THE EAGLE

October 1958

No. 252

Coll.
Cam

The Eagle

A MAGAZINE SUPPORTED BY MEMBERS OF
ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

The Repair and Restoration of Second Court *page* 79

Are We Educated? 81

Historical Studies, 1858–1918. II 85

A Sense of Grievance? An 'angry young man' replies 89

The Liberty of the Prison: Reflexions of a Prisoner of War 95

College Chronicle 109

College Notes 125

Correspondence 133

Book Reviews 134

College Awards 139

Editorial Committee

Dr BEER (*Senior Editor*), Mr HINSLEY (*Treasurer*), D. G. HOSKIN (*Junior Editor*), Dr PENROSE, Dr POCOCK, Dr SHAKESHAFT, Dr STERN, N. WOOD, I. S. WORDSWORTH.

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

VOL. LVIII OCTOBER 1958 NO. 252

The Repair and Restoration of Second Court

THE restoration of Second Court has been of so complex a nature, raising matters of aesthetics, questions of history and practical problems, that it is impossible in a short space to give a balanced account of what is being attempted. As far as the progress of the work is concerned, however, members of the College will be relieved to know that at last we have almost reached the end of the slow and rather painful phase of demolition in the block between First and Second Court south of the Hall, when the removal of each decayed piece of the old building disclosed a further unsound layer below. An elaborate photographic record has been kept of the different stages. The College has been well served during this difficult period by Messrs Sindall's men under their foreman, Mr Barlow, who has exercised extreme care at each stage of the demolition, and who has done everything possible to minimize interference with the work of the Kitchen and Butteries. On the First Court side the whole wall was substantially sound, and it has been strengthened by the insertion of reinforced concrete beams which carry the main steel work of the reconstructed first and second floors. The end wall of the Hall is also reasonably sound, although the upper part has in the past been honey-combed by chimney flues, which will now be bricked in. On the Second Court side, however, it has been necessary to demolish the whole wall between the Hall and the O Staircase tower to just below ground level, while the foundations of the two main steel stanchions which carry the weight of the floors and roof on this side extend down to a bed of gravel below the level of the cellar floor. A sound basis having thus been found good progress has recently been made in the rebuilding of the upper floors, the bulk of the steel and reinforced concrete being now in position. There will be an independent cavity wall on the Second Court side, although a final decision on suitable bricks for the facing has been delayed. Accordingly in the first place the inner wall of 13½-inch brickwork carrying the weight of the

Clipsham stone windows has been erected by itself, and has already reached second floor level. This has made it possible to begin the installation of the services in rooms on the first floor, which has already been partitioned. The space which used to be occupied by the College Office has now been divided into five bed-sitting rooms, each using the whole of one window. Two of these have their own gyp-rooms, and the other three share a communal one. Running hot and cold water will be laid on and there will be a central heating system with thermostats in the rooms. It is hoped that most of these will be ready for occupation before the beginning of next Lent Term.

In spite of its thickness (20 inches) the new wall is so much thinner than the old that the Scholars' Buttery will be nearly 2 feet wider, and this has made possible considerable improvements. The counter will be swept round to run diagonally towards the south-west corner, giving more floor space, and the present trap-door to the cellars will be replaced by an ordinary stairway. Improvements are also planned for the Wordsworth Room, which will be extended northwards by 4 to 5 feet, and provided with a servery.

G. C. E.

Are We Educated?

LET us assume that there is no such thing as absolute truth. Every form of human knowledge is based on human perception and human measure, and these are not infallible. Thus we can only concern ourselves with degrees of truth, and judge that Einstein's laws are more likely to be nearer an absolute truth than the intuition of the historian.

If this is so, the present attitude towards education in our schools is a wrong one. It has led to a mystification of science and a deification of the so-called scientific 'method' by scientists and non-scientists alike. It is not surprising to find that among the undergraduates at Cambridge who are arts men a large number regard any scientific discussion with as much unintelligent awe as would one of their bedmakers.

A boy at school can be taught classics and a little English literature and can pass through this University into an administrative job with not one single inkling of a fundamental physical or biological concept. One would be a fool to contend that this lack of knowledge does not matter for administration. How can we expect a country to succeed if men who approve of financing schemes for atomic power stations have an understanding of electricity which ends at the light switch in their bedrooms?

One might say that this lack of education does not exist in this University. This would be to remain blind. In observation of my friends over two years, I have found that there is no desire to discuss any problem of science except by those who are scientists—and then only with reluctance. I have found that arts men who attend the most elementary scientific lectures understand little or nothing of what is being offered them. These men will leave a lecture muttering that it was above their heads, too difficult, wrapped in jargon. And what is more frightening is their evident feeling that the lecturer was a stranger among them and rather mad.

If we agree that such conditions exist, as indeed they do, how do they come about? It is primarily the fault of the university's entrance requirements. Understandably, teachers in the universities expect their pupils to have a grasp of the fundamentals of their specialized subject before they come to the university. As a result, the entrance examinations for entrants to the sciences become increasingly specialized. In order to meet these demands, headmasters organize their sixth forms so that a boy in one form may have no idea of what is being taught in the others. A boy has to make his mind up at fifteen whether he is to be a mathematician or a classicist and, once he has made this decision,

his fate is probably sealed. After the age of seventeen he will start to read as if he were in a university. If one boy is to be a doctor, he will read books on physics, chemistry, and zoology. If another is to study classics, he may be given a few periods of English or French. Neither will have the slightest idea of what the other is doing.

Here there must obviously be a qualification. What of 'general science', and what of the Latin translations undertaken before the age of fifteen: did they not provide the background to a broad outlook? Not in the majority of cases. It is agreed by most serious schoolmasters that a child may well *learn* some simple aspects of science but is very unlikely to have any perception of their implications. Similarly, the appreciation of the values of Latin literature is not well founded in the young child. At a time when there is an exciting awakening of awareness, this awareness is narrowed into a few fields. The man grows behind lenses which refract nothing of what is going on beside him, and is directed behind a pen charged with facts and techniques to pass elaborate specialized exams. All this is exemplified by the assertions I have made about the education of many members of our University—the end-products.

Of course one can argue that scientific fields stretch further every day at such an alarming rate that the potential scientist must start learning his language at an early age, and that there is no hope of the non-scientist ever being able to grasp anything of value any more. These are fallacies which I wish to disrupt. We are right to say that science becomes more complex every day, but there remain to it certain fundamentals which are changed only slowly, in the course of time, and which are few in number. Research students will agree that much of the knowledge which they learned at school was specialized, unnecessary, and soon forgotten. The present mad over-estimation of the complexity of science ought to disappear from our schools, therefore. The botany class should spend less time in learning about examples of the Bryophite and more in studying modern political philosophies or English literature. This form of schooling would be encouraged if entrance to universities depended on a candidate's ability in these other fields as well as in a particular study. (Of course there would remain brilliant exceptions, and I should be the last to advocate that they should be excluded from study and further research.)

To return to the non-scientist: it is an error to assume that he can no longer absorb anything of value from the sciences. The fundamentals of a science such as zoology are few. I shall cite three examples—Mendelian theory, classification, and interpretation of statistical data. These fundamentals are on an intellectual level comparable with discussion of the historical significance of Louis XIV. They need involve little jargon and can be absorbed by sixth-form classicists in a short time. I have experimented and found that genetic theory proves very interesting to friends who had no previous knowledge of Mendelism.

What, then, would be the outcome of a change of attitude on the part of the examination boards? Two terms ago I heard a distinguished scientist talking about just these problems, but all the time he made the mistake of contrasting the scientific mind with the non-scientific mind. There is no such difference, nor is it defensible to regard one as greater than the other. Imagination and intuition are the first requirements of research, whether into the laws of relativity or into the decoration of Mycenaean pottery. In the second case imagination must remain to the end of the research and be coupled with a regard to available data. In the first case data become increasingly important and imagination subservient to these data. It is merely a question of degree.

This distinguished scientist's supposition is in conflict with the assumption that we made at the beginning of this article. His belief that scientists are different men from arts men may well be an unconscious form of defence against the showers of abuse that descend on the heads of scientists from arts men and self-styled humanists. The myth that there is an isolationism in science and the so-called 'scientific method' springs from intellectual envy and snobbishness and displays a fundamental lack of appreciation for the values of either science or art. But false claims for and against 'the scientific attitude' will cease only when it is realized that scientists are normal men who are employing much the same approaches to a problem that the aesthetician or philosopher would to his own. Similarly the arts man must realize the full implications of scientific humanism.

When we have achieved this change of attitude, which will only be engendered by better education, we shall have achieved much towards enlightenment. It may prevent the ridiculous attempts of the geographer to climb on to the scientific bandwaggon. It may instil in the scientist some inquisitiveness into painting and architecture. It may even bring scientific ideas into intellectual conversation, as in the eighteenth century. Perhaps it will be possible to hear a conversation between arts men on the use of atomic power or the biogenetic advantage of hybrids that is not ludicrous, prejudiced, and uninformed. For how shall we survive if the young colonial administrator goes abroad with the biased idea that coloured men who breed with white women produce weaklings, and that all coloured men are inherently lazy?

I do not pretend that we are supermen in Cambridge, or that we should know all that there is to know. But many of us have not been educated, and follow a cult of doing as little work as possible, talking abo
polite social conversation which will make us successful in middle age.

This cult has been forced upon us by an education which becomes increasingly competitive and specialized. A special knowledge is just that and no more, and a society consisting of specialists in different

subjects can communicate only on a frivolous level. Our society, which is supposed to be intellectual, is so only among a minority of its members.

The full advantage of a residential university life will be re-established when it becomes as important to talk about the work of others as it is to talk about a May Ball. Such a change could be instigated by revision of the entrance requirements of this establishment. N. W.

Historical Studies, 1858-1918. II

G. K. CHESTERTON once said that one of the blackest of all forms of snobbishness was the conscious superiority felt by the nineteenth century over all its predecessors. No better proof of this could be found than a full-blooded panegyric of England and the Industrial Revolution which appeared in *The Eagle* in 1875. In *The Moral Influence of Certain Mechanical Discoveries*, the author points out that 1760–1860 was a period of extraordinary progress in England. But 'while we all agree that the high and refined state of civilisation to which we have attained —a civilisation in its humanising influence far transcending the ideas of the ancient Greeks or Romans—is the fruit of the teaching of Christianity', the great advance required a more concrete explanation This is to be found in the application of the mechanical discoveries of Watt and others. The evolution of the cotton industry is then outlined. Watt's steam-engine, we are informed, 'raised the working man from an ill-paid drudge deprived of all knowledge to a well-paid overseer over the most wonderful and ingenious power ever placed in the hands of man'. Because he had to know how it worked, 'the working man's character is thus improved by education, while a knowledge of his true importance makes him as independent in spirit as his employer—the poor are no longer oppressed by the power of the rich'. The steam-engine made production profitable. The Duke of Bridgewater and Brindley built canals, Telford made good roads, steam was used to drive ships; all this made England the workshop of the world. 'The introduction of steam propelled machinery, by relieving the labourer and giving him more ennobling and rational labour, did much to raise him in the social scale.' In fact, England in 1875 had attained the *ne plus ultra* of earthly development. 'Who will not confess that the works of our age'—Chirk Aqueduct, Sankey Viaduct, Harecastle Tunnel—'are far nobler than those of ancient times? For while the gigantic pyramids of Egypt speak to us only of the ambition and tyranny of some despot, our useful works tell of fame achieved by benefiting mankind.' Cheap means of conveyance helped to lessen class distinction. 'The lord and the peasant ride in the same train.' The Factory System brought advantages in its wake. 'The children are removed from a too indulgent parent to a more strict master; they are taught more self-dependence by being sent into the world to fight their own way; they work with a number of others whose industry would shame any idle feelings they might have.' To sum up, by mechanical

and engineering improvements, 'We are able to assist the heathen nations in improving their country, and thus gain their respect and gratitude, which will form a good preparation for the delivery of the great message we have to carry to them...they will be more inclined to listen to what we have to say about their spiritual state'. At least one modern historian would reverse this conclusion: 'The savage no sooner becomes ashamed of his nakedness than the loom is ready to clothe him.'

Jumping forward twenty-four years, *The Eagle* of March 1899 contained its first essay in historiography. 'Ammianus Marcellinus', the last of the greater Roman historians, of the fourth century A.D., is the subject of an enthusiastic eulogy. Though the writer who attempts a contemporary history must have 'fine qualities' and a dispassionate approach, Ammianus Marcellinus, beset by the quarrels of Arian and Nicene, civil strife and barbarian war, actually proclaimed verdicts on the men of his time which still stood in 1899. His faults included a style which was 'rather more modern than classical, so modern as to be nearly journalistic at times', and his rather obtrusive learning which attributed many Imperial crimes to ignorance. Valens, for example, delighted in torture, 'being unaware of that saying of Tully's which teaches that they are unhappy men who think everything permitted them'. Then comes a catalogue of Ammianus' virtues. His truthfulness, impartiality, and a sense of perspective, might set him in the first rank of historians. His geographical excursuses, and his treatment of earthquakes, rainbows and comets, though marring the main thread of his narrative, can be excused on the ground that he had no facilities for footnotes and appendices. Unlike the parochial Tacitus, 'No part of the Roman world is left out and he gives us a vivid panorama of what the world was in the fourth century'. Though he has no political axe to grind, and though he accepted the Empire as part of the world's fabric, 'he does permit himself to criticise and complain of the administration'. In the course of three hundred years since Augustus, almost the whole world had been Romanized. This transformation is reflected in historiography. 'The result is a striking difference of tone in the historian—a change for the better. We are rid of the jingoism of Livy, and the impracticable discontent of Tacitus. Ammianus himself is tenderer, and has larger sympathies than the historians of old.' Ammianus gives the impression of 'absolute truthfulness' in his survey of 'the exhaustion of the Roman World and the ruin of the middle classes under an oppressive system, and often still more oppressive agents of taxation, the weakness all along the frontiers, Rhine, Danube, Euphrates, and the African Desert, caused by bad principles of government from within as much as by attacks from without, and the crying need for men which led to the army being filled with barbarians'. Finally, even his accounts of the Christians are unbiased. It is this complete freedom from animus which makes him unique among his contemporaries.

After 1900 the trickle of historical articles almost dries up. There were three exceptions, however, the first being the 'Political Creed of Thomas Carlyle', 1918. Between 1832 and 1884 'the real governing power in England was peacefully transferred from an exclusive upper class to the great bulk of the nation'. In 1827, England was practically an oligarchy; 'under Victoria it became almost an unadulterated democracy'. Though Carlyle began his career as a protagonist of democracy, he ended up by preaching the gospel of the Great Man. The drawback here was that Carlyle never indicated how the 'hero' was to be discovered. He was the last modern writer to defend slavery, and he erred over the American Civil War. But he did attack current abuses and set men thinking. Unfortunately 'the revolutionary spirit against which he protested is again in the air, and on every side there are signs of expectancy and social unrest. The democracy which he attacked has spread wider and wider.' In conclusion, 'Carlyle's teaching belongs to what Goethe condemned as "the literature of despair"... Carlyle's doctrines have been smashed by mankind, by the human race which his long life was given over to deriding'.

The rise of Brandenburg-Prussia and the creation of the Second Reich in 1871 are events of the first magnitude in the history of modern Europe. The problem of Germany and the Germans has preoccupied a multitude of writers, including one who wrote a consideration of 'Nietszche and his Principles' in *The Eagle* of December 1914. Nietszche, we are warned, is not to be confused with Treitschke and the high priests of Prussianism. The author then records his reflexions after four months of World War: 'We have been trying during the last four months to realise in some measure the psychology of the German people. The wool-gathering professor and the military figure provide two hardly reconciled types in German society; two types governed almost always by intellect at the expense of instinct, as Nietszche himself realised. We are asking ourselves then what Germany means to the mind among the nations of Europe.' The Germans had surrendered their original 'childlike innocence to the grown-up worldliness of Prussia'. 'It was Prussia who taught them that self-consciousness in a régime of which Prussian officialdom is the symbol—the bureaucracy conscious of itself as an achieved object rather than a means, looking always to the *processes* and not to the ends.' But Nietszche condemned this. It is absurd to couple him with Treitschke, Bernhardi, and H. S. Chamberlain as the cause of the European war. 'He taught other things besides the picturesque popular philosophy of the "magnificent blonde brute".' The author concludes on an optimistic note: in the future Nietszche's uncompromisingly individualist philosophy might become 'a rallying cry to the weak, to all men, to assert themselves against oppression'.

Still preoccupied with the German problem, the last essay here considered, 'The Kaiser', appeared in March 1915. The ablest of the

Hohenzollern after Frederick the Great is subjected to severe criticism. 'William II in many unexpected ways sums up the German character: in him to some extent it is presented in its extreme form, almost as caricature. We have looked upon him in the part as a firebrand, a sort of meteor, even an unworthy echo of Charles XII' (of Sweden). Despite his versatility he is as Prussian as his forebears. 'It is militarism in all its aspects and potentialities which has been his dominating interest.' Like Frederick the Great, the perfection of the military machine was the goal of his endeavours. Not only has he put his trust in the big battalions; the Kaiser has yet another bulwark: 'My old ally God!' '"Gott mit uns" is the satisfied cry of the German war lord, which to his—in this respect—naïve Germans, coupled with their sense of Deutschland's superiority, puts outside all questioning the righteousness of their aims.' Far from feeling the burden of office, the Kaiser's 'war time utterances have lost none of their reckless fluency, his theology none of its ancient flavour of divine intimacy'. Unfortunately, 'the Germans believe hopelessly in their Kaiser, as being the highest official thing of which they are aware'. When in his birthday speech of 1915 he declared '"A man with God is always in the majority", it is the official speaking to his people to assure them there can be no possibility of a mistake. And the nation still listens without the least feeling of irrelevance.' Though the Germans often behave childishly, in their 'self consciousness they are entirely different and grown up'. Why is this? 'It originates in their being so harassingly aware of the *smallness* of a world corresponding quite imperfectly to their own opinion of themselves.' Moreover, 'This egotism is even further swelled by the notion about scientific truth, for the attainment of their ends, of which the Germans believe they alone have the key'. This conceit has deplorable effects. Teutons 'are willing to go to the wildest extremes for their distorted ideas and ideals—ideas and ideals that the rest of civilisation is disposed to reject. Their conceit is that most ludicrous of all conceits, which cannot stay quiet and live to itself, and it makes them believe rather that the things they have become accustomed to are good not only for themselves but must also be thrust upon other unwilling peoples. Therein lies the irony of their unhappy situation.'

With the advent of Armageddon, our survey closes. After the Peace of Versailles, post-war undergraduates ceased to publish historical essays in *The Eagle*, and in this sense we reach the end of an era.

W. N. BRYANT

A Sense of Grievance?

AN 'ANGRY YOUNG MAN' REPLIES

That which deserves condemnation must be condemned, but briefly as well as firmly. That which still deserves praise must be praised at great length. ALBERT CAMUS

THIS article has had a tortuous history. It began as a polemical reply to a not very impassioned symposium on this subject in a previous issue of *The Eagle*. Then came some pre-publication discussion. 'Naïve —it solves no problems—people will misunderstand you.' And though it has subsequently broadened out in scope, the objections may still apply. Sometimes one has to risk being naïve and risk being misunderstood. When problems are neither clearly formulated nor even, it seems, generally acknowledged, it is just as important to pose as to solve them. The problems in themselves are important because they confront the rest of the world as well. If there is any hope of solving them at all, we ought to be able to solve them here.

What is this grievance about? It is about tradition. Tradition is one of the ways in which we allow our experience of the past to guide our present actions. At its worst, it is a case of 'Do what was done last time is thy rule, eh?' At its best, it provides an argument in support of good things whose rational justification would take a long time. But in either case it is an essentially unsatisfactory way of using past experience, because appeal to it tends to prohibit discussion of the things the tradition is supposed to be upholding. It is this discussion that we need. Today we are concerned with the world as a whole, and if we want the University to be a genuine part of it, we must get rid of several muddled ideas.

The University acts as a servant of society from which it transfers some of the younger members to a suitably educational environment. If it is to do its job properly, it must provide in this environment features such as: personal supervision of the students in their work; opportunities for them to talk with people of different ideas and try to understand them; contacts that make them feel individuals and important; leisure and freedom to make friends. But while accomplishing all this, the University must remember that it remains a privileged part of a wider community. Recognition of this will ensure that the students both receive their education and know where it comes

from; so that they can enjoy being members of a lively intellectual community, while remembering that it has no justification for its existence other than the academic, and that it is entitled to make no demands from its members of allegiance other than to the ideas it has encouraged in them.

What are the traditions? First of all, they involve a society organized in a highly autocratic manner. Now autocracies are not necessarily without any good points, and in a community where there is a rapid turnover of the majority of members some measure of autocratic control is unavoidable. But within such a system it is exceedingly important that there be a ready mechanism by which general opinions and ideas can influence and direct the deliberations of the hierarchy. The visitor who asks 'Where is the University?' is a joke; it may be that the laugh is on us. Because it is a hard question to answer. The relationships between the several legislative, executive and administrative posts and bodies within the University are not obvious. As a result I for one have a less clear picture of the way in which problems arise, are discussed, and solved within this University than of the corresponding phenomena in the country itself. Everyone ought to know just what is happening; a university playing its proper role in the national life should know what its own ideas are. To find this out, there should be an acknowledged public forum for the development of these ideas and for putting them into practice if approved. For example we can imagine an elected body composed of senior members that included, among others, representatives of college councils, junior graduates and undergraduates.

At the University level the situation is aggravated by the absence of a students' union. I am inclined to take this rather seriously; students ought to be interested in what is happening to them. Political consciousness should not be limited to the parish pump, but neither should it ignore that pump completely.

Within the colleges themselves things ought to be easier. Nevertheless it remains true even here that contact between junior and senior members is restricted. Thus the dons I have met are nearly all from my own subjects. Very little attention is paid to suggestions from the J.C.R. and rules and regulations tend to be promulgated in an arbitrary manner. The origin of circumstances of this kind lies in the monastic tradition. In the old days, each teacher was a clergyman and most of his pupils intended to become clerics themselves. The question of contact between the two did not arise. The system, like all successful autocracies, was based on love in return for security. But authority today does not provide its students with the intellectual and emotional security it used to; nor do they reciprocate with love for its representatives. The basis for the traditional relationship has broken down, and a new one must be established—one which makes at least some concessions to democracy.

In contrast to such effects we can take a more obvious handmaid of tradition, the ritual practices involved in keeping the university going. In its more flamboyant aspects, public ritual helps to keep people happy. The Queen drives by, hats are thrown in the air, children wave flags and/or are smacked. That is why it is done, and no one objects. It is when ritual is its own end that it is to be feared. It has become a necessary traditional decoration for a life whose true value has fallen into doubt.

By dressing up one makes oneself more important than one's fellows. Decisions take on new weight. Walking the streets at night wearing my obligatory gown I am become a special person. It is very easy to think this anyway; to encourage it by giving me this otherwise functionless uniform makes the idea almost inevitable.

Not only does tradition help in these ways to erect barriers to the communication of ideas within the university and between the university and the rest of the world, but it also places restrictions on the entry into the university.

Cambridge University is an academic institution. Entry to it should be based upon academic ability alone, which is the ability to attend, understand and profit by a course of academic education. This should not preclude the continuance of the two desirable characteristics of the present selection system, namely that students are personally selected, and made to feel this, and that they include a wide range of ideas and opinions. I refuse to believe that to achieve the latter end we have to have people who are slightly stupid, or academically incompetent. Were it true that those successful in examinations are pale-blooded, anti-social bookworms, then it would be better to abandon our educational schemes altogether and become a Football Supporters' Club.

As was emphasized in the introduction, universities are not self-sufficient communities. They do not need labourers, artists, children and dogs which self-sufficient communities do need. What they require is all the brains that are going. There are here many who did not enter on academic merit; and they are keeping out others more able than themselves.

Worse than this, there are among us people whom it is most difficult to understand. Culturally and ethically sub-normal, they subsist at their own level of beer and games and girls, quite independently of the true life of the university. At times when politics cannot be ignored their representatives chant 'Wogs, go home!' in the street.

It could perhaps be argued that this set-up has its advantages; that it shows us plainly some of the people the world contains. This argument is not good enough; once again, such people are keeping better men away. Though they may enlighten us, they ought not to be here. The University is not a zoo.

The most obvious example of injustice in entry to the university, due initially to tradition, and continued because that tradition has not yet

been repudiated, is the case of women. There is a far more urgent need for several new women's colleges than for a college to house scientists who could be incorporated into the existing system. It is no longer possible to treat women as being academically a Bad Thing. Equality of entrance opportunity must include sex equality.

It would not be difficult to extend the scope of the present examinations for scholarships and exhibitions to cover entrance as well. A University population selected in this way might provide less copy to the national press in the way of cars on rooftops. But in terms of academic success and intellectual and cultural ability it would be superior to the present one.

The cornerstone of the traditional order in Cambridge is the college system. How far is the respect in which this system is universally held justified? First let me enumerate what I consider to be its advantages. It provides a means of breaking up a very large academic community into manageable pieces. Moreover it does not make the mistake of dividing it according to disciplines, but in more or less random fashion. The result is that, via communal meals and small college clubs, people get to know other people. This is the role of the colleges within the university. This is what the traditional system serves to maintain.

But there is another side to the coin. Consider the following figures:

Item	Capital cost
To establishing one new place (e.g. in Churchill College)	£7000
To rehousing one student in a new college building	£2000
Item	Annual cost
To keep one student in a residential college	£500

The traditional system is costly to run, and almost prohibitively expensive to expand in any worthwhile degree. If this level of expenditure were inevitable, then it would be necessary to find some way of accomplishing it. But are we really to believe that all this money goes to ensuring that people meet and talk with one another, over coffee and out of the rain? Is it not more likely that we are by this means supporting extravagantly decorative aspects of tradition? Is the £10,000 spent on repairing an organ, for example, geared efficiently to these educational requirements?

We are in danger of worrying too much about preserving traditional material things, forgetting what those things are meant to be for. According to an anonymous contributor to the *Cambridge Review*, in planning for the future the colleges must choose between undergraduate education and the upkeep of college buildings as ancient monuments. In fact, it should not be a choice; an educational community should just have no time to think about ancient monuments at all. Stonehenge can look after itself; the minds of men are less weatherproof. If the worst should come to the worst, we ought to remember that the affection we feel for old buildings is largely the offspring of the ideas

we associate with them. To concentrate on preserving the ideas will be less expensive and more rewarding.

Of course, we can persuade rich people and companies to subscribe us money. It has been suggested to me that the money would not be used for anything better anyway; and that if, in a moment of idealism, Cambridge University were to appeal for the £4 millions required to build the University of Nigeria at Nsukka instead of for Churchill College, the money would not be forthcoming. If this is true, it is depressing, and it reflects no credit upon a great university to profit by, and hence condone, such an attitude.

But the most serious fault in the college system is not financial. It is more intimately connected with the social benefits of the system. The fault is selfishness. A sweeping allegation like this might be expected to arouse either of two contrary reactions: shock at the seriousness of the accusation, or relief that the fault descried is one so ubiquitous. Neither reaction is appropriate; the selfishness I refer to is not in individuals themselves, but in their reactions as part of a closed community. Such a community, so beneficial in developing the ideas and feelings of the shy and lonely, because of its 'closed' nature, tends to acquire an attitude of mind that regards the continuance of the physical pattern of that community as a good in itself, independent of the good of any individual member of it.

What allegiance do I feel towards my college? I am glad to have met many people in it, and to them I owe respect. To those whose labours have contributed to this I owe a great debt of gratitude. Over and above this, there is nothing to worry about. St John's College is a name, a label attached to a continuously changing group of people. Allegiance to such abstractions is a subtle version of the pathetic fallacy.

> What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba
> That he should weep for her?

The open community, in which no man has the same circle of friends as another, has its own advantages, which should be welcomed. In such a community, there may be greater loneliness; but there is also greater understanding. It cannot be denied that taken to its extreme, as by an architect who, interviewed by *Varsity*, said that allegiance to a staircase was an important part of university life, the idea of the closed community can become stifling and oppressive. If therefore it is necessary to increase the size of a college, this should be done. The gains for those brought in will outweigh the very hypothetical losses to those already there.

After all, what is the university? It is a place where one has philosophical arguments on draughty street corners, and where people try to convert one to Christianity over coffee at three o'clock in the morning. If Russia threatened to drop a bomb on Cambridge as a hot-bed of bourgeois idealism, and we were all evacuated to Catterick Camp, we

should doubtless be less comfortable, but should we be less intellectually alive? It is sad to believe that one cannot render unto Caesar without losing the things that are God's.

Traditional ways of thinking can thus promote a narrowness of outlook within a community. They will then also darken its vision of the future. Having founded Churchill College, the university must not sit back on its laurels. A university does not even deserve its name unless it encourages as many people to come and study within it as physically possible. To keep the place for the privileged few, and to send the rest elsewhere would begin as a selfish action and end by making this a quaint academic bywater.

The idea of increasing the size of the university should not frighten us.

This is the way I feel. 'A. S.', in his original contribution, suggested that such feelings were the mental quirks of intellectuals. This may or may not be the case. But to point to a particular psychological condition, to indicate a peculiar mental outlook, is not to disprove a real cause in the world outside. The intellectual is not hostile to life; on the contrary, he is hostile to mistaken ideas about life, and wants to convert those who hold such mistaken ideas.

Likewise the scientist is not remote from life; he is not a solver of crossword puzzles. As money is only worth what it will buy, science is only worth the better understanding of ourselves which it affords. Science is passionately concerned with life, that we and others may live more abundantly.

Because we are determined that other people should be allowed to live as well as we do, because we are conscious of our own privileges not fairly gained, we must oppose traditions that threaten to obstruct our declared ends, and nurse a sense of grievance as a duty.

One dark night I was cycling home sedately, when a man, unshaven and poorly dressed, rushed into the road and stopped me. 'Tell me,' he said, 'do you believe you are getting the best education in the world?' On the spur of a rather alarming moment, I replied: 'I think it is the best there is, but not the best there could be.' 'Very true,' he remarked, and returned to the pavement.

Cambridge is being watched by many who were not concerned before, and judged by many who did not previously consider themselves competent to pass judgment.

Can we be certain of a favourable verdict?

PETER NICHOLLS

The Liberty of the Prison*

REFLEXIONS OF A PRISONER OF WAR

ABOUT 80,000 British, Dutch, Australian, and American troops were taken prisoner by the Japanese as they swept through Malay and Indonesia in the early months of 1942. Their sufferings are well known: near or actual starvation; overwork; beatings and killings; death marches; disease and an almost total lack of medical supplies. The death toll was something like 20,000—a mortality nearly ten times as high as that of military prisoners in German hands.

The grim record has been documented in countless official reports, in many memoirs and novels, and even in an epic poem of 31 cantos, W. S. Kent Hughes' *Slaves of the Samurai* (Melbourne, 1946). One thing, however, I have not found in any of these accounts, and it is what I personally most wondered at when I came back. That so many people should have died seemed obvious enough, considering our conditions of life: what was difficult to understand was rather how so many managed to survive; and, even more surprising, for the most part returned in a much better state than the repatriation authorities expected, on the basis of their experience with prisoners from Germany and Italy. It was difficult, for example, to fill the hospitals that had been prepared in Rangoon; and the psychiatrists back in England found the psychological picture much more favourable than had been the case with the earlier influxes of prisoners repatriated from the European theatre.

It is ten years ago, now, and the answers have slowly become a little clearer. What happened, I suppose, was that, like most of my companions, I adjusted myself to the circumstances, and that these circumstances were, apparently, for all their horror and danger, and perhaps in some ways because of them, particularly favourable for this adjustment. I myself share with Mr Angus Wilson the feeling that the term 'adjustment' should properly be reserved for things with a limited capacity for disorder, shoulder straps for example, or trousers; and yet I cannot find any other term to describe the perspective on my experience time has brought. Unconsciously we adjusted, and adjusted so completely that we were, in a queer sort of way, rather happy; and the ultimate reasons for this seem to cast a kind of light on life in general.

* The following article appeared originally in the *Yale Review*, to which acknowledgment is gratefully made for permission to reprint it with minor alterations. Copyright is held by Yale University Press.

At the capitulation of Singapore on 15 February 1942, all white allied troops were crowded into the barrack areas of the Changi peninsula in the north of Singapore island. For most of us prisoners the immediate reaction was one of numb and bewildered fear; we thought, 'This *can't* have happened to me because I know I can't face it'; we tried to reject what happened and to stay just as we had been before.

I only became fully aware of this first stage long after I had been released, when I heard someone who had been a prisoner in Germany describe how people had reacted there: suddenly one of the most distinct memories I had kept of those early days in captivity began to make sense. After the capitulation we gradually became aware that our bowels had just ceased to function; and then we discovered that nearly everyone else was in the same predicament; and these feats of continence often lasted two or three weeks, or even more.

Our bodies, it seems, knew how deeply we were unconsciously committed to a rejection of our fate, to a desperate retention of what had formerly been us. It is true that in any case we had very little to eat—a meagre ration of tinned food based on our own reserves; and we were continuously hungry, very hungry. But when the Japanese eventually announced that they would start giving us food—rice—the same blind refusal to accept our lot continued: a great many men swore that offering us rice was a calculated indignity: they hadn't liked rice before and they weren't going to start now (they did).

The rejection of present reality was also manifested in the spread of the wildest rumours. We had hidden radios, and knew very well that the Japanese advance was continuing, and that Rommel was threatening the Suez Canal. But we preferred to talk about how Roosevelt had said that the sky would soon be black with allied planes, and how Churchill had promised that we would definitely be repatriated by Christmas—it was inconceivable that momentary military reverses should interfere with our celebration of that ancient festival. Even those who saw through these obvious fantasies had other ways of imagining that the whole world's concerns revolved round our forsaken condition: and every week Lord Nuffield or some other millionaire would die and leave us all his money in recompense for our unique sufferings—not all prisoners would benefit, only those taken at Singapore, of course.

A few men remained at this stage of refusal and unreality; many of them didn't survive their captivity, and some of those who did so physically came out psychologically crippled. One man I knew sent the few postcards home we were allowed to a girl who, as he well knew, had died long before the outbreak of war; when I last heard he was still looking for her. This is in general perhaps the greatest mental danger of being a prisoner: the imagination so elaborates the richness of the old life that the actual homecoming is bound to be insupportable; and some who fear that their picture is a delusion don't come back.

Most men, though, did begin a quite new phase after a few months. Once again I wasn't aware of this change at the time, and only began to think about it when I heard the man who had been a prisoner in Germany. He had described a second stage of adjustment, a stage when people realize that the only thing to do is to make the best of things. The idea at last gave meaning to a very vivid memory of my own behaviour. For the first three or four months of captivity I had spent a lot of time on my bamboo-and-string bed, under the eaves of a Malay fisherman's hut: and before my eyes there was a heap of rubble. Suddenly one day I set to work furiously to tidy it up; and by that evening it had been converted into a sort of rock garden, planted with cannas and other plants filched from somewhere. It was the beginning of some kind of hitting back at the environment, and not less so, I suppose, because its mode of expression was of no practical use, and more than a little suburban; and I was certainly unaware, at the time, that what I was doing conflicted with a long-standing aversion to gardening.

The same impulse, of course, expressed itself in many different ways, and it had hit a lot of other men much earlier. After the initial weeks of apathy, all kinds of activities started up: we became exhilarated by the possibilities in our present conditions—how to use palm fronds and the long *lalang* grass for roofing, and improve our living quarters; how to ferment pumpkin pulp to provide much-needed vitamin B; while at the same time other talents to be found among us were put to use, and we had musical recitals, variety shows, and various educational programmes. We were recreating a personal self, and a kind of society, that weren't wholly dependent on the things that had gone: we were looking ahead, not back.

This second stage did not come too soon; for very soon we had to face a baffling physical threat, the result of our lack of food. One noticed that one was beginning to develop the curious gait caused by beri-beri: your feet no longer seemed to belong to you and slopped down heavily on the ground as you walked; and at night men would wander aimlessly about, because the burning feeling in the soles of your feet seems to be worse when you're not on them.

Beri-beri, pellagra, and ulcers caused by what was to me a new term —avitaminosis—soon became a serious medical problem; many died, and many came back with heart or sight impaired. Again, however, what is remarkable is how many survived. There are many reasons for this: for one thing, our rations later improved slightly; but I think that the main reason is that our bodies gradually learned to make do with a very different diet, and one which was nearly always lower in calories, proteins, and vitamins than what the medical authorities assumed was necessary to support life. The cost of this adjustment was high: we were much thinner—I lost about sixty pounds; and we lost much of our resistance to disease and fatigue; but we eventually got used to a lower and a very different diet, and were even fairly fit on it.

For the first six months we had seen very little of our captors: they were fully engaged in the South Seas. We had marched in our own units to Changi after the Capitulation, and settled down there under our own commanders; and this administrative system, for the most part, lasted throughout the three and a half years of our captivity. This was probably of immense assistance eventually for our morale. Most prisoners of war are taken piecemeal, losing their friends, and separated from the military organization of which they are, for better or for worse, a part; but we were never anonymous units in a prison herd, and we had our own old social organization as some sort of basis for communal life.

At first, I think, most men tended to resent the fact that the usual sort of military procedures went on under quite different conditions: and this was made worse by the fact that, since we didn't see the few Japanese officers who gave orders to our chain of command, it was easy to blame our terrible lack of food, clothes, and drugs on our own superior officers; and every necessary working party or fatigue seemed to be a gratuitous demonstration of their authority. At the same time, our commanders took some rather foolish steps to restore our morale. For example, despite the fact that there were few razor blades, less soap, and certainly no hot water, we were forbidden that traditional occupation of the prisoner, growing a beard. There seems to be a rooted idea in the military mind that although a moustache is the symbol *par excellence* of manly pugnacity, hair below the lip is certain evidence of effeteness or moral turpitude or both. So senior officers went round distributing razor blades to insolently unshaven subalterns. That wasn't all: despite my beri-beri feet, I also had to turn out before breakfast for saluting parades. It seemed it wasn't enough to be prisoners; we had to be in the army too.

It was soon brought home to us, however, that we absolutely needed a strict organization, and that the only possible form of it was a military one. First, in September, the Japanese, deciding that they would force us, against the Geneva convention, to sign an oath that we would not escape, herded us into a small barrack block, and told us that we would stay there until we complied; and then, to convince us they meant business, they forced the senior colonels to witness the shooting of four men who had been caught trying to escape. We had three days of living, some 17,000 men, in an area meant for a few hundred; and we gave in and signed only when dysentery and diphtheria started to spread dangerously, and the Japanese threatened to move the hospital, with all our battle casualties, into the same area. When we moved back to our previous lines, morale was very different; the Japanese had forced us to close our ranks and made us experience for the first time a heartening sense of genuine solidarity in adversity.

We were soon to need it. In order to provide a supply line for their armies in Burma the Japanese decided to build a railway linking

Bangkok with Moulmein in the Bay of Bengal. The distance was nearly three hundred miles, most of them over a wild and jungle-covered mountain range: the extreme difficulty of the route can be seen by the fact that the railroad we were sent to work on has now been abandoned, except for a small section used to take tourists to see the spectacular gorges on the Kwai Noi branch of the Me-Klong River; and another railway is now projected along a different route.

But the railway was pushed through, in little over a year, and earned the name of the Railroad of Death by costing a human life for every sleeper laid. The majority of deaths were those of coolies shanghaied from all over South East Asia: there were about 75,000 of them from Malaya alone, and less than half came back. But there were also about 60,000 allied prisoners involved; and although their death rate was not so high, there are more than eight thousand graves in the two cemeteries that have been built since the end of the war, and there are at least as many again that could not be discovered because the jungle had obliterated them.

Thailand is naturally a rich country—the only one in Asia with an exportable surplus of food; so that in the camps that were accessible to the central plains, we got more to eat. On the other hand, as building proceeded and we got farther from our bases, supply was difficult and sometimes broke down altogether: at the same time malaria, black-water fever, and cholera took a terrible toll; and so even more did the brutal overwork under appalling conditions. The climax came in May 1943, when the monsoon season began, when the labour force was already depleted and worn out, and when the Japanese were hurrying to join the two ends of the railway in the most difficult part of the route, the Three Pagoda Pass. Sick men, delirious with fever, or with jungle ulcers a foot long, would be forced to work till they dropped dead; and beatings and killings from the Japanese engineers, or the equally cruel Korean guards, were a daily occurrence. Few men expected to survive in those grim months; and few men would have, if the railway had not at last been completed in the autumn, so that the survivors could go back to the base camps to recover.

Prisoner morale remained surprisingly high during most of the time we were working on the railway. The Japanese would punish a whole camp for the misdeeds of one man; and that was a chastening experience for everyone. In addition we could see what happened where internal discipline was poor: for whereas we had relatively few casualties from cholera, because we were careful about boiling all cooking and eating utensils, and about latrines, whole camps of coolies nearby were wiped out, because these annoying but essential precautions were not rigorously observed. In all but the worst of our camps the will to survive remained amazingly high; I shall never forget how one night when, after having been told we would work till midnight instead of ten as we had been promised, it started to rain; but hundreds of men in loincloths passing

baskets of mud from the bottom of the embankment to the top tried to drown the roar of the wind and the rain by singing.

In some of the worst camps, however, and especially in the base hospital camps, our survival as a group was threatened by the fact that malingering was often the only way that the individual could survive: if you were at all fit you would be sent on work parties farther up country; it might be a death sentence, and so you clung to the ulcer or the fever or the dysentery that kept you in relative safety. Everybody, I think, must at some time have been affected by this feeling: your whole being would be pervaded by the need to exhibit and perhaps exaggerate the magic token of disease that alone could save you; and this tended to poison your relationships with your closest friends, and even with yourself.

Even if you were really sick, you were never quite sure that you weren't shamming, and so you felt guilty. I shall never forget my exhilaration when, after a 150-mile march to a camp where working conditions were notoriously bad, my own battalion doctor greeted me, shook me by the hand, and at once said I'd got malaria. I'd never had it before, and doubted it then; but I had noticed previously that my body had a sufficiently good sense of the needs of the situation to make my pulse rise and my face grow pallid at any Japanese medical inspection to rout out more victims for the railroad. In the present case, after the diagnosis of malaria, I lay in a hut for about two months in a state of dull insensibility and exhaustion; I was sick all right; but I've never been sure that I hadn't in the first place willed it; and when, long after, I met one of the few survivors of Belsen, I learned that he had a similar case of conscience about his survival.

There was less need for this devious collaboration with the body in the last year and a half of our captivity. But the memory of past horrors, and the residue of guilt that most survivors must have felt, probably helped us to avoid what is usually the final and—psychologically speaking—the worst phase of being a prisoner of war: boredom. Feeling that it was a miracle we had survived, we were disposed to count our blessings when a period of relative ease and security intervened. In any case our life in the last year and a half was never wholly uneventful: even in the base camps there were occasional calls for unpleasant assignments up-country, or moves to Japan, with allied submarines to make it unlikely you'd arrive; in the normal course of things there were various local working parties and camp chores; and there were also other things, unpleasant things in themselves, which at least reduced boredom.

There is, above all, the fact that we were prisoners of the Japanese. Their brutality did not approach the systematic Nazi torture and extermination of the Jews and others; but the fear of it was always there. I suppose every Japanese prisoner of war has seen or heard his companions being murdered by the Korean guards, the Japanese camp

officers, or the Kempitai, the hated security police; and he has certainly been beaten himself many times. Because of this you had to be on the lookout all the time, making sure that you didn't get caught breaking any of the innumerable petty restrictions that the Japanese continually invented: you never knew how dangerous it would be if you forgot to bow, or to call the hut to attention when the overlords passed.

We had to keep our wits about us; and there were other unpleasant things about being captured by the Japanese that were probably good for us in the long run. For one thing, they were so different from us that our belief in ourselves was never challenged; we regarded them, not as real human beings, but as malign and unpredictable lunatics. When a locomotive fell off the embankment, the Japanese reaction was always the command: 'All men pusho.' We thought this was so ridiculous that we hardly noticed that, with the help of teak levers cut from the surrounding forest, we in fact did what they wanted, and got the engine back on the tracks without any of the equipment we thought was indispensable. The conquest of Singapore, and even the building of the railway, were actually remarkable achievements; but we defended ourselves from this unpleasant fact by ignoring it in favour of a purely Mikado view of our captors.

It must be said that they did much to help us. I remember one evening roll call when the Japanese officer first explained that the reason why so many of our four-engined bombers were now appearing in the skies was that the allies were suffering from a disastrous shortage of plane-bodies; then he went on to announce that the Japanese air force had been busy elsewhere—New York had been so badly bombed that all the inhabitants had fled to the jungle; and his climax of gloom came with the—to us cheering—words that 'In London there is no rice!' One's morale got a great lift from the utterly fantastic unreality of many of the speeches that were addressed to us; it was easy to forget that you had been defeated when you were told that 'The Imperial Thoughts are inestimable and Imperial Favours are infinite and as such you should weep with gratitude at the greatness of them'—this to thousands of sick, starving, and almost naked men; and when on one occasion we were told that 'We...appreciate very much what you have done by means of Nippon Bushido (Spirit of Nippon knighthood), although life in the jungle has caused your state great obstruction'—it was pleasant to exclaim 'Bullshido' as we walked off parade under the eyes of our beaming masters, who thought we were learning at last.

We could mock our captors despite their cruelties: but being their prisoners implied other things that seemed to have no compensations. And yet perhaps they had. We didn't have the consolation of regular letters from home, or supplies of books, magazines, and newspapers; but on the other hand that meant that we weren't continually reminded of what we had left: everything, even the bamboo huts we lived in, the loin-cloths and the wooden clogs we wore, emphasized that we were

totally committed to something quite new and different; the environment of the *stalags* was a mockery of the ordinary environment, but ours had no connexions with our past or future lives. We didn't even have that wishful connexion with home which normally dominates the thoughts of the prisoner—escape: a thousand miles of mountain and jungle lay between us and the nearest allied lines in Burma and China, and they were areas where our colour alone would give us away. The odds, in fact, were so impossible that the Japanese bothered very little with fencing our camps, and there was no barbed wire (except in Singapore); and after some thirty or forty prisoners had tried to escape, and failed—dying of starvation or disease, or being bayoneted or shot by the Japanese—most men gave up thinking about escape any more. But most prisoners in Germany, of course, did not actually escape—they only thought about it: while we were almost entirely relieved of the self-dissatisfaction and guilt for not escaping, and were enabled to channel what creative resources we had into our present way of life.

Below a certain level no intellectual interests can survive. In the camp where I had come down with malaria, I had lain with my head on pack in a kind of coma, only getting up to collect my rice, hardly talking and hardly thinking. But one day I had suddenly realized that inside my pack I had the works of Shakespeare: and for a week I read them all through with enormous pleasure, and had gone through half-way again before relapsing into my previous apathy. It wasn't till many months later that I understood what had happened: the same battalion doctor rejoined me in one of the base camps, and explained that my brief spurt of intellectual energy had begun and ended with a small supply of vitamin B which had come into the camp, and which I'd taken for the few days it had lasted.

One needs food to think; but not very much, and we had enough in the last eighteen months to make a fresh start on the kind of intellectual pursuits that had begun to grow up in Singapore. There, the second phase of adaptation had brought with it a fairly successful attempt to build up the system of organized study classes that are a regular feature of most prisoner-of-war camps; but the Changi University, as it was called, was doomed when most of us left for Thailand; and there, when, after the terrors of 1943, we had once again a degree of leisure and calm, we had lost most of our books, and the Japanese would not allow us to write. But if the only kind of education still possible was oral and informal, it was all the more popular. Some kind of learning seemed to be the aim of almost everyone in the camp, and many men who had assumed that intellectual pursuits were not for them began to learn languages, take an interest in the water economy of plants, or have views about modern poetry. Anyone who could talk about anything would be implored to do it; and every night there were quizzes and discussions and lectures in the dark huts.

It was, of course, mainly a means of avoiding boredom: but it is also true that some kind of intellectual and verbal skill became the supreme value of our society. I remember, for example, the case of a man who had gone mad up-country from cerebral malaria, and had come down to a base camp in a party under my charge, but had not recovered his sanity and had created a good deal of trouble. Then he came round one night to see me, looking quite different. He told me how bitterly ashamed he was to have behaved as he had in the last few months; and I naturally asked him when he'd got better. It appeared that there had been the usual quiz going on in the hut, and he had gradually become aware of a memory—a memory of how, long ago, he had done that sort of thing himself. He had wondered why the others hadn't asked him to play, and challenged them to ask him questions. They did, but he couldn't reply. This set him to piecing his past together; and he wrestled with his awareness of some of the things he'd done lately until he came to the shattering realization that he had, for some months, been mad and quite incapable of looking after himself.

There were many other intellectual activities besides lectures and quizzes during that last period of captivity. People wrote poems and stories on surreptitious bits of paper; there were very good concert parties, and even plays were produced in some camps, with miracles of improvization in the way of staging and costumes; Ronald Searle the cartoonist was among us; and there were excellent topical lyrics in the stage shows. Even the lighter manifestations of the satiric spirit blossomed. There was a wonderful inventiveness about the nicknames attached to everyone in the public eye: the Japanese universally received some appropriate baptism—the Mad Carpenter, the Undertaker, the Silver Bullet (in allusion to his presumed malady); while our own camp personalities were nicely hit off—I remember especially the Giant Panda, the Whispering Baritone, and two officers whose only positive quality was their invariable propinquity, and who were dubbed Null and Void.

We created, in fact, the mode of life, the language, and the folklore suited to our lot. In some ways it was rather an innocent schoolboy world—the world of the public surface that we felt free to elaborate, rather than the inner private world that was still full of nameless fears. Looking back I can see that there were whole ranges of emotion that were taboo; and this obviously set very strict limits to what we could accomplish. I can certainly remember no poem or story which got to grips with what our life was really like; and I myself found that any reading which called for sustained effort was too much—one might take up a work of philosophy for example, or the Bible, but one didn't get very far. The ideal pursuit was something that would fully engage the mind, exclude every other thought, and yet be social and not too demanding for a long stretch of time—this is perhaps why chess is the classic prisoner-of-war game.

There was, then, a widespread feeling of intellectual curiosity, but its effectiveness was qualified by a certain superficiality: it had definite limits, and it was sometimes rather complacent. These conflicting tendencies are perhaps present in the following abortive intellectual odyssey. A rather illiterate prisoner told me that—presumably to be in the swing—he had decided that he would learn a language; and since there was a Dutchman next to him in the hut, it might as well be Dutch. He had, however, done no more than trifle with the exordia: 'He told me the first letter in their alphabet was "ah"; so I said to him, the silly devil, "Well wot the 'eck do you think you're goin' to do when you get to "r".'

It was in the Indian summer of this completed adjustment to our actual mental and physical environment that the news of the Japanese surrender came. We had a speech from our commandant; and then—allowed to be up after ten for the first time in prison camp—brewed tea, sang songs, and told stories until far into the night. We were excited, sociable, but not, I think, really happy. Who knew what it would be like at home now? Would we be welcome? Had we changed? Did we smell?—that, at least, was the question the Swiss Minister from Bangkok was asked in all the camps he visited. (He answered no, being a diplomat.)

One of the things that we had to think about now was women. I noticed that the topic asserted itself immediately, for the night the news of coming freedom came was the first time since captivity that—incidental profanity apart—dirty stories came up continuously to the conversational surface. We had had three and a half years of sexual repression, and I can't help feeling that the way the sexual problem had been solved—or shelved—was the most surprising of the many adaptations we had made.

Presumably the low diet helped: but there was also, undoubtedly, a very complete transformation of the sexual drive into other outlets. Not that there was, as far as I could see, any significant tendency toward overtly homosexual compensations. Good looks perhaps played a slightly more important part in personal relationships than they do in ordinary life; but the main tendency was rather toward giving ordinary friendship a deeper content, not only of affection but of responsibility and understanding. Then, I suppose, a good deal of the sexual drive was also directed to ourselves. I hardly know how to wrap these matters up in a tolerable diction, but the oral and anal functions certainly became unprecedentedly important, the anal function especially. I have heard prisoners quite innocent of Freud discuss the limitless possibilities of substitution in the pleasures of the body with surprised chagrin. Not only so: our word for a rumour was often 'borehole', or, more elegantly, 'a latrinogram', and this testifies to how our most secret exchanges of fantasy went on in the relative privacy of the latrines: squatting

perilously on the bamboos under the Southern Cross we gave voice to the silent oracles of the heart, and in this macabre regression of the libido re-enacted the Roman doubt as to whether Venus were not a later embodiment of the great Goddess Cloacina.

We got back to England in September: and both to ourselves and the people who met us we tended in general to pooh-pooh the idea that anything particular had happened to us: it was a little like the man who returned from the First World War and when asked what it had been like only replied, 'Oh—the people, and the noise.'

It really was very difficult to talk. We didn't know exactly if we had changed, or how: we certainly didn't know how we seemed to others; and it would have been a poor response to all the welcome we received to explain that we were subtly offended by it all, or at least made uneasy. The reason, I think, is that the welcome was—probably inevitably—directed to a stock notion of what a prisoner is: no one seemed to understand the real us. We weren't, as people thought, coming back from a long blank period of not-being, which was the usual mental picture of our lot that we met; actually, something important was ending for us, and until that happened, nothing else could begin: we were lost, because we had suddenly been deprived of the support of a society whose way of life was not less deeply imbedded in us because it had not initially been of our choosing, and into which we had for three and a half years put so much of ourselves that, for the time being, we didn't have much to spare for the society that had been restored to us.

So—quite contrary to what we had expected—our old friendships with other prisoners tended to become the real pleasure of our new lives. I was always rushing up to London or to some other meeting place just to be with the old gang; one could only talk with people who understood one's language, and that meant people who had shared one's history. We were reliving, in reverse, that same first phase—the rejection of the present—which we had experienced at the beginning of captivity; and we could only come out of it and accept our new condition when we realized how unrealistic it was to go around with one's ex-prisoner friends thinking how much more normal we were than anybody else.

We were superficially quite normal enough for us to go on believing for quite a time that nothing had left its mark; but the belief, of course, was not altogether true: the relics of the past had to be recognized before the present could be faced.

In my case, and probably in most, this was a fairly complicated business—one was so busy doing many things that the second phase of adjustment to a new life was more deeply intertwined with the initial rejection than it had been in the simpler situation of captivity. But I remember one moment of positive rejoicing, of letting my feelings for the first time accept home fully. I'd been back for about three months,

and I was on the train after a spree in London with the old gang, tired but happy. As I looked out of the window I gradually became intensely exhilarated: I was seeing the beautiful landscape of Kent as I had never seen it before—it looked not just pretty but living and inviting: the cool green fields we had so often dreamed of in the tropics were actually there.

But before this I had at least begun to learn more about the effects of captivity which I still carried with me: and it seems to me that the thing that brought it to consciousness was going to see Tchehov's 'Uncle Vanya' in London. The cast gave a most moving performance, and by the end of the first act I was weeping, or trying to force myself not to, so violently that I got a cramp in my throat; it was terrible to feel that there was an uncontrollable force within. When the lights went up I could hardly talk, and it was queer to see that my friends, friends of pre-war days, weren't affected as I was at all.

I might have shrugged it off: feeling only that the people in Tchehov could express their self-pity, but that one shouldn't in ordinary life, except for something else that happened a few days later. I went to a film show organized by the staff of a C.R.U.—a Civilian Resettlement Unit for ex-prisoners from the Far East. The film was edited from newsreels of the main events of the war; the idea, they told us, was that as we'd missed so much of the history of the war, we probably ought to learn about it now, if only so that we wouldn't feel out of things when the subject arose in conversation. I didn't enjoy the battle scenes much, but when they came to the pictures of the relief of Stalingrad, and one saw two endless lines of muffled people slowly advancing to greet each other across the waste of snow, I found that that awful crying had started again; and here was I in uniform, and with men who'd been prisoners with me. Just then—horror of horrors—the film stopped, and the lights went up for an interval: and I saw that a lot of others were ashamedly wiping off their tears.

The psychologists who had organized the programme of the Civilian Resettlement Units knew something that we didn't know: that as prisoners we had been forced to build up a total block against expressing, or even allowing ourselves to feel, our deepest emotions; it would have been too dangerous for us to realize how sorry for ourselves we were. They knew, too, that this habit of repression had to be broken: and that the best way of doing it was to show us that it was there—in all of us.

It was soon after this that I heard the talk by an ex-German prisoner of war that I've already mentioned, which put a lot of questions in my mind, and set off a process of slow groping toward a perspective of what all those years as a prisoner had meant. I gradually came to see why it was that we had, on the whole, managed to come back in rather good shape. How we had been forced to turn all our resources into making do with what we had, how our captors had given us uncommonly good targets for derision and thus deflected it from ourselves, and how the gaps in the universe our prisoner-of-war society had constructed, and the shoddiness of many of its materials, had been concealed by the limitless illusions and repressions and blindnesses that had arisen as our individual and collective defence against the insecurity and ignominy of our lot. And yet, after all this, it was still rather mystifying that we had survived, and even, in some peculiar way, managed to be happy much of the time.

It was not just, I think, that, as Edgar says in *King Lear*:

> To be worst,
> The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
> Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear;
> The lamentable change is from the best;
> The worst returns to laughter.

My own memories, and the fact that in the little villages of East Anglia there nestle among the 'Rosebanks' and the 'Oakdenes' cottages bearing the name of 'Yasmé'—Japanese for 'rest'—suggest rather that when we came back there was in us a powerful nostalgia for the days when we had not been free; suggest even that being a prisoner in itself has its attractions, because it makes life simpler.

Consider our political life. We were brutally oppressed; but that made it very easy for us to maintain our group solidarity—all our impulses of hatred and revolt were turned outward, against our captors; they were armed, and ruthless, so that these impulses were necessarily sterilized and inert: in short we were in the satisfying position of being perpetual revolutionaries whom fate had excused from doing anything about it.

It was the same with our individual aspirations. The larger framework of our life was one of horrible and undignified necessities, but at least they were necessities, and not of our choosing; we could congratulate ourselves merely on being alive. We could certainly not be blamed for making ourselves a poor coat, considering how little cloth we had; and, come to think of it, the coat was perhaps more creditable, all things considered, than anything we'd manufactured for ourselves before—or even might again.

Many of my fellow officers will dissent from this, and indeed, some of them have, in conversation; those who were not officers had a much harder time in nearly all respects, and their disagreement might well be louder and more indignant: yet I feel that it is true, and not only for me but for most of us. It is an unpleasant perspective; but it perhaps does something to explain one of the unpleasantnesses of the world we came back to, the world that Erich Fromm has described in his *The Fear of Freedom*. If, in Auden's phrase, we are all 'lost upon the mountains of our choice...living in freedom by necessity', it is hardly surprising that we should unconsciously welcome being made to lose that freedom—by necessity. The secret appeal of having your choices

made for you would help to explain why we have lately witnessed so many inroads on the Western tradition of individual freedom: to be relieved of many of our perplexing social responsibilities, and to be put in a situation where we cannot even attempt to live up to the highest kinds of individual achievement, is to be given a kind of holiday. That, perhaps, is what the Japanese gave me: so, at last, it began to seem when, in the Prix Goncourt for 1946, *Les Grandes Vacances*, by Francis Ambrière, I read another prisoner of war's parting reflexion on his four years in Germany: 'Jamais je n'ai eu de si grandes vacances.'

IAN WATT

College Chronicle

THE ADAMS SOCIETY

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

The College Mathematical Society has had a very interesting, if quiet, year.

In the Michaelmas Term, Professor Mott spoke about 'The Present Position in Mathematical Physics', describing the flood of results which followed the introduction of wave and quantum mechanics by Heisenberg, Schrödinger and Dirac. Dr E. C. Zeeman considered 'What Algebra would be like if time were two-dimensional'. He explained the difficulties of memory or of a logical chain of events, but showed us how easy debating would be—one simply surrounds one's opponent with argument.

In the Lent Term, Dr F. Smithies took as his subject 'Distributions' and showed how some of the more dubious processes of mathematical physics could be made socially acceptable. Dr W. L. Smith described what happened 'When Peter played Paul', and showed that there could be some very strange results when two people gambled on the toss of a coin. Our last talk was given by Dr D. R. Taunt on 'Concrete Results from Abstract Algebra' which include the designs of wall-papers, bellringing, and the logical design of electric circuitry.

In the Lent Term the Seventh Triennial Dinner was held. The guests of honour were Professor A. S. Besicovitch and Professor Sir Harold Jeffreys, both of whom were retiring at the end of the year. Both entertained us with their reminiscences. Professor Jeffreys recalled the Cambridge Mathematics of the pre-1914 era, and Professor Besicovitch enlarged on the difficulties of the Tripos, telling of the questions that the examiners could not answer.

At the Annual General Meeting the following officers were appointed: *President*: A. M. Judd; *Vice-President*: P. V. Landshoff; *Secretary*: D. J. H. Garling; *Treasurer*: R. V. Jayson.

THE CHESS CLUB

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

As Cambridge and District League Champions great things were expected of the Club this season but these did not materialize. The First Team just managed to avoid relegation in the League and were

eliminated from the Cuppers in the Michaelmas Term. The Second Team, after winning their section, were placed third in the final pool.

Of a total of 28 games played 12 were won, 1 drawn and 15 lost.

First Team: P. R. Allen, P. K. Hawes, J. J. Billington, R. A. Pearson, F. W. Knight, W. N. Bryant, C. J. R. Lasper.

Second Team: J. Richards, M. E. Allen, B. Delargy, D. B. Pearson, R. Clarke.

At the Annual Chess Club Lunch held in the Easter Term the officers elected for next season (1958–59) were: *Captain*: P. K. Hawes; *Secretary*: M. E. Allen.

THE CRICKET CLUB

Potentially, at least, the 1958 eleven was the strongest for some years, but it was not until the final week that the real strength was realized, when we saw three magnificent century partnerships. There were nevertheless some fine individual performances in the earlier weeks. Against the Stoics, the scoreboard read at one stage 198 for one wicket, and this off an attack which included C. S. Smith. The Captain managed to combine his office with enhanced ability, and batted consistently well throughout, ably assisted by J. L. Ward, P. E. H. Palmer, and J. R. Bernard (until he moved on to Fenners). In P. L. Morris and R. J. Peberdy the side was endowed with a husky and well-maintained pace attack, and spin of varying descriptions was supplied by Messrs Barber, Barnes and Williams, supported by Ward and Bernard. Mention must also be made of M. Wilkins, a competent wicket-keeper who is not afraid to apply bat to ball, and who provided us all with much entertainment, both on and off the field.

The Second XI was led with great enthusiasm and efficiency by T. R. Davies, and emerged with a most satisfactory record. Good knocks came from J. M. B. E. Raven and A. H. Oberman in particular, but the results achieved were more the outcome of team efforts than of individual performances.

Most of those playing will be available next season, and this, together with the growing realization among the Freshmen that work need not always precede cricket, augurs well.

First XI: played 19, won 4, drawn 10, lost 5. Second XI: played 12, won 5, drawn 3, lost 4.

First XI: M. A. Hetherington (*Capt.*); D. A. R. Williams (*Hon. Sec.*); C. I. M. Jones; P. L. Morris; J. L. Ward; R. J. Peberdy; J. R. Bernard; R. B. Barnes; J. J. B. Rowe; P. E. H. Palmer; P. E. Barber; M. Wilkins.

Officers for 1959: *Captain*, R. J. Peberdy; *Hon. Sec.*, P. E. H. Palmer.

THE ETON FIVES CLUB

The year has been a successful one in every way for the Club. Membership has doubled and we can boast the distinction of having introduced at least four men to the game, as well as reviving old enthusiasms.

Richard Nelson-Jones won a Freshman's half-blue this year, while John Ward retained the place in the Varsity side which he earned last year. We offer them both our congratulations not only on their individual success but for their contribution also towards the success of the team which beat Oxford in the Lent Term. Sporting statisticians, of course, will delight in noting that Nelson-Jones provided one of those family links such as endeared this year's Blue Boat to their hearts, for his brother was captaining the defeated Oxford side.

Finally, we would wish the new secretary of the club, P. D. R. Rogers, the best of luck in the coming season. Phil will not come 'green' to the trials of secretaryship, for it is to his drive and initiative, coupled with the efforts of Chris Thompson, that the club owes its remarkable resurgence over the past two years.

THE LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB

President: THE MASTER. *Senior Treasurer:* MR A. M. P. BROOKES.
Captain: J. M. ANDREWS. *Vice-Captain:* C. VITA-FINZI.
Secretary: R. H. T. WARD. *Junior Treasurer:* R. I. L. HOWLAND.

This year the Club again missed ultimate success in several events very narrowly, and again the overall performance was an improvement on the previous year. In spite of disappointments, rowing with the Club is still very enjoyable, and as long as this continues to be so, its object is not lost.

MICHAELMAS TERM 1957

Like many others, the Light Four suffered greatly from the 'flu epidemic, and in all seven oarsmen were involved in rowing in the Four by the time the races arrived. In the circumstances, with two Freshmen rowing, one put in two days before the race, they did very well to reach the final against crews less badly afflicted. The crew was coached for the first fortnight by D. O'R. Dickey, and for the second by R. S. Emery.

The Clinker Four suffered less from illness than the other, the one member who fell ill returning in time for the races. The crew, though somewhat rough in practice, rowed extremely hard in the races and had established a good rhythm in rowing. They lost in the final to a very fast 1st and 3rd Trinity Four. They were coached throughout by J. M. Andrews.

	Clinker IV	*Light IV*
Bow	R. S. Jackson	R. H. T. Ward (*steerer*)
2	J. M. Dunn	P. W. Holmes
3	S. J. Ross-Macdonald	E. T. C. Johnstone
Str.	R. H. C. Symon	K. W. Blyth
Cox	G. L. Williams	

Results

Light Four: Beat St Catharine's (scratched).
Beat Emmanuel II by 12·2 sec. in 12 min. 2 sec.
Beat First and Third Trinity II by 18·6 sec. in 11 min. 13 sec.
Lost (final) Emmanuel.

Clinker Four: Beat Corpus by 10 sec. in 8 min. 15 sec.
Beat St Catharine's II by 18 sec. in 8 min. 40 sec.
Beat Clare by 21·8 sec. in 8 min. 57·7 sec.
Lost (final) Trinity.

The Club had two entries for the Colquhoun Sculls, both uninvolved in the Four races.

Results

D. M. H. Greig lost to R. Pardie by 20 sec. in 8 min. 2 sec.
D. Keens lost to M. Harrison by 4 sec. in 8 min. 4 sec.
Both their opponents were from First and Third Trinity.
In the final, R. D. Carver (1st and 3rd) beat R. Pardie.

The Club had again had good support from the Freshmen, and in the Fairbairns yet another crew was entered, making the L.M.B.C. entry up to eight. No other college had more than five crews in this event, and this year the Club had five crews finish in the First Division alone.

The 1st VIII, coached by Mr L. V. Bevan, went well in practice, but not on the day due to a lack of racing spirit. It was rather a disappointing row, lacking in drive, and no one was surprised when the results showed it to have gone down. In contrast the 2nd VIII had a remarkably good row with a rest in the middle due to a collision with Fitzwilliam. They were awarded 55 sec. for this, and finished only one second behind the 1st VIII when this was decided.

The 2nd VIII were awarded the 'Crockpots' for their performance in this event.

Results

1st VIII started 2nd, finished 6th; *2nd VIII* started 23rd, finished 7th; *3rd VIII* started 32nd, finished 24th; *4th VIII* started 35th, finished 27th; *5th VIII* started 36th, finished 34th; *6th VIII* started 51st, finished 63rd; *7th VIII* started 58th, finished 41st; *8th VIII* started 80th, finished 70th.

The crews were as follows:

Fairbairns

	1st VIII	*2nd VIII*	*3rd VIII*
Bow	R. S. Jackson	D. R. C. Kelly	J. K. Munro
2	R. H. C. Symon	W. S. Shand	M. G. Denning
3	F. P. T. Wiggins	J. R. B. Murray	P. I. Sygall
4	J. Parker	B. Taylor	K. A. Ryde
5	S. J. Ross-Macdonald	J. M. Dunn	A. D. Tombs
6	P. W. Holmes	D. R. Muirhead	D. C. Dunn
7	R. I. L. Howland	E. T. C. Johnstone	J. A. Vincent
Str.	J. M. Andrews	G. M. Newbury	D. J. Brewster
Cox.	G. L. Williams	C. P. E. Sutton	A. Y. L. Lee

	4th VIII	*5th VIII*	*6th VIII*
Bow	P. E. Mizen	R. G. Guinness	F. C. Woodhouse
2	J. F. A. Moore	J. M. Scroggie	D. W. H. Farmer
3	J. W. O. Cleave	R. G. Brindley	D. J. C. Whitfield
4	J. C. Rucklidge	P. J. Harbour	C. D. Robins
5	T. J. Blackwood-Murray	C. J. Bell	C. Elliott
6	C. D. Strong	J. A. Walker	M. J. S. Smith
7	H. A. Shrimpton	I. M. Wright	K. S. Ashton
Str.	D. D. S. Kater	J. L. S. Maclay	H. R. Quibell
Cox	I. S. Wordsworth	M. L. A. Andrews	W. R. G. Arnold

	7th VIII	*8th VIII*
Bow	A. S. Durward	W. Haigh
2	R. C. Toase	F. R. Noble
3	G. R. Brown	T. K. Tompson
4	J. R. Longbottom	D. W. Gould
5	N. C. Page	D. M. Glover
6	G. C. A. Talbot	D. R. Brown
7	J. T. Spence	P. M. Bareau
Str.	C. F. M. Cox	B. C. Taylor
Cox	N. J. M. Abbott	J. A. H. Butters

In the Trial VIII's race at Ely on 7 December, R. H. T. Ward rowed at '6' in 'Spring', which lost to 'Draw' by 2 lengths.

Lent Term 1958

Two VIII's came up early, before the beginning of term, coached by J. M. Andrews, and C. Vita-Finzi. These two boats became 1st and 2nd boats, the order being settled as quickly as possible. The 1st boat was coached throughout training by J. M. Andrews, A. J. Forbes, K. W. Blyth and Mr L. V. Bevan. As it progressed in the early stages, it became clear that the boat had a great potentiality. It became beautifully drilled and had a good rhythm when paddling but there seemed to be a loss of application when the crew tried to row. During the last two weeks before the races the crew seemed to vary in proficiency when rowing more than is usually expected. All the same it was a great disappointment to its coaches and supporters when it did not improve upon its position. A series of minor mishaps and the sudden illness of one member might have contributed largely to this.

All the other boats of the Club progressed reasonably smoothly in training, and their record in the Bumps certainly points to this. All the Club's boats went up except the 1st, and the one bump which was made against an L.M.B.C. crew was made by another Lady Margaret boat, the 6th bumping the 5th on the second night, to the joy of *The Times* reporter, who thus found something to write about. He might have provided much more interesting reading had he watched the 4th boat which bumped up to sandwich boat and nearly made a double overbump on the last night. The embarrassing 6th boat made an overbump the first night.

On the first night the 1st boat had a disappointingly slow row over, undoubtedly handicapped by the fact that 5's seat had jammed shortly after the start. The next night saw a much better row as far as Ditton where they closed on 1st and 3rd, but they fell back in the Long Reach. Bow was then ill, and pronounced unfit to row next day. R. I. L. Howland, who had been rowing in the Goldie boat, was brought into the crew and rowed very creditably for the last two nights, which saw no alteration in L.M.B.C.'s position.

Crews and results:

1st VIII: J. R. Owen (*bow*), J. Parker, F. P. T. Wiggins, P. W. Holmes, R. H. T. Ward, D. R. Muirhead, E. T. C. Johnstone, R. H. C. Symon (*str.*), C. P. E. Sutton (*cox*). Rowed over all four nights.

2nd VIII: R. S. Jackson (*bow*), W. S. Shand, H. A. Shrimpton, B. Taylor, J. M. Dunn, D. N. H. Greig, J. R. B. Murray, G. M. Newbury (*str.*), G. L. Williams (*cox*). Bumped Selwyn I, Downing I.

3rd VIII: J. K. Munro (*bow*), J. L. S. Maclay, J. A. Vincent, D. J. Brewster, P. I. Sygall, D. C. Dunn, D. W. H. Farmer, D. R. C. Kelly (*str.*), A. Y. L. Lee (*cox*). Bumped Corpus II, Trinity Hall III.

4th VIII: W. Haigh (*bow*), A. J. Roskell, R. G. Guinness, R. G. Brindley, I. M. Wright, J. A. Walker, P. E. Mizen, P. J. Harbour (*str.*), I. S. Wordsworth (*cox*). Bumped Caius III, Clare III, Queens' III.

5th VIII: F. C. Woodhouse (*bow*), J. F. A. Moore, D. J. C. Whitfield, J. C. Rucklidge, C. J. Bell, C. Morgan, T. J. Blackwood-Murray, C. D. Strong (*str.*), N. J. M. Abbott (*cox*). Bumped by L.M.B.C. VI.

6th VIII (Zeta): J. T. Spence (*bow*), A. G. Schroeder, K. A. Ryde, J. S. H. Sanderson, M. R. Ayers, M. G. Denning, N. C. Peacock, J. M. Aitken (*str.*), W. R. G. Arnold (*cox*). Overbumped Trinity Hall IV; bumped L.M.B.C. V, Caius III, Clare III.

7th VIII: G. A. W. Murray (*bow*), R. A. Jones, J. D. Trubshaw, G. J. Yeomans, I. S. Borthwick, D. W. Gould, T. K. Thompson, F. R. Noble (*str.*), M. E. Manasse (*cox*). Bumped Fitzwilliam III.

In the Foster-Fairbairn Pairs, R. I. L. Howland and C. Vita-Finzi were beaten by J. Carver and B. Thomson-McCausland (1st and 3rd), the eventual winners, by 18 sec.

PUTNEY 1958

No crews were entered at Reading this year, but two went to the Putney Head of the River Race, one L.M.B.C. and, since we did not want to lose the position on the River, one from Lady Somerset. This was a composite crew of 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Lent boat oarsmen, making it very easy to avoid dubbing a crew L.M.B.C. II. After ten days or so on the Cam, the two crews moved down to Putney for a week's practice on the Tideway, enjoying yet again the hospitality of Thames Rowing Club. At Putney R. S. Emery coached L.M.B.C. and I. L. Mackenzie coached Lady Somerset. Conditions throughout were very good.

On the day the 1st VIII, starting 13th, hotly pursued Pembroke, just in front, and were in turn pursued just as hard by Jesus, who started only a few seconds behind. After a very spirited and intense row, the 1st VIII overtook Pembroke and London University, but were just overtaken by Jesus. Lady Somerset did not fare so well.

Crews and results:

	L.M.B.C.	*Lady Somerset*
Bow	J. R. Owen	J. K. Munro
2	J. Parker	G. M. Newbury
3	E. T. C. Johnstone	H. A. C. Shrimpton
4	D. R. Muirhead	D. C. Dunn
5	R. H. T. Ward	D. N. H. Greig
6	K. W. Blyth	P. W. Holmes
7	F. P. T. Wiggins	J. R. B. Murray
Str.	J. M. Andrews	R. H. C. Symon
Cox	C. P. E. Sutton	A. Y. L. Lee
	Started: 13th	Started: 37th
	Finished: 8th	Finished: 55th

C. Vita-Finzi rowed in the Goldie boat, which came 6th.

R. I. L. Howland rowed as spare man for the Blue Boat in their final course trial when P. D. Rickett was ill. Rickett returned in time to row in the Boat Race.

MAY TERM 1958

There were no entries from the Club for the Magdalene Pairs. In the Lowe Double Sculls, E. T. C. Johnstone and J. Parker were beaten by 20 sec. in the first round. In the final, Pardie and R. D. Carver won.

The 1st VIII was coached by David Webster, David Macklin, Tim Denby and Dick Emery. This year there were considerably more problems in selection and it was three weeks before the crew was finally settled. This also had a retarding effect on the second boat, and probably accounted for the odd irregularities in the 1st VIII later. This year, however, it could not be argued that the boat was not fit, as not only were exercises done before every outing, circuit training performed before breakfast during strict training, but the crew also gave up paddling light completely for the last three weeks!

The Mays again provided extremely exciting racing, the pattern being very similar to last year. On the first night, the 1st VIII allowed the reputedly very fast Emmanuel eight, with four Trial caps and a Blue, to close to ½ a length on Ditton and then rowed away from them down Long Reach, finishing well outside distance. Pembroke, in front, bumped Queens' at the Glasshouses. The next night Queens' were bumped very quickly on Grassy. It was the third night on which the 1st VIII so narrowly missed success; while closing fast on Pembroke through the Railway Bridge, the stroke side oars touched the bank which juts out just beyond it. Inches separated the crews at the time; some observers claimed them to be actually overlapping. The 1st VIII

recovered quickly but the moment had passed, and Pembroke were pursued from a canvas' distance to the finish. The next, and final night, they were pursued by 1st and 3rd Trinity, who had bumped Emmanuel. Up to Ditton there was little change, but down Long Reach the crews closed on one another very rapidly, Pembroke on Jesus, L.M.B.C. on Pembroke, and 1st and 3rd on L.M.B.C. Half-way down the Reach, 1st and 3rd were very close and the 1st VIII made an effort to catch Pembroke. Coming past the Glasshouses very little separated the crews, and Trinity made their bumping ten. A desperate spurt by the 1st VIII brought Pembroke within a canvas, and for a moment all was held in the balance. Then Trinity's spurt proved too much, and the 1st VIII was bumped—not ingloriously—at the Bridge.

The 2nd VIII also proved to be a fast boat, coached by R. G. Fleming, J. M. King, Mr L. V. Bevan, and I. L. Mackenzie. They were a heavy crew, and looked somewhat clumsy, but all worked extremely hard, and the boat moved only a few seconds slower than the first at times. They did not have to go very far to make their three bumps and on the last night were very close to getting their oars when the crew in front made a bump. The 3rd VIII was up to standard and the result is perhaps a bit misleading as they were in a high position to start with.

The 4th VIII suffered from only being a four-day-a-week boat, for the first time for some years, and even though they did go out for the full week before the races, it is perhaps significant that, due to pressure of work, fewer and fewer people are able to row full time. Consequently they were unable to withstand the challenge of better drilled and fitter crews. The 5th VIII was one of the more successful lower boats, containing some experienced oarsmen who had at one time rowed the full quota of six days a week. The 6th VIII, a 'Medics' crew, had many previously successful oarsmen in it, but after their first night effort of getting an overbump, they were forced to row further over the course and, being unfit, fell twice. The 7th VIII deservedly got its oars and so separated itself from the once clinging 8th VIII, which so often caught crabs and went heavily down. The 9th and 10th VIII's had a mixed record although they were better than the records suggest.

An 11th and a 12th VIII were entered for the getting-on race, competing for one place. Neither got on, but this is the first time any club has had twelve boats rowing before the Mays. After the Getting-on Race the then 11th VIII challenged the 10th VIII and beat it, so rowing as 10th VIII in the Mays.

Results

1st VIII started 4th, finished 4th; bumped Queens'; bumped by 1st and 3rd.

2nd VIII started 15th, finished 12th; bumped Selwyn I, Peterhouse I, Trinity II.

3rd VIII started 26th, finished 26th; bumped Clare II; bumped by Pembroke II.

4th VIII started 37th, finished 41st; bumped by Downing II, Caius II, Jesus IV, King's II.

5th VIII started 55th, finished 53rd; bumped Selwyn III, Sidney Sussex II.

6th (Medics) VIII started 63rd, finished 62nd; overbumped Peterhouse III; bumped by Clare IV, Trinity VI.

7th VIII started 76th, finished 72nd; bumped Corpus Christi III, Caius IV, Peterhouse IV, St Catharine's IV.

8th VIII started 77th, finished 80th; bumped by King's IV, Emmanuel V, Caius V.

9th VIII started 89th, finished 93rd; bumped by Trinity VII, Pembroke V, Magdalene V, Christ's V.

10th VIII started 108th, finished 107th; bumped Trinity IV, Fitzwilliam III; bumped by Queens' VIII.

Crews:

	1st VIII	*2nd VIII*	*3rd VIII*
Bow	J. R. Owen	R. S. Jackson	J. K. Munro
2	J. Parker	B. Taylor	J. M. Scroggie
3	E. T. C. Johnstone	D. N. H. Greig	D. W. H. Farmer
4	R. H. T. Ward	D. C. Dunn	D. J. Brewster
5	C. Vita-Finzi	J. M. Dunn	H. A. Shrimpton
6	R. I. L. Howland	D. R. Muirhead	C. D. Strong
7	F. P. T. Wiggins	J. R. B. Murray	D. R. C. Kelly
Str.	J. M. Andrews	P. W. Holmes	G. M. Newbury
Cox	C. P. E. Sutton	A. Y. L. Lee	I. S. Wordsworth

	4th VIII	*5th VIII*	*6th VIII*
Bow	R. Guinness	G. R. Brown	J. J. Cogswell
2	P. Reid	B. Jeffrey	J. E. L. Sales
3	P. Mizen	D. Keens	W. J. Norman
4	J. Roskell	J. C. Rucklidge	W. S. Shand
5	R. Brindley	M. R. Ayers	I. Campbell
6	J. Walker	P. I. Sygall	R. F. E. Axford
7	I. Wright	J. T. Spence	I. L. Mackenzie
Str.	P. Harbour	G. C. A. Talbot	H. R. Quibell
Cox	N. J. M. Abbott	G. L. Williams	M. G. Glasspool

	7th VIII	*8th VIII*	*9th VIII*
Bow	G. A. W. Murray	Z. G. K-Lahka	A. Lamb
2	D. M. Glover	J. Howell	G. J. Yeomans
3	J. D. Trubshaw	H. Hope Johnson	G. F. Woodruffe
4	R. A. Jones	A. J. F. Webster	B. J. Webber
5	D. J. C. Whitfield	J. R. Lancaster	J. M. Virgoe
6	J. F. A. Moore	J. L. S. Maclay	G. R. Jillings
7	N. C. F. Evans	T. J. Blackwood-Murray	D. Buchan
Str.	F. R. Noble	D. D. S. Kater	P. O. Brown
Cox	J. A. H. Butters	M. L. A. Andrews	M. E. Manasse

10th VIII

Bow	J. E. Filer	4	J. M. Tarrant	7	J. J. Billington
2	H. R. J. Hoare	5	D. T. Gibbons	*Str.*	A. P. L. Cox
3	D. W. Gould	6	J. R. Wandless	*Cox*	W. M. Bray

A.R.A. National Trials

The week after the Mays the 1st VIII was entered for the Trials for the Empire Games over a 2000 metre course at Henley. Accordingly the crew assembled at Henley on the Tuesday after the Mays. In the first race they were drawn against the R.A.F. Benson crew who had won the sprints at Amsterdam. Starting at the end of the island the crews were level at the Barrier, but here L.M.B.C. got into a good stride and began to pull away. At Fawley they led by half a length and went on to win by ¾ length. The next day the 1st VIII had to contend with Thames R.C. who were improving rapidly. They took the lead at the start, catching L.M.B.C. napping, and held that to the finish, only going away a little more to win by a length. In the final Thames beat 1st and 3rd Trinity by a canvas. L.M.B.C. were coached by R. S. Emery for this event.

Marlow Regatta 1958

Three crews were entered for this Regatta, in the Grand Challenge, the Marlow VIII's and Junior VIII's. The crews were the same as for the Mays save for one change in the 3rd VIII, which was in the Junior VIII's. The 1st VIII was originally drawn against Thames and Trinity, but these two eventually retired and after several combinations proposed by the Regatta Committee, they rowed Jesus and London R.C. The race was an utter shambles due to the usual trouble at this regatta, that of crews fouling one another. The 1st VIII were on the centre station, to which the cox adhered firmly, never getting off station throughout the race. Almost immediately after the start Jesus came across and fouled bow side oars. This unsettled the crew, who were just settling down to a stride at the time, and, when Jesus cleared, took some time to settle again. Hardly had a minute passed, when they were overtaking London, this crew also moved out of their water and fouled L.M.B.C. stroke side oars, continuing to chivvy the 1st VIII to the finish, when they drew clear. Jesus won by a length, with London 1¼ lengths behind L.M.B.C. In the final, Australia beat Jesus by ½ a length.

The 2nd VIII did extremely well to reach the final of the Marlow VIII's, beating Pembroke *en route*. They did suffer a little from May Week, their first row being the best, and the others getting slightly worse. Nevertheless this is not to minimize their performance, which was excellent in the circumstances. They were coached at Marlow by J. F. Hall-Craggs.

The 3rd VIII, drawn against Thames R.C. and Monckton Combe School, were also somewhat upset by a collision. They had settled down to a good stride and were progressing well when there was a foul and Thames were disqualified. The two remaining crews were restarted half-way along the course, and Monckton won by ½ a length. Had they

not had this interruption, the result might have been different. They were coached by R. H. C. Symon.

Crews: As for the Mays except that R. Brindley replaces H. A. C. Shrimpton at '5' in the 3rd boat.

Results

Grand Challenge:

Lost to Jesus by 1 length, beating London R.C. by 1¼ lengths.

Marlow VIII's:

1st round beat 1st and 3rd Trinity and Bedford Modern School by 1 length.

2nd round beat Pembroke, Cambridge, and Bedford School by ½ length.

Final lost to Thames R.C. and Christ's, Cambridge, by 2½ lengths.

Junior VIII's:

Lost to Monckton Combe School by ½ length.

Henley Royal Regatta 1958

Once again the 1st VIII and the Fours were coached by Dr Owen, who put the crew through an intense revision course, as it had been rowing in races every week for three weeks and was in dire need of personal coaching. Dr Owen did this most ably, as ever, and under his tuition the crew came up to a peak very nicely for the first race. The Fours also progressed well in practice, and hopes were high of bringing home at least one event this time. The 2nd VIII was coached by A. T. Denby, also very ably, and steadily improved its form.

On the first day L.M.B.C. had four victories, for the first time in many years. The 1st VIII, in the Ladies Plate, defeated 1st and 3rd Trinity in a strongly strode-out race by 2 lengths, thus avenging the Mays. The 2nd VIII beat Nottingham University by 1⅔ lengths, and the two Fours both had comfortable wins. The next day, however, was not nearly so successful. The 1st VIII was slightly surprised when it did not lead Christchurch, Oxford, by more than ½ a length at the Barrier. This caused the crew to lose its effective stride, and at Fawley the crews were level. Despite repeated attacks Christchurch could not be held, and though everyone rowed their hardest, the Oxford crew won by ½ a length. It was not a disgrace, since they lost to Jesus by only ¼ of a length in the final. The 2nd VIII allowed Queen's University, Belfast, to get too far ahead over the middle of the course, and despite a very spirited take-in, when the rating jumped from 31 to 37, they had too great a distance to catch up, and lost by ⅔ of a length. Both Fours again won, the Visitors Four comfortably and the Wyfold Four reasonably so, judging by the low rating while leading by a length!

On the Friday the Wyfold Four lost to the eventual winners, Burton Leander, in a good race. The Visitors Four had the misfortune to strike

the booms while in a strong position early on in the race, and were too long disentangling themselves to make up the deficit on Keble, Oxford, who won the final of the event comfortably.

Crews: VIII's as for the Mays.

Visitors Four	*Wyfold Four*
Bow F. P. T. Wiggins (*steerer*)	J. R. Owen (*steerer*)
2 J. M. Andrews	J. Parker
3 C. Vita-Finzi	E. T. C. Johnstone
Str. R. I. L. Howland	R. H. T. Ward

Results

Ladies Plate:

1st round beat 1st and 3rd Trinity by 2 lengths in 7 min. 10 sec.
2nd round lost to Christchurch, Oxford, by ½ length in 7 min. 4 sec.

Thames Cup:

1st round beat Nottingham University by 1⅔ lengths in 7 min. 12 sec.
2nd round lost to Queen's University, Belfast, by ⅔ length in 7 min. 8 sec.

Visitors Cup:

1st round beat Oriel College, Oxford, easily in 8 min. 15 sec.
2nd round beat Brasenose, Oxford, by 4 lengths in 7 min. 57 sec.
Semi-final lost to Keble, Oxford, easily in 7 min. 45 sec.

Wyfold Fours:

1st round beat Gladstone R.C. by 2½ lengths in 8 min. 5 sec.
2nd round beat St Catharine's, Cambridge, by 1⅓ lengths in 7 min. 46 sec.
Semi-final lost to Burton Leander by 2 lengths in 7 min. 26 sec.

THE LAW SOCIETY

President: A. J. JACOVIDES. *Secretary:* A. J. HANSON.
Junior Treasurer: G. M. NEWBURY.

The year has been conspicuous both for the frequency and quality of the meetings. The opening meeting, attended by some forty members, was addressed by Professor Freund, the visiting American Professor from Harvard, who illustrated the subject of regional resistance to the Supreme Court by topical reference to legal issues arising from the 'Little Rock' disturbances over segregation policies. 'Local Government with the Lid Off' was the subject of a frank and forthright address given by Mr A. H. I. Swift, an Old Johnian and the present Town Clerk of Cambridge. A 'panel' consisting of two distinguished members of different branches of the legal profession, J. Megaw, Esq., Q.C., O.B.E., and Mr Bonsall answered a large number of questions put by members of the Society. The meeting proved to be as successful as it was novel. In the Lent Term the now customary joint-meeting

with the Medical and Theological Societies took place. A stimulating discussion concerning the Wolfenden Report and A.I.D. was led by Mr Bezzant, Mr Hall, The Chaplain and Dr Campbell and continued into the early hours. In June the Society was honoured by a visit of the Rt Hon. L. M. D. de Silva, a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; the opportunity of meeting this distinguished gentleman informally was taken by many.

Eight members have mooted for the Society during the year. For the first moot judged by Mr Hall, Mr Scott and Mr Griffith, we did not have outside opponents. A. J. Jacovides and T. S. Legg appeared for the appellants and R. J. Eaglen and D. A. Goulden for the respondents. A moot against University College, London, was judged by Mr Brevezer: M. Pritchard and J. Lewis appeared for the Society. Against Jesus College, C. H. C. Scott and C. P. Lim appeared before a Court of Appeal consisting of Dr Glanville-Williams, A. J. Jacovides and P. Prior.

The Society was fortunate to have Sir Arnold McNair as the Guest of Honour at the Annual Dinner. We were pleased to have among us also Mr Hall, Dr Jackson and Mr Scott. The Society is most grateful to them for their unfailing support of its activities.

G. M. Newbury was elected to serve as President for 1958-9, P. J. Clarke as Secretary and C. J. F. Turner as Junior Treasurer.

THE LAWN TENNIS CLUB

Captain: J. P. FAWCETT. *Hon. Sec.:* T. M. L. LEE.

This season was noted for a very creditable performance in both the Singles and Doubles Cuppers, and at the same time for a very disappointing display in the College League.

In the Cuppers, we lost at singles to Emmanuel in the semi-finals and again to Emmanuel in the finals of the doubles. This was a very fine performance indeed, and we only lost to a very good side, which eventually won both the Cuppers events and also topped the College League.

However, our play in the College League was extremely disappointing as some of our players realized their true potential too late. The third pair in particular failed to win a match despite some experimenting, and the third pair is usually the key to success in College League tennis. In the league we also missed the services of B. R. Hatton who was called away for higher duties, and who eventually got his Blue. We offer him our congratulations. His absence made all the difference. As a result of our indifferent performance we finished second last, one point behind Caius and St Catharine's, and have been relegated to the Second Division.

Our 2nd and 3rd teams also fared badly—the 2nd team being relegated as well.

1st VI colours were reawarded to: B. R. Hatton, T. M. L. Lee; and awarded to: A. Y. L. Lee, R. H. White, I. T. Jones.

2nd VI colours were reawarded to: N. F. Lowe, K. M. Mangaldas; and awarded to: C. D. R. Bovell, J. G. Clarke, J. F. Clegg, S. D. Mayes, M. R. Pemberton, J. M. Flackett, G. J. Korbel.

The new officers for 1959 will be: *Captain*, T. M. L. Lee; *Hon. Sec.*, A. Y. L. Lee.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY

President: MR LEE. *Senior Treasurer:* MR THISTLETHWAITE. *Musical Director:* MR GUEST. *Librarian:* MR CROOK. *Junior Treasurer:* P. G. WHITE. *Hon. Secretary:* D. W. GOULD. *Committee:* D. S. JONES, J. D. HARVEY, J. L. O'KILL, P. F. WILLIAMS.

The first concert of the year was notable for a fine performance by Kenneth Elliott of Brahms' Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Handel. Apart from its technical competence the general interpretation was of a high order. The opening item of the concert was an arrangement of Wagner's Overture *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* for eight hands and two pianos.

The Freshmen's concert in November was opened by an ensemble not heard in a smoking concert for some considerable time—a consort of three recorders which rendered works by Purcell, Morley and Handel. The new talent which had arrived in the College was soon apparent in the singing of Christopher Bevan and in the instrumental playing of Jonathan Harvey ('cello) and Martin Manasse (oboe). The concert concluded with early seventeenth-century songs for male voice trio sung by the other three Freshmen choral scholars seated round a table with lights dimmed, which gave a most appropriate homely and almost Tudor atmosphere in keeping with the spirit of the songs.

The highlights of the Combination Room Concert in November were the exquisite performance of five anonymous polyphonic part-songs from the early Scottish song-literature (edited by Kenneth Elliott from the original manuscripts as part of his research work in connexion with *Musica Britannica*), and a sonata for pianoforte composed and played by Peter Nash.

Further variety in smoking concerts was afforded by the Fauré Quartet in E minor played by the Harvey Quartet, Beethoven's Duo in B flat for Clarinet and Bassoon played by Mr Crook and Dr Brindley, and three works of Satie played by Mr Davies on his piano-accordion.

The May Week Concert always represents the apex of the activities of the College Musical Society. This year the orchestra conducted by Jonathan Harvey played the Hungarian March from Berlioz' *Damnation of Faust* and William Alwyn's Suite of Scottish Dances, and the Chapel Choir sang modern part-songs: Copland's *I Bought Me a Cat* and four Slovak folk-songs set by Bartók. Other items were Mozart's Piano Quartet with Peter Williams at the piano, and a very creditable performance of Thomas Wood's *Daniel and the Lions* under the baton of John O'Kill with the College Chorus and the senior committee members of the Music Society giving a masterly demonstration of their diversity of talent and extreme versatility in all the departments of a large percussion battery. For the first time the College Boat Song sung by the First May Boat was accompanied by an ensemble consisting of violin, oboe, trombone and accordion, all played by members of the First May Boat.

It is a matter for regret that it seems to have become traditional for some members of the College not to give priority to their own College musical activities. Quite frequently in the experience of the contributor of these notes, vocalists and instrumentalists in the College have been asked for their services in a College concert only to reply that they are already engaged in another college concert. The results of this are in the first place a chaotic borrowing and lending of performers by all the colleges so that in the end no one college has a right to append its name to an orchestra or chorus, and secondly a lowering of musical standards and a lessening of opportunities for greater ambitiousness and enterprise to be shown in the choice of works for performance at concerts. It is to be hoped that in future members of the College, and particularly Freshmen coming up in the Michaelmas Term, will give pride of place to the musical activities of their own College.

THE NATURAL SCIENCE CLUB

President: THE MASTER. *Vice-Presidents:* DR P. A. G. SCHEUER, MR A. T. WELFORD. Michaelmas Term, *Chairman:* G. TURNER; *Secretary:* R. F. GRIFFIN; *Treasurer:* N. C. PEACOCK. Lent Term, *Chairman:* R. F. GRIFFIN; *Secretary:* J. C. RUCKLIDGE; *Treasurer:* C. F. J. HARMER.

The avowed object of the Club is to 'broaden the scientific mind in an age of ever-increasing specialization', and as the members themselves speak in turn at the weekly meetings, and interpret Natural Science in a manner sufficiently liberal to include any conceivable subject, this object is invariably achieved. In the Michaelmas Term the guest speaker was Mr M. H. I. Baird, who spoke on 'Surface Activity', while in the Lent Term Dr J. R. Shakeshaft initiated a discussion upon 'Social Responsibilities of the Scientist'. This innovation was remarkably successful, and further discussion evenings are contemplated. The final meeting of the Lent Term was the annual Exhibits meeting, at which the scientific mind was still further broadened by the customary ethanolic lubrication.

THE PURCHAS SOCIETY

Though somewhat depleted in numbers this year, the Society under the presidency of J. Tippett has continued to minister to the needs of Johnian geographers, archaeologists and anthropologists (though the

latter continue to be conspicuous by their absence), and has been rewarded by inclusion in the British Association List of Learned Societies and also in a further list prepared by the Bird Room of the British Museum. Distinguished speakers who have addressed the Society include Mr C. T. Smith on Peru, Dr Bushnell on Ecuador and Dr St Joseph on air photography, while Professor Leslie Banks was guest at the Annual Dinner. The Society congratulated both itself and Dr Wise upon the succession of the latter to one of the many chairs of geography in the University of London (Dr Wise being our Honorary Procurator Fiscal). Mr Farmer continues to develop his acquaintance with Samuel Purchas in the tower of the University Library.

At the Annual General Meeting, D. R. Stoddart was elected President, J. D. Trubshaw Secretary for 1958-9. Undaunted by rumours of a flood of Freshmen geographers next year, the Society looks forward to greater things forthwith.

THE COLLEGE RUGBY FIVES CLUB

President: J. G. W. DAVIES, O.B.E., M.C. 1957-8 *Captain:* G. C. WILLSHER. *Secretary:* F. D. JOHNSON. 1958-9 *Captain:* F. D. JOHNSON. *Secretary:* A. SCHROEDER.

This year we managed to produce a Fives Club with the largest membership in the University. Unfortunately, numbers did not produce quality and the Club had to rely on four members for most of its matches.

The team was built around Geoff Willsher who, besides playing for the University for the last two years, has been our main source of strength, and it was mainly through his individual ability that we were able to hold our own in the matches.

We are the only College which has a regular outside fixture-list—and this year we had many enjoyable fixtures, even if the result was not always favourable. If we are to maintain our fixtures in the future we must have a good solid nucleus of fives players, and let us hope this will be achieved by the arrival of some good Freshmen in the coming season 1958-9.

The team this year was composed of Geoff Willsher (who will be with us for part of next year, before teaching duties carry him further afield), the unpredictable Michael Sharman, Alan Schroeder, and David Johnson. The latter two should be available for the coming year when we look forward to another enjoyable season, and hope to give better account of ourselves in the Fives Cuppers Competition, in which we reached the second round this year.

College Notes

Honours List

New Year Honours, 1958 (additional):

O.B.E.: Mr J. F. HOUGH (B.A. 1902), for public services in Brentwood, Essex.

Birthday Honours, 1958

M.V.O.: Mr K. NEWIS (B.A. 1938), assistant secretary, Ministry of Works.

Fellowships

Dr ALAN JOHN WILLSON (B.A. 1953), Dr JOHN ROBERT RINGROSE (B.A. 1953), and Mr D. A. HOPWOOD (B.A. 1954), were elected into Fellowships at the annual election in May 1958.

Mr Z. A. SILBERSTON (B.A. 1943, from Jesus College), University Lecturer in Economics, has been elected into a Fellowship from 1 October 1958.

Prizes, Awards, and other Honours

Dr V. E. FUCHS (B.A. 1929), leader of the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition, has been awarded the special gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society, and the gold medal of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society.

On 15 May 1958 the Queen conferred the honour of knighthood on Dr Fuchs.

Dr L. S. B. LEAKEY (B.A. 1926), formerly Fellow, and Professor E. C. S. WADE (B.A. 1920, from Caius), formerly Fellow, have been elected Fellows of the British Academy.

Honorary degrees have been conferred on the following members of the College:

3 July 1958, by the University of Edinburgh, LL.D., Professor W. V. D. HODGE (B.A. 1925), formerly Fellow.

4 July 1958, by the University of Aberdeen, LL.D., Professor W. H. BRUFORD (B.A. 1915), Fellow.

5 July 1958, by the University of Durham, D.Sc., Sir VIVIAN ERNEST FUCHS (B.A. 1929).

17 July 1958, by the University of Birmingham, D.Sc., Professor J. S. MITCHELL (B.A. 1931), Fellow.

Mr M. B. WARD (B.A. 1955) has been awarded a Profumo Scholarship at the Inner Temple.

Mr D. B. PRICE (Matric. 1955) has been awarded the Cecil Peace Prize of the David Davies Institute of International Studies for an essay on The Charter of the United Nations and the Suez War.

Mr W. D. REDFERN (B.A. 1957) has been awarded a French Government research scholarship.

Mr D. W. G. WASS (B.A. 1944), Principal, H.M. Treasury, has been elected to a Home Civil Service Fellowship of the Commonwealth Fund, 1958–9.

The International Meteorological Organization's prize for 1958 has been awarded to Mr ERNEST GOLD (B.A. 1903), formerly Fellow, sometime deputy director of the Meteorological Office.

The Buchan Prize of the Royal Meteorological Society has been awarded to Dr R. M. GOODY (B.A. 1942), formerly Fellow.

Professor W. V. D. HODGE (B.A. 1925), formerly Fellow, has been pre-elected Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge, from 1 August 1958.

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

Senior Studentship of the Exhibition of 1851: Dr P. A. G. SCHEUER (B.A. 1951), formerly Fellow.

W. A. Meek Scholarship: C. VITA-FINZI (B.A. 1958).

Craven Scholarship: H. D. JOCELYN (B.A. 1957).

Studentship at the British School of Archaeology at Athens: D. M. METCALF (B.A. 1955).

Joseph Hodges Choate Memorial Fellowship at Harvard University: H. MARSH (B.A. 1958).

Tiarks German Scholarship: W. A. STEER (B.A. 1958).

Montagu Butler Prize: J. B. HALL (Matric. 1956).

Sir William Browne's Medal for a Greek Ode or Elegy: J. B. HALL.

First Winchester Reading Prize: J. PETTIFER (B.A. 1958).

Wiltshire Prize: J. R. CANN (Matric. 1956).

Philip Lake Prize, D. R. STODDART (Matric. 1956).

Philip Lake Prize for Advanced Physiography: C. VITA-FINZI (B.A. 1958).

Rex Moir Prize: J. R. EVANS (Matric. 1956).

Ricardo Prize in Thermodynamics: H. MARSH (B.A. 1958).

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

Award from the Mary Euphrasia Mosley Fund, for travel to countries of the British Commonwealth: A. S. DURWARD (Matric. 1955).

Grants from the Worts Travelling Scholars' Fund:

D. R. STODDART (Matric. 1956), to visit Sierra Leone and Ghana, to study rural communities;

C. VITA-FINZI (B.A. 1958), for an expedition to the Atacama Desert, Northern Chile;

S. E. WEST (Matric. 1956), to study Anglo-Saxon archaeologic material in museums in Holland, Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein.

The Chadwick Prize, offered by Jesus College, Cambridge, for an essay on the Philosophy of the Christian Religion, has been awarded to M. H. CRESSEY (Matric. 1955).

College Appointments

Mr B. H. FARMER (B.A. 1937), Fellow, and Mr R. A. HINDE (B.A. 1947), formerly Fellow, have been appointed Tutors from 1 October 1958. Mr Hinde has been re-elected into a Fellowship.

Mr F. THISTLETHWAITE (B.A. 1938), Fellow, has been appointed Steward of the College in the place of Mr Hinde.

Academic Appointments

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

Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History: Dr W. O. CHADWICK (B.A. 1939), Master of Selwyn College.

Lady Margaret's Preacher for 1958: Dr W. O. CHADWICK.

University Lecturer in Mathematics: Dr L. MESTEL (B.A., from Trinity, 1948), Fellow.

University Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Archaeology and Anthropology: Mr R. R. INSKEEP (B.A. 1956).

Senior Assistant in Research in Zoology: Dr R. A. HINDE (B.A. 1947), Fellow.

Assistant Secretary of the Appointments Board: Mr K. N. WYLIE (B.A. 1934).

Assistant Director of Research in Engineering: Dr R. P. N. JONES (B.A. 1942).

The Rev. J. S. BEZZANT (B.D., by incorporation, 1952), Fellow and Dean, has been elected to represent the University as Proctor in Convocation.

Dr J. H. HORLOCK (B.A. 1949), formerly Fellow, has been appointed Harrison Professor of Mechanical Engineering in the University of Liverpool.

Mr A. L. BROWN (B.A. 1955) has been appointed lecturer in mathematics in the University of Nottingham.

Dr J. B. BEER (B.A. 1950), formerly Fellow, has been appointed assistant lecturer in English in the University of Manchester.

Mr J. S. PATON PHILIP (B.A. 1946), estate agent for the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava at Clandeboye, Belfast, has been appointed principal of Chadacre Agricultural Institute, Hartest, Suffolk.

Mr M. O. PALMER (B.A. 1937), deputy director of education for Leicestershire, has been appointed chief education officer for Hastings.

Mr J. G. DEWES (B.A. 1950), assistant master at Rugby School, has been appointed headmaster of Barker College, Sydney, New South Wales.

Mr D. B. PARKER (LL.B. 1955), barrister at law, has been appointed lecturer in law in the University of Leeds from October 1958.

Dr C. P. WHITTINGHAM (B.A. 1943) has been appointed Professor of Botany in Queen Mary College, University of London.

The title of Reader in Caucasian Studies in the University of London has been conferred upon Dr D. M. LANG (B.A. 1945), formerly Fellow, lecturer at the School of Oriental and African Studies.

Mr J. L. J. EDWARDS (B.A. 1947), reader in law in Queen's University, Belfast, has been appointed Dunn Professor of Law in Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Mr C. F. CARTER (B.A. 1944), Professor of Applied Economics in the Queen's University of Belfast, has been appointed Stanley Jevons Professor of Political Economy and Cobden Lecturer in the University of Manchester from October 1959.

Ecclesiastical Appointments

The Rev. D. J. STRICKLAND (B.A. 1935), rector of Sheldon, Warwickshire, to be rural dean of Coleshill, Diocese of Birmingham.

The Rev. P. G. CROFT (B.A. 1948), curate in charge of St Peter, Rugby, to be vicar of Stockingford, Warwickshire.

The Rev. J. H. DAVIES (B.A. 1950), succentor of Derby Cathedral, to be chaplain of Westcott House, Cambridge.

The Rev. E. R. BARDSLEY (B.A. 1947), priest in charge of St George, Harold Hill, Essex, to be vicar of St John, Moulsham, Chelmsford.

The Rev. D. P. HARLOW (B.A. 1953), assistant curate of Barking, to be vicar of Emmanuel, Leyton, Essex.

The Rev. M. L. H. BOYNS (B.A. 1949), assistant curate of Holy Trinity with Christ Church, Folkestone, to be vicar of Duffield, Derbyshire.

The Rev. E. G. SHRUBBS (B.A. 1926), curate of Beccles, Suffolk, to be rector of Lawshall, Suffolk.

The Rev. N. H. CROWDER (B.A. 1948), resident chaplain to the Bishop of Portsmouth, to be assistant chaplain of Canford School, Dorset.

Public Appointments

Lieutenant Commander J. J. FOGGON, R.N. (Matric. 1941), has been appointed to the Torpedo Experimental Establishment, Greenock.

Mr R. S. JOHNSTON, Q.C. (B.A. 1939), has been adopted as prospective Unionist candidate for the parliamentary constituency of Stirling, Falkirk and Grangemouth Burghs.

Mr ANTHONY YOUNG (B.A. 1954) has been appointed soil surveyor to the Department of Agriculture, Nyasaland.

Legal and Medical Appointments

Mr JOHN MEGAW (B.A. 1931), Q.C., has been elected a Bencher of Gray's Inn.

Mr A. H. M. EVANS (B.A. 1957), MacMahon Law Student of the College, was placed alone in the First Class in the Bar Final examination in June 1958; he was awarded a Certificate of Honour, a studentship of 100 guineas a year for three years, and a prize of £25 for Public International Law.

Professor J. S. MITCHELL (B.A. 1931), Fellow, and Dr A. D. CHARTERS (B.A. 1924) have been elected Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

Other Appointments

Mr JULIAN PETTIFER (B.A. 1958) has been appointed a Southern Television station announcer.

Mr J. P. BRADSHAW (B.A. 1954) has joined the market research department of Notley Advertising, Limited.

Marriages

GEORGE MACRAE BRIDGEFORD (B.A. 1927) to Mrs ALISON BOND—on 8 February 1958, at the Church of St John the Baptist, Byfleet, Surrey.

JAMES JOSEPH FOGGON (Matric. 1941) to H. LEWER—on 18 January 1958, at St Paul's Church, West Hartlepool.

DAVID JAMES ROBERT COOK (B.A. 1957) to VELIA JEANETTE COPE, elder daughter of J. E. Cope, of Cavendish Road, Cambridge—on 22 March 1958, at St Botolph's, Cambridge.

JOHN MARLES HERBERT BARNARD (B.A. 1955) to MARY DELACOURT COWDELL, younger daughter of G. J. L. Cowdell, of Tenbury Wells—on 5 April 1958, at St Lawrence, Lindridge, Worcestershire.

ANTHONY HENRY JOHN MILLER (B.A. 1957) to CYNTHIA ANNE DOMMETT, daughter of E. G. S. Dommett, of West Drayton—on 8 April 1958, at St Martin's, West Drayton, Middlesex.

MICHAEL GEORGE HUXTABLE (B.A. 1950) to BARBARA MARY BARCLAY LYON, only daughter of Barclay Lyon, of Barton-on-Sea—on 11 April 1958.

JOHN ALEXANDER DON HARRISON (B.A. 1955) to SUSAN MARY ALLAN, eldest daughter of A. M. Allan, of Linndhu, Tobermory—on 20 April 1958, at the Cathedral Church of St Mary, Edinburgh.

JOHN ERNEST VILES (B.A. 1957) to PATRICIA ANNE TEMPEST, only child of T. E. Tempest, of Otley, Yorkshire—on 5 May 1958, at Otley Parish Church.

RICHARD FRANCIS CULVERHOUSE BUTLER (B.A. 1948) to YVONNE MARY CHAMBERLAIN, only child of W. E. C. Chamberlain, city engineer of Portsmouth—on 10 May 1958, in Portsmouth Cathedral.

ROGER JOHN NIMMO BOOTH (Matric. 1955) to JOANNA MARGARET MOULD-GRAHAM, daughter of R. Mould-Graham, of Fawdon House, Newcastle upon Tyne—on 12 July 1958, at All Saints' Church, Gosforth, Northumberland.

ANTHONY JOHN WATSON, M.B. (B.A. 1953), to JEAN MARY LEACH, of Chelsea—on 7 June 1958, at the Old Church, Hove, Sussex.

MALCOLM BEVERLEY WARD (B.A. 1955) to MURIEL WINIFRED WALLACE, elder daughter of E. D. M. Wallace, of Perth—on 12 July 1958, at St Ninian's Cathedral, Perth.

ROBIN DAVID CHERRY (Matric. 1954) to HELEN M. C. SHIELDS—on 28 June 1958, in Cape Town.

ANTHONY YOUNG (B.A. 1954) to DOREEN MILDRED ROLFE, daughter of Arthur C. Rolfe, of Bath—on 3 August 1957, at the Church of St John Baptist, Bathwick, Somerset.

HUGH RODERICK MCLEOD (B.A. 1953) to JOSEPHINE SEAGER BERRY, only daughter of T. G. Seager Berry, of Worth, Sussex—on 26 July 1958, at Turner's Hill.

THOMAS EDWIN BIDWELL ABRAHAM (B.A. 1957) to JULIET JANE MARGARETTA MOYNIHAN, younger daughter of Lord Moynihan—on 26 July 1958, at St James's Church, Sussex Gardens, London.

JOHN GREVILLE AGARD POCOCK (Ph.D. 1952, from Emmanuel), Fellow, to FELICITY WILLIS-FLEMING, elder daughter of E. Willis-Fleming, of Newton Abbot, Devon—on 27 March 1958, at the Round Church, Cambridge.

DAVID HAMILTON DOUGLAS (B.A. 1952) to HAZEL MARY EDGAR, daughter of George Edgar—on 3 July 1958, at St Andrew's Cathedral, Singapore.

JOHN COOPER RATCLIFF (B.A. 1952) to YVONNE JACQUELINE SONIA FAULDER, elder daughter of B. A. Faulder, of Conway, North Wales—on 4 September 1957, at the church of St Hilary, Llanrhos, Denbighshire.

Deaths

JOHN CLIVE RUSSELL BRAY (B.A. 1948), formerly lecturer in English at Fouad I University, Cairo, and since master at a school in Nicosia, Cyprus, died 16 February 1958, in Cyprus, as the result of an accident, aged 37.

CYRIL NEWTON THOMPSON (B.A. 1914), Judge of the Supreme Court, Cape of Good Hope, died at Newlands House, Cape Town, 21 February 1958, aged 66.

WILLIAM BURNS COWAN GLEN (Matric. 1920), died in Penang, 22 February 1958, aged 56.

ARCHIBALD YOUNG CAMPBELL (B.A. 1907), formerly Fellow, Gladstone Professor of Greek in the University of Liverpool from 1922 to 1950, died in Cambridge 19 February 1958, aged 72.

CHARLES HACKWOOD (B.A. 1892), soap manufacturer, of Handsworth, Birmingham, died 12 December 1957, aged 87. He was a generous benefactor to the College Choir School.

CHARLES KELLAM BIRD (B.A. 1921), General Manager of British Railways, Eastern Region, from 1955 to 1957, died 28 February 1958, aged 60.

DAVID ROBERT HARRIS (B.A. 1898), principal of the Normal College, Bangor, from 1905 to 1935, and director of the *Police Review* for 40 years, died at Rickmansworth 18 March 1958, aged 87.

HECTOR CHARLES CAMERON, M.D. (B.A. 1901), formerly head of the department of Diseases of Children at Guy's Hospital, died 1 April 1958, aged 79.

WILLIAM TROTH WILLIAMS (B.A. 1914), vicar of Shudy Camps and rector of Castle Camps since 1952, formerly of the Cambridge Mission to Delhi, died suddenly at Castle Camps, Cambridgeshire, 27 March 1958, aged 65.

REGINALD SYDNEY CARRUTHERS HATHORN WOOD (B.A. 1900), vicar of Thorpe Arnold, Leicestershire, formerly vicar of Stoke Row, died in May 1957, aged 78.

ERNEST TAYLOR (B.A. 1893), vicar of Bolton le Sands, Lancashire, from 1923 to 1936, died 12 July 1957, aged 86.

EDWARD CHISHOLM DEWICK, D.D. (B.A. 1906), Principal of St Aidan's College, Birkenhead, from 1917 to 1919, and Principal of St Andrew's College in the United Provinces from 1934 to 1938, was knocked down and killed by a motor car at Shelford, Cambridgeshire, on 14 June 1958; he was 73 years of age.

GORDON RAMSAY SANDISON (B.A. 1934), barrister at law, general secretary of the British Actors' Equity Association since 1947, died 3 July 1958, aged 45.

ERNEST KEITH WESTLAKE, M.D., M.R.C.P. (B.A. 1946), died after swallowing cyanide in his flat in New Cavendish Street, London, on 18 June 1958, aged 33. He was senior medical registrar at Middlesex Hospital.

HERBERT CLAUDE STANFORD, M.C. (B.A. 1907), sometime secretary of the University Library, died at Ipswich Hospital 17 July 1958, after an operation, aged 73.

MALCOLM NORMAN DAVIDSON (B.A. 1947), clerk to the East Africa Central Legislative Assembly, died at Nairobi 25 June 1958, aged 36.

RAYMOND MARSHALL SCANTLEBURY (B.A. 1927), canon residentiary and diocesan missionary of Carlisle, died at Reading 16 June 1958, aged 53.

CLAUD MONTAGUE BENSON SKENE (B.A. 1906), rector of Marwood, Devon, a College living, from 1937 to 1943, died at Devizes 8 July 1958, aged 74.

HUGH SCOTT BARRETT, C.B., C.B.E. (B.A. 1909), curate of St Mary, Burgh Heath, Surrey, formerly Deputy Judge Advocate-General, died 30 July 1958, aged 71.

Correspondence

ANIMA NATURALITER JOHNIANA

To the Editor of *The Eagle*.

Sir,

A few years ago I was discussing with a friend the merits of X — and I ventured to describe him as a typical Johnian, not outstandingly brilliant but having an unobtrusive all-round competence. My friend thought my testimony biased, but it is not without interest that I happened to say very much the same thing as the author of the leading article in the centenary number of *The Eagle*.

Yours truly,

T. A. SINCLAIR

Belfast

Book Reviews

G. A. HOLMES. *The Estates of the Higher Nobility in 14th Century England.* Cambridge Studies in Economic History. (Cambridge University Press, 1957, 22*s.* 6*d.*)

This book, based primarily upon the records of some of the very great landed estates, shows how the magnates of fourteenth-century England attempted to conserve their lands and maintain their retinues. We see how great estates might be acquired, by royal favour and by provident marriage; how they were secured to the heir or heiress with due provision for other members of the family; examples of marriage contracts, of 're-enfeoffments' (perhaps to oneself for life with remainder to one's children), and of trusts. And it seems that one's trustees might grant one a lease; that their obligations might be prescribed either immediately or by one's last will; and that lands vested in trustees were likely to escape the attention of the inquisitioners *post mortem*.

The third chapter (Retinue and Indenture) concerns the so-called 'bastard feudalism' whereby, although the old process of subinfeudation was now forbidden, a man of property might still enjoy the services 'for peace and war' of a large company of retainers. Knights, esquires, stewards, chamberlains and clerks, and perhaps even the lower servants, might bind themselves to him in lifelong service in return for some annual payment in marks or pounds. Whether and to what extent these life annuities were secured upon the magnate's land—perhaps by rent charge or by some form of lease—is hard to tell. More may be learned about such service contracts when it is known how the law regarded them and in what courts (if any) they could be enforced. It is clear enough (p. 82) that, by the early years of Edward III, both Parliament and the royal courts were already well aware of some of their undesirable consequences: for even the lesser men were said to be retaining, with their 'fees and robes', armed bands who maintained their quarrels and terrorized the people.

The final chapter, with its appendices, examines the economy of some of the larger estates, including two lordships in Wales. The details given and the conclusions reached are of great interest. We are shown, for instance, the effects of the Black Death and the Peasants' Revolt upon the incomes of the magnates and their households, the desperate problems which beset the demesne lands, and the consequent lettings of them to farm; and so are enabled to sense the gradual beginnings of manorial decay.

S.J.B.

GILBERT PHELPS. *The Centenarians.* Heinemann. 15*s.*

This novel is about a group of centenarians, the world's finest artists and scientists, who are packed off by a world government—not to relieve society of the very real burden of elder statesmen, philosophers and artists, at least not ostensibly for that reason—but so that they may avoid the dread calamity which threatens to engulf this world in the shape of cobalt flying-saucers and ego-disintegrating gas. Mr Phelps's main concern is to show the conflict between two elements in the old men—the intellectual energy which spurs

each to achieve the ultimate vision and the weaker element (represented by Pinfold) which threatens to lapse into senility. Yeats's poem *Sailing to Byzantium* is very much in Mr Phelps's mind:

> 'An aged man is but a paltry thing,
> A tattered coat upon a stick unless
> Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing....'

The final outcome of this conflict is the triumph of strength of mind over senility of body, realized in the bird-image at the end: 'It sang until its throat was a vibrating pillar of song. It sang and it sang and it sang. Oh it sang!'

The action takes place in the future but the narrative flits about freely in time and much of the interest is in the series of personal reminiscences of Jerrould. He uses the past (i.e. roughly our present) to get a grip on the present (our future). He, the narrator of the novel, is a historian of great but unspecified age. He points our attitude to the centenarians. Detached enough from his fellows to present and comment on them objectively, he is still sufficiently identified with this rather inhuman group of super-intellects to engage our sympathies for them. Because he is extremely old and tucked away from the world he can adopt an attitude of detached observation 'from the still point of the turning world'—a bird's-eye view of both his own life and modern civilization, with the latter providing material for some serious social criticism.

But despite all this the novel is not a serious work of high significance; basically it is a piece of fantasy. The fact that it is fitted into a vaguely science-fiction framework does not, of course, condemn it as a serious work of fiction: men like Orwell and Huxley have used a hypothetical future to illuminate contemporary reference. But there is nothing central about it—its triumphs are fragmentary and local. At one point Mr Phelps seems to be about to produce a work of social criticism, but this mood passes. At other points he seems to be attempting to see a human life and a civilization in perspective; but in this also he seems to lose interest. The author, like his central character, is interested not in the overwhelming problems of life, not in 'the swelling narrative, nor in the exhaustive analysis of cause and effect, nor in the vast canvas of a nation's or a world's destiny' but in 'the odds and ends'. In so far as the book has a 'significant' side—and I think it has—it is that of a series of *pensées* rather than of a central overall theme. It is the sort of lightish fiction which intellectuals—the Reverend Charles Dodgson was another—turn out from time to time as a relaxation from their more specialized intellectual pursuits and as an outlet for their lighter selves. It is beautifully written in a style which is familiar but never vulgar, Mr Phelps being at his best among bright, glittering colours, with a talent for the odd striking simile: 'my heart gave a leap like a cork popping out of a bottle'. A light, pleasant novel, rich in a mild humour, not frivolous but not making any great intellectual demands on its reader.

B.D.

The History of the Lady Margaret Boat Club, vol. II, 1926–56. (Obtainable on personal application at the College Office, price 25*s.*; or from H. M. Stewart, L.M.B.C. History, 172 Sussex Gardens, London, W. 2, price 27*s.* post free.)

Perhaps as a legacy from my schooldays the word History inevitably conjures up for me a picture of dull, heavy reading, possibly interspersed with opinions that are academically controversial, but in general factual to the exclusion of anything even remotely human.

The second volume of *The History of the Lady Margaret Boat Club* has

achieved something which, to me at least, did not seem possible. The editors have produced a historical record of the Boat Club from 1926–56 which is not only factual and detailed but which is interspersed with incidents and human touches which make the book interesting reading for those who have joined the Club since it was written, and something very much more than a history to those of us whose rowing careers are included. For every member of the Lady Margaret Boat Club there is something, whether the account of a race in which he rowed, or an incident which he thought, or perhaps even hoped, had been forgotten, which must enable him to live again the pleasure of his days as an active member. Although, inevitably, the most space is allotted to the first boats, no boat, however lowly, has been omitted and every member of the Club during those thirty years can find an account of every race in which he took part, and frequently of some particular incident which made that year, for him at least, memorable.

The choice of photographs is excellent, the one of Roy Meldrum and Ronnie Symonds especially being so typical as to be almost startling, and I thought the use of action photographs as opposed to posed groups a very welcome change. The only exception to this is the photograph of Sir Henry Howard, which although good of its type, was very unlike the mental picture which those of us who were coached by him must treasure.

The additions at the end of the book are very pleasing additions. Memorabilia contained excellent accounts of the history of the L.M.B.C. blazer, the Colquhoun Sculls, etc., which must have entailed the most detailed and painstaking research and which form a most valuable addition to the history of the Club. The arrangement of these did, however, seem a little odd as there seemed no reason for separating the account of the European Championships from the 1952 Olympic Crew.

The account of the 1952 Leander Crew was factual and certainly accurate in so far as it went, but perhaps due to the modesty of the author it hardly emphasized sufficiently that this was the fastest crew ever seen in this country up to that time, and that it might well have come very close to winning the Olympic eights at Helsinki had it not gone stale after Henley, a fact for which those of us who coached it must bear due responsibility.

I could not quite understand the inclusion of the Brazil Crew, interesting as this was, as it only contained one member of the Lady Margaret Boat Club and would have seemed more in keeping in the records of the C.U.B.C. On the other hand I felt that the omission of any account of the L.M.B.C. Crew which represented England at the European Championships at Milan in 1950 was a pity, as I think it was the first eight from this country to participate in this event.

Personalia contained some excellent pen-pictures, and I liked particularly that of Frank Foister and Alistair McLeod's of Roy Meldrum. The inclusion of Roy's own broadcast was an excellent idea and described Roy as a man and a coach more completely and exactly than anything else could possibly have done. Perhaps it was because this was such a perfect, even if unintentional, description of Roy himself and his artistry as applied to coaching, that I did not really like the article by M. O. Palmer. I felt that most of this was taken up by the author's own views on rowing, which were ultimately explained as indicating why Roy felt as he did about the subject. As one who was both coached by him and coached with him I felt that many of these views had little to do with Roy and would certainly not have been accepted by him, while the statement regarding the absence of a controlling body for rowing was out of date some considerable time before publication.

The account of Sir Henry Howard brought back for me a picture of a man who was much loved and respected by all of us who were coached by him and was very obviously written by someone who knew him in the same way. Possibly the author did, unwittingly, rather stress the austere side of his nature, rather than the other which was so very different.

This second volume of *The History of the Lady Margaret Boat Club* is a very real contribution both to the bibliography of the Club itself and to rowing in general and the author and editors are to be congratulated most sincerely on the results of their labours. The few criticisms mentioned do not in any way detract from its value, or from the pleasure which I obtained in reading it, and the fact that I have seen this volume on the bookshelves of many rowing men who have no connexion with the Lady Margaret Boat Club is sufficient proof of its worth and a fitting compliment to those who have worked so hard to bring it into being.

J.R.O.

B. H. FARMER. *Pioneer Peasant Colonization in Ceylon.* (Oxford University Press. 55*s*.)

The appearance of a major study of land use in the Tropics is an event of importance in the agricultural calendar. Farmer has set out to record the redevelopment of the large area of Ceylon known as the 'Dry Zone', which once carried a great civilization, but which has lain derelict for several centuries. To a student of the agriculture of the African continent, this work is of absorbing interest both as an account of agricultural development in what is to him an unfamiliar context, and as a lesson on the way in which the whole pattern of agriculture is determined by the history and customs of the people of the region.

The 'Dry Zone' of Ceylon is singularly well watered by African standards. An annual rainfall total of 50–75 in. with a sequence of six or seven months with 2 in. or more per month would seem to be a very good rainfall indeed. The dry season can hardly be regarded as excessive, but the expectation of two or three successive months with more than 10 in. of rain must certainly make soil protection difficult. In Africa there would be one rain-fed crop each year, and the cropping would be dominated by a cereal, probably sorghum. In Ceylon the approach is entirely different. It is taken for granted that the 'staff of life' is rice and there is little knowledge of, and apparently little interest in, any other crop as the centre of a farming system.

It is tempting to take the view that it is a mistake to talk about the 'Dry Zone', and that it would be better to accept 60 in. or so as a bountiful supply of water, and get on with the development of a seasonal agriculture based on a rain-fed grain crop. It seems likely, however, that the real difficulty is that the rainfall is excessive. A rain-fed six months' crop has a water requirement of the order of 25 in., and to receive a supply of more than double the requirement imposes a strain on both plant and soil. The use of rice offers a way out of the difficulty. The excess of water that must in any case run off the high land is conserved in reservoirs and used to irrigate the paddy fields. Thus rice farming is in this case the answer to the maldistribution of the rain, and not to any inadequacy in amount.

The acceptance of rice as the staple has far-reaching consequences. It limits the land that can be intensively farmed to that which is suitable for irrigation, and to which water can be led. There is, of course, the corresponding advantage that erosion is less of a problem. Steep land is not suitable for irrigation, and on land of a slope suitable for irrigation the water courses and field bunds act as a sufficient protection from erosion. Capital costs are high

and a high degree of engineering skill is required to develop a major irrigation scheme. Hence land settlement cannot go on by the steady infiltration of a land-hungry peasantry into empty spaces. Heavy expenditure far beyond the means of the farmer must be met before anyone can be settled on the land.

Farmer has given an illuminating account of the state of the 'Dry Zone' before it was redeveloped, with a discussion of the probable causes of the collapse of the ancient civilization. Whatever may have been the order of importance of the causes of collapse, there can be no doubt of the significance of the control of mosquitoes, and hence of malaria, by D.D.T. spraying in preparing the way for recolonization.

The history of the development of the irrigated colonies is one of trial and error in the development of a policy, followed by a period of steady development on agreed and reasonably successful lines. Throughout Farmer's study the human problems stand out. This is not on account of an academic experiment. Human welfare is at stake at every turn. And trial and error in human affairs carries the obligation to live with your errors. Injudicious selection of colonists, for instance, means that some holdings will be badly farmed for a generation. This sort of thing is the price of experiment in human affairs. All credit to those bold enough to undertake it.

It is the great strength of the book that errors of judgment and the consequences of decisions that were necessarily taken on inadequate information are weighed against the successes of the policy, and the reader is given the opportunity to form a balanced judgment on the enterprise as a whole. Of the conclusion there can be no doubt. The recolonization of the 'Dry Zone' is a great achievement. It is by no means complete, and Farmer's critical and appreciative assessment of what has been achieved will be invaluable in planning what remains to be done.

J.B.H.

College Awards

STUDENTSHIPS, ETC.

McMahon: Aldridge, T. M.; Evans, A. H. M.; Graham, P.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS

Elected to Scholarships: Bateman, D., Clarke, D. R., Downs, A. J., Dyke, K. G. H., Flowers, W. T., Fowler, M., Gittins, J. C., Green, J. E., Hardy, R. J., Hyam, R., Miles, B. A., Papaloïzou, P. J., Peacock, C. W., Ryde, K. A., Stoddart, D. R., Tong, B. P., Waring, A. J.; *Roger Neville Goodman Travel Exhibitions:* Peacock, N. C., Tarrant, J. M.; *Samuel Nunn Travel Exhibition:* Bagot, D. W.; *Sir Alb[illegible] Howard Travel Exhibition:* Sturt, A. C.; *Sir Humphry Davy Rolles[illegible] Travel Exhibitions:* Fagan, D. G., Glasspool, M. G., Longbottom, J. R.; *Strathcona Travel Exhibitions:* Chick, J. S., Judd, A. M., Trotter, M. G., Williams, P. F., Williams, S. T.; *Douglas Chivers Travel Exhibition:* Papaloïzou, P. J., *Hoare Exhibitions:* Pearson, R. A., Shepheard, P.

PRIZES

SPECIAL PRIZES

Adams Memorial: Croft, H. T.; *Bonney Award:* Cann, J. R.; *Diver:* Bungay, G. T.; *Essay:* Eaglen, R. J., Williams, G. L.; *Graves:* Hall, J. B.; *Hart:* Hodgson, J.; *Hawksley Burbury:* Hall, J. B.; *Hockin:* Mayo, R. F., Sealey, B. E.; *Hutton:* Barralet, B. P. R.; *Larmor Awards:* Hetherington, M. A., McLaren, R. J. T., Pettifer, J., Vita-Finzi, C.; *James Bass Mullinger:* Hyam, R.; *Wilson Reading:* Howland, R. I. L., Quash, J.; *Winfield:* Jacovides, A. J.

PRIZES AWARDED ON UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS

MATHEMATICS—*Tripos, Part II:* Clarke, R.; Fowler, M., *Wright's Prize*; Landshoff, P. V.; Lardner, R. W., *Wright's Prize. Preliminary:* Garling, D. J. H.; Gittins, J. C., *Wright's Prize*; Jayson, R. V. *Tripos, Part I:* Pearson, D. B.; Roskell, A. J.; Shepheard, P., *Wright's Prize.*

CLASSICS—*Tripos, Part I:* Hall, J. B., *Wright's Prize. Preliminary:* Destefano, D. L.

HISTORY—*Tripos, Part I:* Hyam, R., *Wright's Prize. Preliminary:* Barralet, B. P. R.

NATURAL SCIENCES—*Tripos, Part II:* Bew, R. E.; Downs, A. J., *Wright's Prize. Tripos, Part I:* Cann, J. R.; Dyke, K. G. H., *Wright's Prize*; Flint, J. A., *Wright's Prize*; Flowers, W. T.; Hardy, R. J.; Kennedy, P. A., *Wright's Prize*; Miles, B. A.; Smith, I. D.; Tong, B. P.; Waring, A. J. *Preliminary:* Barnard, D. R.; Evans, D. A., *Wright's Prize*; Gray, W. R.; Moss, D.; Noble, F. R.; Redman, D. R.; Richards, J. M., *Wright's Prize;* Sheppard, B. A.

ARCHITECTURAL STUDIES—*Second Examination:* Wood, N.

ECONOMICS—*Tripos, Part I:* Jillings, G. R.

ENGLISH—*Tripos, Part I:* Papaloïzou, P. J.

GEOGRAPHY—*Tripos, Part II:* Bateman, D.; Vita-Finzi, C., *Hughes Prize. Tripos, Part I:* Stoddart, D. R., *Wright's Prize.*

LAW—*Tripos, Part II:* Jacovides, A. J., *Hughes Prize. Qualifying I:* Bovell, C. D. R.; Clarke, P. J., Duncan, G. I. O.

MECHANICAL SCIENCES—*Tripos, Part II:* Deutsch, J. P. A.; Marsh, H., *Hughes Prize*; Mayo, R. F.; Sealey, B. E.; Talbot, G. C. A. *Tripos, Part I:* Evans, J. R., *Earle Prize*; Green, J. E.; Mitchell, C. G. B.; Peacock, C. W., *Wright's Prize*; Ryde, K. A. *Preliminary:* Jones, R. A.; Sleath, J. F. A., *Wright's Prize.*

MODERN AND MEDIEVAL LANGUAGES—*Tripos, Part II:* Clarke, D. R.; Steer, W. A. J., *Hughes Prize. Tripos, Part I:* Edgell, J. E.

ORIENTAL STUDIES—*Preliminary:* Whitfield, R., *Wright's Prize.*

OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS, DECEMBER 1957

Major Scholarships:

Olive, D. I., Edinburgh Royal High School and Edinburgh University, for Mathematics (Baylis Scholarship). Shallice, T., Manchester Grammar School, for Mathematics (Baylis Scholarship). Adey, A. J., Oundle School, for Mathematics with Physics (Strathcona Scholarship). Coulton, J. J., Winchester College, for Classics (Henry Arthur Thomas Scholarship). Theobald, R. W., King's College School, Wimbledon, for Classics. Livermore, D. J., University College School, Hampstead, for Classics. Britten, J. D., Wellingborough School, for Natural Sciences (United Steel Companies Scholarship). Burdon, M. G., Tonbridge School, for Natural Sciences. Pankhurst, R. J., Hamond's Grammar School, Swaffham, for Natural Sciences. Twaddle, M. J., Battersea Grammar School, for History.

Minor Scholarships:

Smith, D. T., Bristol Grammar School, for Mathematics. Bratley, P., Hymers College, Hull, for Mathematics with Physics. Newman, W. M., Manchester Grammar School, for Mathematics. Colledge, M. A. R., Dulwich College, for Classics. Bowen, A. J., Bradfield College, for Classics. Cowley, R. W., Brockenhurst County High School, for Natural Sciences (Humphry Davy Rolleston Scholarship). Parkes, D. A., Bradford Grammar School, for Natural Sciences. Wraight, E. P., Bristol Grammar School, for Natural Sciences (Humphry Davy Rolleston Scholarship). Kilgour, W. J., Farnham Grammar School, for Natural Sciences. Guillebaud, J., St Lawrence College, Ramsgate, for Natural Sciences (Humphry Davy Rolleston Scholarship). Potter, G. W. H., Hamond's Grammar School, Swaffham, for Natural Sciences. Morphet, D. I., Almondbury Grammar School, for History. Cockcroft, R., Sedbergh School, for History. Vernon-Smith, C., King's School, Canterbury, for History.

Minor Scholarship for Music:

Price, D. B., King's School, Chester.

Exhibitions:

Francis, P. R., Harrow School, for Mathematics; Ford, P. H., Bristol Grammar School, for Mathematics. Wallwork, D. E., Merchant Taylors' School, for Mathematics with Physics; Jones, R. T., University College School, Hampstead, for Classics. Masefield, J. T., Repton School, for Classics. Izzard, C. S., The Skinners' Company School, Tunbridge Wells, for Natural Sciences. Dimmick, A. M., Rugby School, for Natural Sciences. Rawling, W. J. F., West Hartlepool Grammar School, for History. Thorncroft, A. J., Highbury School, for History. Ritchie, A. D., Haberdashers' Aske's School, Hampstead, for Modern Languages. Stewart, D. J., Enfield Grammar School, for English. Frost, D. L., Dulwich College, for English. Rand, N. A., Southern Grammar School, Portsmouth, for Geography. Joseph, C. A., Canford School, for Geography.

CLOSE EXHIBITIONS AND CHORAL STUDENTSHIPS, 1958

Close Exhibitions:

Lupton and Hebblethwaite: Butt, A. J. M., Sedbergh School. *Newcome:* Bailey, J. R., King's School, Grantham. *Somerset (Wootton Rivers):* Henley, K. J., Hereford Cathedral School. *Vidalian:* Bartlett, D. C. S., Exeter School.

Choral Studentships:

Jones, K., Chetham's Hospital School, Manchester (*Bass*). Knowles, J. M., Durham School (*Tenor*). Allen, G. I., The King's School, Canterbury (*Alto*).