CLAYDON.

Third VI Secretary: M. F. JOHNSON.

THE Lawn Tennis Club once again enjoyed a successful season, both in friendly matches and in the spheres of more serious tennis. The Club won the singles Cuppers, ably represented by A. J. Clayton, S. S. Cohen and D. M. Eagles, and lost the doubles Cuppers to the eventual winners, Peterhouse, after a very close and exciting match. The leadership of the league was unfortunately lost for the first time for several years, in a close struggle with Caius, St John's finally having to be content with second place.

Friendly matches throughout the season were played in the spirit in which they should be. Matches against old rivals, Cambridge and County (lost 2-7), Old Uppinghamians (lost 3-6), St Thomas's Hospital (won 6-3), the M.A.'s (won 5-4), and the Bar Society (lost 4-5) were all enjoyed, and two fixtures not previously held in previous years, against Bedford County Juniors (won 7-2), and U.C.S. Old Boys (won 5-4) were welcomed.

The Second VI, promoted the year before from the third division to the second division, found the strain of being the only second team in the division too much, and were relegated once again. Friendly fixtures with the Leys School, Cambridge and County second team, and the "Cock and Hen" (C.U.C. and L.T.C.) club were also played.

The Third VI, playing in the fifth division of the league, was blessed, as is its wont, with variable teams, and did well to finish third in the division. The social engagements of this team, against Girton, Newnham, Homerton, and the B.B.C., afforded many members of the College pleasant distraction, and perhaps a little exercise, prior to the calls of the examiners.

During the season, First VI colours were awarded to J. P. Fawcett, P. W. Jackson and D. R. Knott. Second VI colours were awarded to D. R. Aubrey, G. D. Ingram, S. E. Odumyten and R. White.

1957

Captain: D. A. CLAYDON. *Secretary:* J. P. FAWCETT.

Third VI Secretary: P. ROUNTREE.

The 1957 season resulted in the regaining of the Doubles Cuppers lost the year before and the retaining of the Singles Cuppers' title. The presence of B. R. Hatton compensated for the loss of Steve Cohen from the team of the year before and with A. J. Clayton and D. M. Eagles still up, the College had an invincible singles Cuppers team. A change in the organization for the Doubles, the Cuppers team consisting of three pairs instead of one as previously, meant that D. M. Eagles and J. M. Lee, as second pair, and P. W. Jackson and D. R. Knott as third, appeared in the Cuppers team for the first time. In the singles final, Emmanuel was beaten 2-1, and in the doubles Caius by 2-0.

In the league, the First VI were again second to Caius, this time by the margin of three points. Easy victories over Emmanuel (won 12-3), Pembroke (won 10-5), Clare (won 13-2) and Trinity Hall (won 15-0), put the College in a strong position, but close matches with St Catharine's (won 8-7) and Caius (lost 7-8) resulted in defeat in the final total.

Friendly matches were arranged with the same clubs as the year before, but the deficiencies of the weather resulted in the cancellation of the matches with St Thomas's Hospital, the Bar Society, and Balliol College, Oxford. The other matches, against Cambridge and County (lost 2-7), Bedford County Juniors (won 6-3), U.C.S. Old Boys (lost 4-5), Old Uppinghamians (lost 1-7), M.A.'s (lost 2-7) and Guy's Hospital (lost 4-5), proved to be most friendly and enjoyable fixtures, although the calls of the Grasshoppers and the examiners weakened the team on some occasions.

The Second VI, playing in the third division, again experienced the difficulty of playing other college first teams, including one team containing the University No. 1 player. Bad defeats by Magdalene (lost 5-10), Downing (lost 3-12) and Fitzwilliam (lost 0-15) were compensated by victories over Caius II (won 15-0), Corpus (won 9-6) and Clare II (won 15-0), so that the Second VI ended the season by retaining its place in the third division.

The Third VI, playing in the fifth division, again put forward varied teams and met with mixed success. It provided, however, enjoyable tennis for those participating, if a harrowing time for those

required to find the requisite number of people to make a team. Social fixtures with Girton, Newnham and Homerton, the B.B.C. and Clare were again arranged and, it would appear, were distinctly successful. For one match, it may even be recorded that eight Johnians arrived to form the VI! The results of these matches, measured in games and sets, do not matter—indeed, they are not recorded!

B. R. Hatton and T. M. Lee were awarded First VI colours for their consistently high standard of play throughout the season, and D. Bartlett, N. F. Lowe, J. J. Jones and D. B. Payne were awarded Second VI colours. J. P. FAWCETT and T. M. LEE were elected *Captain* and *Secretary*, respectively, for the 1958 season. The Club would like to register its thanks to the President, Dr Glyn Daniel, for inviting it to a sherry party during the course of the term.

MUSICAL SOCIETY

President: MR LEE. *Senior Treasurer:* DR MARTIN. *Musical Director:* MR GUEST. *Librarian:* MR CROOK. *Junior Treasurer:* R. SAMUEL. *Secretary:* P. WILLIAMS. *Committee:* K. BOWEN, J. E. BISHOP, P. RECORDON, P. WHITE.

OWING to the customary inattention paid by members of the College to notice-boards, little support was forthcoming at the beginning of the year for the reforming of the College Orchestra and Chorus—a reforming found necessary partly through Dr Orr's leaving Cambridge. Any ensemble items in the year's concerts were due to individual arranging rather than to a communal organization of the College. However, both Chorus and Orchestra (the first by Ken Bowen, the second by Peter White) have been reorganized for the May Concert, and are well supported.

The concerts throughout the year have been, as usual, of large scope, varying from Elizabethan songs sung by Peter Boggis (counter-tenor) to pieces played by Mr Davies on his accordion, which fascinated the unfortunately small audience. The Combination Room Concert was noticeable for its inclusion of compositions by members of the College, as well as more usual works by Mozart and Telemann. This concert will also long be remembered for the last item, a "Musical Jest in the Form of the Finale to an Italian Opera", where Don Rogers's singing of the words "Con passione" is still ringing in the ears of at least one listener.

Another unusual concert was the one given mainly by senior members of the Musical Society: Mr Lee played some piano pieces of Bartók and Albeniz, Mr Davies his unforgettable accordion solos,

and Mr Crook Hindemith's Clarinet Sonata. Other performers during the year, conspicuous through their frequent appearance, were Richard Samuel, Piers Recordon, John Bishop and Peter White, while the somewhat novel guitar solos, played at different concerts by Don Rogers and Sidney Harland, also proved to be very popular.

The May Week Concert consisted of ensemble music—by the Orchestra ("Water Music"), Chorus ("Folk-song Suite"), Chapel Choir (part-songs), small orchestra ("The Carnival of Animals") and Vocal Quartet (from "Rigoletto"). Dr Hanson played, by way of contrast, Hindemith's "Trumpet Sonata". There was an unusually large number of requests for tickets this year, but it was to be regretted that neither the President (Mr Lee), nor the Musical Director (Mr Guest) was able to be present.

NATURAL SCIENCE CLUB

President: THE MASTER.

Vice-Presidents: DR F. B. KIPPING, DR P. A. G. SCHAUER

MICHAELMAS TERM. *Chairman:* D. E. T. BIDGOOD.

Secretary: B. E. KERLY.

Treasurer: G. TURNER.

LENT TERM. *Chairman:* B. E. KERLY.

Secretary: G. TURNER.

Treasurer: R. F. GRIFFIN.

THIS year's meetings covered a wide range of topics with a pretty even balance between the mathematical and non-mathematical sciences. The guest speaker for the Michaelmas Term was Mr R. Le Maitre who described the recent survey of Gough Island in the South Atlantic by a party composed largely of Cambridge graduates. In the Lent Term Mr A. T. Welford was guest speaker and spoke on the subject "How do we spend our time". This talk attracted a large audience, it being one of the rare occasions that the relatively young science of Psychology has been expounded to the Club.

At the end of the Michaelmas Term there was a special meeting to bid farewell to Mr Martin Canny, a member of the Club who did much to revive it from the doldrums a few years ago. The meeting was very informal, each member present coming prepared to talk for a few minutes on some pet subject. It was not unlike the Exhibits meeting held as usual in the Lent Term save that for the latter each member talked for a short while on his exhibit. At both meetings drinks were available.

The Annual Dinner was on Saturday 6 May, in the Old Music Room.

Mr A. T. Welford has kindly consented to accept the two-year term of office as Vice-President of the Club. The officers for next term are:

Chairman: G. TURNER. *Secretary:* R. F. GRIFFIN. *Treasurer:* N. C. PEACOCK.

THE PURCHAS SOCIETY

President: G. FRYER. *Senior Treasurer:* M. FARMER. *Secretary:* J. TIPPETT (T. P. WILLIAMS in Lent and Easter Terms). *Junior Treasurer:* C. VITA-FINZI.

MR FARMER was welcomed back by the Society at the beginning of the Michaelmas Term after a year in Ceylon, when he spoke about "Vegetable Civilizations". Of other meetings during this term one evening was devoted to short talks by members, and on another Professor N. J. G. Pounds of the University of Indiana gave an illustrated talk on the American Middle West. In the course of the term twenty members of the Society paid a visit to a steel works at Corby. A hockey match with Homerton proved a successful and enjoyable function.

Owing to an unfortunate mountaineering accident to Julian Tippett during the Christmas vacation, T. P. Williams was elected Secretary at the beginning of the Lent Term. During this term speakers were Dr Daniel on archaeology in France, Dr Carpio (of Caracas University, Venezuela) about Venezuela, and Dr Wood, who presented the results of some researches into the life of our patron, Samuel Purchas. At the Annual Dinner the principal guest was Professor Pounds, and as usual further light was thrown on the life and activities of Samuel Purchas.

At the Annual General Meeting J. TIPPETT was elected *President* for the coming year, and D. R. STODDART was elected *Secretary*.

An honourable draw resulted from a cricket match played by the Society against a Willows team.

RIFLE CLUB

THE College Club is now affiliated to the C.U. Rifle Association, and preserves its own identity only in the annual Inter-College Rifle Competition (the London-Scottish Cup), and the Inter-College Revolver shoot (the Waldegrave Cup).

As holders of the London-Scottish Cup, the College Rifle Club entered two teams of four in 1956, but despite fine shooting by A. R. Muirhead and G. J. K. Mackintosh, were narrowly beaten into second place by Trinity. They were also placed second in the Revolver Competition, although Mackintosh won the Victory Bowl as the best individual competitor.

This year the College again entered two teams for the London-Scottish Cup, but neither team offered a serious challenge to the winners, Trinity Hall. In the Revolver Competition Mackintosh, as captain of revolver shooting, retained the Victory Bowl, but the College team were again placed second after a close shoot with Queens'.

RUGBY FIVES CLUB

President: MR J. G. W. DAVIES. *Captain:* R. K. MACKENZIE-ROSS.
Secretary: G. C. WILLSSHER.

ONCE again a comprehensive external fixture list had been arranged, although subsequently several matches were cancelled due to travelling difficulties of visiting teams. Those members who have represented the Club during the year have gained a great deal of experience from playing against a wide variety of opposition. This has ranged from fit schoolboys to rather less fit middle-aged gentlemen, the latter usually being the more difficult to beat. The reason for this is somewhat difficult to find, as it could not be because of the comparative fitness of members of the Club.

Of the matches that actually took place, six were won and six lost. The most notable result was a resounding win against the Oxford University Beavers, for the second year in succession. Two school sides, Oundle second four and Felsted, were also beaten, although the singles were lost in both cases.

There were no leagues this year, and Cuppers were held in the Michaelmas Term. In the second round we played Trinity Hall under rather unsuitable conditions, and narrowly lost. Open singles and doubles competitions were run by the University on a knock-out basis. In the singles C. J. Constable reached the semi-finals, and the doubles competition was won by G. C. Willsher, partnering F. F. R. Fisher (Trinity).

Individually, members of the Club have distinguished themselves in a variety of ways. G. C. Willsher gained the first Half-blue that a member of the Club has gained since 1952, and C. J. Constable was elected to the Sparrows, playing in the match against Oxford. Both R. K. Mackenzie-Ross and M. Sharman also played for the

Sparrows, so that the Club was suitably represented in the University teams. Individual performances in club matches varied considerably from one match to the next, due to the varying social activities of members of the Club.

Prospects for the coming season are none too bright, and could probably only be brightened by the advent of some useful freshmen. However, there are now about twelve members of the Club and several of these should be able to improve their standard sufficiently to represent the Club. Once again Mr J. G. W. Davies has kindly consented to continue as President for the coming season and to raise a side to play the Club.

The following officers were elected for the coming season:
Captain: G. C. WILLSSHER. *Secretary:* F. D. JOHNSON.

SOCCER CLUB

1955-6

President: MR J. S. BOYS-SMITH. *Captain:* J. W. ROBERTSON.
Match Secretary: K. R. HEELEY. *Fixture Secretary:* D. J. SMITH.

UNDER the able captaincy of J. W. Robertson, the First XI enjoyed a satisfactory season, though showing a surprising lack of consistency. Although nine old colours were in residence at the start of the season, few freshmen of even average ability were found, the only freshman to gain his colours being F. Bateman, a very hard-working and industrious full-back who made up for his lack of polish and inches with his vigorous approach to the game. Once again in Cuppers the side flattered only to deceive, for having easily disposed of Peterhouse and King's they lost deservedly to Downing, the eventual cup-winners, after a game in which John's had most of the play and yet never appeared as dangerous in front of goal.

In addition to the First XI, the College ran two other sides, both of which acquitted themselves very ably; in fact, the highlight of the College's season was the Final of the Second Eleven Cuppers between John's B and C XI's, in which the C XI brought about a selectorial upset by playing much the better football and eventually winning a tense and fluctuating struggle 3-2.

A. J. Clayton and J. R. B. Meehan are to be congratulated on their selection for the Falcons against the Oxford Centaurs, and Meehan especially is to be sympathized with as he was most unlucky not to make the Blue side against Oxford; for having played in a number of games immediately before the Varsity match, he was cast aside without justification for a much lesser footballer.

1956-7

President: MR J. S. BOYS-SMITH. *Vice-President:* DR R. E. ROBINSON.
Captain: D. J. SMITH. *Match Secretary:* F. BATEMAN. *Fixture Secretary:* C. H. BEAUMONT.

ONCE again, the College had a disappointing season on the whole, for, having swept all before them in the Michaelmas Term, they made an early exit from the Lent Term Cuppers, losing in the Preliminary round to Christ's who, however, were the eventual winners. It was a pity that the side was not able to produce the brand of football that carried them to the top of the league table, with the impressive record of played 9, won 9, drawn 0, lost 0, goals for 55, goals against 10, in Cuppers; this was due in no small measure to the indisposition of C. H. Beaumont and injuries to S. E. Odaritten and D. A. Spencer, none of whom was able to play against Christ's. The highlights of the whole year were the defeats of Christ's by 8-1 and Emmanuel 6-1 in the Michaelmas Term, the latter result being achieved in spite of our having to play with only nine men due to injuries throughout the second half. It would be invidious to single out any particular player, as each player performed to the limit of his ability, but mention must be made of the tremendous amount of work that F. Bateman got through as match secretary, especially during the Lent Term.

The B and C XI's again were a great success, and, though they did not repeat their performance of reaching the final of the Second Eleven Cuppers, they nevertheless managed to win their respective leagues during the first term; their success was due in no small measure to the driving and able captaincy of J. Crabtree and C. Sheffield, respectively.

D. A. Spencer is to be congratulated on his selection for the Falcons against the Oxford Centaurs, and the Club would like to extend a very warm welcome to Dr R. E. Robinson, who has very kindly consented to become Vice-President of the Club, and hope that his association with the Club will be a long and happy one.

SQUASH CLUB

THE 1956-7 squash season was very much less successful for St John's than it has been for several years. The influx of good freshmen last October was not sufficient to make up for the paucity of last year and our First Team was unable to maintain its second place in the first league ladder. It was relegated after the Michaelmas

Term. The Lent Term saw better form from the First Team, but it narrowly failed to regain a position in the first league. The Second and Third Teams continued their almost traditional erratic course with a tendency this year to fluctuate downwards.

The Club was very active socially and possibly showed itself more adept in this line. Our popular fixtures in Oxford with Balliol College were put off by the petrol rationing.

I. M. Spence was elected captain for the 1957-8 season and P. O. Brown, our most promising freshman, who already plays first string, was elected secretary.

BOOK REVIEWS

P. A. STURROCK. *Static and Dynamic Electron Optics*. Cambridge Monographs on Mechanics and Applied Mathematics (Cambridge University Press, pp. x+240. 1955. 30s.)

This book, highly characteristic of its author, provides an account of electron-optical theory which is in a class by itself in the English literature of the subject. That its mathematics will be found difficult by physicists is inevitable; electron optics, like light optics, owes much of its present vitality to the recent introduction of better mathematical techniques. However, there is no question of any diversion of interest into mathematical bypaths; the ultimate aims of the theoretical discussions are always practical.

The first part deals with static electron optics, that is to say with the optical properties of beams of electrons, or other charged particles, which are in steady motion. It consists of five chapters. In the first, a system of electron-optical units is laid down and the variational equation is derived (the author rightly refuses to glorify it with the title of "principle") on which he bases the whole of geometrical optics. This equation is immediately applied to a preliminary discussion (analogous to Gaussian optics) of electrostatic and of magnetic electron lenses.

Chapter 2 introduces Hamilton's characteristic functions and the "perturbation characteristic functions" of a system and proceeds to an admirable discussion, covering both light and electron optics, of the general properties (Hamilton theory) of image-forming systems. Chapters 3 and 4 carry the discussion forward, on a progressively less rarefied level, to the point where it can treat of the third-order aberrations of a rotationally symmetric system, of chromatic aberration and the relativistic correction, of space charge and space current, and of the effects of small asymmetries in the construction of the system on its imaging properties. Chapter 5 includes discussions of β -ray spectrographs, mass spectrographs and cathode-ray-tube deflectors.

The second part of the book is concerned with the focusing of particle accelerators, and the method of characteristic functions, used in the first part to evaluate aberrations, is here applied to give a method of determining whether non-linear terms and constructional inaccuracies may jeopardize the stability of a machine. The synchrotron, the linear electron accelerator, and the strong-focusing synchrotron are considered in some detail.

It is indeed true to say that all concerned with the focusing of charged particles will be interested in this book. A final comment may perhaps be called for. In spite of, or rather because of, its concise elegance and sustained analytical power, Dr Sturrock's book can

hardly be recommended as an introduction to its subject. It will be most appreciated by those who have become dissatisfied with more elementary presentations.

E. H. LINFOOT

JOHN FERGUSON. *The United Nations and the World's Needs*. (London: Regency Press, 5s.)

This is a pamphlet containing six lectures on the various practical activities of the United Nations: its work for Peace, Food, Health, Refugees, Human Rights, and the work of U.N.E.S.C.O. (Educational, Scientific, and Cultural). Like nearly all lectures, these are uneven in quality, Professor Ferguson being at his best when dealing with refugees, a truly supra-national problem, and at his worst when dealing with the U.N. and world peace. Above all this pamphlet does not really touch on the greatest problem of all of our times, the problem of nationalism. Any world organization which ignores this is doomed to failure. The greatest problem of all is how to harness the power of nationalism, or again, as far as the U.N. is concerned, to gain a clear understanding of its appropriate spheres of action. This is just what Professor Ferguson does not do. The question of a world organization such as the U.N., moreover, must be viewed as a whole in relation to its usefulness to the various societies of the world. Besides some rather doubtful historical references, there is a dubious idealistic strain, in many places irrelevant and inappropriate, running through this pamphlet. Enlightened self-interest not idealism, clear thinking not woolly thinking, these are the criteria which should be used. But this pamphlet does at least give the background of the past and present activities of the U.N. for anyone interested in the welfare of mankind, and in considering the appropriate spheres and the appropriate mode of the activities of the United Nations organizations.

D. G. H.

COLLEGE NOTES

Fellowships

The following were elected Fellows of the College in May 1957:

Dr OWEN MARTIN PHILLIPS (Ph.D. 1955), of Trinity College, in Fluid Mechanics.

Dr ROGER PENROSE (Ph.D. 1957) in Pure Mathematics.

Mr J. R. SHAKESHAFT (B.A. 1952) in Radio Astronomy.

Mr WILFRED PREST, Professor of Economics in the University of Melbourne, has been elected into the Dominions Fellowship for 1957.

Awards and other Honours

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

Frank Smart Studentship in Botany: T. C. WHITMORE (B.A. 1956).

Bell Exhibition: R. I. L. HOWLAND (Matric. 1956). *Ayers*

Henry Arthur Thomas Travel Exhibition: M. R. AYRES (Matric. 1955), C. J. A. CURTIS (Matric. 1955) and W. G. RAGG (Matric. 1955).

Adam Smith Prize: MANMOHAN SINGH (Matric. 1955).

David Richards Travel Scholarship: C. VITA-FINZI (Matric. 1955).

Craven Studentship, Henry Arthur Thomas Scholarship, Hallam Prize and Montagu Butler Prize: W. G. RAGG (Matric. 1955).

Battie Scholarship and a Henry Arthur Thomas Scholarship: J. B. HALL (Matric. 1956).

Sir William Browne's Medal for a Latin Ode: C. J. A. CURTIS (Matric. 1955).

Smith's Prize: J. R. RINGROSE (B.A. 1953).

John Stewart of Rannoch Scholarship in Sacred Music: P. G. WHITE (Matric. 1956); *proxime accessit*: P. F. WILLIAMS (Matric. 1955).

Grant from the Shell Chemical Engineering Studies Fund: R. M. NEDDERMAN (B.A. 1956).

Grant from the Worts Travelling Scholars' Fund: J. C. RUCKLIDGE (Matric. 1956), for an expedition to the Purcell Range in Western Canada.

Awards from the Mary Euphrasia Mosley Fund for the encouragement of travel to the countries of the British Commonwealth: D. R. STODDART (Matric. 1956) and J. WALTON (Matric. 1956).

The Honorary Degree of D.C.L. was conferred on 30 June 1956 by the University of Durham at Newcastle upon Tyne upon Professor E. C. S. WADE (B.A. 1920, from Caius), formerly Fellow.

The Research Medal of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society has been awarded to Mr G. R. CRONE (B.A. 1922), librarian and map curator of the Royal Geographical Society, for work in cartography and the history of geography.

Mr F. HOYLE (B.A. 1936), Fellow, and Dr J. F. DANIELLI (Ph.D. 1942), formerly Fellow, Professor of Zoology, King's College, London, have been elected Fellows of the Royal Society.

Mr D. DAICHES (Ph.D. by incorporation 1951), formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, University Lecturer in English, has been elected a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge.

Dr G. L. SQUIRES (B.A. 1945) has been elected a Fellow of Trinity College, and appointed assistant lecturer in Natural Sciences at Trinity.

Sir EDWARD APPLETON (B.A. 1914), Honorary Fellow, has been given the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Letters by the University of Cincinnati (U.S.A.), and the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Engineering by the Technische Hochschule of Hanover.

Mr R. D. SYKES (B.A. 1955) has been elected to a Commonwealth Fund Fellowship in Philosophy.

New Year Honours, 1957

Order of Merit: Sir JOHN COCKCROFT (B.A. 1924), Honorary Fellow.

Knight Bachelor: THE MASTER; Mr FREDERICK JOHN PASCOE (B.A. 1919), chairman and managing director of British Timken, Limited, of Daventry.

C.B.E.: Mr C. W. H. BEATON (Matric. 1922), photographer and designer.

Wing-Commander P. H. BALDWIN (B.A. 1939), R.A.F., has been promoted Group Captain.

Birthday Honours, June 1957

Baronet: HAMILTON WILLIAM KERR (M.A. 1934, by incorporation), Member of Parliament for Cambridge.

G.C.M.G.: Sir HUGH MACKINTOSH FOOT (B.A. 1929), Governor in Chief, Jamaica.

C.B.E.: CHARLES KELLAM BIRD (B.A. 1921), General Manager, Eastern Region, British Railways.

O.B.E.: JOHN ARTHUR KING MARTYN (B.A. 1924), Headmaster, Doon School, Dehra Dun, India.

C.B.: DENIS WILLIAM LATIMER HAVILAND (B.A. 1933), Under-Secretary, Ministry of Supply.

C.B.: FRANK WILLIAM MOTTERSHEAD (B.A. 1933), Under-Secretary, Ministry of Defence.

Academic and Public Appointments

The following University appointments have been made of members of the College:

Mr J. R. BAMBROUGH (B.A. 1948), Fellow and Tutor, to be a University Assistant Lecturer in Classics.

Mr J. C. HALL (B.A. 1948), Fellow, to be a University Assistant Lecturer in Law.

The Rev. H. ST J. HART (B.A. 1934), Fellow of Queens' College, to be Lady Margaret's Preacher for 1957.

Dr M. R. HORNE (B.A. 1942) to be a University Lecturer in Engineering.

Mr D. A. HOPWOOD (B.A. 1954), Bye-Fellow of Magdalene College, to be a University Demonstrator in Botany.

Mr D. M. JOSLIN (B.A. 1947), Fellow of Pembroke College, to be a University Lecturer in History.

Mr P. J. LAWRENCE (B.A. 1956) to be an Assistant in Research in the Department of Engineering.

Mr R. K. LIVESLEY (B.A. 1947) to be a University Lecturer in Engineering.

Mr R. A. MACKNESS (M.A. 1952) to be Senior Research Officer in the Farm Economics Branch, Department of Agriculture.

Dr J. P. STERN (B.A. 1945), Fellow, to be a University Lecturer in German.

Dr P. RICKARD (Ph.D. 1952), Fellow of Emmanuel College, to be a University Lecturer in French.

Sir JOSEPH BURTT HUTCHINSON (B.A. 1923), Director of the Empire Cotton Research Station, Uganda, has been elected Drapers Professor of Agriculture, to succeed Sir Frank Engledow (B.A. 1913), Fellow, who retires on 1 October 1957.

Mr G. G. JANES (B.A. 1947) has been appointed manager of the inspection department of F. Perkins, Limited, diesel engineers, of Peterborough.

Mr P. W. ROWE (B.A. 1950), assistant master at Repton School, has been appointed headmaster of Bishop's Stortford College.

Mr J. F. RUST (B.A. 1949) has been appointed Director of Music at Christ's Hospital.

Mr J. C. BROOKE (B.A. 1931) has been appointed Chief Education Officer for Worcestershire.

Mr R. HENSTOCK (B.A. 1944) has been appointed Lecturer in Mathematics in the University of Bristol.

Dr G. C. L. BERTRAM (B.A. 1932), Fellow and Tutor, has been appointed William Evans visiting professor in the University of New Zealand for 1957.

Dr R. F. J. INGLEBY (B.A. 1953) has been appointed a research associate at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Mr M. LOCKE (B.A. 1952) has been appointed Lecturer in Zoology in the University College of the West Indies, Jamaica.

Mr J. DAIN (B.A. 1943) has been appointed chief of microwave research, English Electric Valve Company.

Mr B. M. SCOTT (B.A. 1947) has been appointed Technical Assistant at the High Mowthorpe Experimental Husbandry Farm, Yorkshire.

Instructor-Captain J. FLEMING, R.N. (B.A. 1925) has been promoted Instructor-Rear-Admiral, and appointed Director of the Naval Education Service.

Dr A. SALAM (B.A. 1948), Fellow, has been appointed Professor of Mathematics, Imperial College of Science and Technology, University of London.

Wing-Commander A. HUGHES (B.A. 1938), D.F.C., commanding officer of the University Air Squadron from 1953 to 1956, has been appointed to the Air Ministry, for duty in the department of the Chief of the Air Force.

Dr R. M. JACKSON (B.A. 1924), Fellow, has been appointed a member of a Home Office departmental committee to inquire into the law relating to children and young people.

Mr J. H. REDDING (B.A. 1945) has been appointed project manager for H. G. Acres and Company, Limited, of Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada, on the Shadival Canal Falls Hydro-electric Scheme, West Pakistan.

Mr P. V. DANCKWERTS, G.C. (M.A. 1948), formerly University Demonstrator in Chemical Engineering, Deputy Director of Research and Development, Industrial Group, Atomic Energy Autho-

ity, has been appointed Professor of Chemical Engineering Science at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, University of London.

Mr P. D. MACDONALD (B.A. 1931), colonial secretary, Leeward Islands, has been appointed colonial secretary, Fiji.

Dr B. R. MORTON (B.A. 1952) has been appointed Lecturer in Applied Mathematics in the University of Manchester.

Mr D. A. KIDD (B.A. 1936), Professor of Classics in the University College of the Gold Coast, has been appointed Professor of Classics in Canterbury University College, New Zealand.

Mr KENNETH ADAM (B.A. 1929) has been appointed Controller of Television Programmes of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

Mr H. J. G. COLLIS (B.A. 1935), headmaster of Eastbourne Preparatory School, has been appointed headmaster of Colet Court, the junior school of St Paul's School, London.

Mr D. W. J. CRUICKSHANK (B.A. 1949), formerly Fellow, Lecturer in Mathematical Chemistry in the University of Leeds, has been given the title and status of Reader.

Mr T. FINNEGAN (B.A. 1924), President of Magee University College, Londonderry, Northern Ireland, has been appointed principal of St Catharine's, Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park.

Dr R. A. BUCKINGHAM (B.A. 1932), Reader in Physics at University College, London, has been appointed Director of the University of London Computational Unit.

Mr W. B. MORRELL (B.A. 1934), Managing Director of The Birmingham Gazette and Despatch Limited, has been appointed a Director of The Birmingham Post & Mail Limited.

Ecclesiastical Appointments

The Rev. J. H. NORRIS (B.A. 1925), vicar of St James, Darwen, to be vicar of St John the Evangelist, Lund, Lancashire.

The Rev. E. M. B. LOFT (B.A. 1949), curate of St George, Barrow in Furness, to be vicar of Allonby with West Newton, Cumberland.

The Rev. J. T. M. PARLOW (B.A. 1943), curate of Scarborough, to be vicar of Carlton Miniott with Sand Hutton, Yorkshire.

The Rev. D. L. SEARS (B.A. 1949), curate of St Paul, Preston, Lancashire, to be vicar of St James, Burnley.

The Rev. T. C. LEDGARD (B.A. 1938), rector of Fulbourn, Cambridgeshire, a College living, has been presented by Trinity College to the vicarage of Kirkby Lonsdale with Mansergh, Westmorland.

The Right Rev. C. E. STUART (B.A. 1914), rector of All Saints, Worcester, formerly Bishop of Uganda, has been appointed residentiary canon of Worcester.

The Rev. F. P. B. ASHE (B.A. 1937), vicar of Blindley Heath, Surrey, to be vicar of Otley, Yorkshire.

The Rev. S. M. EPPS (B.A. 1922), vicar of St Oswald, Coney Hill, Gloucestershire, to be vicar of Wimborne Minster, Dorset.

The Rev. F. W. BURGESS (B.A. 1933), chaplain of Abingdon School, Berkshire, to be rector of North with South Lopham, Norfolk, a College living.

The Rev. E. SIDDALL (B.A. 1949), rector of Alexton, Leicestershire, to be priest in charge of Belton and Wardley, Rutland.

The Rev. J. R. BAMBER (B.A. 1922), vicar of Holy Trinity, Malvern, to be an honorary canon of Worcester Cathedral.

The Rev. M. L. H. BOYNS (B.A. 1949), curate of Woodmansterne, Surrey, to be curate of Holy Trinity with Christ Church, Folkestone.

The Rev. A. W. BUTTERWORTH (B.A. 1923), rector of Plaxtol, Kent, to be rector of Much Birch with Little Birch, Herefordshire.

The Rev. P. R. M. GARNETT (B.A. 1927), curate of Kirby Moor-side, to be vicar of Ledsham with Fairburn, Yorkshire.

The Rev. G. W. SILK (B.A. 1920), vicar of Outwood, Yorkshire, to be vicar of Hartshead, Yorkshire.

The Rev. B. G. W. CRAMP (B.A. 1950, from Pembroke), chaplain of the College, to be rector of St Wilfrid, Newton Heath, Manchester.

The Rev. R. P. DODD (B.A. 1908), formerly chaplain of the College, to be canon emeritus of Portsmouth Cathedral.

The Rev. HOWARD WILLIAMS (M.Litt. 1945), vicar of Ammanford, Carmarthenshire, to be vicar of Llanelly.

Ordinations

Mr E. G. SHRUBBS (B.A. 1926), formerly principal of the Government Secondary School, Aden, was ordained deacon 30 September 1956 by the Bishop of St Edmundsbury and Ipswich, to the curacy of Beccles.

Mr D. WHITEHEAD (B.A. 1950), Wells Theological College, was ordained deacon 7 October 1956 by the Bishop of Manchester, to the Church of the Ascension, Lower Broughton, Lancashire.

The Rev. J. N. HARRISON (B.A. 1954) was ordained priest by the Bishop of Ripon on 16 June 1957.

Resignations

The Rev. Canon R. P. DODD (B.A. 1908), rector of Freshwater, Isle of Wight.

The Rev. J. E. N. JACKSON (B.A. 1908), rector of Wetheral, Carlisle.

The Rev. S. B. PRISTON (B.A. 1902), rector of Marwood, Devonshire.

The Rev. M. G. SYKES (Matric. 1902), vicar of Rendham with Sweffling, Suffolk.

Legal Appointments

Mr C. P. HEPTONSTALL (B.A. 1947) and Mr M. B. WARD (B.A. 1955) were called to the Bar by the Inner Temple 27 November 1956.

Mr JOHN MEGAW (B.A. 1931), Q.C., has been appointed Recorder of Middlesbrough.

Mr S. I. LEVY (B.A. 1912) and Mr W. L. MARS-JONES (B.A. 1939) have been appointed Queen's Counsel.

Mr M. N. MUNIR (B.A. 1946), Solicitor-General in Cyprus, has been appointed Queen's Counsel for the island.

Medical Appointments

Dr H. G. MATHER (B.A. 1942) has been appointed consultant physician to the Bristol clinical area.

Mr R. H. B. MILLS (B.A. 1944) has been appointed assistant traumatic surgeon to the East Glamorgan Hospital.

Mr A. S. VALENTINE (B.A. 1951) has been appointed medical officer in Sierra Leone.

Dr J. A. COSH (B.A. 1936) has been appointed consultant physician to the Bath clinical area.

Mr RONALD G. GIBSON (B.A. 1932) has been elected to the Council of the B.M.A. for the seventh year and is Chairman of the B.M.A. Organization Committee. He has been awarded the Butterworth Gold Medal for 1956.

Marriages

PETER ALFRED JAMES (B.A. 1956) to BEATRICE POTTER, daughter of Professor George Richard Potter (B.A. 1922), of the British Embassy, Bonn—on 12 April 1957, at St George's Church, Bloomsbury Way, London.

VICTOR EDWARD COLLISON (B.A. 1939) to JANE ELIZABETH RIDDELL, elder daughter of T. C. Riddell, of Greenock—on 30 April 1957, at St Paul's Parish Church, Greenock.

PETER WILLIAM MOORE (B.A. 1956) to JANET MARY SEGGER—on 13 April 1957, at St Mary's Baptist Church, Norwich.

RICHARD PAUL LLOYD (B.A. 1954) to MARGERY KATE CODLING, elder daughter of J. B. Codling, of Filton, Gloucestershire—on 22 December 1956, at Filton Methodist Church.

DAVID DUNSTON SILIAN EVANS (B.A. 1947) to BARBARA ELAINE COATES, daughter of Harry Coates, of Winnipeg—on 28 December 1956, at St Aidan's Church, Winnipeg, Canada.

CHARLES PHILIP ABBOTT SHARLAND (B.A. 1936) to ANNE ELIZABETH WEBB, daughter of Captain A. B. Webb, Indian Army, and of Mrs Webb, of Southsea, Hampshire—on 28 December 1956, at Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia.

IAN ALEXANDER NORFOLK URQUHART (Matric. 1938), Colonial Administrative Service, Sarawak, to BEATRICE SOULSBY, daughter of F. S. Soulsby, of Bexhill, Sussex—on 19 January 1957, at the Cathedral Church of St Thomas, Kuching, Sarawak.

THOMAS MICHAEL BLAKE CRAWLEY-BOEVEY (B.A. 1952) to LAURA COELINGH VAN DER EYKEN, of Wassenaar, Holland—on 16 February 1957, at Flaxley, Gloucestershire.

ANDREW MACKENZIE HAY (B.A. 1950) to LOUISE WARNER, daughter of Henry Lunney, of New York, and Mrs Vera Ried, of Santa Monica, California—on 30 January 1957, in California.

ANTHONY DOUGLAS MARTIN-SPERRY (B.A. 1938) to JUDITH ANNE PACEY—on 3 April 1957, in London.

DAVID JOHN RIDLEY (Matric. 1951) to DEBORAH DONNE-SMITH—on 8 September 1956, at St Mary's, Hitchin, Hertfordshire.

HAROLD ADDISON (B.A. 1953) to BETTY AMELIA SALE, younger daughter of A. L. Sale, of Cambridge—on 25 August 1956, at St Mark's Church, Cambridge.

HUGH JAMES HOYLAND (B.A. 1953) to JANE WHITTAKER, daughter of Herbert Whittaker, late of the Indian Civil Service—on 15 September 1956, at the Parish Church, East Grinstead, Sussex.

JOHN HUBERT REDDING (B.A. 1945) to MARGARET JOAN PRICE, elder daughter of H. L. Price, of Timperley, Cheshire—on 10 September 1956, at Timperley Parish Church.

GEORGE DAVID GWILT (B.A. 1949) to ANN D. SYLVESTER, second daughter of A. J. Sylvester, of Darien, Connecticut, U.S.A.—on 29 September 1956, at Morningside Parish Church, Edinburgh.

PETER DELANO EDWARD MADELEY (B.A. 1954) to DOROTHY MABEL ROLES, of Leigh-on-Sea, Essex—on 31 March 1956, at St Alphege's Church, Bath.

GRAEME CLARK JACKSON (B.A. 1952) to DOREEN ELSIE PENNA, daughter of the Rev. Edward Penna, of Newquay, Cornwall—on 7 September 1956, at the Methodist Church, Kollupitiya, Colombo, Ceylon.

MARTIN LAURENCE HARLEY BOYNS (B.A. 1949) to SUSAN CICELY JOYCE CARTER, daughter of H. W. Carter, of Banstead—on 4 June 1955, at St Peter's, Woodmansterne, Surrey.

DAVID JOHN ARMSTRONG (B.A. 1950) to JANE MERRICK SOPER, daughter of Squadron Leader C. H. G. Soper, of Wendover, Buckinghamshire—on 23 June 1956, at St Bartholomew's, Leigh, Surrey.

ROGER KENDRICK HAYWARD (B.A. 1950) to RACHEL CHRISTIAN ERSKINE, of Bradfield St Clare, Suffolk—on 2 July 1956, at St Mary, The Boltons, South Kensington, S.W.

JONATHAN WOLFE MILLER (B.A. 1956) to RACHEL COLLET, of the Royal Free Hospital, second daughter of Robert Collet, of Northwood, Middlesex—on 27 July 1956, at Marylebone Register Office.

LIONEL FRANK READ (B.A. 1952) to SHIRLEY GREENHALGH, of Harrogate—on 25 August 1956, at St Robert's Church, Pannal, Harrogate.

ROBERT ROSS (B.A. 1934) to DOROTHY JEWITT, recently of Iyi-Enu Hospital, Onitsha, Southern Nigeria—on 8 September 1956, at Bromley Parish Church.

ALASTAIR LEIOD MACLEOD (B.A. 1950) to LEONORA MARY SYMONDS, daughter of Reginald Askwith Symonds (B.A. 1928), of Hereford—on 17 November 1956, in Hereford Cathedral.

Deaths

THOMAS FOX BREWSTER (B.A. 1896), race-horse owner and breeder, sometime an assistant master at Bancroft's School, Woodford, Essex, died at Winsley Hurst, Ripley, Harrogate, 31 March 1957, aged 83.

JOHN EDWARD SEWELL (B.A. 1926), political journalist, on the staff of the *Empire News*, formerly of the *Daily Telegraph* and *Daily Express*, died in London 14 April 1957, aged 53.

WALTER LIDWELL HARNETT (B.A. 1899), C.I.E., M.D., formerly of the Indian Medical Service, died suddenly in London 24 April 1957, aged 77.

JAMES DONALD (Matric. 1895), Knight Bachelor, C.S.I., C.I.E., late of the Indian Civil Service, died in London 26 April 1957, aged 83.

RICHARD YERBURGH BONSEY (B.A. 1897), rector of Great Oakley, Essex, from 1931 to 1945, who rowed for Cambridge against Oxford in 1895 and 1896, died at Selsey 29 April 1957, aged 83.

WILLIAM EARDLEY (B.A. 1885), M.B., for many years in medical practice in Goole, Yorkshire, died 29 October 1956, aged 92.

CUTHBERT HENRY DE TRAFFORD (Matric. 1919), of Mill House, Shorne, Kent, died 9 November 1956, aged 59.

JOHN MATTHEW ELLIS (B.A. 1934), medical practitioner at Newent, Gloucestershire, skin consultant to Gloucester Infirmary, died 1 November 1956, aged 43.

MICHAEL TREVISKEY SAMPSON (B.A. 1920) died 19 November 1956, aged 60.

WILLIAM BUCKLEY (B.A. 1924), thoracic surgeon for Nottingham, died 14 November 1956, aged 53.

GEORGE WALWORTH (B.A. 1914), agricultural organizer to the Co-operative Union, died on 27 November 1956, aged 64.

CARL PAUL AUBRY (B.A. 1911), late headmaster of West House School, Edgbaston, died at Blackborough, Devon, 12 December 1956, aged 67.

ALFRED CHAPPLE (B.A. 1897), for many years a successful coach in mathematics for the Mechanical Sciences Tripos, died in Cambridge on Christmas Day 1956, aged 80.

CHARLES JOSEPH WOODHOUSE (B.A. 1887), vicar of St Peter, Bury, Lancashire, from 1898 to 1922, and vicar of Ribby with Wrea from 1922 to 1945, died at Water Yeat, Ulverston, Lancashire, 10 September 1956, aged 91.

WILLIAM JAMES CROFTON GRIFFITHS (B.A. 1896), rector of Hornead, Hertfordshire, from 1930 to 1938, died at Hove, Sussex, 11 September 1956, aged 83.

MICHAEL WYATT (Ph.D. 1952), Assistant Professor of Mineralogy in Stanford University, California, was killed by falling from the Golden Gate bridge over San Francisco Bay on 16 September 1956; he was aged 27.

ALEXANDER EDWARD MONRO (B.A. 1889), Instructor-Captain, Royal Navy (retired), died at Glaphorn, Northamptonshire, 12 October 1956, aged 89.

JOHN REGINALD RINGROSE-VOASE (Matric. 1922), late of Anlaby House, near Hull, died in Ceylon, October 1956, aged 53.

DAVID GORE-LLOYD (B.A. 1953) died at Westminster Hospital 1 July 1956, aged 25.

ARTHUR STANLEY KIDD (B.A. 1896), Professor of English at Rhodes University College, Grahamstown, South Africa, from 1904 to 1932, died 15 May 1956, aged 87.

MAXWELL JACKSON (B.A. 1885), LL.M., formerly in practice as a solicitor in Hull, died at Ferriby Hill, North Ferriby, Yorkshire, 28 July 1956, aged 91.

THOMAS SIDNEY WATERLOW FOX (B.A. 1900), formerly headmaster of Courtenay Lodge and Maiden Erleigh, Reading, died at Wokingham, 27 July 1956, aged 77.

CHARLES HENRY COE (B.A. 1893), rector of Nurstead, Kent, from 1939 to 1945, died at Woodchurch, Ashford, Kent, 31 July 1956, aged 86.

JOHN NORTON BECKETT (B.A. 1904) died in London, 6 July 1956, aged 74.

CHARLES HERBERT BLOMFIELD (B.A. 1891), for many years assistant master at Bradford Grammar School, died at Bradford, 27 August 1956, aged 87.

RALPH PETER VARWELL (B.A. 1906), lieutenant-colonel, Royal Ulster Rifles, retired, died in a motor accident at Grahamstown, South Africa, aged 73.

HAROLD JOSEPH ROBINSON (B.A. 1898), formerly in medical practice at Kirkoswald, Cumberland, died at Orpington, Kent, 26 January 1957, aged 82.

THOMAS WILLIAM WATSON (B.A. 1911), headmaster of King Edward VI School, Stourbridge, from 1934 to 1950, died 19 January 1957, aged 67.

JAMES HUGH EVERETT SUMMERHILL (B.A. 1930), of University College Hospital, London, sometime in practice at Westbury, Wiltshire, died 26 January 1957, aged 48.

DUDLEY WILLIAM WARD (B.A. 1907), formerly Fellow, a Director and Manager of the British Overseas Bank from 1920 to 1939, died 8 February 1957, aged 71.

OSWALD LOWNDES SCARBOROUGH (B.A. 1899), in medical practice at Selby, Yorkshire, for 37 years, died at Selby, 16 January 1957, aged 80.

ROBERT HENRY FOWLER (Matric. 1875), D.L., Captain, Shropshire Light Infantry, retired, of Rahinston, Enfield, Co. Meath, died 11 May 1957, aged 99.

WALTER GUSTAV BORCHARDT (B.A. 1894), assistant master at Cheltenham College from 1898 to 1933, died at Cheltenham, 31 May 1957, aged 84.

ARTHUR OCTAVIUS SCUTT (B.A. 1887), vicar of Appledore, Kent, from 1908 to 1927, and of Thurnham from 1927 to 1942, died 5 June 1957, aged 91.

CORRESPONDENCE

Gentlemen,

By courtesy of the Sunningdale Golf Club, which operates on land owned by the College, the Johnian Society was permitted to hold its annual competition for the Marshall Hall Cup over that club's superb Old Course on Saturday, 20 October.

This meeting is always a pleasant occasion; but this year only nine members took part in it, and at lunch time one of them remarked that if this was the best the Society could do, the fixture had better be allowed to die a natural death. The rest of us thought this idea subversive and premature, but nobody denied that it had an uncomfortable ring of commonsense.

Opinion was general that the meeting is being neglected simply because people don't know what they are missing; and as I happen to be a scribe by profession and an ex-editor of *The Eagle*, I was deputed to try my hand at propaganda.

I am not going to make any appeal to old-college-tie sentiment. A man who wants to keep in touch with fellow-Johnians can do so better at the annual dinner than at Sunningdale. This is not so for me personally, because as a dramatic critic I find dinners difficult and golf meetings easy; and there may be Johnians in other Stygian professions (burglary, for instance, or nightwatchmanship) who are similarly handicapped—but I am not arguing on behalf of a minority. I am saying that the golf meeting is worth saving for everybody's sake, simply on its merits as a day out.

For any man who plays golf, however badly, I can't think of a bigger treat. Sunningdale has two of the best inland courses to be found anywhere. Officially, they are closed to visitors on Saturdays, but the club breaks its rule for us and looks after us beautifully, charging us only fifteen shillings a day inclusive of lunch, tea and tips. Could one hope, in these days, to get a day of first-rate golf for less than twice that anywhere else?

As for transport, in the days before the war those of us who had cars drove down, taking with them as passengers those who hadn't. It would be easy enough to make similar arrangements once again.

Finally, let me emphasize that however incompetent a golfer a man may be, however long in tooth or handicap, he need never fear that the standard of play at this meeting will put him out of countenance. There are always a few young to youngish men present, who can play to their handicaps, and who save the Society's face by seeing to it that the Cup is won by a respectable score. But the hard core of the gathering is a group of elderly gentlemen who, whatever their pretensions before the war, are now contented hutch-dwellers. We persistent rabbits no longer aspire to win the cup. But there is a danger that, if numbers are allowed to go on dwindling, one of us may find himself, some year soon, solitary at Sunningdale, and become the winner by default.

Yours, etc.

W. A. DARLINGTON