

THE EAGLE



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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.

Reflections on Upp-bridge

“They spell it Vinci and pronounce it Vinchy; foreigners always spell better than they pronounce.” *Innocents Abroad.*

AT present there are four universities in Sweden—in Uppsala, Lund, Stockholm and Gothenburg. The construction of a fifth started a few years ago in Umeå up in the northernmost part of the country. Umeå has now a faculty of medicine and will probably soon get at least part of the others. All of the universities are of high international standard with insignificant qualitative differences. Therefore there is no need to move between them as, for example, the Americans do. Quite naturally it has not been possible to build a university like Cambridge, Harvard, etc., in a country with a population of 7.5 million people. All the political parties agree, however, that as much money as possible has to be spent on education and research, so that the country will not lag behind just because of its small population. This attitude is reflected in the last budget proposals, where the Board of Church and Education got fifteen percent of the total budget. A small proportion of the money is for the Church and the rest for education and research. It is estimated besides that Swedish industry spends approximately as much on research as the State itself.

Yet in spite of the fact that the ministry of education has for some years been the ministry with the greatest increase in expenditure, there are people who say that it is not enough. This is because most of the additional money is used for a quantitative rather than a qualitative expansion of both lower and higher education. The ever-rising standard of living, and the new demand for educated people in the Atomic Age, has caused an enormous expansion in the number of university students. In 1940 there were around 10,600, in 1955 the figure was 22,600, and the most recent estimate for 1970 is something between 85,000 and 90,000.

Around fifty percent of all undergraduates now have a State scholarship, which enables them to study for three years without any economic sacrifices. These scholarships are granted on the basis of the student's ability and his parents' income. As a consequence of the regulations a student whose parents have a fair income has no chance at all of getting a scholarship, no matter how gifted he is. Upper middle-class people are most affected by the present policy as they earn too much for their children to get a scholarship, but not enough to be able to pay for their education. Sad to say, there is no other opportunity for those students to make their way than by borrowing money from a bank. Even though the State usually pays the interest, there is strong political pressure to reform the present system. This is even more important in Sweden than in most other countries as Swedish students are older than their fellows abroad. Most of the girls join the universities at nineteen or twenty and the boys are at least one year older as they have to do their military service first. The students can stay at the university as long as they like and consequently a great proportion of them are married and have children to provide for.

Because of the fact that you can stay as an undergraduate for your whole life—if you can afford it—it is impossible to tell exactly how much time is necessary for the different degrees. Medical students usually stay seven or eight years, lawyers four or five, and students from the other faculties around four.

The Swedish degrees of *Filosofie Kandidat* (FK) and *Filosofie Magister* (FM) are approximately equivalent to the British B.A., B.Sc., and M.A. or M.Sc. To get these degrees you have to pass examinations in at least two or three different main subjects. There are no rules whatsoever concerning minimum or maximum time of attendance. Around one third of the FKs and FMs go on with research for the degree of *Filosofie Licentiat* (FL). This degree is comparable with most countries' doctor's degree and every candidate for it has to submit a thesis of at least the same standard as a British or American Ph.D.-thesis. In many subjects it is quite unusual for an FL to be younger than thirty.

Again one third of the FLs go on with research for a new thesis which they hope will give them the degree of *Filosofie Doktor* (FD). In practice no country outside Scandinavia offers such high degrees and the Swedish FD-theses are of a very high international standard. They are always printed, and more often in English, German or French than in Swedish. A man who is not an FD has no hope of competing for a professorship or any other permanent university job.

Since last year the future existence of the big FD-theses has been a permanent subject for discussion. At least the younger

members of the Socialist Party—which, with few exceptions, has been in power since 1932—plead for the exclusion of the FL-degree and for lowering the requirements for doctoral dissertations to the standard of the present FL-theses. In this way the Swedish degrees would become more nearly equivalent to most foreign ones, which is thought important as more and more students from the underdeveloped countries come to study in Sweden. More important, however, is the fact that young and highly qualified research workers would be able to devote their time to big and interesting problems, without thinking of them as logical parts of their theses. At present it is not possible to say whether there will be a reform or not.

When the great increase of undergraduates started, the State authorities had to make strong efforts to increase proportionately the number of university teachers, with the consequence that to-day every department automatically gets money in proportion to the number of its students. This means that there is an accelerating demand for university teachers with FD-degrees. Sorry to say, however, there has been no significant increase in the number of professors, so that to-day some of them have more than ten times the number of undergraduates they had twenty years ago. This means that the professors get so much administrative work that they have little time left to teach and still less to do research—a remarkable fact considering that they got their chairs purely on scholarly merits. Most of the professors are now so busy running their department that they have very few opportunities of taking care of their candidates for FD and FL-degrees. In this way the recruiting of graduate students, and consequently also university teachers, becomes less efficient. The only way to solve the problem seems to be to create well-paid jobs for research, perhaps even copying the American system where most departments have several full professors, out of whom one takes care of the administrative work as head of the department. The need for reforms is accentuated by the fact that a high proportion of FDs and FLs think it more advantageous to become a lecturer in a "gymnasium" than to stay at the university. The salaries are equal, and twelve hours a week at the university level seems to be more laborious than twenty hours at a gymnasium. Very few university lecturers have time to do advanced research.

Academic teachers and graduate students may think that they have not been given the same economic support as the undergraduates, but, in spite of that, all of them meet as good friends in the Student "Nations", which fulfil an important function, at least in Uppsala and Lund. It is a fact that most academic people feel more attached to their old nation than to their

university, even though the nations have never played the role of the Cambridge or Oxford colleges. The nations have no rooms where people can live, they have no hall, no supervisors or tutors.

It is stated in the first paragraph of the Värmland Nation statutes that "The Värmland Nation is an association of academic citizens born or grown up in the counties of Värmland and Dalsland. The purposes of the nation are to support the mental and physical education of its members, to foster them to a good fellowship and to support work for help and guidance amongst themselves." Life in the Nation proves that an association can be meaningful, even though it has pompous and meaningless statutes.

The student nations in Uppsala appeared for the first time in the early seventeenth century, no one knows exactly when. The idea that students from the same geographic area had much to gain in founding a union of their own was, however, not especially Swedish. It had been practised for centuries at many foreign universities. In the fourteenth century three of the Swedish dioceses bought houses in Paris where the students from the diocese could live. When the university of Prague was founded most of the Swedes who went there joined the Saxon Nation.

Despite the examples from other universities no nations came into being when the University of Uppsala was founded in 1477. Gradually, however, both professors and students got interested in forming unions. One of the reasons is said to be that at least the professors thought it would be a way to reduce the very common fagging system under which the younger undergraduates suffered hardship. Quite naturally the nations increased rather than decreased the practice of fagging, and finally they were forbidden. Students who remained members of a nation were to be punished by expulsion. But the nations continued to live as before and already by the next year, 1663, they became officially recognized. The 1963 students are very grateful to the founders of the nations for giving them so good an excuse for celebrations In 1667 it was stated that everybody studying at the University *had* to be a member of a nation. It is still impossible to get an exception from that rule.

When the professors gave their consent to the founding of nations, they demanded that a professor should join every nation as an inspector. The nations still have inspectors, but in reality they have never done much inspection, as they have always been elected by the students themselves. This is also true of the curator, the active leader of the nation and a student himself. Gradually the wild life in the nations became less common, and then the members could start working for "help and guidance amongst themselves".

To facilitate such a policy when the numbers of students increased during the nineteenth century, most of the nations bought houses where they could meet. To-day all of the thirteen nations in Uppsala, differing in size from 250 to 3,000 members, have houses of their own. They form as interesting a part of Uppsala's architecture as are the colleges of that of Cambridge.

More than a hundred years ago the nations founded a Students' Union, which is now very important. It maintains contact with the faculties, the ministries and the academic labour market. This has enabled the nations to devote their time to social work amongst their members. Most important is the nations' construction of dwelling houses in which now a great proportion of the students live. These student houses are more like a cross-breed of a hotel and an ordinary dwelling house than like colleges, and partly because of that there are very few disciplinary rules concerning life in them. You can come and go as you like, you can give parties, and even house persons of the opposite sex. You pay your rent once a month at the post-office and you get your room cleaned once a week. The nations also own big stipendiary funds—most of them can offer higher stipends than the university itself. Approximately two or three times a week every nation arranges dinners, entertainment, dances, discussions, etc., often mixed in a curious way.

In order to give its members opportunities to meet students from abroad, every nation has arranged student exchanges with other universities. The connections with the Finnish students have a long tradition and they have been facilitated by the fact that the Finns have the same organization in nations—a relic of those days when Finland and Sweden formed parts of the same country. The Finnish nations have been far more politically conscious than the Swedish, and they have played a role in the conflicts between the Finnish-speaking and Swedish-speaking population-groups in Finland. During that time the Uppsala students got in very close contact with the Swedish-speaking nations, of which the Nyland Nation in Helsinki is the most important. During the Second World War the two population-groups had to settle their disputes to fight the common enemies. The Värmland Nation especially did good work to establish relations between the different student nations in Helsinki. Many Swedish students joined the Finnish armed forces as volunteers.

There is also a student exchange between St John's and Girton Colleges in Cambridge and the Värmland Nation in Uppsala. The Cambridge student is in Uppsala in May, when the Swedes celebrate the coming of Spring, the end of the term and everything else not already celebrated earlier in the year. Last year the

Värmland man came to Cambridge in June and stayed for three weeks, ending up with the May-Ball. This exhausted him so much that he deliberately missed his boat home and had to use his last money on an air-ticket. He never succeeded in disguising how much he liked life and beer, and his only disappointment was that he never got an opportunity to practice climbing; he could never get rid of the key-rattling Fellows whom the Master had ordered to be at his disposal

The experiences of the exchange students convince them that neither the Swedish nor the English university system is perfect. The Swede surely appreciates the English supervision system to which there is no counterpart in Sweden, but it would probably be very hard for him to avoid breaking most of the college rules. He also smiles indulgently at the Oxbridge habit of believing oneself cleverer than people from other universities

G. O.

The Warm South

STEPHEN stood on the warm concrete of the quayside, looking along the straight edge of the dock. Here and there the white stone slab was interrupted by narrow inlets, allowing the steamers to nuzzle their way into the coastline. Stephen frowned. A lot of care seemed to have been taken to prevent any bewildered foreigner from discovering the position of his vessel. Stephen mused upon the Yugoslavian capacity for relaxation. It was doubtless very refreshing, but hardly compatible with efficient organisation. He thought with sudden nostalgia of the relative harmony of the indicator board at Waterloo station. He examined the fragment of pink paper in his hand—the boat reservation. Packed with information, but no dock number, of course. He thrust it back in his wallet, and swinging his leg up onto a bollard, placed his elbow on his knee and his chin in the palm of his hand.

A moment of thought passed. Then he shook with laughter and collapsed heavily on the hot stone, his leg stretched across a mooring rope.

Stephen was not as completely English as his dark-brown suitcase might have suggested. True, his fundamental character could open to its fullest bloom in an English environment, for it consisted of a tendency to think before hazarding any action. He recognised his own powers of deliberation and control, and valued the possession of these qualities. Yet this same awareness enabled him to realise the difference between himself and someone of a more impulsive nature. He felt the distinction only at certain moments, when the feeling would provoke either a heavy melancholy or an excess of glee.

Stephen rose to his feet and walked towards the end of the quay, still grinning at his own dullness. He caught up with one of the many young cargo loaders who were loafing around the dock. The man wore dull blue overalls, and around his temples the dark hair had been whitened by the sun.

“Wo ist das Schiff für Mali Losinj, bitte?” Stephen asked, hoping the man’s education had not been entirely manual. However no settlement was reached on this problem—the familiar name and a raised eyebrow were probably quite sufficient, and the man pointed silently to the western end of the dock. Stephen shaded his eyes against the low sun, and saw at the farthest inlet a bright blue steamer, about to lower her gangplank.

As he reached the ship’s side the passengers were hurrying onto land. A collection of cargo boxes had been placed at the water’s

edge, ready to go on board. Stephen sat on an orange box. Allowing his breeding to gain temporary dominion, he began writing a postcard to a tedious medical student whom he hadn't seen since their time at school together.

A Yugoslavian girl called Ana was also on the boat. Stephen noticed her as soon as he climbed up to the highest deck. The passengers at this level were mainly women and young girls. They sat quietly on the wooden benches, their headscarves drawn in close against the evening wind. The small ochre light from the bridge, merging with the last beams of an Adriatic sunset, softened the upturned faces into an indistinct blurr of light. Stephen was about to turn towards the darkening sea, when he felt that in his glance around the deck something had caught his eyes and not his mind. He looked again.

At the end of the gap which separated the two sections of wooden benches he saw a girl lying upon the deck. Her elbows were drawn up onto the wooden boards, and in her left hand she held a long, shining object. From Stephen's distance it seemed to be a strip of ivory, or perhaps a narrow metal tube. In her other hand she held an instrument which she rubbed against the glittering stick. She worked energetically for a short while; and then, curling her long black hair around her ear, she paused to look along the empty space between the benches. Finally she turned again to her work, giving the stick several slower rubs before regaining the eagerness of her original speed.

Moving a little way along the deck, Stephen looked carefully at the object. Whatever it might be, it was certainly handled with careful skill. Perhaps it was an ornament for the girl's hair: the silver and black would make a fine show! He glanced again at the girl, and realised quite suddenly that she was beckoning to him.

Stephen looked at his watch.

Objectively the action might have appeared absurdly irrelevant: in fact it was nothing of the sort. He had often employed this device as a means of postponing a decision suddenly required of him—while his eyes gazed with evident curiosity at the upturned dial, his mind would quickly assemble all the facts that might be put forward by defence and prosecution. When a verdict had been decided upon, his face would rise gently from his wrist, and judgement would be delivered. In this case the jury were not away for long. As he had travelled south through Europe, Stephen had been able to loosen both his tie and his mind as new climates were discovered. By the time he reached Yugoslavia there was little left of the more deliberate side of his character.

Even as it occurred he had noticed this change, and smiled with satisfaction. Having discovered the novels of D. H. Lawrence, he had been fascinated by the intuitive, passionate existence of these fictitious characters. Yet this fascination was essentially envious, for a house on the Guildford by-pass scarcely seemed a congenial setting for a dark, pristine relationship. Now, however, he was the subject of a distinctly "Southern European" situation—was not this at last the moment for a rush of spontaneity, an immediate answer to the call of the senses? Having deliberated upon the value of impulsiveness, he noticed that his watch was not on his wrist. Of course, it was in his case—this, too, must be an encouraging omen, indicating the disappearance of the old way of life.

He looked up. The girl beckoned again. Stephen strode briskly through the benches, ignoring the quizzical faces which turned towards him, surprised at the vigour of his step. He stood by the girl.

The object in her hand was a small pipe carved out of white wood. The girl rose from the deck and looked gravely at Stephen. She stretched out her hand, bent her knee very slightly, and announced "Ana". Stephen accepted the handshake, smiled vaguely, and wondered what was to follow. Ana glanced carefully around the deck, and then turned back to scrutinise him. Finally she handed him the pipe and walked over to the edge of the deck. She turned, clasped her dark hands in front of her, and waited.

Stephen suspected that he was being called upon to provide some music. The sun had now dropped too low to allow any light to shine upon the girl's face, but from her unusual stance—hands together, shoulders drooped, the upper part of her body inclined towards the deck—Stephen guessed that some kind of dance was to be attempted. He was momentarily reminded of a golf player, stooping over a difficult putt. Having seen the similarity, he was unable to understand why the observation irritated him. He looked again at the pipe, resolving to postpone all such introspective probings until a later date. Waving the pipe in the air, he called in English across the twilight, "How do you play the thing?" The girl remained immobile and silent, while Stephen realised the absurdity of the question. The pipe had three little holes and a simply carved mouthpiece at one end—what else was there to know? He placed a finger over each of the holes and blew carefully through the mouthpiece. He expected a shrill metallic note, pitched high like that of a flute. But his ear caught only the sound of his own breath, with a throb of music trapped in the centre. This was apparently enough for Ana. She began to dance. Stephen saw the movement and

quickly altered his fingering. No change of pitch. He tried a different combination, first and third fingers only. Still the same note. Having tried all possible permutations and producing always the same sound, Stephen felt very sad. No music, so no dance, and the end of the adventure. Only then did he realise that Ana continued to dance to the monotone, somehow catching her rhythm from the sound alone.

Stephen stopped playing for an instant. He looked across to the other passengers, but nobody had turned, he saw only the back of the headscarves coming to a point between the girls' shoulders. The ochre light above the bridge began to flicker. The wind changed direction and blew heavily upon the back of Stephen's neck. He walked over to Ana's corner of the deck and found her still dancing. Crouching beneath the level of the wind, he propped himself up against the wooden side of the boat and blew through the pipe once more.

He tried to understand the pattern of her movements. The hands crossing above the head, yes, that was a gesture that seemed to reappear quite often. And the drooping of the shoulders was another recurrent motif. Yet there seemed to be no logical arrangement, no decisive sequence imposed upon the dance. And what kind of dance could you call it? There was no suggestion of a classical ballet training behind it, neither could it be equated with any primitive rite of a barbaric nation. A "detached elegance" struck Stephen as being an excellent epithet to describe the quality which—he noticed suddenly that he had stopped playing. This was not good enough! More of the blood, man, and less of the will! He picked the pipe up sternly and resumed the accompaniment, emphasising the rhythm by beating a foot vigorously upon the deck.

Up to this moment Ana had not looked at Stephen since she spoke her name. Now, as the movement was concentrated entirely in her hands for a moment, she smiled down at him. He remembered his annoyance of her previous neglect, but only as an irritation which had already been conquered. Her smile was his gift of recognition. At last he felt some kind of connection between himself and the girl. A more fully sensual acknowledgement, expressed through the moistening of a lip or the stirring of a thigh, would have given more satisfaction: but perhaps a smile would really do after all. And it was an expressive smile, even after it had turned away to become part of another movement. It must be still there when she turns back—yes, it is. Another delicate little grin, almost contradicting the power and grace of her body. And what movement! It was movement that oh! it was movement of arms, and of feet, and breasts, and

shoulders and hair. And she danced and it was night-time. Just before he succumbed Stephen wondered if she parted her hair.

A member of the crew looked out of the porthole. He saw a boy stand up and throw something into the sea. He heard his hands clapping quickly, in the rhythm of excitement. Next to the boy a girl was dancing on the deck.

Afterwards Stephen became very hungry. The bunch of grapes which he had bought at Rijeka had become a sad pile of pips in his pocket. Food was available on the lower deck, but the place was crowded with people sheltering from the storm. Besides he felt reluctant to use even a little of his remaining money, for the cost of living on the island might well be very high. Also he felt an inexplicable pleasure at the thought of having to endure the slight pain of an empty stomach, although this state would only last for another two hours.

As he walked past the kitchen door a suspended flash of lightning revealed the loaf of bread.

He saw everything immediately: two large cauldrons bubbling with steam, a man in a white apron crouched down in front of a cupboard, and there upon the sideboard, near the opposite door, encircled by a ring of duteous paprika scraps, a long and very brown loaf sat on its throne of state.

The sky turned again to black. Stephen moved further down the deck and sat down upon a small wooden seat. The rain beat down upon the toes of his black shoes. He decided his life at this moment was quite incomplete without the lump of bread to help him defy the storm. To hug the bread inside his coat and laugh carelessly at the tossing Adriatic—could this kind of feeling be ever transcended? Yet no plan must be studied, no degrading strategy evolved to destroy the impulse of the moment. He rose and opened the top two buttons of his coat.

The stern was wide and empty. Stephen stood by the rail for a while, peering down at the rush of water which followed the boat. Then he turned again and began to walk along the other side of the deck. From this side he could make out a dark lump of land. No lights were shining on the island; but there was a lamp in the kitchen. Was it hanging from the handle of the cupboard or resting upon the sideboard? But this is recreating the scene, this is giving too much clarity to the attempt. As he walked, Stephen moved his hand along the wooden rail, trying to wonder about the kind of feeling produced by this contact. He looked ahead and saw the dim light from the kitchen spread flat along the wooden boards of the deck. Drawing level with the open door he glared quickly into the lighted kitchen. Empty. A noise of bubbles coming from the cauldrons, several empty

dishes laid along the sideboard, and right at the end, still unsullied, the glorious chunk of bread. But no cook. Stephen dashed in, caught his thigh on the corner of the table, felt sick for an instant, and then scooped the loaf of bread up inside his coat. Turning to go out he saw a speck of reflected light jump momentarily upon the shining edge of a piece of green paprika. Just for that flash, Stephen thought joyously, I shall double my plunder. The paprika fitted neatly under the other lapel. He took a last look round, a look which encompassed the well-stocked cupboards, a pile of unspoiled oranges and a man with a white apron standing in the opposite doorway. A man with a ? Stephen hugged his arms across his chest in order to prevent the loot from slipping down inside his coat, but also to indicate what a cosy refuge the kitchen provided from the storm. He even stamped his feet, feeling that something more was needed. The cook moved across to the sideboard and took up his ladle. He dipped it into the pot, drew out some soup and took a large gulp, his dark eyes fixed all the time upon Stephen. Clearly it was no good simply making these obscure gestures all the time, some more positive relationship ought to be established.

At this moment Stephen let a single word rush out of his mouth, the word "English".

The cook dropped his ladle in joyful surprise. He lumbered over to Stephen holding out a hand which had orange peel trapped under the nails. The gesture was too quick for Stephen's ingenuity, for he instinctively accepted the outstretched hand.

The food made no actual noise as it fell through his coat onto the floor. But his thoughtless slip made Stephen pause in mid-shake. Twisting his hand away, he felt compelled to step back outside the aroma of sweat which his nostrils suddenly caught emanating from the cook's body. Only then did the latter notice his ingredients plumped in a pile on the floor.

Stephen thought for a moment that his profession of English nationality would still be a safe enough password, even for a minor theft. The cook's smile almost doubled in size, so Stephen stood firm, smiling himself, waiting for the forgiving pat on the shoulder. But the cook seemed to want to return to his work, for he moved back along the sideboard and took up the bread-knife. The significance of the action took a little time to reach the other side of the room, for Stephen was still enraptured by the smile which continued to spread its wings across the cook's face. The cook, however, made no attempt to conceal his intention, for he held the knife close to his shoulder, the point facing Stephen. Smile and weapon were held up together as a threatening package deal. Stephen understood, but had little time to start being afraid. The cook came pounding at him, his forelock

leaping about, and not a trace of indecision in his step. Stephen dashed along the side of the room and behind the centre table. The cook paused, wiped the knife on his apron and looked up again. He pushed the table against Stephen, and Stephen pushed it back again. Deadlock. The cook reduced pressure, and made a heavy stroke with his knife. Stephen stepped back at the right time, but lost his grip on the table. The cook saw his moment, but paused at the hour of triumph. Then another cook came in and shouted at his colleague. The warrior turned, then put down his spear, his eyes still glowing from the expectation of the first slash. The new arrival added further severe comment upon the scene, while the cook pounded his fist lightly upon the table. Stephen saw only a blurred picture of flesh and light, but from the attitude of his attacker he felt somehow that order was to be resumed. He felt stupidly happy, and his hands ached from the pressure of the table. At this moment Authority stepped forward, moved the cook curtly aside, and pushed the table back to its original position. He turned, smiling, about to explain: but Stephen had been given his share of the warm south for that night. He ran out into the night, the sweat dribbling down his cheeks and turning cold as he ran.

Later, in the bar below deck, an Englishman with a moustache offered him a drink.

"What's it going to be, young fellow: a glass of this potent local stuff, or something like a beer to remind you of home?"

Stephen paused for a very long time. Eventually he said: "I don't know which to have. You better decide for me."

So two beers were ordered and Stephen sat by the window, listening to the man's travel stories and watching the red harbour light on the island drawing the boat closer to the shore.

J. C.

Poems

TRIO

MADLIGHT, daylight,
walking
a split knife-edge of death.

His suit, hirsute,
naked
because they say they're lovers.

Kindness, blindness,
one more
bearing the print of a shroud.

Sadness, madness,
someone
split like ripe frangipani.

Hearsay, they say
revenge,
a victim of jealousy.

Lifeblood, her blood,
together,
a red-etched trio of streams.

Born, alone,
conceived, deceived,
we end the same—
the brief sport of a dry wind.

R. M. E.

hurray for country land of

this is
country that all
and i of it
are proud
pundits say and
i love
and think
it fine as
leaning
broom under
their rolls royce
pass giving
dusting
then in war
i fight for
their cars
and get
killed
(a medal perhaps)
for their
peerages
whats the use
im tired of
living in
these nationalistic
wave the flag
and cheers
for beaverbrook
days

C. R. M. J.

No Story

THE clock ticked to within 15 minutes of my train. I began to get nervous. The waiter hovered. The restaurant was by now fairly empty. All the other waiters clustered together in a greasy crowd near the kitchen. All except mine. I sighed and smoked a cigar. Trains always make me nervous. Eventually he went towards the others and then suddenly disappeared into the kitchen. I hurriedly got up and scrambled my things together. I knocked over the chair and went red. I suppose no one was even looking. Even so I made a line straight for the swing door. My suitcases were just beyond it. I picked them up and jerked towards the platform. I hate not leaving tips.

Milan. I had not spoken to anyone for three days. My train. My running away train. I stopped at the platform entrance and grinned back at the restaurant. Almost swallowed my cigar. I felt exhilarated.

In my compartment were an old woman and a man in opposite corners. Two more followed me in. Two girls in fact. Followed me right along the platform and right down the corridor. Put your case up? Well, I had to introduce myself sometime. Anyway, I looked English. Well thank you. American accent indeed. Keep my place please? Sure she will. Now where was that cigar stand?

When the train started there was a long pause while I wriggled my toes. But screwing myself up

"Are you American?" in my hardest voice.

"That's right (Long pause) And you?"

"British."

Nod. That wraps that up then.

"On holiday?"

"No I work for the Embassy in Paris" etc.

She had come up from Naples that day and was very tired.

"You both American?"

"No she's British. I only just met her. A student or something."

Which put me out a bit. With Americans you know where you are. With other English they know where you are.

She was sitting in the opposite corner near the door. Long legs. Tall. Not beautiful at first. Eyes ringed and tired. Heavy-lidded, with lines in her face for someone only about

twenty . . . The end of a long week-end or something. No ring. Light eyes. Her grey eyes in their shadows. Fifteen seconds flat and I was being lyrical. Milan does that. There was something of stillness about her eyes. Much—forgottenness. How would I place her? Class, definitely. Moneyed sophisticated eyes, haughty but interested, I would say. Would I indeed? Oh dear! . . . Still, I thought I could place her. You see them all over London. Vulnerable there, out of their groups, but abroad they are invincible.

She could have been going anywhere or doing anything. The more you looked the more conscious you were of her and the more I felt I could place her.

Silence from her corner. Obviously tired. Pressing her forehead now and again. Well it's not given to everyone to be amusing and I did have some pills.

"Got a headache?" (and this across the carriage).

"No I just can't sleep on trains, that's all." Her eyes smiled not at all. Like her voice, slow and droopy.

"Want some pills?"

"Have you any?"

"Some codeine . . ." Sir Galahad rides again.

I moved her across the carriage, as much to assert myself as to put the case down. Anyway I produced them. That is, after spilling out my three weeks collection of dirty socks, dirty handkerchiefs, and timetables.

"Take three, I should."

"How many?"

"Three, if you can without water." Sadist you see. But she did, chewing them slowly without a flicker. That sort of character for me verges on the Napoleonic.

"I tried to get some on the platform, but they said I needed a prescription or some . . ." Her voice faded at the ends.

Happy to talk though, across the carriage. She volunteered bits of autobiography. Had not slept the night before, either. No, not in a train. Why was she going to Paris?

"I don't know." She grinned over slightly rabbit teeth and managed to moue at the same time.

"I don't know why I didn't get a ticket to London. I just went into the ticket office and was so sleepy I just said Pareegee."

"What are you going to do there?"

"I don't know. Spend a couple of days I suppose. Have to phone up everyone I know and see if they're there. I don't suppose they will though. Who's in Paris in summer?"

Oh! I crossed myself mentally. By now the other male had left so I moved up and sat opposite her corner. She seemed to want to talk. A law student. Law bored her but unfortunately

she passed her exams. Had had a holiday job in Rome with a German missile firm.

"Well I had no idea what it was about until I got there and found it was an Italian Cape Canaveral."

She took out, somewhat unnecessarily I thought, "English Lyric Poets". No attempt to read it. Just chain-smoked. I smoked hers too.

The two other females fell asleep. Just us two and the night light. Time passed, with long silences. Her blind broke and it took ten minutes to wedge. Hair-pins, sweet-papers, cigar packets. She talked impersonally about this and that, but I learnt nothing, except when she crinkled her eyes or used her young girl's laugh. Or when she liked something she was saying. It was like an arrow from her to me.

The slow way she used to understand a question . . . pills and tiredness.

She looked not once at the other two in the carriage. Indifference. To me, too, if I hadn't been talking to her. Silent, she gazed out of the window or maybe shut her eyes. Never moving. Legs beneath her. Her hands remained effortlessly still and the shadows made long elegant lines from her neck to her waist. Well that's breeding for you. Sometimes she looked absolutely passive, and feminine, and need I say it beautiful. But she made no attempt to go to sleep. Which was reassuring. I didn't want to have to spend the night looking at her. After a while a station loomed up and we took a walk. No sooner had we gone twenty yards when the whistle went and she scuttled back with a shriek. We stood in the corridor and the wind froze us. She didn't seem to want to touch elbows. Back in the compartment I was bored and she disappeared into her shadows; still, sleepless, and remote. She had yet a few cigarettes so we finished those. She put her feet up on my seat and I admired her lace petticoats. Anyway it was me that slept eventually, probably snored like a pig too. I woke feeling guilty as hell. Of course she hadn't. For a moment I thought she hadn't even remembered I was there. I felt awful. Daylight flooded the carriage and glinted in her new lipstick. A perfect shade of pink. Hair, goldeny mouse. She hadn't washed. She didn't seem to need to.

We passed a valley filled with mist like a lake and then we were talking again. Half an hour to go to Paris. With the other two now awake I was shy, more of my intentions than anything else. I kept the conversation angled towards what she was going to do.

Myself I hadn't anything. She was going to 'phone.

"What if no-one's there?"

Shrug.

"I don't know. Just stay the night I suppose. What about you?"

"Oh! Find a place. Nothing special." Nothing, period.

"Do you speak French?"

She pulled her mouth.

"A little, you know, that I learnt at school. But I haven't been here for years except to pass through."

"A little early to start 'phoning."

"Yes. Well, I think I'll get some breakfast first."

Half way through the night she had asked my name. Did they call me Richard or Dick? Dick. She leant back and didn't volunteer hers. I felt flattered and enjoyed it a second.

"And you?"

Almost as if she didn't expect me to ask her she was slow in replying. "Liss . . . or Elizabeth."

The train waited inevitably just outside the station. I should have been gay and gallic. She leaned out and examined the surrounding grime. I watched her. Eventually we bumped in. The train was doing about a half mile an hour but managed to stop with as much of a jolt as if it had been doing seventy. I caught her. Maybe we could have breakfast together? I pulled down everyone's cases. Which put me in a bad humour immediately. I could see it coming. I was going to have to carry the old woman's case. That way I would lose her. I steeled myself not to offer and once all the cases were on the platform looked around. Liss was waiting. Looking vaguely towards me. We walked off together. I was carrying one of her cases.

"Breakfast?"

"Yes. I think I'll find the left luggage first."

"I tell you what. You sit down at the cafe there, and I'll go and ask. I have to get some money anyway." To pay for her breakfast.

She was finding it rather nice to have things done for her. I set off.

"Dick" she yelled when I had reached the other end of the station. I walked back to the table, as all the pigeons she had disturbed came fluttering down again.

"Black or white?"

Ten minutes later I had some francs in my pockets. She had finished the pile of croissants. Crumbs everywhere.

"In France most people only eat two, you know."

"Awful, weren't they?" she said.

We sat and talked about films in a 'did you see, wasn't it . . . ?' sort of way. It was one way of laughing at the same things. From left luggage we went to telephone. There was a certain inevitability. We bought jetons and thumbed dictionaries,

though I left the booth when she got through. I wasn't going to influence my luck. She had three numbers to 'phone. Without answers she was at a loose end. Time passed and the crowd flowed around me. I watched her emerge and her eyes search me out, then float my way. No reply. She would try once again.

"Shall we go into the centre?"

"Yes. I must take a walk."

At Chatelet we abandoned the metro and walked along the edge of the river. It was quiet and the sun was just right. I was conscious of trying to make her feel at ease. There was no difficulty. She was too used to being taken out.

In time we came across a telephone sign. She didn't seem too interested and came out quickly. No reply.

"Well what are we going to do . . . ? Er . . . Well when I say 'we' . . ."

"Let's walk again."

So we sat on the edge of the river, on the cobbles which were gently warm, and where the dust smelt nice. Lights from the water jumped up and danced patterns over her face and shoulders and legs. After a bit this annoyed me.

"Let's go and see if Notre Dame's still there."

It was. So we walked up St Michel. Some way up the hotels looked cheapish and not too lewd.

"You want separate rooms? Because they'll ask . . ."

She nodded.

Ideally she would have said no. Maybe the economies didn't appeal. I hadn't known how to put the question. But I wasn't going to be faced with having to ask it in front of some hotelier.

I was, though. Twice I had to say, "No, separate rooms."

The day passed. From the student office she booked a plane the day after next. Two days with her. In the afternoon she wore tight black slacks and loose black top. More or less she looked like anyone's version of the Left Bank. But as she flopped along in her moccasins one had to look. "Ay, camadora" came from one passer-by.

Towards me she wasn't even feminine. We walked too much. Through les Halles and past the poules in the doorways. I made to stare nonchalantly but she was visibly put out and only when we had to walk through a group did she try to make a comment "It's so long since I've seen them . . ."

What was that meant to show? I wonder? She didn't bother to finish.

We toiled up Monmartre. We watched a one-man band. We ate ice cream. Or rather she did, in vast bites, with enormous concentration; I was with her all the way, in spirit. The five-minute portraitists were at work. She said it was rubbish.

"Anyone can catch a likeness."

"Could you?"

"Well I think so. It's only a question of practice. I went to art school for a year."

I told her I painted. Which I didn't really, but it killed the conversation.

The walk back was exhausting. At dinner time she was fast asleep on her bed. I sat down and she awoke.

"Liss sweetheart, I hate to do this but you've got to eat something."

I almost had to carry her out. Over the table she brightened and we had long involved conversation. Every time I dropped in a name or two I found she had actually read the books. She would have been an intellectual, she said, if only she knew what to think about. This was all very well but I tried to keep the level as personal as possible, on women, on femininity. It seemed a waste of time that women, beautiful ones anyway, should bother to think. It upset the equilibrium. My hints remained subliminal.

The next day we did the Louvre. I let her go her own way but she kept close. It was nice to see her coming towards me across a room.

That morning a South African had spoken to us. He had left home three weeks before for the first time. Dying to speak English. He was staggeringly unintelligent. His face broke into all sorts of smiles when he heard us speak, and in an emotional spasm he launched into apartheid. Education would solve it. He was bewildered by Paris. Negroes in the street with beautiful white women. Well dressed negroes. Nothing was clear-cut and he was lost. With us too.

"Brother and sister?"

"No."

"Studying here?"

"No. Just staying."

He looked at us earnestly. We repaid the compliment. No, he couldn't bring himself to ask more. Things outside his experience. He would have liked to cry, I think.

"Well I'm not even going to try and guess."

"Actually she sells missiles, but you wouldn't believe that . . ."

"Missiles? . . ."

But we escaped down a metro entrance. It provided us with a private joke. 'In South Africa, well our ladies just don't have to do a thing. We keep them, well, you know, like on a pedestal, even if I do brag myself.' Liss thought she'd like that.

The Louvre provided some laughs. We looked in corners and giggled when others peered in after us at nothing.

Later, at a loss, we took a train to Versailles. Fortunately the Palace was shut so we strolled through the gardens and lay on the grass. We talked interminably; about ourselves and literature and things, I suppose. I mean I know, but it produces the usual embarrassment. I think I was more truthful than usual, though. I tickled her arm and wound petals into her hair. This was meant to annoy her, but she was lazy and only laughed a little. We chewed grass. And I took the petals out again. And then she said "I'm glad I met you anyway."

Just before she left next morning we had breakfast at a cafe. She ate one croissant. She tried to put warmth into saying good-bye. Meant it but didn't know how. I didn't really hear her then but I remembered her high breathless voice some time after. "Well I hope to see you when you get back."

She nodded her own yes.

I lose sight of myself at this moment, but can see her eyes fixed on me as the coach pulled away and lost itself in the traffic.

Poems

THE EXTENSION, QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, GRACIOUSLY OPENED BY HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN MOTHER

WHILE bilious pedants raise applauding hands,
And Majesty snips tape, the Building stands:
—Stands as a Monument to *Basil Spence*,
To soul deficient and to lack of sense.
Poor Basil, who, when *Gibbs'* affrighted shade
For Grace, Light, Beauty, Vigour, humbly prayed,
Replied with this bald monster of pretension,
This pudding upon piles, the Queen's Extension.

The *Cam* herself, (when his departed Peers
Had failed to rouse be-knighted Basil's fears)
By fauns and woodland nymphs accompanied,
Hovered around his little truckle bed.
"Basil!" she cried, "respect my ancient Bower,
Its subtle tracteries of leaf and flower,
The amorous dance of colour, form and light;"
And with this warning vanished into Night.

Cried Basil: (as the nymph was vanishing)
"In modern building Contrast is the thing—
And modern methods—for I *will* be brash."
And so ensued this mechanistic trash,
Spawnèd by Mammon on Complacency,
A Hittite temple for a desert sea.
—The scissors snip, the gilded key unlocks
The stilted hen-run and the slotted box.
Basil we leave for others to condemn:
But for the dons who built it—What of them?

PSYCHOMENOTTONY

AN Italian musician, Carlotti,
Had an early mishap with the potty:
He revenged his disgrace
On the whole human race
By recitals of *endless* Menotti.

D. L. F.

Chronicle de nos Jours

1st day

OOOO That Shakesperian rag.
And if it rains a closed car at four.
Its bloody good stuff, its sort of spirit of a decade. He stood up.
Its bloody
Good stuff, with a hand in the . air

How about some systematisation then?
How about a game of chess?
Orghh. Jane would be bored.
Eyebrows and smiles, Lazy Jane.
Vous etes parfaite. Tu es parfaite. Je t'adore. Jane sings.
George sings going to the loo.
Knees together, back forward, reading, Jane.
Pete!

HOW'S THINGS?
opaque from some points.
Piotr!
Dont call me that name even in jest (yawns)
Jane has aback and it sends him, sucking her finger she is not sent
so far as anyone else can see, but maybe he knows better.
Indifferent (whispers) lips you have today George.
Beckett wins again, but a giggle's trying.

MEDICAL NOTES.
sorry. (S'alright) Jane sings, again does a provocative fall and
Beckett bites the dust. Poor Sam.
Hi Nick

I could sell you so hard—I wish you would.
Decent cigarettes?

Doing my washing would prefer to call him Dello, but you're
alright Pete. One of us sits at the typewriter. Here it comes.
they laugh (His Jewish nose). Perhaps I am hogging it a bit.

Ciao. Dove vai? Ammonite.
rolling cigarettes he grins and is forgotten. But me . . . always
visitors which ruin evenings . . . the right way the wrong way and
the army way . . . where is the dialogue that we want to hear?
interrupted a complete blockage . . . a good time, time? time!
Rich could do wonders for Jane on that typewriter . . . P's nose
. . . Jane has been sick . . . believable? everything is in the right
context . . . cigar . . . ettes . . . go on, tempt yourself.

P. only laughs . . . big words . . . depends what you mean . . .
what makes you sick? I was in agony . . . underneath the water
was a hand, presumes that it was red but it isn't.

Nic reads and laughs and leaves. ciao.
What's douleur, La douleur? Let's eat. Stop saying things
for the typewriter, sweetie. Click click and I've only had a piece
of bread today. Pow pow The fastest lighter in the West. Rich
as Wilde over Jane behind Peter, Jane sings Corneille and asks
for an envelope to write to ANOTHER, but he's French so that's
O.K.

2nd day

Hyacinths, why not indeed? The day is rainy. The river could
do with some livening. George's death mask looks half skewiff
at the Rousseau jungle—day in the Jeu de Paumes. I admit
there's something unnerving about Henri, but his rivers aren't
like ours here. Out on the single kick I am now. Let's have
hyacinths, Why not? they remind me. Of? Flowers. Nothing
else to remind me of much, thank God. No, not a thing, not a
thing. But there was a letter now my countrymen! In this dismal
landscape that was a letter. Why dismal? and why country men—
because 1) it's raining & 2) why not? Hyacinths at any rate.
OLD BUAL shipped by GOSSART GORDON & CO. (madeira
established 1745),,

They're the
Oldest and the largest,
The boldest and the farthest
Shippers of Madeira
In the land

Take a 220 bus, drop off on the corner of that street and run like
hell. They've got bloody stenguns, everyone. Rabbits. They'll
shoot you like rabbits. Damn them. Singing and giving advice
but notice, no dialogue, O reader. Allow me to mention
hyacinths again? Thank you; sunflowers— . . . I'll be seeing you
then. Bye Bye. When?

For they're the
Oldest and the largest
The boldest and the farthest
Shippers of Madeira
In the land.

Bloody hyacinths, bloody madeira,
lovely sunflowers.

Why not indeed? The day is rainy. The river could do with
some livening. CRONIQUE you idiot. crumbs a visitor. Wine
Smith Moxon plus Doreen, indignant Peter. No she wouldn't
smoke, does and smokes it vertically. Even has a vivacious one
sided smile. M. covers up. Mrs Pratt worries Peter worries me.

Something about a bucket dear. Chess?

Aren't you going to the film?

Nah nah, I didn't feel like it when I got there. Three heads over chess; a hand over the fire. I made a silly move there. Yes, you seem to have lost the tempo. It wasn't a very frightening attack anyway.

Intimations of death from the bible. 4 ominous remarks about early destruction plus one complete blank page. Did it too long. Cold. Waiting for the blanket to heat up. . I can't remember the references either and they're difficult to find again. Rich as David and Sue as Judith. There must be a poem in there somewhere. Susan v Goliath, David v Judith.

Sheaffers Script in front of a riddled landscape in triplicate. This is not very constructive stuff. No form you know and not enough punctuation.

3rd day

bloodaswill Collet will ride again

Where is O blast Corneille? He thinks behind his glasses—he considers our work. Dirty mouchoir. He has catarrh. Medicated Gum Massagers. A blood print would come well but we reject it. Tact.

Where did you get the tickets? (Oedipus) We've had them ages. Bloodaswill Collet rides to Swellfoot. Poor lad. "20 Players if you come back"

Nick the Enthusiast. Screaming the Blues . . . fantastic . . . new fantastic Webern 12 tones . . . Jane (she looks like Alice in Wonderland but she isn't of course) I've never felt like this before. Thanks for the fag, He goes out full of Vitamin C.

Plus $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour and he's back to drag us off to listen to Webern "Excellent. Original and well put together. This is the formula for a well deserved first." closely followed by Peter closely followed by Old Bloodaswill who apparently is clotting nicely. Nice extraction. Rich on the contrary is not progressing very far with this. Edith is not part of the fairy tale.

You mean in DOMBEY TALE?

Black sweetbreads for babies, we offer them for sale. They will alleviate: nothing. Roses hyacinths greenfly marigolds.

Do I think (it's only another word for austerity) George ought to have more Cornelian grandeur about him? Never.

Yes, I believe he didn't say that so I cd write it down.

Parkinson's bleedin' law. What? Whatever you have to do, whether longer or shorter, fills all the available time and a bit more.

It's a bigger mark after 21—bigger jump than from 20 to 21. going downhill, depressing, horse like dejected noises from both. Here we are tired old hacks at 22, o well back to the

2000 words p.d. racket. Straight reportage. G. Dillon takes Racine for an epitaph.

4th day

Despair and what is the point of going on?. Who's not an intellectual? Rich and Hugh Bishop say so and they both can't be wrong. But the enigma of it is I'm so intelligent! TELL ME. Life is rather silly. Nag nag nag. Him and his hood. I RESENT their interference. everybody reads and works chunkily, fruitfully, and there's that wretched burn on the rose wood table. No doubt I'll have to pay for that as well. I am being driven to breakdown you know and no one cares. What year is this character asks Rich urbanely. Do you understand him? No I bloody Dont . . blasted Corneille. Collins. I wish he would go and he's cadging typing material as well. Heffers! Tell him to f— off as well. No one has any consideration for me. Angus with a hole in his shaving cream. Collins doesn't think he's funny anymore. ha ha. Moreover there's no more jobs at the Arts, and who said you were a friend of mine anyway? The smiler with a half nelson behind the door—normal combat. Get these bloody vultures off my back. Get off my chef d'oeuvre you swine, y . . you slip. Sit down John dear especially since you've had a bath and I DONT know if we have enough cups nor care. No snidery I say. The snide is dead. Did I have coffee in bed? apparently, yes. John is slightly bored and very boring with his ennui he is as well. Rich as Saturn. Perhaps J. will bite him and then we'll have cosmogony for tea. Remember the Fisher King. There are only four of us; bags I dont have the first feather. Positive crap says M with a frog in his throat. My poetry and I are just good friends. Anybody want it black? You witty bloody clowns. John wants a drop more milk then perhaps he'll curdle and die not even slopped. He hasn't done any tragedy this term only lived it. But let's not cry over a little spilt John ay?

Cleo fabulous, je prefere flora aux faunes . .

5th day

Jim Randall died a quiet death, just about the time when the mistletoe berries were turning white. It was not a very severe loss to anybody in particular.

I see Randall died the other day. Pity. Who'll market the mistletoe now, I wonder? Just in the season too.

Randall, peacefully, yesterday. Service St Waldringham's Friday. No Flowers.

Jim, then! Whod've never know. Yes, the same if that's alright. Except for his daughter. She cried.

It's the girl I'm sorry for.

Dad died yesterday. I dont suppose you'll be able to get, but everything's arranged anyway. Dont worry, it was in his sleep. Sis. Actually it wasn't. He woke up and died with his eyes open. Lass is getting the berries now. It's not much to manage on. I can't walk as far as Dad did, and I get tired easily. But it's a good crop this year, and it'll have to do, I suppose. Love Sis. £1 10. 0. is all I can manage for the time being, but I hope it helps. Love Bros.

Jim Randall died with his eyes open.

6th day

Thé dansant at B4 but Jane has a pain in her gut. Nijinsky rides again but bad houses close the show. Hélas étonne moi Pierre.— Chinese Water music and sleigh rides; must be Mongolian hour. Heather's back. I didn't know she had been away. Her toes were obscene last summer, I bet she hasn't got that in her little notebook. Typewriters are cinematic especially with oyster theatrical lighting and here we are in Latin America. Little Dorrit pines away with the unreality of it all—cigarette ash in pearlised light, which also contains complicated chemical patterns by Peter. Sole cyclonic gale force eight imminent and then change key to a force nothing tango.

7th day

Enter Jelly Roll Kemp with a cry of 'loot', and a nasal cry at that. It's about time we had some classical music in here. Have you ever thought of the bicycle as a Cartesian symbol. Arghh, he totters but has neither the courage or the energy to complete the gesture. But this isn't Shostakovitch. But the salt and the cold keeps the pain out. Barry the negligent oaf hasn't fixed the valve. Linda lies there cosy between the good bad boys from over the hill, one of whom with typical rustic magnificence I have got enough cash but (light laugh) I want to get home. Rich puts up his lady's favour on the escutcheon; Ecod 'tis a pity the good olde dayes of joust are past.

Jane thought it would be a pleasant thing to wake Barry! R. wanted to probe her over a cup of coffee but she took fright and left. Was ever woman in this humour plumbed?

Today is a critical day for you. You read, yes you sit down. These are positive actions I know, but in fact you feel just a pair of eyes, wandering lonely waiting for others to give you some direction (all this walking up and down hands waving expressively clap clap from the other side) That's it. The impulse that made you clap shows your ironical self, the kernel within your fragmenting soul that resists, the palpitating core, the dur désir de durer. I prefer durcir.

You would. You have faults.

You know, George, you are becoming a cliché.

What? Ah yes, but by an intellectual effort. I have faith in predictability. How else are we to find identity? I have just overstepped the mark that's all. You on the other hand are a fraud. It will be a bond between us in future conversations. But I don't care, and you do. Hm . . . Next time I'll be the fraud.

G. M.

The Restoration of Second Court V The Combination Room

ABOUT ten years ago the present writer and the Steward were busy in the Scholars' Buttery when a cheerful face appeared round the door and said "I thought you would like to know that the Combination Room ceiling has just fallen down." On investigation this report proved to be somewhat exaggerated, the portion which had fallen being rather more than a square foot of the ceiling in the oriel window facing into Second Court. On further examination the accident proved to be even more fortunate—none of the ancient plaster work of the Combination Room was involved at all, the part which had fallen being a comparatively modern piece of restoration, probably carried out at the time of Scott's repairs and reconstructions about a century ago. In the course of this work portions of the old moulded plaster had been retained as a border for what was virtually a new ceiling for the oriel window, and what had fallen was part of this 19th century work. Repair was accordingly easy.

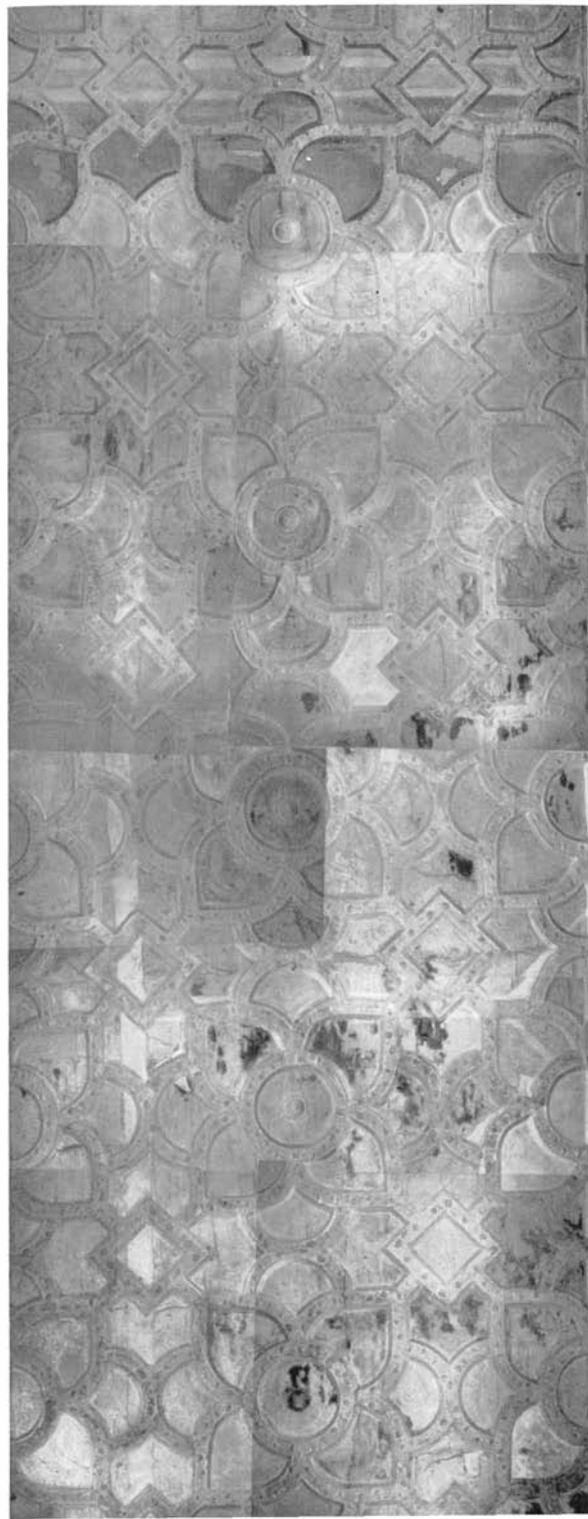
A few years later a more serious defect developed. Part of the ceiling near the north wall of the Combination Room, just to the left of the right hand fireplace, was beginning to show widening cracks and an ominous bulge. Curiously it turned out once again that what had failed was not the original structure of the ceiling, but a subsequent repair. The bulging section was immediately underneath the top landing of C Staircase, Second Court, where a coal bunker had stood for many years. This was removed at the time of the reconstruction work in 1937 when a new floor was put down on the landing and in the adjacent rooms. Fortunately there is a substantial gap between the Combination Room ceiling and the floor above, and by removing part of the boarding lining the staircase it was possible to inspect the damage without taking up the floor. It proved that at some indeterminate but comparatively recent date there had been a previous failure of this part of the ceiling which had been patched with new laths and an additional thickness of plaster above the old. The original lathing of the ceiling is of riven oak, irregular but of great strength. The patch had been supported by insubstantial modern sawn deal lathing, which had proved insufficiently strong to carry the weight of plaster of the old ceiling, together with the added patch. It seems likely that the original failure of this part of the ceiling was associated with the presence of the coal bunker above.

During the last decade a good deal of work has been done in reconstructing gyp rooms in various parts of the College, in the course of which many old coal bunkers have been removed. More often than not the bottoms of these bunkers were found to be rotten, no doubt due to the old established practice among merchants of selling water with the coal. Quite frequently the floor under the bunker had also begun to rot, and in a few instances pieces of coal had fallen through into the space below the floor. It is tempting to associate the damage to the Combination Room ceiling with some such happening, although the picture which rises so readily before the mind's eye of a load of coal being delivered straight through the ceiling into the Combination Room can hardly have happened in fact, or else the damaged plaster work would not have been in such good condition. The repair must, indeed, have been undertaken before the cracked plaster had fallen.

The advice of the Ancient Monuments Branch of the Ministry of Works was sought about the best method of repair, which was carried out by the local firm of Messrs G. Cook and Sons. A small scaffold, roughly the shape and size of a Punch and Judy show, had already been put up below the bulge in the ceiling, so that if anything should fall while the consultations were going on, it would drop only two or three inches on to a padded surface. The method of repair was to remove the comparatively new lathing and as much as possible of the associated plaster work, and then, having cleaned the surface to give a good key, to apply fresh plaster above while at the same time pressing the old plaster into position from below. Before this new plaster had set, wide meshed copper gauze was embedded in it, and lapped over the ceiling joists. By this simple means a repair of very great strength was achieved, the embedded copper mesh giving a very much better key than can be attained with lathing, and the laps over the ceiling joists providing ample support in a form not subject to decay or attacks of worm.

These instances serve to show that in spite of very extensive repairs in 1937 the Combination Room ceiling had again become a source of anxiety. When, therefore, it became clear that the Long Vacation of 1962 would be the most convenient time to repair the windows of the room, it was decided to take the opportunity to make a complete re-examination of the state of the ceiling, seeking at each stage the advice of the Ancient Monuments Branch of the Ministry of Works. Fortunately, as the investigations proceeded, early suspicions about the stability of the general structure above the ceiling, engendered by evidence of cracks and settlements seen from below, proved groundless when representative samples of the structure were examined

SOUTH



NORTH

A composite photograph of the western half of the Combination Room ceiling after cleaning, but before decoration. The double line across the right hand end shows the position of a partition which divided the room into two almost equal halves: at its southern end it abutted on the jamb of the window next to the oriel on the west. The broad line near the top corresponds to the boundary of the corridor on the Second Court side. Between the second and third medallions from the left runs a narrow line almost opposite the western fireplace. The two spalls at the north end may mean that this chimney piece was enclosed, possibly to allow of a corner fireplace in each room.

from above. Clearly the repairs of a quarter of a century ago had been completely effective. Even more fortunately, similar doubts about the stability of the plasterwork itself were also ultimately cleared up, although doing so involved taking up the entire floors of the sets above, and removing the insulating quilting above the ceiling, in order to expose the key of the plasterwork at all points. However, by the end of February, 1962, before these latter investigations were complete, the main outline of the position was clear enough for action to be initiated. It was then apparent that whatever the state of the key the ceiling could be preserved in situ, even if more or less extensive areas of it had to be supported by washers, screwed to the joists above and embedded in flat areas of plaster (the method of repair recommended). As a minimum it would be necessary to cut out and make good the extensive cracks, and to repair all the moulded work damaged by cracking. In view of the extent of the new plaster work thus involved, the Ministry's architects strongly recommended that the ceiling should be washed clean, deferring a further decision on whether to decorate until the full effect of cleaning the whole could be seen. They also thought that a trial patch should be cleaned with especial care in order to see whether traces of colour remained on any of the mouldings. It was also recommended that the whole work should be entrusted to a specialist firm of contractors.

These recommendations were considered by the Governing Body on March 16th, when there was a lively discussion, including a characteristically brief and pointed contribution by the Senior Fellow, Mr Cunningham, who said that to his knowledge the matter of cleaning the Combination Room ceiling had been considered by the Fellows at intervals over the last fifty years, and that he hoped that he would live to see the work carried out. The meeting agreed to accept the recommendations, and the Old Buildings Committee was authorized to superintend the details of the work. The first step was to call in the specialist firm of Messrs Jackson to examine the ceiling and prepare a detailed specification and estimate for its repair and cleaning. The Governing Body had adopted the Ministry's view that it would be wise to see the results of cleaning the ceiling before deciding on whether it should be decorated or not. Messrs Jackson's recommendations and estimate were accepted, and work on washing down the ceiling was begun on August 13th. The procedure was to wash away dirt and old distemper using water and brushes hard enough to clean the ceiling, but not hard enough to destroy any of the surface of the old plaster work underneath. When this cleaning was sufficiently advanced, the plaster repairers cut out and filled all the cracks in the ceiling, secured the few

areas where the plaster was loose, and replaced a score or so of the individual motifs of the moulded plaster work which had been found damaged by cracking or other injury. The system here was to take a squeeze of the corresponding motif on the next repeat of the ceiling pattern, and using this as a mould to make a new one to replace the one which had been damaged.

It should, however, be mentioned that before cleaning began Messrs Jackson's expert on the decoration of plaster work had spent some considerable time in "going through the coats", in other words carefully cleaning off the old decorations of the ceiling layer by layer in order to expose any evidence of colour or gilt which might lie beneath the surface. In fact no evidence of the existence of any such colour was discovered at this or any other stage of the work and it seems clear that the ceiling must always previously have been decorated in a single flat colour.

The work of cleaning and repairing was completed in time for the beginning of the Michaelmas Term, 1962, when the Governing Body were able again to consider whether the plasterwork should be left as it was or should be redecorated. By this time, as the Plate shows, the old plaster was seen to be discoloured from at least three separate causes. Firstly, there were traces of the repairs made by Scott about a century ago along the lines of the old partitions which had divided up the Combination Room when it was part of the Master's Lodge. It seems likely that Scott's work was deliberately darkened to match the existing plaster round about, which was probably not cleaned at this stage. The consequence, on cleaning, was a pattern of light and dark areas corresponding to the repairs. These are well shown in the Plate, which is a composite of a number of photographs, and shows the western half of the ceiling after cleaning. The double line of the transverse partition is almost exactly half-way down the length of the room: it can be seen to be joined by a second partition to the western end, where the door opens into the Small Combination Room, thus forming a corridor looking into Second Court. The space to the north of this corridor was then divided by a third partition into two rooms not quite equal in size, which would have looked northwards into St John's Lane. One at least of these was probably a bedroom, in view of the well-known stories of Dr Bateson's children having been born in the Combination Room. Secondly there were irregular stains in the plaster, of indeterminate date, probably caused by liquids spilt on the floors above. Finally there was the new plaster of Messrs Jackson's repairs, following the lines of the cracks. The new motifs also stood out startlingly against the old moulded work. The question of redecorating the ceiling therefore arose in an acute form.

The recommendation of Messrs Jackson was that the ceiling should be treated with a sealer and three very thin coats of flat oil paint, and this recommendation was endorsed by the architects of the Ministry of Works. Before recommending this treatment to the Governing Body, however, the Old Buildings Committee wished to be assured that it would not in any way obscure the moulded detail of the ceiling, and accordingly decided to try an experiment in the north-west corner of what was originally the Master's Gallery, now the Librarian's room opening off the Upper Library. Here the old ceiling has been preserved with great crispness. The experiment was carried out in pure white titanium oxide paint, in order to avoid the risk of subsequent darkening associated with white lead paint. The results were very convincing, every detail of the mouldings standing out sharply in light and shade. The Committee therefore agreed to recommend that the Combination Room ceiling should be decorated in this general manner, reserving for further experimentation the question of whether any pigment should be mixed with the white paint, and this recommendation was accepted by the Governing Body on the 19th October.

Before the experiments of tinting the ceiling could be begun, it was obviously necessary to establish a background of lighting comparable with what would be seen when the room was completed, and therefore the whole ceiling was brought forward as far as the second coat of flat paint, raising the whole illumination to a level which cannot have been seen for many years. Experimental panels were then set out adjacent to one of the south windows in order to compare the effects of a third coat of pure white with three tints, produced by a small admixture of lampblack, and two different amounts of raw umber. Obviously the effects of these experiments had to be considered also in relation to the panelling, and a well-illuminated strip of this was given an experimental cleaning at the same time. After these experiments it was decided not to mix any pigment with the pure white paint, which was accordingly used over the whole of the old ceiling in the Combination Room, the Small Combination Room, the upper landing of the Library stairs, the lobby of the Upper Library and the Librarian's room. The contractors completed the restoration of the ceiling in a most satisfactory manner early in December 1962.

Meantime restoration of the remainder of the room had been proceeding. It has already been mentioned in a preceding article that the floor was some time ago considered to be unstable, and it was repaired by extending the main beams and floor joists with bolted steel sections embedded in the main walls. This repair, which was carried out before the work of restoring the Court

generally began, had proved completely successful: the creaking and groaning of the panelling in the sets below ceased: and the apprehensions of the occupants, some of whom were accustomed to leave their rooms whenever there was a large party in the Combination Room above, were quite lulled. There remained, therefore, the treatment of the windows and of the panelling. As regards the latter it was clear when the Governing Body decided that the ceiling should be cleaned that this decision would inevitably entail cleaning the panelling, the upper parts of which, in particular, were excessively sooty from the candle flames. The work of cleaning was undertaken by R. Toller, formerly the College painter, who although retired was still very active, and at the time of writing it is still in progress.

Apart from the effects of cleaning on the general appearance and lighting of the room, much detail of the carving has emerged from the gloom, and this is nowhere more remarkable than in the eastern chimney-piece, which was part of the original panelling. Previously seeming dull as compared with the heavier carving and intarsia panels of the western chimney-piece (removed from No. 3 Sussum's Yard and set up here in 1919), it is now seen to be full of interest, and at lunch time its lion heads glare down with a quizzical ferocity. The detailed examination of the panelling thus entailed revealed what had not previously been suspected, that about a quarter of it is of recent date, and must have been supplied by Scott when the room was restored a century ago. One of the old entrances to the Gallery had been from what is now C Staircase, latterly the carriage entrance to the Lodge, opening into St John's Lane. This doorway was blocked by a separate panelled section which for long remained an incongruity, marked by the more ginger shade and dull grain of its Victorian oak. Before the restoration of the room as a whole this section had already been reconstructed with old, well-figured panels, the gift of Lord Townshend, and derived from the demolition of Tofttrees Hall in Norfolk. Now, however, it was seen that there was also relatively modern panelling along the western half of the north wall, and at the western end of the south wall, extending as far as the jamb of the third window. In these sections the match to the old panelling is far better, both as to colour and to figure: those desirous of verifying the difference for themselves can best do so by running the fingertips lightly over the panels in a horizontal line. The more modern panels are flat, and feel smooth. In olden days it was often customary to save time on the tedious process of smoothing a large flat surface by using a plane with a slight round on the iron. Acting like a gouge, this would quickly produce a planed surface, free from the roughness left by the saw, but not flat, having instead a slight ripple, thus ~~~.

This is easily seen in eighteenth century painted panelling with a gloss finish: in the Combination Room the difference is more readily appreciated by touch.

Apart from the oriel, the replacement of the windows presented few problems, and was chiefly remarkable for the speed with which it was carried out by Messrs Sindall's staff under C. C. Barlow, the foreman, and S. E. R. Vigar, the chief mason fixer. The Combination Room was vacated after the May Ball, and work on the windows began on June 20th. By July 13th the eight three-light windows on the south side, and the three two-light ones on the north, were all replaced by new stone, an average time requirement of only about two working days per window, and a record for the restoration. The speed was necessary, of course, in order to clear the way for the restoration of the ceiling: it could only be achieved by much previous organisation, and involved setting worked stones in the building much faster than they could be produced in Sindall's yard. Eight complete three-light windows, made from the same stone from the same quarry, were therefore purchased from the Rutland Stone Co. of Peterborough in order to expedite the work.

The oriel window presented a much more complex problem—it was distorted by settlement, and inadequately fixed to the main walls at either side, while the brickwork above rested on an oak beam so thin that it could more correctly be called a plank. At the same time everyone wished to retain as much of the original carving and strapwork cresting as possible. In order to allow ample time, while not interfering with the progress of work inside the room, it was separated off by a weathertight bulkhead, still (March, 1963) in position. The window was then completely demolished down to the four console brackets, and every stone was carefully measured and examined. Three of the four brackets, of very hard clunch, were in excellent condition and were left in position—they go through the whole thickness of the wall and have a beam resting across their inner ends, carrying the floor. The fourth, most western, one was renewed in Clipsham stone. It was possible also to retain the whole of the dentil moulding, and the carved panels of the window breast above it, which were also hard and in excellent condition. Above the carved panels the window was reconstructed in new stone up to the heads, and it had reached this point when work was stopped by the severe weather. When danger of frost is over, much of the original strapwork cresting can be replaced, with some repair.

In spite of the incompleteness of the oriel, the bulkhead made it possible for the Fellows to dine together in the restored Combination Room on St John's Day, December 27th, 1962. Work will continue for a little while yet—the cleaning of the panelling

must be completed, the small ceiling of the oriel must be restored—and it seems probable that the last step will be the replacement of the stained glass roundel in the oriel window, with its contemporary portrait of Henrietta Maria, commemorating the signature of her marriage contract more than three centuries ago, when the room was new.

G. C. E.

The Eagles on the Field Gate

IN *The Eagle* No. 235 (Vol. LIII, pp. 147 ff.) evidence was given to show that the "Field Gate", which forms the main entrance from Queen's Road to the College grounds, was erected in 1822 or 1823 as part of the extensive alterations made in the grounds at that time. The stone piers of the gateway are surmounted by stone eagles. Mr Frederic Gordon Roe, F.S.A., has kindly sent me information about the design of these eagles and it may be of interest to record it.

Mr Roe, writing in July 1960, tells me that his father Alfred Frederic Roe (Fred Roe), R.I., R.B.C., and his uncle Charles Edward Roe, formerly Vicar of Buxted St Mary, Sussex, both told him that these stone eagles were designed by their father, Robert Roe, who lived at one time in Trumpington Street and afterwards for many years at 14 King's Parade, Cambridge. Mr Gordon Roe writes that his father and uncle stated this without qualification. "They obviously accepted it", he writes, "as factual, and my impression is that the *eagles only* were involved—not the piers of the gate itself. This would imply that Robert Roe made a drawing or drawings, from which the carver worked, as R.R. was not a sculptor himself."

Robert Roe, who came of a Suffolk family, was born in or about 1793 and died in 1880. He was an engraver and miniature painter, but was also in business as a printseller and publisher. He married in 1821 Mary Elizabeth Edleston, a Cambridge or Cambridgeshire woman, who died in 1856 and by whom he had a family. He married, secondly, in 1859, Maria, younger daughter of William Gordon Plees, a member of the College and Vicar of Ash-Bocking, Suffolk; and it is from this second marriage that Mr Gordon Roe, to whom I owe these facts, is descended. Robert Roe, therefore, when he designed the eagles, perhaps in 1822 or 1823, was a young man of about thirty. Mr Gordon Roe tells me that there is evidence that some, at least, of his creative etching was done in the later part of that decade.

Robert Roe is mentioned in one of Edward Fitzgerald's letters. In a letter of 1830 to his friend John Allen, afterwards Archdeacon of Salop, Fitzgerald writes: "If you see Roe (the Engraver, not the Haberdasher) give him my remembrance and tell him I often wish him in the Louvre."* He seems also to have taught William

* *Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald*, with a Preface by W. Aldis Wright, 7 vols, London 1902-3, Vol. I, p. 4.

Makepeace Thackeray etching at about the same time; for Mr Gordon Roe is satisfied that in the following passage from a statement by Robert William Buss (1804-75), the painter, "Camberwell" has somehow crept in as a miscopying of "Cambridge": "Thackeray had practised etching for some years, having taken lessons off my friend Mr Roe, an engraver and printseller of Camberwell (*sic*), while he was yet an undergraduate."†

J. S. B. S.

College Notes

Honours List

New Year Honours, 1963:

Knight Bachelor: HAROLD GEORGE SANDERS (B.A. 1920), formerly Fellow, chief scientific adviser, Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food.

K.C.M.G.: HERBERT STANLEY MARCHANT (B.A. 1928), H.M. Ambassador in Havana.

C.M.G.: PATRICK LOFTUS BUSHE-FOX (B.A. 1928), legal Counsellor, H.M. Foreign Office.

C.B.E.: FRANK YATES (B.A. 1924), head of statistics department, Rothamsted Experimental Station, Harpenden, Hertfordshire.

Fellowship

Mr J. A. CHARLES (M.A. 1961), University Lecturer in Metallurgy.

College Appointments

Mr CHARLES has been appointed Junior Bursar, and Dr Z. A. SILBERSTON (B.A. 1943), Fellow, has been appointed Tutorial Bursar.

University Awards

Broodbank Fellowship for research in the principles and practice of Food Preservation: T. SOLOMOS (Matric. 1959).

Adam Smith Prize: M. V. HAWTIN (Matric. 1960).

Pitt Scholarship, Henry Arthur Thomas Scholarship and the Hallam Prize: J. DIGGLE (Matric. 1962).

Browne Scholarship and Henry Arthur Thomas Scholarship: A. H. JACKSON (Matric. 1961).

David Richards Travel Scholarships: D. BOTTING (Matric. 1961), M. A. CARSON (Matric. 1961) and R. S. DILLEY (Matric. 1961).

Henry Arthur Thomas Travel Exhibitions: J. M. BREARLEY (Matric. 1960), B. C. COLLYER (Matric. 1961), A. S. GRATWICK (Matric. 1961), J. K. HART (Matric. 1961), A. H. JACKSON (Matric. 1961) and R. J. LING (Matric. 1961).

University Appointments

M. V. POSNER (M.A. *incorp.* 1957): University Lecturer in Economics.

† In Walter Dexter and J. W. T. Ley, *The Origin of Pickwick*, London 1936, pp. 130 f.

R. R. THORPE (B.A. 1947): Electronic Design Engineer in the Department of Engineering.

G. W. OSBALDISTON (Matric. 1960): University Demonstrator in the Department of Veterinary Clinical Studies.

Other Fellowships, Prizes, etc.

Dr P. A. G. SCHEUER (B.A. 1951), formerly Fellow, has been elected into a stipendiary Fellowship in Peterhouse.

Dr T. W. WORMELL (B.A. 1925), University Lecturer in Physics, Mr G. M. BLACKBURN (B.A. 1956), University Demonstrator in Organic Chemistry, and Dr S. G. FLEET (B.A. 1958), University Demonstrator in Mineralogy and Petrology, have been elected Fellows of Fitzwilliam House.

The Hallett Prize of the Royal College of Surgeons has been awarded to Mr JOHN HERMON TAYLOR (B.A. 1957).

The Henry Bryant Bigelow Medal of the United States Oceanographic Institution has been awarded to Dr J. C. SWALLOW (B.A. 1945), of the National Institute of Oceanography.

The first prize in the men singers section of the eleventh International Music Competition at Munich has been awarded to Mr K. J. BOWEN (B.A. 1955), formerly choral student of the College.

The Nobel Prize for Medicine for 1962 has been awarded (jointly with two others) to Dr M. H. F. WILKINS (B.A. 1938), F.R.S., deputy director of the Medical Research Council's biophysics research unit at King's College, London.

Mr A. A. A. FYZEE (B.A. 1925) has been appointed by the United Kingdom Scholarship Commission to a Commonwealth visiting Fellowship, tenable at St John's College, Cambridge, for the year 1962-63.

Mr J. P. A. DEUTSCH (B.A. 1958), of London Transport, has been elected to a fellowship offered by International Business Machines, Limited; he will work at Oxford.

The Raikes Gold Medal of the South African Chemical Institute has been awarded to Mr P. C. HAARHOFF (Matric. 1961).

The Students' Medal and Prize of the Institute of Fuel has been awarded to Mr C. S. MENCE (B.A. 1962).

The Vega Medal of the Swedish Society of Anthropology and Geography has been awarded to Dr L. S. B. LEAKEY (B.A. 1926), formerly Fellow.

Other Appointments

Dr A. J. McCOMB (Ph.D. 1962) has been appointed lecturer in Botany in the University of Western Australia.

Dr R. K. MORTON (Ph.D. 1953), Waite Professor of Agricultural Chemistry, University of Adelaide, has been appointed Professor of Biochemistry in the same University.

Mr P. W. MUSGRAVE (B.A. 1949) has been appointed Lecturer in Education at Homerton College, Cambridge.

Mr P. T. HAMMOND (B.A. 1959) has been appointed lecturer in History at Auckland University, New Zealand.

Dr A. R. BERGSTROM (Ph.D. 1955), associate professor of Economics in the University of Auckland, New Zealand, has been appointed Reader in Economics at the London School of Economics.

Mr R. E. C. JOHNSON (B.A. 1934), Under-Secretary, has been appointed Secretary of the Scottish Home and Health Department.

Mr J. H. MCK. KELLS (B.A. 1936) lecturer in Latin and Greek in University College, London, has been given the title of Reader in Greek and Latin in the University of London.

Mr FRED KIDD (B.A. 1941) has been appointed senior lecturer in Chemistry at the Scottish Woollen Technical College, Galashiels.

Group Captain P. H. BALDWIN (B.A. 1939), O.B.E., R.A.F., has been appointed Air Attaché in Madrid and Lisbon.

Mr D. D. BOLT (LL.B. 1958) has been appointed Senior Resident Magistrate, Nyasaland.

Mr J. L. DIXON (B.A. 1952), late of the Colonial Survey Service, Uganda, has been appointed administrative secretary to the (Anglican) Church of the Province of Uganda, Rwanda and Burundi.

Mr ALAN JONES (B.A. 1955), now of Balliol College and lecturer in Islamic Studies in the University of Oxford, has been seconded for the academic year 1962-63 as principal instructor at the Middle East Centre for Arab Studies, Shemlan, Lebanon.

Dr J. NUTTALL (B.A. 1957), Fellow, has received an appointment in the Research Laboratory of R.C.A. Victor, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

Mr D. M. CLEARY (B.A. 1930), head of the Western and Middle East Department of the Commonwealth Relations Office, has been appointed British Deputy High Commissioner in Cyprus.

Dr S. C. CURRAN (Ph.D. 1941), F.R.S., principal of the Royal College of Science and Technology of Glasgow, has been appointed Chairman of the Advisory Committee on Medical Records of the Secretary of State for Scotland. The Minister for Science has appointed him a member of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research.

Mr C. F. CARTER (B.A. 1944), Stanley Jevons Professor of Political Economy in the University of Manchester, has been

appointed the first Vice-Chancellor of the University of the North West at Lancaster.

Mr H. J. DOYLE (B.A. 1937) has been appointed the first headmaster of the new Rivermead Secondary School, Kingston, Surrey.

Mr F. R. F. L. WENTWORTH (B.A. 1954) has been appointed transport controller of the Schweppes group of companies.

Mr J. D. KUIPERS (B.A. 1938), chairman of the Royal De Betuwe Company, Limited, of Tiel, Holland, has been appointed to the economic and social committee of the European Economic Community and Euratom.

Mr J. S. SNOWDEN (B.A. 1923), Recorder of Scarborough, has been appointed chairman of the Agricultural Land Tribunal for the Yorkshire and Lancashire Area.

Mr E. O. T. BLANFORD (B.A. 1935), acting general manager of Joy-Sullivan, Limited, makers of mining machinery, of Greenock, has been appointed a director of the firm.

Mr J. M. DONALD (B.A. 1939), managing director of Gala Appliances Pty., of Melbourne, has returned to England as sales director of the parent company, A.E.I.-Hotpoint, Limited.

Dr J. S. PESMAZOGLU (Ph.D. 1949) has been appointed Deputy Director of the Bank of Greece.

Ecclesiastical Appointments, etc.

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

The Rev. J. R. M. JOHNSTONE (B.A. 1929), vicar of St John the Baptist, Greenhill, Harrow, to be vicar of Ashton Keynes with Leigh, Swindon, Wiltshire.

The Rev. C. E. DUNANT (B.A. 1934), chaplain of the community of Vienna with Prague and Budapest, to be vicar of Holy Trinity, North Shields.

The Rev. P. E. C. HAYMAN (B.A. 1937), chaplain of Marlborough College, to be vicar of Rogate and rector of Terwick, Sussex, in plurality.

The Rev. P. N. H. PALMER (B.A. 1924), rector of Great Oakley, Essex, to be an Honorary Canon of Chelmsford Cathedral.

Retirements

The Rev. E. J. TOASE (B.A. 1911), rector of Ashill, Thetford, Norfolk, since 1941.

Ordinations, Michaelmas 1962:

Deacon

Mr A. F. L. COLSON (B.A. 1943), Tyndale Hall, by the Bishop of Oxford, to St Paul, Slough;

Mr T. W. GUNTER (B.A. 1962), Ridley Hall, by the Archbishop of York, to Beverley Minster;

Mr P. V. J. LLOYD (B.A. 1960), Ridley Hall, by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, in St Nicholas, Radstock, to Keynsham, Somerset.

Priest

The Rev. R. H. C. SYMON (B.A. 1959) by the Bishop of London. Advent, 1962:

Deacon

Mr J. M. TARRANT (B.A. 1959), Ripon Hall, Oxford, by the Bishop of London, to All Saints, Chelsea.

Medical Appointments

Mr E. J. CURRANT (B.A. 1928) has been appointed Assistant County Medical Officer for Hertfordshire, and deputy Medical director, Lingfield Hospital School for Epileptic Children, Surrey.

Mr A. C. GIBSON (B.A. 1947) has been appointed consultant psychiatrist, Herrison Hospital Group, Dorchester.

Mr J. W. H. DOAR (B.A. 1957) has been elected a Member of the Royal College of Physicians.

Legal Appointments

Mr J. P. WEBBER (B.A. 1939), puisne Judge, Kenya, has been appointed Attorney-General of Gibraltar.

Mr D. H. GRAY (B.A. 1954), District Officer, Northern Rhodesia, has been appointed Crown Counsel, Northern Rhodesia.

Mr F. D. L. MACINTYRE (B.A. 1927), Q.C., has been appointed a judge of County Courts.

Mr K. ANWER (B.A. 1961) has been called to the Bar by the Inner Temple.

The following members of the College have passed the Final Examination of the Law Society:

June 1962:

D. M. BLACKBURN (B.A. 1959), P. O. BROWN (B.A. 1959), D. W. H. FARMER (B.A. 1959), C. J. R. LASPER (B.A. 1958), J. G. MILLER (LL.B. 1959), D. B. PAYNE (B.A. 1959), J. M. RANS (B.A. 1954) and A. J. WESTON (B.A. 1959).

Mr MILLER and Mr WESTON were also placed in the third class in the Examination for honours of candidates for admission on the Roll of Solicitors of the Supreme Court.

November 1962:

A. J. HANSON (B.A. 1959) and R. F. NELSON (B.A. 1959).
D. A. LOWE (Matric. 1961) and R. G. NELSON (Matric. 1961) have been awarded Harmsworth Entrance Exhibitions at the Middle Temple.

Marriages

PAUL EDMUND MIZEN (B.A. 1960) to BRENDA JOY DODGSON, only daughter of R. E. Dodgson, of Luton, Bedfordshire—on 1 August 1962, at Luton Parish Church.

ROBERT MICHAEL POVEY (B.A. 1961) to MARILYN RIX, daughter of Leslie Rix, of Brentwood, Essex—on 18 August 1962, at Trinity Methodist Church, Chelmsford.

BERNARD RICHARD WATTS (B.A. 1960) to SUSAN DAWS, daughter of R. G. B. Daws, of The Priory, Horningsea, Cambridgeshire—in August 1962, at St Peter's, Horningsea.

HARRY ALLAN BANSALL (B.A. 1948) to KAROLINE MARTHA MEYER, daughter of Georg Meyer, of Berlin—on 8 September 1962, at St Joannis Church, Berlin.

TIMOTHY CHARLES WHITMORE (B.A. 1956) to WENDY ANN OSBORN—on 16 September 1960, at Friends' Meeting House, Cambridge.

ANTHONY ROBERT WILDMAN (B.A. 1962) to SANDRA MARIE MUNNS, daughter of F. J. Munns, of Cambridge—in September 1962, at St Lawrence's Roman Catholic Church, Cambridge.

NICHOLAS MURRAY RAGG (B.A. 1954) to SHEILA VICTORIA PARKER—on 15 September 1962, at St John's Church, Altrincham, Cheshire.

HUGH MARTIN STEWART (B.A. 1950) to MARGARET ADAMS, elder daughter of V. S. Adams, of Aston, Nantwich, Cheshire—on 8 September 1962, at the Priory Church of St Bartholomew the Great, London.

PHILIP WALFORD HILL (Matric. 1959) to SHEILA OSBON, only daughter of H. Osbon, of Eastbourne—on 29 September 1962, at Eastbourne Parish Church.

JOHN BARRIE HALL (B.A. 1959) to JENNIFER ANNE BIGGS, only daughter of M. G. Biggs, of New Eltham, London, S.E.—on 25 September 1962, at St Botolph, Cambridge.

ANDREW ALEXANDER MACINTOSH (B.A. 1959) to MARY JOAN BROWNING, daughter of Colonel George Browning, of Icklingham, Suffolk—on 15 September 1962, at St Mary's Church, Bury St Edmunds.

PETER VINCENT LANDSHOFF (B.A. 1959), Fellow, to PAMELA CARMICHAEL—on 15 September 1962, in the College Chapel.

ALEXANDER MARK DIMMICK (B.A. 1961) to MARY HOLMES, daughter of Neville Holmes of Wakefield—on 15 October 1962, at St Wilfrid's Church, Monk Fryston, Yorkshire.

HUGH WILFRID AUGUSTINE THIRLWAY (B.A. 1958) to CHRISTINE WIPPELL, of Exmouth—on 24 November 1962, in Cambridge.

IAN BRINE MACKINTOSH (B.A. 1947) to HILARY LILIAN HUNT, younger daughter of Dr S. R. Hunt, of Knightsbridge—on 22 September 1962, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, London.

MICHAEL RICHARD AYERS (B.A. 1958), Fellow, to DELIA MARY BELL, only daughter of G. W. Bell, of Farnborough Park, Kent—on 28 July 1962, in the College Chapel.

CHRISTOPHER RAYMOND EVANS (B.A. 1961), to CATHERINE IRENE HUNT, elder daughter of D. S. Hunt, of Rushden, Northamptonshire—on 22 December 1962, at Park Road Baptist Church, Rushden.

JOHN CAMERON ROBERTSON (B.A. 1953) to JANE ANNE HARRISON, daughter of Alexander Harrison, of Edinburgh—on 9 February 1963, at St Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh.

Deaths

RICHARD BERTHOLD TRECHMANN HALL-CRAGGS (B.A. 1925, as Craggs), of Corbridge, Northumberland, an engineer with the firm Thomas Hedley and Company, Newcastle upon Tyne, died 16 August 1962, aged 59. He rowed 4 in the winning Cambridge Boat against Oxford in 1926. His father, ERNEST HALL CRAGGS (B.A. 1884), and his brother, ERNEST WADE FOXTON HALL-CRAGGS (B.A. 1922) were members of the College, and his son, JOHN FRANCIS HALL-CRAGGS, matriculated in 1953.

NEONE NICHOLAS CHARLES RAAD (B.A. 1910), Congregational minister, died at Bournemouth, 16 September 1962, aged 74.

GORDON HARRY GILL (Matric. 1900), C.M.G., D.S.O., Brigadier, who had served in the South African War as a lieutenant in the Royal Munster Fusiliers, and afterwards in the Royal Army Service Corps, died 16 September 1962, aged 80.

JOHN CORRY ARNOLD (B.A. 1903), barrister at law of the King's Inn, Dublin, and of the Inner Temple, died in London, 24 September 1962, aged 81.

ALEC JOHN CHARLES BROWN (B.A. 1920), novelist and translator, died at Split, Yugoslavia, in September 1962, aged 62.

COWASJEE JEHangHIR (B.A. 1901), second baronet, G.B.E., K.C.I.E., sometime a member of the Legislative Assembly at Delhi, died at Bombay, 17 October 1962, aged 83. His elder son, COWASJEE JEHangHIR (B.A. 1934), a member of the College, was killed in a street accident in London in 1944.

BENJAMIN JOHN CORDER (B.A. 1893), rector of Radnage, High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, died at the Rectory, 16 October 1962, aged 94.

EDWARD FULCHER CARLIELL (B.A. 1899), sometime head brewer at the Cambridge Brewery of Greene, King and Sons, Limited, died 24 June 1962, aged 84.

ALEXANDER EMMANUEL ENGLISH (Matric. 1890), C.I.E., late of the Indian Civil Service, died at Oxford, 22 October 1962, aged 90.

HUGH FRANCIS RIDLEY MILLER (B.A. 1912) died at Sevenoaks, 12 November 1962, aged 71.

JOHN ADAMS HUNTER (B.A. 1913), K.C.M.G., formerly of the Malayan Civil Service, and Governor and Commander in Chief of British Honduras, died at Dunsfold, Surrey, 17 November 1962, aged 72.

ALAN HERBERT ILLINGWORTH SWIFT (B.A. 1935), Town Clerk of Cambridge since 1949, died at Addenbrooke's Hospital, 27 November 1962, aged 49.

LUCIEN MACULL DOMINIC DE SILVA (B.A. 1914), P.C., Honorary Fellow, a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, died at Hassocks, Sussex, 28 November 1962, aged 69. (See Obituary).

PETER RALPH LAPWOOD (Matric. 1961), Baylis Scholar, died, after an accident on the Babraham Road, 3 December 1962, aged 20.

EVELYN HUGH PARKER JOLLY (B.A. 1907), formerly of the Indian Civil Service, died at Northampton, 6 December 1962, aged 76.

WILLIAM McCULLOCH (B.A. 1914), classics master at the Simon Langton School, Canterbury, from 1925 to 1956, died at Barham, Kent, in November 1962, aged 70.

HARMODIO ARIAS (B.A. 1909), sometime President of the Republic of Panama, died while flying from Boston to Miami on 23 December 1962, aged 77. He was father of HARMODIO ARIAS (B.A. 1938), and of ROBERTO ARIAS (B.A. 1938).

GEORGE NORMAN NICKLIN (B.A. 1911), vicar of Beaulieu, Hampshire, from 1943 to 1949, died at Holcombe, Dawlish, Devon, 30 December 1962, aged 73.

ALFRED GARROD LEEDES HUNT (B.A. 1905), vicar of St Philip, Cambridge, since 1928, died in Cambridge, 12 January, 1963, aged 80. His father, the Rev. ALFRED LEEDES HUNT (B.A. 1876) was a member of the College.

ROBERT FAIRWEATHER LOW (B.A. 1923), formerly headmaster of Gorselands School, Newbury, Berkshire, died in London, 14 January 1963, aged 62.

HARRY BANISTER (Ph.D. 1926), formerly of the Indian Educational Service, University Lecturer in Experimental Psychology from 1926 to 1947, died in Cambridge, 19 January 1963, aged 80. (See Obituary).

ERNEST FRANCIS TOZER (B.A. 1908), vicar of Emmanuel, Exeter, since 1924, died at Exeter in January 1963, aged 77.

ARTHUR ISAAC ELLIS (B.A. 1906), formerly of the Department of Printed Books, British Museum, and Superintendent of the Reading Room until his retirement in 1948, died in the Isle of Wight, 1 February 1963, aged 79.

FREDERICK JOHN PASCOE (B.A. 1919), Knight, chairman of the British Timken Division of the Timken Roller Bearing Company, died in London, 5 February 1963, aged 69.

FREDERICK WILLIAM ARMSTRONG (B.A. 1901), Presbyterian minister, formerly of New Brighton, Cheshire, died at Bromley, Kent, 6 February 1963, aged 87.

RUPERT CHARLES MOLESWORTH BEVAN (Matric. 1919), sometime a rubber planter in Malaya, died at Ludlow, 2 February 1963, aged 64.

Obituaries

LUCIEN MACULL DOMINIC DE SILVA (B.A. 1914)

LUCIEN MACULL DOMINIC DE SILVA (B.A. 1914), Honorary Fellow, died at his home, Willow Brook, Hassocks, Sussex, 28 November 1962.

De Silva was born in Ceylon 25 April 1893, the son of G. de Silva. He was at Royal College, Colombo, and at Trinity College, Kandy, and came up to St John's in the Easter Term 1911, where he took both parts of the Mathematical Tripos. He was called to the Bar in 1916. He took silk at the Ceylon Bar in 1931 and was Solicitor General of Ceylon from that year until 1934, acting as Attorney General in 1932. In 1933 he was appointed Puisne Justice of the Supreme Court of Ceylon, but retired from the service of the Government of Ceylon the following year. He took silk at the English Bar in 1938. During the next ten years he was chairman successively of the Bribery Inquiry Commission of Ceylon, of the Commission to inquire into the law relating to mortgage, credit facilities, and protection of lands of agriculturists in Ceylon, of the Ceylon Delimitation Commission, and of the Ceylon Commission relating to companies. He was a Ceylon delegate in 1947 at the Commonwealth Conference on Citizenship, and in 1949 at the Commonwealth Relations Conference in Canada.

In 1953 de Silva was sworn a member of the Privy Council and became a Bencher of Gray's Inn, and in 1956 he was elected an Honorary Fellow of the College.

In 1930 he married Anne, daughter of George G. Edwards, of Llandrinio, Montgomeryshire. There were no children.

Lord Morton of Henryton writes:

Lucien de Silva was sworn as a member of the Privy Council in 1953 and sat regularly in the Judicial Committee until his last illness. He proved to be a very valuable member of the Board, sitting in every appeal from his native country Ceylon and frequently in appeals from other parts of the world.

His well-balanced mind and wide knowledge of law were of the greatest assistance in the deliberations of the Board, and when work was ended he was a charming companion, with a delightful sense of humour. Throughout his life he remained a loyal Johnian, and his election as an Honorary Fellow of the College gave him great pleasure.

In conversations with the writer of this note (whose fourth year at St John's ended shortly before de Silva matriculated) he loved to recall his days as an undergraduate, and often said how much he enjoyed the visits which he paid to the College as an Honorary Fellow and the welcome which he got there.

He will be sadly missed by his many friends in the legal profession.

HARRY BANISTER 1882-1962 (Ph.D. 1926)

THIS is not a record of his earlier, and rather adventurous, life, or of his general academic achievements, which were considerable, it is part of the story of Harry Banister as a Johnian. He came up to College in 1922 as a Research Student. He was a fine player of the violin, and was interested, not only in music as a source of enjoyment, but also in the human problems of listening to sounds. He devised and carried out many valuable experiments on the localisation of sound, and was awarded the Ph.D. degree in 1925. He was then appointed to a new Lectureship in Experimental Psychology in the University, and this led to his being given dining rights at the College High Table, which he greatly appreciated, and made full use of, throughout the rest of his long life.

During the 1920's psychology was developing rapidly in Cambridge and in this St John's played a prominent part. W. H. R. Rivers was at the height of his influence and activity. He was made College Praelector in Natural Sciences, and, as everybody who was up at the time will remember, he took this as an opportunity to establish close and friendly relations between senior and junior members of the College. After Rivers's death the ideals for which he stood perhaps suffered a relapse for a time, but they remained alive, and were to grow strong again as the years went by.

At first Banister's informal contacts in College life were mainly with the Musical Society, of which he was an active and valued member. But, like many others in his time, he was strongly influenced by Rivers, and he turned his attention more and more in the direction of medical psychology. The fact that he came into this field already mature, with a wide and varied experience behind him, added to a native bent to study and to understand men and women won him marked success as he came to deal with individual problems of behaviour. When "Dave" Raven became Chaplain and Dean and, later, M. P. Charlesworth was Tutor and then President, these three were closely joined in establishing afresh, and in a special, more individual, manner close friendly relations between all parts of the College Society.

Harry had been a considerable sportsman in his earlier days in India, riding, big game shooting and playing polo. All this had to be set aside, of course, when he came to Cambridge and became more and more immersed in College activities and University teaching. There came a day, however, when he and I decided that we would take up golf together. Thereafter once a week, whenever it was possible, he drove me to Royston in his astonishing old Trojan motor car, which not infrequently demanded to be pushed from behind before it would go forward, and we played a round followed by tea at the club house, piling up vast scores and enjoying every bit of it. A year or two before this Mr Sykes had started a High Table golf competition, which was played at St Ives during the long vacation, and he produced each year a silver cup for the winner. Harry's golf improved rapidly and before long he became Secretary for the Competition. When Charlesworth succeeded Sykes as President and presented a new cup to become a prize for each winner to hold for a year, Harry continued, with unflinching enthusiasm, to organise the event. Play was in due course removed from St Ives to Royal Worlington at Mildenhall, and Banister remained as Secretary until a very few years before his death. I believe that the last semi-public occasion which he attended was a Sherry Party given in honour of his eightieth birthday by the other members of the High Table golfing group.

When the College Council made the new title of "Member of the Combination Room", Harry was in the first batch of elections. This gave him great and unqualified pleasure.

It is not too much to say that if he could have come to College earlier in his life, and if he could then have produced research of the quality which won his Ph.D., he might well have become a Fellow. That this did not happen made little real difference. His capacity for friendship, his sober good judgement, his human insight, and his unflinching loyalty won him a place in St John's which gave him immense satisfaction, and will remain to all of us who knew him well, a cherished memory.

F. C. B.

T. ALAN SINCLAIR, M.A., D.LITT.
(B.A. 1922, Fellow 1926-1929)

PROFESSOR T. ALAN SINCLAIR, who on 10 October 1961, died suddenly in hospital at Belfast, was a member and former Fellow of this College, one of the numerous succession of students who since the day of Sir Joseph Larmor have come to St John's from the North of Ireland. He belonged to a family which has had a long and distinguished connection with the academic, political,

and industrial life of Ulster; and, in keeping with this family tradition, some of Sinclair's best and most enduring service was given to the educational work of the province, notably in his long tenure (1934-1961) of the Chair of Greek at Queen's University and in his membership of the Board of Governors at his old school, the Academical Institution, where a junior like myself can remember him long ago as a power in the Classical Sixth and as a prefect who could exercise firm persuasion in the interests of cricket—the game that all though his life he most liked and enjoyed.

It was after the First War that Sinclair came to Cambridge to read for the Classical Tripos, with Philology as his speciality in Part II. Immediately after graduating he was appointed to a Lectureship in Classics at University College, Southampton (1923-1926), and next to a Readership in Classics at Birkbeck College, London (1926-1934); and, if I remember correctly, it was during his tenure of this latter post that he was elected into a Fellowship at St John's. In 1934 he left London to take up his appointment as Professor of Greek at Queen's University, Belfast; and it was here in his native province, that as writer, teacher and administrator, he made the contribution to education which was his main lifework and which endures as his chief memorial. While still at Birkbeck, he had collaborated with Professor F. A. Wright in producing a History of later Latin Literature, a field somewhat outside the range of Sinclair's main researches: but his true classical interests were soon demonstrated in the important edition of *Hesiod's Works and Days* which he published in 1932, and later by his *History of Greek Literature* and his *History of Greek Political Thought*; and, at the time of his death, he had been at work on a translation of Aristotle's *Politics* for the Penguin Classics. In his time at Queen's he took a large part in the administration of the University, as Head of the Department of Greek for 27 years, as Secretary of the Council of Professors for 11 years, as Registrar, and as Dean of the Faculty of Theology. In all this he served his University with a loyalty and devotion which were as unassuming and modest as they were efficient and wise. I have heard a good deal from his colleagues about his qualities in office—so just, so methodical, so friendly, and above all so reasonable. And he was just the same with his pupils—a man of much precise learning and of great industry who expected from them a high standard of attainment or, at any rate, of endeavour: and, given this, he treated them with an engaging patience and encouragement that were altogether characteristic of his generous mind. It is not surprising that among his own people in the North of Ireland this scholar and man of letters was regarded with deep respect and affection: it is particularly

gratifying to recall that his qualities of mind and heart were recognized and appreciated in the other part of Ireland and that in Dublin the National University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Letters *honoris causa*.

W. H. S.

Book Reviews

The New Cambridge Modern History. Vol. XI. "Material Progress and World-Wide Problems: 1870-1898", ed. by F. H. HINSLEY. (Cambridge, 1962, 744 pages, price 40s).

THE latest volume of *The New Cambridge Modern History* covers the last thirty years of the nineteenth century and contains contributions by twenty-four individual historians, of which the first by Mr F. H. Hinsley of St John's attempts to provide an introduction to the problems and trends of the entire period. The construction of such a volume is ultimately an impossible task. The intricate and detailed history of mankind all over the globe during three decades simply cannot be crammed between the covers of one volume, even one of over 700 pages. The historian can do useful work of this sort only if he accepts the limitations of his reach and scope and if he is prepared to select the crucial trends or to discuss a few characteristic sequences of events by a judicious presentation of special cases. Yet even the selection of trends or topics presents difficulties. Must the contributors confine themselves to national entities or should they study events in terms of broad geographical areas without regard to artificial boundaries? What of those developments in a period, such as the changes in technology or educational practice, which have world-wide significance but irregular and varying incidence in different parts of the world? Faced with such problems, the professional historian might well be tempted to retreat to the safety and solidity of his documents and scratch the whole idea of a large survey as a non-starter.

Fortunately neither the University Press, nor the editor of the present volume, seem to have been frightened by the job, and both deserve credit for producing a book which is readable and, more important, necessary. It is, after all, a risky job to write history, but an inescapable one. There is only a difference in degree between the historical generalisation and the historical assertion based on detailed reading of documentary material. In either case the evidence, as the historian understands it, exists in his mind only, and timidity and an unwillingness to make the generalisation will merely produce dull and insignificant historiography, not better or more "scientific" observations. Men have a right to demand that the historian answer the sort of questions which they care about, and he can only do so by looking up from his documents and making assertions which he cannot always prove.

Not all the contributors have accepted this interpretation of their job, and it seems to me that those who have not have fallen below the standard set by the others. Some (C. H. Wilson on Economic Conditions, David Thomson on Social and Political Thought, Nikolaus Pevsner on Art and Architecture, A. J. P. Taylor on International Relations and F. H. Hinsley in the introduction) are what Mr Wilson calls "trend-minded" (p. 75). They have wisely selected a few trends in their respective fields and have followed the flow of the trends in a dynamic and flexible manner. The reader recalls afterwards a pattern of development in the article: the effect of the falling price level after 1873; the contrapuntal interplay between abstraction in art and functionalism in architecture; the dynamic interrelation of Marxian and Darwinian ideas. A second approach which produces equally successful results is what one might call the case study.

A. P. Thornton (Rivalries in the Mediterranean, The Middle East and Egypt), Charles C. Griffin (The States of Latin America), A. E. Campbell (The United States and the Old World), R. E. Robinson and J. Gallagher, (The Partition of Africa) offer in their respective chapters a general thesis more or less controversial, which they illustrate by specific cases or national comparisons. The reader recalls afterwards the main idea and static elements of proof in the argument. There are also the traditional studies of national histories, which are useful, if less unusual, examples of historical analysis, and which provide the reader with a good short history of Japan or France in the period covered by the volume.

Finally there are, alas, the failures: Trevor Williams on Science and Technology, A. K. Thorlby on Literature and A. Victor Murray on Education have attempted to tell the reader all about their respective fields and in doing so have left him with nothing. They are also, it may be noted, not historians, a fact which suggests either that history has its uses or that historians are better at writing history than non-historians. In either case, these three contributors despite their authority and great learning have not managed to impose a pattern on the material, and the reader is left with a bewildering array of facts.

Not the least admirable feature of the book, as of the series as a whole, is its price. The University Press are to be congratulated for keeping this enormous volume at the 40s level. To do so, they have sacrificed part of the academic apparatus, footnotes and bibliography, but they have not in any way departed from their usual standards of binding, lay-out or print. The index is excellent and will certainly make the volume very useful to the student. I should like to see a companion to the volume issued separately, containing the notes to the text and the bibliographies of the contributors, especially of the contributors from overseas. It would be useful to see which books the German professors, Schieder and Conze, recommend or which volumes M. Néré regards as the best recent works on French history. The companion could, perhaps, be issued as a paperback to keep the cost down and would be of great interest to the professional historian and student.

J. S.

The Achievement of E. M. Forster. By J. B. BEER. (Chatto and Windus, 25s.).

PROFESSOR Beer's approach to Forster is analytical rather than evaluative. He very rarely ventures to estimate whether one novel is better than another; he devotes all his attention to tracing the development in Forster's work of certain themes, which he sees as logical ramifications of one central proposition. This is, that the most important thing in life for a man is to be true to himself by the exercise of the imagination, which is a fusion of the impulses of the head and heart. To fail to achieve this fusion, or to ignore the moments of insight in which it occurs spontaneously, or to follow the promptings of either head or heart to the exclusion of the other, is to become "muddled". Beer sees the development and exploration of this theme as Forster's great achievement.

In the first chapter, this proposition is related to Forster's background and upbringing; a chapter then follows on the short stories and each of the novels, each, basically, demonstrating how this theme appears under new conditions and in a new complexity. The culmination, says Professor Beer, is *A Passage to India*, in which the theme reaches its greatest complexity and its most successful statement, and, in a sense, leaves Forster with nothing more to say. The book being constructed on such a definite line, it is clear that its success depends on its showing that the line is con-

tinuous through all the novels, and central to them, and secondly that *A Passage to India* does present the required culmination by gathering between two covers the pith of the previous novels. Unfortunately, it seems to me, in neither of these respects is the book quite satisfying.

For the first point: the test seems to me to be how much Professor Beer's account of each novel leaves unaccounted for. When dealing with *A Room with a View* and *The Longest Journey*, for example, his exposition seems to be, within all reasonable bounds, exhaustive: in tracing out his themes, the author seems to have comprehended the core of the novel, and the same goes for his examination of the short stories. But when reading about *Howard's End* I felt that to concentrate attention so exclusively on Professor Beer's theme was inadequate, and appeared to compress and foreshorten the novel too much. This was particularly noticeable in his remarks on Leonard Bast (he refers to him as an "intractable gurd") who, he finds, will not blend in with the pattern of the novel. Perhaps so, in his account; but taking the book as an arraignment, almost, of the life of culture and "personal relationships", his presence is as necessary on the one side of the picture as Henry Wilcox's on the other.

And most important of all, the chapter on *A Passage to India* fails to provide the necessary keystone to the structure. This is a much more complicated book, and Beer fails, to my mind, to place it convincingly on the line on which he has laid out all the others. His account of it hardly squared with my recollection of it, with the result that I found it confusing reading, and gathered that he had practised some kind of rearrangement on it to fit it into his pattern, which disjointed its complexity. For the sake of tracing the continuity between the novels, Professor Beer has, to varying degrees, limited their autonomy.

His book is, in fact, a scholarly overhauling of a major writer, on familiar lines, and in a disappointingly familiar style. This kind of thing is nearly always unsatisfying, but, on the other hand, it does lead one to consider one's own interpretations; the chapter on *The Longest Journey* is particularly clarifying. It is worth working through, just to get to grips with Forster, who is such a disarmingly easy writer to read that that is all one generally tends to do.

D. P. P.

The Idea of Prehistory. By GLYN DANIEL. (C. A. Watts, 15s.).

IN 1956 Dr Glyn Daniel gave the Josiah Mason lectures at the University of Birmingham, on the subject of *The Idea of Prehistory*. They are now published as a book, with little change. Rather over half the book is devoted to giving an account of the history of prehistorical studies; the remainder to the discussion of certain very general and, in some sense, philosophical questions and ideas which occur or have occurred to prehistorians, together with questions like "Why is prehistory so popular?" The division is naturally not at all rigid, since the topics largely overlap.

Historians tread a narrow path indeed. If they stray too far in one direction they find themselves accused of being boring chroniclers intent on the mere agglomeration of facts of little consequence and less interest, whereas to venture another way leads to the charge of speculation, also "mere", of going beyond the known facts and, inevitably, of bias. Prehistorians, it seems, run particularly grave risks. Evidence, in a sense, abounds. In this country and many others man is surrounded by prehistoric monuments, and may at any time unearth a tool or weapon made before writing was invented or metal worked. Yet without written records it has proved

extremely hard to advance with real justification beyond the collection and description of such curiosities. It has consequently always been very easy to lapse into unjustified guesswork or total despair.

Dr Daniel reminds us of the sheer difficulty with which our present conception of prehistoric man has been wrested from the material remains. The progress has been achieved by men with new techniques and new ideas, together, no doubt, with a certain amount of good fortune and a great deal of patience. Many of the ideas we now take for granted. Every school-boy knows about the stone age, the bronze age and the iron age—it is, of course, not nearly as straightforward as that—yet the adoption of such a simple classification and the picture of the past it carried with it marked a notable advance from the time when learned men despaired of any justifiable classification and of any picture which had more than a remote chance of being right. Even intellectual despair, moreover, seems a step forward from the methods of those who attributed everything to “Danes, Romans, Greeks, Trojans, Noah and Japhet, Israelite tribes, Phoenicians, or Druids”, to people named in history or in holy writ. There are plenty still with us who have failed to take such a step.

Progress demanded not only the emergence of new ideas to fill an acknowledged vacuum, but also that the power of accepted ideas should be overcome. Often, too, new ideas get out of hand. Mid-Victorians were accustomed to regard their own civilization as the acme, and the past as the ladder by which it was reached; but prehistory, like history, can only be distorted when viewed through self-flattering spectacles. There are such obvious historical examples of decline that it is platitudinous to say that not all historical events form a single ladder of progress. Yet theories of cultural evolution have been carried to an extreme which completely disregarded the possibility of a parallel truth about prehistoric times. Dr Daniel gives many more instances of the pernicious effect of what Professor Wisdom calls “habits of talk and thought”. Some, borrowing almost unconsciously from geology or anthropology, think too rigidly in terms of “epochs” or “races”. Others ask, and offer simple answers to, questions like “When and where did Civilization, or Agriculture, begin?” The word “agriculture” can disguise distinctions and may lead the prehistorian impressed by the formal connection between the cultivation of rice in India and China, of wheat and barley in the Near East and of maize and squash in South America to be tricked by the bill that writes them all alike into the assumption, either of a common origin in space, or of universal laws of parallel cultural development.

Dr Daniel is critical both of those whose speculations go beyond what is justified and of those who stick doggedly to their beakers and sherds, but the former are his chief victims. Nothing he has to say against the school which thought a sherd of decorated pottery worth all Herodotus can compare with his round denunciation as “academic rubbish” of the diffusionist theories of Grafton Elliot Smith, once a Fellow of St John’s. We doubtless have need in all disciplines of those who are prepared to speculate, but it is in general a tendency to be checked rather than encouraged, almost the besetting sin of the seeker after knowledge. Just as sweeping and unsupported conjectures as to the nature of matter and of the universe existed long before the first decently constructed experiment, so wild theories abounded about the prehistoric past long before the first clod was turned on a respectable, “scientific” dig. Dr Daniel evidently and rightly has a special place in his heart for General Pitt-Rivers, who, for his meticulous technique and records alone, deserves to stand as the symbol of a

great change. Here was a man magnificently capable of recording archaeological facts without attempting to interpret them, in detail meaningless to himself but not to those who followed.

This emphasis is balanced by a plea for a broader kind of prehistory which accepts the responsibility of trying to relate knowledge of the distant past to knowledge of the comparatively recent past, and to the concerns of the present. Yet how a book could be filled with lessons drawn from prehistory by a scrupulous prehistorian it is hard to imagine, since “the unfortunate fact that must be faced is that prehistoric archaeology does not tell us so much of what we want to know as historians of man about man’s early life.” Almost all that is known is restricted to material culture. A hundred years ago the effort to assimilate the simple fact of the extreme antiquity of man may have been enough to cause a revolution in men’s thinking about themselves and the world. Dr Daniel believes that this fact is still, more than any other single thing, the contribution of prehistory to modern thought. Yet it is a thin moral to draw that “man is very old, and . . . the present with its ideological conflicts, its threats of destruction by nuclear warfare on the one hand and by overpopulation on the other, is not necessarily the end of existence.” Not many suppose such a necessity. It is the possibility which is sobering, and which is, if anything, made more so by the antiquity of what is in danger.

Dr Daniel is, however, entirely convincing when he combats the “lessons” drawn by those more prejudiced, less scrupulous or less well-informed than himself, whether Nazi or Toynbee. *The Idea of Prehistory* should bring the general reader fully to appreciate the importance and to sympathise with the vehemence of what, at a recent Cambridge meeting, Daniel said to the Arch-Druid.

M. R. A.

South Africa 1906-1961: The Price of Magnanimity. By NICHOLAS MANSERGH. (George Allen & Unwin: paperback 9s 6d, cloth 15s).

THE policy of Apartheid made South Africa’s withdrawal from the Commonwealth inevitable. The Republic, at the time of its creation in 1961, faced growing opposition from British public opinion.

Fifty three years before, when the United Kingdom Government controlled the whole area of the present republic, it decided to grant independence to the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony. Were its leaders unaware of the probable course of events: or did they ignore the possibility of the present situation?

Professor Mansergh concludes that they did indeed understand the probable results of their actions, despite the complexity of the situation. His book is a study in historical and political analysis; but its scope is much wider—it is a study in morality, a “balance sheet of Imperial policy in South Africa”.

The Liberal Party which acceded to power in 1905, shortly after the end of the Boer war, was led by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, a generous and farsighted man. The war in South Africa had not been creditable to Britain. It was Bannerman’s courageous charges against the British Armies’ “methods of barbarism” that opened the way to peace; and his faith in the future of the country made Anglo-Boer reconciliation possible.

Suspicion and fear pressed for a tight control over the defeated Boers; in 1906, Lord Selborne predicted that, if freedom were granted, then a Boer dominated Republic would be formed, and would leave the Empire. Generosity and faith pressed for the immediate return of self-government

to the defeated Boers; this was a calculated risk. Winston Churchill advocated that England should give with courage and distinction, what would otherwise have been jerked and twisted from her hands.

The generous nature of Bannerman's policy won over his opponents; the reconciliation that was then possible led to the creation of the Union of South Africa, a miraculous recovery from the wreckage of war.

The faith was rewarded—for a while. Then a narrow outlook gradually gained control: the memory of concentration camps and burnt homes lasted longer than the memory of generosity. Men of vision and faith were let down by those that followed: sectionalism and fear remained. Afrikaner cohesion, and English political indifference, resulted in the imposition of Afrikaner control on the country; their flag, anthem and intolerance dominated. The hoped-for unification of the races foundered on their different characters.

In an even more disastrous way, the Union was founded on disunity: for the Non-European peoples were left subservient. The United Kingdom government was well aware of the problem: the treatment of the Bantu was claimed to be one of the reasons for the war against the Transvaal. Yet their rights were signed away at the Treaty of Vereeniging. This action was ratified when the British Parliament passed the Act of Union in 1909. Ramsey MacDonald said "I am convinced that the intention is that never, so far as man can secure 'never', will the native man, the coloured man sit in the Parliament of United South Africa."

The House chose not to wreck Union on the question. Such unpleasant difficulties did not seem important, compared with the quality of the achievement of Union. There were various safeguards; and the government (which had other troubles on its hands) hoped that from confidence would flow strength and enlightenment. Instead, the pass laws, land-ownership restrictions and work restrictions were extended to the whole land. The basis of the Union which had been ratified, was division.

The ideals which men hold (for example in the United Nations Charter) are often incompatible. In South Africa, it was impossible to reconcile the humanitarian aims of the Liberal Government towards the Non-Europeans, with the policy of generosity (in returning their self-government) to the Boers.

By the time the Act of Union was passed, freedom of action had been all but lost. The difficulty of reimposing Imperial authority made the choice almost inevitable: the Government chose to realize at least the one ideal and thus also released themselves from quite a few worries.

The author makes convincing his case that the Liberal Government acted from considered generosity, and not merely expediency. He illustrates the great influence of this magnanimity: Indian national leaders became convinced that the British Government believed in the idea of self-government, so that reliance on violence to achieve that aim was both ill-advised and unnecessary. In Ireland and India, final settlement was made with the South African precedent in mind. The principle of generosity established in South Africa opened the way to the Commonwealth.

Professor Mansergh also indicates some of the cost of this generous action: the loss of freedom in South Africa, with the Afrikaner nationalistic outlook gaining domination. He does not, however, show that this should really be blamed on the "magnanimous gesture". It certainly was a result of it; but surely it would have been the result of any other conceivable policy adopted? Despite its colonial rule and less extreme settlers, Rhodesia has yet to solve the same problem. The facts on which the policy foundered—the intransigence of Afrikaner nationalism, and the group prejudice of man—would have remained, no matter what policy was adopted.

While it is difficult to concede that any different course of action could have changed the long-term problems, except perhaps in the Cape, it is certain that the formidable short-term problems would have been left unsolved. A pro-German Boer populace would have been a grave menace in 1914.

The cost of magnanimity will be known: it is only fair to account for some of this cost as inevitable.

This book is an expanded series of lectures, originally delivered in Nova Scotia; the readability has suffered in transcription from lecture to book form. (Continuity could be improved by incorporating some of the footnotes in the text.) This is a criticism only of form; the content is thought-provoking in the context of present-day Africa. The study of the question of South Africa's self-determination clarifies understanding of the same problem throughout Africa in today's more urgent setting.

Afrikaner Nationalism has now attained victory in its own eyes; will it have enough courage to grant independence to the Bantustans? Such an act will be very much like the act of magnanimity discussed by Prof. Mansergh: it will only be possible by overcoming many fears, and will seem very generous to those acting. To some of those affected it will seem like the beginning of a partial restoration of rights.

G. F. R. E.

Radical Alternative. Edited by GEORGE WATSON. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 21s.)

MR Mark Bonham Carter informs us that "there must exist a credible alternative government which can step in and take over the administration at any moment. By a credible alternative I mean a body of men, backed by a policy which is known to their supporters and accepted by them. Judged by these standards the Labour Party does not represent such an alternative. It is not a credible but an incredible alternative." Intelligent radicals should therefore dedicate themselves to the Liberal cause. Within a few years the Labour Party, wedded to irrelevant dogma and exhausted by internal strife, will obligingly disintegrate. With the extremists isolated, some men will recognize that hope lies with the Liberals, whereupon a wave of popular enthusiasm will sweep Mr Grimond from the Orkneys to Downing Street.

Unfortunately for this dream, the Labour Party shows no sign of being consumed by a political death-wish. Thanks partly to the persistent efforts of Mr Gaitskell to turn it into the kind of radical and responsible alternative government envisaged by Mr Bonham Carter, and partly to the complete collapse of Tory policies, it is now regarded by the electorate (if not by Mr Bonham Carter) not merely as a credible alternative but as a probable government. Unless the pundits and pollsters are confounded, Labour will shortly be returned to power with a substantial majority. It is this fact which makes *Radical Alternative*, a collection of essays written by members of the Oxford Liberal Group and edited by Mr George Watson, seem politically unimportant.

The book is interesting, however, for two reasons. In the first place, it goes some way towards refuting the charge that the Liberal Party is an opportunistic party which lives on popular dissatisfaction with the other two. Amid much thinking which is cautious, naive or wishful, a number of new ideas do emerge. Secondly, it reveals with startling clarity the fundamental dilemma with which Liberals are faced. To what extent can a party which calls itself Liberal and which has a traditional belief in *laissez-faire* and individualism tolerate state interference in the social and economic life of the nation? At what stage does enlightened planning become rigid

authoritarianism? Should people have the freedom (if they already have the money) to contract out of the state educational system and send their children to private schools? Is it undesirable to give the central governments wide powers to regulate the economy? None of these questions is satisfactorily answered. Mr Peter Wiles, for example, in his pungent essay on the Economy and the Cold War, sensibly remarks that "laissez-faire is less efficient than we think. It is a late nineteenth-century truism that laissez-faire cannot protect the poor or establish social justice." He adds that Marxism should not be absolutely rejected and that we should absorb what is best in the Communist system. A substantial degree of state interference is socially and economically beneficial. But the sanity of this attitude towards the Cold War and domestic politics seems irreconcilable with his earlier statement that "we are in a competition with something thoroughly evil that will never relent and that will prove irreversible if it once wins." The positive nature of Mr Wiles' economic views would doubtless be regarded as dangerously socialistic by Mr Watson Eltis, who writes on Growth Without Inflation. Mr Eltis believes that a high rate of economic growth is not immediately necessary, that a proliferation of controls would be catastrophic, and that a Liberal government should give the very highest priority to "the aim of protecting the British people from certain kinds of economic disaster."

He acknowledges, in a remarkable understatement, that the money mechanism "does not produce very good results if it is not interfered with at all, as the unemployment of 1920-39 shows"; but he nevertheless believes that it will, with a gentle shove here and there, prevent unemployment, inflation and the perennial balance-of-payments crises. He gives no indication that a Liberal government would undertake long-term economic planning, the necessity of which is now recognized even by the Tories. The reader is left with the unmistakable impression that if Mr Eltis were Chancellor of the Exchequer, Britain's stop-go economy would grind to a halt.

The educational system, however, would unquestionably improve if Mr A. D. C. Peterson were in control. He feels unable to advocate legislation to abolish the public schools—but such legislation would not be forthcoming from a Labour government either. The public schools should be substantially democratized by offering a third of their places free of tuition fees and with their boarding costs reduced to the same level as those in maintained grammar schools. If they fail to adopt this scheme, the state should withdraw from them those privileges which they now enjoy as recognized partners in the national pattern of education. Secondly, the whole educational system should be centralized—partly because of the incompetence and inertia of many local authorities, and partly because it is absurd that the pattern of secondary curricula is largely determined by the requirements of departmental or college entrance committees, who are accountable only to themselves.

Not all of Mr Peterson's recommendations are novel. But they are expressed with a forthright certainty which sharply accentuates the deficiencies of most of the other essays in this book. Where they hint at palliatives, he offers remedies, where they equivocate, he makes definite recommendations. They leave the reader unsurprised that the Liberals are drawing more support from disgruntled Tories than from those who have usually voted Labour; he makes it seem just possible that the Liberal Party will raise itself from the dead and become again a real force in British politics.

M. C. C

College Awards

STUDENTSHIPS

Denney: Miller, J.; *Harper-Wood*: Grant, M.; *Hutchinson*: Burgess, D. D., George, R. F., Ds Shallice, T., Waters, S. J. P.; *Laski*: McCracken, K. J., Varley, M. G.; *McMahon*: Ds Cheetham, J. E., Ds Councell, D. J., Ds Lee, A. Y. L.; *Naden*: Ds Sykes, S. W.; *Slater*: Smith, J. J. B., Vine, F. J.; *Strathcona*: Ds Bent, I. D., Berrett, A. M., Brown, G. H., Ds Buttrey, J. M., Cunliffe, B. W., Ds Emmerick, R. E., McMullen, D. L., McMullen, I. J., Moore, E. G., Reid, G. A.; Ds Renfrew, A. C., Ds Strittmatter, P. A.; *Warmington*: Child, J.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS

Elected to Scholarships: Augenbraun, B. S., Cann, R. G., Child, J., Cram, W. J., Croft, D. D., Cunliffe, B. W., Etherington, P. H., Hargreaves, D. E., Hawtin, M. V., Haynes, B. J., Jack, A. R., McCutcheon, J. J., McMullen, D. L., Moore, E. G., Redman, C. W. G., Redmond, J., Richards, M., Rundle, C. J. S., Sharp, R. I., Silk, M. S., Simmons, A.; *Douglas Chivers Travel Exhibitions*: Phillips, D. P., Smith, J. B.; *Roger Neville Goodman Travel Exhibitions*: Redman, C. W. G., Steward, J.; *Hoare Exhibitions*: Cantley, M. F., Lester, D.; *Sir Albert Howard Travel Exhibition*: Sharp, R. I.; *Samuel Nunn Travel Exhibition*: Scott, R. D.; *Sir Humphry Davy Rolleston Travel Exhibitions*: Carson, R. A.; Wraight, E. P.; *Sloley Fund Grants*: Coombs, D. G., Jordan, P. K., White, J. P., Whitehouse, D. B.; *Strathcona Travel Exhibitions*: Greenhalgh, C. A., Lewis, P. L., Phillips, D. P., Thorpe, D. H.; *Christopher Vincent Travel Exhibition*: Varley, M. G.

PRIZES

SPECIAL PRIZES

Benians: Augenbraun, B. S.; *Graves*: Bowen, A. J. and Houston, W. J., *Aeq.*; *Hart*: Tonkin, H. R.; *Hockin*: Burgess, D. D., Wright, D. J.; *Hutton*: Clark, T. J.; *Larmor Awards*: Brown, N. J., Collier, A. J., Hope, J. A. D., McCracken, K. J., Morphy, D. E.; *Master's*: Gratwick, A. S.; *Mullinger*: Hardy, M. E.; *Wilson Reading*: Rockborough Smith, S. A.; *Winfield*: Haynes, B. J.

PRIZES AWARDED ON UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS

MATHEMATICS—*Tripes, Part III*: Anthony, J. G. H.; Reid, G. A., *Hughes Prize*; Ds Strittmatter, P. A. *Tripes, Part II*: Gough, D. O.; McCutcheon, J. J., *Wright Prize*; Richards, M. *Tripes, Part I*: Byron, D. R.; Crighton, D. G., *Wright Prize*; Devenish, R. C. E.; Lester, D., *Wright Prize*; Milton, P., *Wright Prize*. *Preliminary*: Lapwood, P. R., *Wright Prize*; Schofield, R., *Wright Prize*.
CLASSICS—*Tripes, Part II*: Bowen, A. J., *Wright Prize*; Miller, J. *Tripes, Part I*: Brearley, J. M.; Houston, W. J., *Wright Prize*; Schofield, M.; Silk, M. S. *Preliminary*: Collyer, B. C.; Gratwick, A. S.; Hart, J. K.; Jackson, A. H.; Ling, R. J., *Wright Prize*.
MORAL SCIENCES—*Preliminary*: Harrison, T. R.

- NATURAL SCIENCES—*Tripes, Part II*: Burgess, D. D., *Hughes Prize*; George, R. F.; Ds Shallice, T.; Smith, J. J. B.; Vine, F. J.; Waters, S. J. P., *Hughes Prize. Tripes, Part I*: Cram, W. J.; Hargreaves, D. E., *Wright Prize*; Jack, A. R.; Kenyon, N. D.; Marshall, D. J.; Moss, R. E.; Pogson, C. I.; Raven, J. A.; Redman, C. W. G.; Sharp, R. I. *Preliminary*: Bell, J. A., *Wright Prize*; Coxon, J. A.; Deller, A. M., *Wright Prize*; Dixon, J. E.; Little, L. T.; Lyne, A. G.; Reid, A. W.; Thompson, D. C.; Travers, A. A.; Wraight, P. C.; Wyke, J. A.; Yudkin, J. S., *Wright Prize.*
- THEOLOGY—*Tripes, Part III*: Ds Sykes, S. W., *Wright Prize. Tripes, Part I*: Lambert, R.
- LAW—*Tripes, Part II*: Haynes, B. J. *Qualifying I*: Lowe, D. A., *Wright Prize.*
- HISTORY—*Tripes, Part II*: Augenbraun, B. S. *Tripes, Part I*: Hardy, M. E. *Preliminary*: Clark, T. J., *Wright Prize.*
- ORIENTAL STUDIES—*Tripes, Part II*: Ds Emmerick, R. E., *Wright Prize*; McMullen, D. L., *Wright Prize*; McMullen, I. J., *Wright Prize.*
- MODERN LANGUAGES—*Tripes, Part II*: Rundle, C. J. S. *Tripes, Part I*: Davies, R. H. G.
- MECHANICAL SCIENCES—*Tripes, Part II*: Wright, D. J., *Hughes Prize. Tripes, Part I*: Cann, R. G.; Croft, D. D.; Etherington, P. H.; Lait, A. J., *Earle Prize. Preliminary, 1st Year*: Mack, C. C. R. *Preliminary, Combined*—Wakely, A. G.
- ECONOMICS—*Tripes, Part II*: Child, J., *Wright Prize. Preliminary*: Hawtin, M. V., *Earle Prize*; Simmons, A. *Tripes, Part I*: Barber, J. M., *Wright Prize*; Jenkinson, I. F.; Lankester, T. P.; Odling-Smee, J. C.
- ARCHAEOLOGY AND ANTHROPOLOGY—*Tripes, Part II, Group I*: Ds Masefield, J. T. *Tripes, Part II, Group II*: Brown, G. H.; Cunliffe, B. W.; Renfrew, A. C.
- ENGLISH—*Tripes, Part II*: Redmond, J. *Tripes, Part I*: Phillips, D. P.
- GEOGRAPHY—*Tripes, Part II*: Large, N. F.; Moore, E. G., *Wright Prize. Preliminary*: Carson, M. A.
- MUSIC—*Mus.B.*: Ds Bent, I. D., *Wright Prize.*
- CHEMICAL ENGINEERING—*Tripes*: Ds Stephens, P. D.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS, DECEMBER 1961

Major Scholarships:

Huxley, M. N., Manchester Grammar School, for Mathematics (Baylis Scholarship). Meacock, G., Latymer Upper School, Hammersmith, for Mathematics (Baylis Scholarship). Diggle, J., Rochdale Grammar School, for Classics (Henry Arthur Thomas Scholarship). Bramble, J. C., Manchester Grammar School, for Classics (Patchett Scholarship). Skilling, J., Whitley Bay Grammar School, for Natural Sciences (United Steel Companies Scholarship). Dover, S. D., Glasgow Academy, for Natural Sciences. Derbyshire, M. E., Wallasey Grammar School, for Natural Sciences. Eakins, J. P., Bristol Grammar School, for Natural Sciences. Macfadyen, N. W., Oundle School, for Natural Sciences. Clark, M. G., Carlton-le-Willows Grammar School, Gedling, for Natural Sciences. Whitty, J. L., Latymer Upper School, Hammersmith, for History (McAulay Scholarship). Stockwell, A. J., Whitgift School, Croydon, for History.

Minor Scholarships:

Seeviour, P. M., Latymer Upper School, Hammersmith, for Mathematics. More, R. V., Marlborough College, for Mathematics. Gillespie, T. A., Glasgow Academy, for Mathematics. Moore, J. D., Bradford Grammar School, for Classics. Jones, G. K., Guildford Royal Grammar School, for Natural Sciences. Shaw, A. M. B., King Edward VII School, Lytham, for Natural Sciences. Broad, D., Shrewsbury School, for History. Sampson, G. R., Bristol Grammar School, for Modern Languages.

Exhibitions:

Winbow, G. A., Wolverhampton Grammar School, for Mathematics. Daniels, C. J., St Lawrence College, Ramsgate, for Mathematics. Stagg, A. M., St Paul's School, West Kensington, for Mathematics with Physics (Strathcona Exhibition). Hole, M. J. H., City of London School, for Mathematics with Physics. Montagnon, C. E., St Paul's School, for Mathematics. Moss, D. L., Borden Grammar School, Sittingbourne, for Mathematics. Halsey, R. K. B., The King's School, Canterbury, for Classics. Wood, J. M. A., Chigwell School, for Classics. Ordward, R. M., Sedbergh School, for Natural Sciences (Lupton and Hebblethwaite Exhibition). Davies, R. W., Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, Bristol, for Natural Sciences (Humphry Davy Rolleston Exhibition). Carnaghan, C. S., Aldenham School, for History. Braun, C. L. L., Bootham School, York, for History. Harkness, J. D., Wyggeston Grammar School, Leicester, for Modern Languages. Cox, J. W., Repton School, for Modern Languages. Gosling, P., Whitgift School, Croydon, for Modern Languages. Laskey, M. G., Gresham's School, Holt, for English. Seward, A. W. R., Blundell's School, Tiverton, for English. Trudgill, E. A., City of Norwich School, for English. Roberts, J. T., Lancaster Royal Grammar School, for Geography. Guy, C. M., Queen's College, Taunton, for Geography. Thompson, A., Bede Grammar School, Sunderland, for the General Examination. Bertram, B. C. R., The Perse School, for the General Examination.

Minor Scholarship for Music (examination held in conjunction with Clare, Gonville and Caius, King's, and Trinity Colleges).

Aveyard, J. A., Barnsley and District Holgate Grammar School.

Open Exhibition for Music:

Evans, J. M., Brighton, Hove, and Sussex Grammar School.

CLOSE EXHIBITIONS, H. P. V. NUNN EXHIBITIONS, AND CHORAL STUDENTSHIPS, 1962

Close Exhibitions:

Baker: Simpson, A. J., Durham School. *Vidal*: Fowler, J. D., Exeter School.

H. P. V. Nunn Exhibitions:

Lambert, R., Whitgift School. Lewis, P. A., Ludlow Grammar School and The Priory Grammar School, Shrewsbury.

COLLEGE AWARDS

Sunderland, for English. Carter, A., Alleyn's School, Dulwich, for Geography. Freeman, J. C., Uppingham School, for Geography (Johnson Exhibition). Keenan, J. H., Canford School, for Geography. Bevan, D. L., Oundle School, for the General Examination. White, I., Kingston upon Thames Grammar School, for the General Examination.

Scholarship for Music (examination held in conjunction with Clare Emmanuel, Gonville and Caius, Jesus, King's, St Catherine's, and Trinity Colleges).

Hales, R. W., Laxton School, Oundle.

Exhibition for Music:

Hobson, S. R., Solihull School.