

# THE EAGLE

St. Joh  
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# The Eagle

A MAGAZINE SUPPORTED BY MEMBERS OF  
ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE  
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Mr BROGAN (*Senior Editor*), Mr HINSLEY (*Treasurer*), P. N. HOBBS  
and A. J. STOCKWELL (*Joint Junior Editors*), R. J. BAGLIN,  
K. H. TIERNEY.

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 careers of members of the College. They will welcome books or articles dealing with the College and its members for review, and also books published by members of the College.

## The Benefaction for the New College Buildings

READERS of *The Eagle* have known for some time that the new College buildings, the plans for which, by Messrs Powell and Moya, were described and illustrated in the last number, are made possible by a great benefaction. It has been the wish of the donors that the source and amount of the benefaction should not be generally known until their intentions were fulfilled and the contract for the buildings awarded. This stage was reached in July, and with the consent of the donors the first public disclosure was made, by arrangement, in *The Times* of 24 July 1964.

The donors are the Cripps Foundation. The Chairman of the Foundation is Mr C. T. Cripps, M.B.E., and the liaison work between the Foundation and the College has throughout been conducted by Mr C. Humphrey Cripps, a member of the Foundation and a member of the College, who was in residence during the years 1934-7.

Immediately after the College, in January 1958, issued its appeal for funds, a generous offer of support was received from the Cripps Foundation, and since that date contributions have been made annually by the Foundation to the New Buildings Fund. The eventual total value of the benefaction will be in the neighbourhood of one million pounds.

The Cripps Foundation was set up by the Cripps family in 1955, mainly to help in educational and religious affairs. A substantial shareholding in the family business of Pianoforte Supplies Limited, of Roade, Northamptonshire, which now mainly makes motor car components, was made over to the Foundation at that time.

The contract for the new buildings has been awarded to Messrs John Laing Construction Limited and was negotiated by Messrs Gleeds, the Quantity Surveyors.

J. S. B. S.

During excavation for the foundations of our new building near the School of Pythagoras, four skeletons were removed from the earth and taken to the Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology in Downing Street. At the same time broken pottery, dating from the early first century A.D. to mediaeval times, was collected from unstratified layers, unconnected with the burials. It seems that in the neighbourhood there were important human habitations of which these fragments were domestic debris. Geologically this site is interesting, as there is a pronounced slope down to the Bin Brook from the School of Pythagoras; above the lower part of the slope the ground has been raised to make a level garden or terrace in front of the School of Pythagoras. Into this terrace the graves were dug for the skeletons at an unknown period. But had the skeletons been Roman, unbroken pottery should have been found with them.

A skull, blacker than those of the four skeletons, was found nearer the brook.

If any further discoveries are made, we hope to announce them in *The Eagle*.

## Correspondence

Sir,

May I say how happy I am that the admission of women to Oxbridge Colleges is now receiving the attention it deserves? My wife and I have been living in New Court for several years now, and while the facilities offered leave very little to be desired my wife has been complaining more and more of late that she misses the company of other ladies and the opportunity of a good natter.

Yours etc.,

EDWIN UNDERGROWTH.

Sir,

There has been much discussion of late about the admission of women to Oxbridge Colleges. New College, Oxford, has, I note, decided to offer admission to "the fair sex" and the undergraduates of Christchurch have petitioned their seniors to the same effect. Sir, while I am in favour of such policies being adopted by ourselves, I must ask if they go far enough. Is not a bold adoption of polygamy the answer to many of our troubles? Several women, one man, per staircase will ensure happy families, satisfied adults and children, same as recommended by Meshack Ndisi (*Guardian*, 11th June, 1964).

Yours faithfully,

EMILIUS WRACKGARTH.

Sir,

Whilst taking my customary afternoon stroll the other day, I noted, Sir, with some alarm, that a large pile had been driven into the erstwhile hallowed earth that lies between New Court and the Ditch.\* I wonder how many of us recall those early days of 21 A.D. when the British Druids—so recently scorned and derided, alas, by a fellow (*de mortuis nil nisi hokum*) of this very College—performed the sacred scortation rites, now forgotten. Shall these sods go unregarded?

Yours, etc.,

D. VORTIGERN GRIMES.

"Brogwood",

Trumpington, Cambs.

\*The correspondent appears to be referring to the Bin Brook, which flows across the Pond Yard and debouches into the Cam at a point somewhat to the east of the north-eastern edge of the Old Bath House. *Eds.*

## Interviewing Miss Wioux

I WORK at the *Daily Dozen*.

One day the Chief's secretary Miss Twisst rang down.

"Spinks?"

"Speaking."

"Chief wants you flash."

"May I use the lift?"

"Raspberry, Spinks. No-one will ever want you *that* urgently. Be up here in five seconds."

I flew upstairs to the Chief's office.

"Spinks, we're in a hole."

"Sorry, Chief."

"Don't do it again, that's all."

"May I go, Chief?"

"Yes. No! Haven't said anything yet" said the Chief, picking up his gold-plated toothpick, the one he uses to clean the wax out of his ears with. He used it.

"Spinks!"

"Chief!"

"Lord Oxblood has issued a memo. Not more than £10,000 worth of prizes to be offered this week. Means we'll have to fill another column. When'd you last do an interview?"

"Oh, month or two back."

"You'll do another. Today. Usual stuff—unpredictable, fascinating, indescribable, glorious, unforgettable. Try and make it two columns. Emerald Wioux."

"Wow!"

"No, Wioux. Savoy. Taxi downstairs. Expenses do *not* include lunch, dinner, or breakfast. Tea yes. Questions?"

"I think I've forgotten how to write."

"You'll find an A.B.C. in your office waiting for you on your return. Goodbye Spinks." Moodily (it seemed moodily) he pressed the button and I vanished down the oubliette.

\* \* \* \* \*

I arrived at the hotel at three o'clock. I was told Miss Wioux was in her bath. I was shewn straight up. I noticed that the bathroom was adjacent to her sitting-room which was adjacent to her bedroom. The bathroom door was locked. Tigerish yells and screams came from behind it. It was flung open. A radiant figure stood there, clad in a deep purple-mauve negligée. It had hair all down its back. With a final snarl Miss Wioux's

eyes fell back into her sockets—her blue eyes. The sockets were the normal colour.

"That was an Apassh love-song. Like it?" she husked.

I croaked: "Brekkekkekex Koaxx Koaxx."

"Oh, you know it already" she pouted. Her lips were red.

"My mother learned it me in my cradle" I explained. "I have Indian blood in my veins."

"Well isn't that interesting" said Miss Wioux "I haven't got a drop."

"Too bad for the Indians, Miss Woo."

"Wioux, please."

"Oh, of course. Tell me, do you paint your toe-nails golden?"

"No, EMMERULD!" she snarled, dropping to her knees and snaking across the thick-piled carpet. "Do you want the woman in me or the wombat?"

"Whichever's handiest" I said. She laughed—a blood-curdling sound.

"When is your next picture, Miss—may I call you Emerald?"

"If you like, but my *real* name is Belulah."

"Surname?"

"Spinks."

"Strange. Although I am a reporter on the Daily Dozen, my name too is Spinks."

"You don't say, brother."

"Sister!"

"Why don't you change your name, your poor sap?" she inquired with frank interest, sucking at her diamond-studded cigarette. "It could do you a lot of harm in your job if it ever got out you was connected to me."

"What, change the name my mother gave me! Never!" I cried—my last gesture.

"But listen, it could harm me too. They think I'm an Arabian."

"Who do?"

"The moguls of the film industry. The warm, palpitating public."

"I see your difficulty. There is only one way out."

"And that is?"

I lifted her dainty hands (as I suspected, five fingers on each, *counting the thumbs*).

"Goodbye, Emerald." I jumped out of the seventh storey window.

As I went down I wondered, "Feet or head?"

It was my head. I always was a sap.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hullo Chief."

"You're back early, Spinks."

“Got the copy, Chief.”

“O.K. Spinks. You can go.” Moodily (it seemed moodily) he pressed the button and I vanished down the oubliette.

I had a mug of hot cocoa and went early to bed with a good book, which quickly put me to sleep. I rather think I remembered to turn the gas off.

## Poems

### NEW ENGLAND FALL MANIFESTO

1.  
BEAUTY becomes routine,  
Glades trod no longer seen,  
A nape shape filed away  
For future use and the odd display.  
This season here?  
We look twice, year by year,  
Privileged to see  
Before death loud activity.  
Green hope dies  
To a phoenix blaze.

2.  
If I were a light-house, lights would preach  
Amphibians to fish;  
The glow  
Would draw  
Ninety varieties of prow.

Or a column of monks—  
Grey cowls would flutter down  
Revealing yellow and red T-shirts  
For mortar to goggle at.

O stately Muse, you can drop that thing;  
Come come, I'll paint my shrine  
The defiant colour of your skin.

### I'M NOT PARTICULARLY INTERESTED IN THIS PICTURE

THESE ears of barley, dog-eared, wheeze.  
They don't sniff.  
So what, if  
Steeple assert the perpendicular  
Full stop? Don't care.  
Seen that before.  
No birds in this; or bees  
Thick yellow sticking to their thighs.  
Can't quite tick this.

Did a birdie whisper  
 Communiqués relating to the future?  
 Joy unknown but imminent?  
 Ecstasy crepuscular?  
 So say it's that at least  
 Before it went.

Look, Pisa leans, all ears;  
 And Chesterfield's agog.  
 This b for barley business  
 And not for bird  
 We've heard.  
 Yawn. Shrug.

## PRISONER

1.

BEHIND a clean white mask, what scalpels lurk?  
 I know the meaning of a question mark.

Mosquito, daddylonglegs, fly, or gnat,  
 Those wings were tinkered with to irritate.

One rhyming couplet's not enough, you see,  
 For some mad people's lonely melody.

2.

A night can gloom from where?  
 One such might is this.  
 There will be plenty more  
 For hope's paralysis.

A man gets up at seven,  
 And if the sun's not out,  
 Two odds make an even.  
 Excuse me, but YERWOT?

Give me a bunch of flowers  
 Or a rhythm in the head;  
 I'll exercise my powers  
 As the last prisoner did.

3.

Some sit and sing,  
 Some sit and buzz,  
 Some question everything,  
 Some question us,  
 Some sit,

But I  
 You  
 We—

I do the lot.

## WET NIGHT EXERCISES

A LIMP resentful moon  
 Invigilates for those poor devils:  
 Bedraggled, uncomfortable,  
 Just look at them return

In love's convertibles,  
 Four bumps of boredom in each one.  
 Headlamps probe the rain  
 For some original

Ideas about the tone  
 Of love's familiar ritual.  
 Stock answer: mutual  
 Detriment or gain

Depends . . . Damp aerials  
 Harass and blot a trite pop-tune;  
 Exhaust fumes comment on  
 Love's dull tutorials.

in drizzle  
 tired horns  
 utter drivell  
 expressive yawns

We will! We will!  
 With hearts brim full,  
 What need to learn?  
 Sparkling and beautiful,  
 The spring rain scurries down.  
 Spring bursts and graduates to fall:  
 We hurry on  
 Adept at something out of our control.

J. R. RAIMES.

## Chapter from a Novel

WORDS and feelings; for next morning Dr Kemberton received a telegram. And for these Mrs Avling was searching in the retreats of her kitchen, thumbing through worn folios, looking for definition. He had shut her out. Fourteen years she had cooked, beaten and cleaned, and the study door was shut fast, because she had failed in words. There were none suitable in all the life she could remember; nothing sprang to lips like knife to hand. Plays contained words, fine feelings, but the word was a point in the scene, and the feeling geared to the action so that the words only seemed deflated balloons, sheep's lights. She had hit Dr Kemberton with a sheep's light, spongy, inflated. He had rammèd the door in her face.

There was no-one in Skepton to whom she could go for help. One might not discuss such intimate matters with neighbours. But it was hard to live with a shut door, not able even to clean the room. Where was the word that would charm open locks, interior and exterior? You might lay a hand on his shoulder, but how was it to be done? How make the right gesture, the sympathetic pressure, the chosen moment? In literature word and gesture lived at the level of emotion; in life they fell far short. Without words, and the thoughts to give them body and pith, feeling could not begin to run; it remained an untapped capacity when her employer had need. The word was communication, but also definition and discovery.

With the allowed liberty of servants when their masters become senile, she had opened his telegram. It was from his wife, the first for seventeen years—"Charles dead last month. Will you give me a home?"—And Mrs Avling, whose feelings took origin from the printed word, sensed the insensitivity, the criminal want of sympathy in the choice of that final noun. She had handed the telegram to Dr Kemberton in dread, afraid lest he might once again throw a fit, and she should not know how to cope. The vein on his forehead whipped like a compressed snake, pulsing blue. She had said something dramatic and foolish, something which she could not now remember, although the embarrassment of it made her blush red. It was always that way with words; literature was analogous, running parallel, needing remoulding by experience before its words could express one's emotion. He had shut the door in her face.

She did not consider that, if Mrs Kemberton returned to her husband, Mrs Avling might be superfluous. She had lived there

too long for the thought to enter her mind. She was concerned only that Dr Kemberton should not falsify his image. The venerable patriarch, the father of his people, heavy with learning as with years, must not fall into an analogy, run beside his first self, and branch off into tracks which led him from the line of the prophets to regions of lesser men. Dr Kemberton was literature; a refusal to forgive would be more terrible than the betrayal of words.

A word from her, of sympathy and understanding, and he might now be on his way to mid-week Communion, secure in the knowledge that he had forgiven, fit to dispense the rite of absolution. She had failed in her duty.

The verger had arrived, for a bell began ringing for the eleven o'clock service. Dr Kemberton had been locked in his room for two hours. Surely he must now come out? She had never known him unpunctual in performing his duties. Before she was prepared, or had ready speech or action, he was on the stairs; the slow, deliberate tread, punctuated by suspenseful pauses as he teetered from one step to another. His cane clattered against the banister rail. He was taking his stick; he had been drinking. She dreaded the inadequacy of the man to the situation.

She pulled on an old coat but dithered for some seconds about whether to go out into the street in carpet slippers. By the time her mind was made up, Dr Kemberton was halfway between the Rectory and the church vestry, and passing the railings on the north side. She thought she might overtake him before he turned in at the west gate. Two small boys, aged about nine and ten, came towards her wrestling one another over the pavement, and blocked him from her sight for a moment. They glanced back over their shoulders occasionally as they fought, to see if they had attracted the Doctor's attention. The bigger barged the other sideways as they came up to her.

"Know what my dad says about old Kemberton?"

—"No", breathlessly.

—"Give him a jog with your elbow and he'd dig his teeth in the mud."

Both collapsed laughing, bending over and pressing their hands into their stomachs. The elder looked up, saw Mrs Avling, and looked suddenly furtive. Then, realising he had been overheard, he smiled knowingly, as if hoping that she would share the joke. She felt she ought to resent it, but only stared blankly back. "Old looney", they called to her, and ran off.

The carpet slippers were an encumbrance, but she overtook the Doctor before he reached the gate. He was walking fast, his head hunched into the wrinkles of his neck, staring intently at the pathway and concentrating on swinging his rubber-stopped cane

round in time to arrest his forward movement. With the exercise he was breathing noisily, short snatches of air. She called gently "Dr Kemberton", but the voice was so unlike her usual theatrical tones that he failed to recognise it and continued walking. She came almost abreast, spoke more loudly and pulled at the sleeve of his cassock. This threat to his balance attracted his attention. He must have known already she was there, for he answered thickly, without stopping or turning round:

"Woman; go away."

He carried a fog of spirit vapour along with him but had drowned his impediment. Tears came in her eyes, and she was terrified lest the Doctor should see them. His drinking had never worried her, but after his recent outburst it began to make her afraid. It was some seconds before she could trust herself to speak again and then it was without preparation.

"Doctor, the answer is pre-paid—what can I say?"

"Most answers are pre-paid, Mrs Avling."

She sensed a double meaning which she could not grasp. He had reached the gate, and rested against its green-painted post, which rubbed off rust-flakes on his cassock. The churchyard was pebbled, interspersed with a few weeds which pushed among the stones. The two now stood facing one another, though the Doctor seemed to find it easier to breathe with his chin sunk into his chest. She could see only the top of his head with its central strand of hair, his head which rose and fell with the movement of his lungs and hunched shoulders. The alcohol made him more than ordinarily distant; that was what he wanted. She was not poetic in her own right, or the contrast between the tower and the fuddled wreck in its shadow would have moved her; but it came to her that there was a drama whose language she had not employed. The ritual of the Church, its intoned dogma and solemn cadences, there was a sound which must penetrate to him and awake him to his right nature. The priest leant with his back against the gate-post, the folds of his chin almost enveloping his pectoral cross, his breath still whistling up the passage from the lungs. Something in her wanted to spare him, but she crushed it suddenly, for she had again found a voice. She would be tender, but she must be stern. With at first a hesitant confidence, then an onrush of enthusiasm, she felt her old manner come upon her, with a touch of theatrical élan:

"The sinner shall be forgiven and welcomed back. You cannot ignore God even if you ignore me."

She was impressed by the dignity of it. There was no response for some seconds, and then the Doctor seemed to lift himself out of his torpor by a pull of his shoulders. His head came up and the unprotected skull leant back against the flaking metal. The effects

of his drinking were plain; behind thick rims his eye-sockets were raw and rheumy, the curve of his lenses magnifying the sore flesh. He put up a hand suddenly and she flinched, but he merely laid the palm on her bony shoulder and levered himself more erect. Perhaps the spirits had warmed him; his speech was slurred but soft:

"Old lady, it's not like that—at all."

There was no way in; shame and mortification overcame her. The tears began to flow freely. He must see them, they were running down her cheek.

"But Christ commands us to forgive", she cried desperately. —"She is what she has been."

"What am I to say?" The water ran into her mouth, she felt it salt.

—"To come into time, to forgive without taint of what time produces, to be pure as man never was——"

"But what am I to tell her?"

He stopped suddenly, and looked at her as if just made conscious of her presence. He ran his tongue over the thin blue lips, over the growth on his lower lip. Beneath the deliberate speech, increasing pain and desperate certainty.

"I ache within. I cannot forgive." The alcohol seemed overwhelmed by heavier feeling, like oil on water. Water was gathering in the corner of his red eye. She felt oddly glad and pitying.

"Tell me, tell me, dear Doctor, whatever am I to write?"

He walked on for some three yards, and she shuffled after. Unable to carry it further, he stopped and spoke again:

"We have both lived too long with this. The deed is bound up in every fibre of me, woven into the thread of the world. The blemish cannot be picked out. It is part of the stuff of which we are now made."

He said no more, but walked towards the door in the bell tower leading to the vestry. She followed him like an awed animal, and could see that although she did not understand, his hand was trembling as he pushed up the latch. When the door was half-open he turned and drew breath for a while, harshly, then spoke once more, spacing his words between breaths.

"I forbid you ever to hold communication with that woman."

He went in, hanging his stick on a hook in the wall, and closed the door behind him. Mrs Avling stood for a moment making herself presentable, and pushing her handkerchief into her coat pocket, began to walk back to the Rectory.

## Poems

### QUESTION OF SPRING

THIS walk is on a spring night  
After a further futile winter day,  
When a fresh spell of spring tang  
Crashes into the dusk and laces  
The stifling fur of hibernation, scorches  
Until I wrestle out of the door  
Essentially to grasp the fits of air  
Which stroke and pummel the exposition  
Of a peeled soul, virgin reborn.  
Somewhere after the buds against the sky  
There's an answer or a word to soothe,  
But since even seeking is futile  
When urban nonentities insist and cling  
So the seeking cannot even start—  
Let alone the finding of any truth:  
And all that is left in the warm night  
Is the certainty of something beyond the sky.

### FIRST ANSWER

HERE I am in that half of April  
Which owns the smoking mornings,  
The promise in the wind, and the kraking call  
From the tingling, crackling woods.

And I would change places easily  
With such a time of birth,  
And gladly whistle out of winter  
To scatter my dust in the same warmth:

Coming with a brimful of birds  
And the bursting wombs of flowers,  
Breathing explosions in the new lungs  
Of all the waking walkers of time.

Yes, my owning of eternity must be  
In the becoming of time itself.

## POEMS

### SECOND ANSWER

DROP an ocean quietly on this wood  
And it will suffer no change,  
For the mellow movements of the green deep  
Will still swim silent and slow.

The birds dart and flicker as fish  
With the sway of the seaweed trees  
And the gentle floor flowers are barely only  
Sweetly touched by the rustling wave tops.

J. D. R. HARDIE.

# The Enlargement of Our Heritage

Sermon preached at the service for the  
Commemoration of Benefactors  
Sunday, May 3rd, 1964

BY

PROFESSOR SIR JOSEPH HUTCHINSON

WE acknowledge today the generosity of those who have gone before us, who have endowed our Society with the wealth of possessions and buildings, and of religion and learning, which we now hold in trust. While we live and hold our membership of this Society, it is ours to preserve and cherish, and also to alter and enlarge, and then to pass on to those who follow.

This has never been a static Foundation. We cherish something of the heritage of those who preceded us on this site, our name and the distribution of bread and broth to the poor. But to meet our changing needs we have pulled down all their buildings. Moreover, we have at various times in our history pulled down or remodelled, as well as vastly extended, the buildings that have been erected for our own Foundation. And we have this year embarked on another great remodelling and enlargement of our premises. For this we owe a great debt to another most generous benefactor.

We have given thanks for our benefactors, and for their generosity to us. Let us now consider what is required of us in the administration of this rich trust we inherit. I think we can draw from the history of our successive enlargements some guidance on the enlargement of mind and spirit we must ourselves undergo if we are to discharge our trust with credit.

Twice in the 19th century this College was enlarged to our great benefit, first by the building of New Court, and later by the great enterprise that gave us this Chapel, our extended Hall, our Combination Room, and our Master's Lodge. Both these great enterprises called first for the courage to venture greatly, and in this the College was not lacking, and secondly the wisdom to plan prudently and here we hope we do better than our forbears. Then, having stretched their resources to the limit, our predecessors set themselves to rebuild their inheritance by their own personal sacrifice. So for us, this new enlargement of our Foundation will call for imagination and bold adventure, wisdom and prudence, and not least a readiness to give of the best that we possess to enlarge the intellectual as well as the material heritage that we shall pass on.

This is my theme, and I have used the buildings which we possess and which we are planning to illustrate it. It is what the buildings house that constitutes our Society, the community devoted to religion, education, learning and research. And here also our Society has had in the past its periods of enlargement, and periods when its spiritual resources were meagre, and its rich inheritance barely maintained.

How do we stand now? One index of our position is the tendency to omit, or to slide over, religion as a College function. This is more than a question as to whether a new College should have a Chapel. When we talk of College functions we tend to speak of education, learning and research and leave out religion. I do not believe that there has been any change in the functions of a College. Of all man's activities, the sphere of religion is the one in which specialisation is least appropriate, and where every individual must determine where he stands, and make his own contribution to the thought and faith of his age. Nor do I believe that it is due to lack of interest. It is rather that we are uncertain how to express our faith. Let me try to define my own position. For me, religious experience must grow and develop, since growth and development are characteristic of all creation. As the upright man, with two free hands, grew out of a four footed beast and was not specifically designed as a tool maker, so too our spiritual nature is something that grows and develops and something that retains within it the fabric of the thought of those who went before us. The ancient truths still stand. The mathematics of the ancients has not been disproved, though Newton added to it, and the men of our day—and of this College—have taken it beyond the imagination of Newton. In like manner, "Like as a father pitieth his children . . . ." remains true however much further our honesty towards God may take us. Just as we are using our great benefaction to enlarge and not to replace our present buildings, so our obligation to religion in this Foundation is not to replace but to enlarge our concepts and our activities.

Let us consider the facts of our lives that require of us thought and action in matters spiritual. We order our lives by the rule of science, that the most satisfactory evidence of truth is the evidence of repeatability. It is true that B is a consequence of A, if B follows A every time A takes place. The evidence is experimental and it is satisfactory. What we so often forget is that such evidence is only forthcoming in a limited sector of our experience. It is natural, and indeed profitable, to devote one's energies to those fields of activity in which the rewards are most easily reaped, and we have with great material profit devoted ourselves to those fields to which the scientific method is appropriate, and have to a

large extent neglected the fields of spiritual enquiry, in which experience is unique and not repetitive. Here we are unsure. The rules of the game in which we are proficient do not hold. There are ancient rules, well tried by our forbears, and there are, of course, modern practitioners of the ancient art. But we mistrust them. The scientific method has led to such a rate of change in our knowledge of the material world that the literature of ten years ago is almost all obsolete. If we hardly have time—or the need—to read “The Origin of Species”, which is little more than a hundred years old, how do we justify reading the New Testament, which is nearly 2000 years old? So for most of us, while we are prepared to spend considerable time and effort in keeping up with the literature—professional or lay—of science, the literature of religion gets only the most cursory attention.

Let me now turn to the problems raised by our very success in the use of the scientific method. The Bishop of Woolwich quotes with approval Bonhoeffer’s call to accept the world’s coming of age. I do not think we have “come of age” in any sense that could not be applied equally to at least half a dozen periods in history. But we have undoubtedly “come into money” which is a very different, and very much less satisfactory, state of affairs.

Jesus remarked “How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God.” We must remember that this was a comment, not a condemnation. We need only refer to the parable of the talents for evidence that Jesus was not concerned to condemn wealth. But his comment, valid then, is of even greater force now. How hard indeed it is for us, with our great wealth, to enter into the Kingdom of God! Our riches are so time consuming. We may have shorter hours of work, but we have more to occupy our time. And this is not merely that we fritter our time away. The Bishop of Woolwich has told us that he would not have been able to write “Honest to God” were it not that he was forcibly laid up for three months. If this is what our wealth brings us to, we may well exclaim with the apostles, “Who then can be saved?” Who indeed? For so often the material wealth on which our time is spent is sterile, yielding only boredom and disillusionment. We admit that we have lost our sense of purpose.

And yet, what a tremendous enlargement we have achieved in the conquest of material things. In the terminology of Jesus we are all ten talent men, and for those who know what to do with wealth, what opportunities are offered? Where have we gone wrong? I believe we have been too ready to discard what we thought was obsolete. We thought we could put a bulldozer through the ancient monuments of the spirit, and build on a new

plan on clear ground. We have replaced “Thou shalt not . . . .” by “Why shouldn’t I?”

About half way in time between Moses and the present day, St Paul faced this problem, and set out his views on it clearly and uncompromisingly. “All things are lawful unto me”, he concluded, “but all things are not expedient, all things are lawful unto me, but I will not be brought under the power of any.” One of the material gains from our wealth is our ability to control the consequences of our activities, and so for example we have been able to separate sex from love, and since all things are lawful unto us, and we can control the biological consequences of a biological act, we conclude that the whole business can be regarded as under no valid moral code. This is where we lose our way. Let us consider for a moment what we have done where we have carried this biological control to the limit of our knowledge. Jesus said of Jerusalem, “How often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not.” When I was a boy, that simile meant something. There aren’t many hens in this country today that would know what to do with chickens if they ever saw them. And whatever pride we may feel in our achievements in breeding for egg production, we do well to remember that in one human lifetime we bred out of our poultry the instinct of love and care that is involved in the rearing of offspring. And we have gone some way in doing the same thing in some human communities. The domestic animal concept of family life imposed by slave owners on slave communities persisted long after the abolition of slavery.

In this matter of sex we are in danger of forgetting our own history. When the four footed beast rose up and released two limbs for the development of hands, he did not change his structure. He developed new functions for the organs of the old structure. So we, released from old limitations by the increase of our biological knowledge, must learn to extend our capabilities by the redevelopment of our old resources. Love was developed as the complement of our biology to make possible the loyal partnership without which the human young could not be cared for and supported through a long childhood. The loving partnership that grew into the family system gave rise to the virtues of tolerance, forbearance, and mutual assistance on which the success of wider communities depends. We know that these basic verities underlie everything we value from the homes we grew up in to the Welfare State. Yet because we have forgotten whence they came into our lives, and how they governed the development of the man from the animal, we are tempted to doubt the value of the old virtues of constancy, and of commit-

ment to an exclusive partnership. "All things are lawful unto me." And the opportunities before us are clear. We know enough to breed the human race as we breed our domestic animals. But if we do, domestic animals we shall become. "All things are not expedient."

New knowledge may explain ancient virtues, but it does not render them obsolete. So our first duty is to conserve our ancient heritage. Our second is to extend it. And our duty in this respect is clear. The great extensions of our time have been in the control of material things. What we now lack, and can gain if we set our minds to it, is control of ourselves. We dominate the world as never before. And we are undisciplined in our domination. We destroy indiscriminately and ruthlessly, in ignorance because we are in too much hurry to learn, and without feeling because we have no time to pause and watch. Like the Romans we create a desert and call it peace. And since we can sweep away what lies in our path, nothing but our own actions can stop our own multiplication. "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth." We are just beginning to realise that in this country there will soon be no room for any living thing beyond those plants and animals that are useful or pleasant to man. And if we are to control ourselves in time to leave some room in these islands for recreation and enjoyment, and for creatures not dependent upon man, we must control both our own numbers and our own desires. We have begun to think about green belts, national parks, nature reserves and so on, and we have begun very recently to consider whether we are justified in treating our domestic animals in the most economic way, regardless of their natural habits. But so far this is a feeble attempt to swim against the tide of material wealth.

The need of our time is to regain our mastery of the paraphernalia of civilization, to be men again, individual men. It is men who are important, not Welfare States, or Growth Rates or Economic Development or even Progress. We are indeed in danger of treating ourselves as we treat our domestic animals. There are so many of us that we think in terms of the drove or the flock.

The great difference between ourselves and our livestock is the difference between diversity and uniformity. In buying a flock of sheep we look for uniformity, to make a level lot. But in selecting entrants to this College we set out deliberately to encourage diversity, diversity of subject, of interest, even (within the standards we set ourselves) of ability. The wealth of human life lies in its diversity, and diversity is in danger of succumbing to conformity from the pressure of our numbers, and the pressure of our demands for material things.

It is in our heritage in this College that we are somewhat relieved from these pressures around us. We have our endowment of beauty in art, architecture, and nature in our treasures, our buildings and our grounds. And it is our claim in Cambridge that our College teaching is individual, from scholar to student. We of all people, therefore, have the opportunity and the responsibility to devote our research to those matters of the spirit in which the individual and the unique, and not the category and the replicate, are important. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." It doesn't mean much to us, perhaps. We're too rich to buy sparrows at a farthing a pair. But the conception the words embody, of care and caring, is as valid today as when Jesus put it in terms of a simile that was full of meaning to his own people. Jesus expressed his conception of God in terms of a good father in a simple village set in a semi arid countryside. Most of us who are fathers depart from home after breakfast and return when the children are going to bed. We live in circumstances where the parable of the sower is scarcely intelligible, even if we are farmers. Yet the concepts that Jesus expressed in the terms of everyday affairs in his country village are valid for our sophisticated urban community.

We find the idiom of other ages a barrier to our understanding, but is it really so difficult?

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

"Finally brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

"The angels keep their ancient places;

Turn but a stone and start a wing!

Tis ye, tis your estranged faces

That miss the many-splendoured thing."

The writer of Deuteronomy, the Apostle Paul, and Francis Thompson each in his own age and his own idiom expressing the timeless truth that there is a form and a purpose to creation that is beneficent.

That is one side of the coin. The other is the personal response to that beneficence which characterises the man and distinguishes him in the way that Jesus defined in terms of the relationship between a son and his father. Listen to men down the ages recording this relationship which they experienced as a personal and compelling call. First Samuel:

"And the Lord came and stood and called as at other times,

Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak, for thy servant heareth."

Then Isaiah:

"I heard the voice of the Lord saying, 'Whom shall I send and who will go for us?' Then said I, Here am I, send me."

And again Paul:

"And he said unto me, Depart, for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles."

And nearer to our own time, Marmaduke Stephenson, who gave his life for religious freedom in New England, and who wrote just before his execution:

"And this is given forth to be upon record, that all people may know who hear it, that we come not in our own wills but in the will of God."

These two things are of the eternal verities, that the creation is good and purposeful and beneficent, and that a man stands as an individual in personal and loving relationship with his creator. We have laid up such wealth on earth that we have no need to care that moth and rust do corrupt. Let us turn to the more exacting enterprise of laying up treasure in Heaven. There are in the ante Chapel, memorials to two Fellows of this College who made the Bible available to the Welsh people in their own language. It is laid upon us in these days, so to enlarge our spiritual heritage as to make the truths of the Christian faith available in their own language to the industrial English.

J. B. H.

## The Crisis

### CHAPTER ONE

#### SNOW IN THE DOORWAY

THE snow had not yet stopped, and the wind howled under the two inch gap between the floor and the oak-panelled door of my keeping room. It was January, and as usual the weather was hellish. I was uncomfortable, and sat huddled by my gas fire, which, because it was connected to the undergraduate circuit, kept blowing back, and gave out scarcely any heat. I sat brooding over my Cambridge career, and wondering whether I.C.I. had any room for a middle-aged don, whose star had become gnarled and—I had to admit—almost fraudulent, with the passing of the years. I dreamed of a plush carpeted office, three telephones and a secretary whose stocking seams were straight, and whose legs were worth looking at. I was just about to remove my latest copy of *Playboy* from its leather Residents' List cover, when Iago came in. (I had often wondered why my fellow dons had such incredibly silly names.)

"Thank the University Grants Committee I've found you", he said, still exhausted from the walk up my staircase. He was dripping melted snow from his gown, and smelling strongly of alcohol. Sometimes, the first moments of a meeting with him were difficult. Not this time. He went over to my bedside table and without a word gulped the equivalent of several measures of whiskey from my decanter. He appeared in a state of high emotion. I got up, and put my hand on his shoulder.

"My dear fellow, what in heaven's name is the matter?" But although he appreciated my sympathy, he was not yet in a position to speak. He ran his fingers through his distinguished white hair (which, it was rumoured, was the main argument for retaining him as a fellow), and took another guzzle at the whiskey. I thought quickly, and then realised what I should do. I flung him into my armchair, and took the whiskey from him. It was not that I objected to his heavy drinking—but I needed a drink myself. I fingered lovingly the plain label on the bottle, which read "For the use of H.M. servicemen only; not to be brought ashore." The warmth of the liquid down my throat revived my memory; poor Iago:

"You haven't lost your lectureship, Iago?" I said with concern. There had been a scandal a term before, which was best forgotten.

But the University had taken an uncharitable view, and one of the women's colleges had complained.

His pallid features slightly reddened for a moment at the thought. "No, no, far worse, James, far worse." He turned his face away, his eyes wild, as they had been after parties we had both attended when we were undergraduates together in '26. Then, suddenly he looked me straight in the face, and whispered:

"James—I.T.V. have . . . have taken away my 'Midnight University' racket."

In the hush which followed this statement I could hear my clock ticking away gently. The gas fire blew back again. The I.T.V. Midnight University had been the best outwork system for ill-paid dons at the college which had ever been devised. Through Iago, every member of the Senior Combination Room had leered into a television camera and given earnest discussions to the nation on art, philosophy, and mathematics, and in return received a large cheque from the promoters. It had been so successful, we had only just before Christmas resurrected an elderly professor—the last of the life fellows—to lecture upon Sanskrit marriage rites. He had an audience of eight million.

"But why, Iago? It was going so well; they were pleased with us."

"The whole thing is horrible", he said. He had somewhat recovered now. "But—there have been complaints."

"But dammit!" I shouted, really angry, "They've no right to complain. If they don't like it they can switch it off."

Iago nodded, crying silently. "I know, that's what I said. But the managing director of the television company, or whatever he is, said that it was a well-founded complaint. In the end I had to agree." He blew his nose hard, and tried to dry his eyes, but both his eyes and nose continued to run.

A cold knife stabbed my conscience. Could it have been my lecture on the law of divorce in Jamaica? I had heard from the programme producer that 70,000 cases of polygamy had been reported since it went out. An archbishop had written to me. But surely a mistake like that could not be so disastrous? They had been sympathetic at the time. Besides, I could see no hint of malice in Iago's face; a sure sign of something out of the ordinary. He had got up now, and was pacing the room. Then he saw the television in the corner of my room and grimaced towards it.

"May I turn it on?" he said, quite calm now. "I can never think properly unless it's on in the background."

"Of course, Iago, of course. I suggest the B.B.C. in the circumstances."

"Yes, yes." He was smiling tenderly now. "You're very thoughtful James." There was a long pause. "You know that

young fellow Brigweed, the one we elected to a fellowship last year?"

"I remember him well."

Iago breathed deeply. "Well, you know that we were told he was a brilliant mathematician?" I agreed. "I took it as read, and naturally offered him the chance of a programme on arithmetic, you know, adding and subtracting and so on, for the Midnight University."

"Well?"

"He did one; an hour long, very good, I thought—though of course I'm no Einstein." He smiled depreciatingly. "It was called 'How to use your ready reckoner'." We all thought it went down a wow . . . ." Iago was interrupted by a shrieking noise, and a dull rhythmical thud.

"Sorry, Iago; it must be the boat club drunk again. I believe they want to throw a few townspeople into the Cam tonight. We've spoken to the Chief Constable, and he says it will be all right; no prosecutions, or anything of that kind." But I was wrong; it was a popular singing star on the T.V. Iago and I watched entranced for 5 minutes, until it was over. I sighed.

"He's very good, don't you think?" Iago nodded, still a little overcome sexually from the performance. I looked down modestly "He's one of my undergraduates, you know." Iago looked impressed. I have always respected his opinion, and my heart warmed to him when he said:

"James—how wonderful for you. Even in this hell-hole, teaching has its compensations. Congratulations." I knew he meant it, because later he asked me to show him the cheque stubs but at the moment, I wanted to hear the rest of his story about Brigweed. I prompted him.

"Yes—I was carried away by your pupil's excellence", he said. "Brigweed, you see, gave this lecture, and an undergraduate wrote into the *T.V. Times*, pointing out seventeen errors in the sums which Brigweed did on the programme!"

"But where did this dirty little tick come from?"

Iago leaned forward to sniff the whiskey again. "James—he is a member of this college."

## CHAPTER TWO

### MORALS PROBLEMS IN THE COMBINATION ROOM

The next day I trudged over to the senior combination room. The college was abuzz with rumours about the Midnight University. Suggestions were made that we should hold a college feast for the director general of the T.V. company. But that would mean embarrassing questions about the silver. Besides, many of us felt that genteel poverty might impress more than the kind

of debauchery which a feast entailed. The Senior Tutor, Miles Oglepiece, was holding the floor when I came in.

"What's the boy's name—Hunter. By God, I'll ruin him, I'll smash him. The audacity . . . it just shows how dangerous a little learning can be." As usual, he was taking things too hard. The Dean put what I took to be the moderate view.

"Why not arrange a little accident?" he suggested quietly. "You know the kind of thing . . . roof climbing, slipped into Senate House passage, ordinary sort of inquest . . . death by misadventure."

Our classical expert had the answer to this. "That is crude, Dean; we must be more subtle." There was a murmur of agreement from the others. But the Dean—a man noted for his ability to make fine moral distinctions—stood his ground.

"Nonsense—a death is a death is a death. It's so easy in this weather" (it was still snowing) "—you know—for a man to slip."

Leather, a scientist, who had written a well-known travelogue—*A Metallurgist in Sheerness*—came up with another objection. "It's not possible." Again, the Dean countered the argument.

"I've done it before", he said simply. I had always admired our Dean for his ability to get to the core of an argument, and he had convinced me in this one. But majority opinion was clearly with classics and subtlety.

Iago and Oglepiece had organised things already. They sat behind a desk in the east end of the Combination Room, and called the rest of us to order. Miles gave a short and moving speech. "The hour of trial for the college . . . tradition . . . money." We were all deeply affected. His final appeal was for any one of us to say anything we knew against this undergraduate. We could then simply send him down. The responses threw an interesting light on his unpleasant character:

"He once offered me Nescafé, and referred to it as coffee . . ."

"He plays no games . . ."

"He got a first last year . . ."

"His room has some very modernistic pictures in . . ."

"His hair . . . his clothes . . ."

All of this was worthwhile but not definite enough. We must have a hot story to release to the papers before we could send him down. At least we would get paid for that by the *Daily Whore*. There was silence. Miles, a Senior Tutor, tried to inspire us a little.

"Come come, you *must* know something more against him than this. What about women?"

The Dean, who had the advantage of being married to a bed-maker, who 'kept him in touch', reminded us. "Yes—but only in the regulation hours. We can't get him for that."

Stephens asked a key question: "Can't we discover them together naked one afternoon . . . indecency and all that?"

The Dean indicated that to be impossible. "No—I gather he never completely undresses; she's a Catholic or something."

The Senior Tutor saw that this line of approach was not getting us anywhere. Iago suggested another:

"Doesn't he share a set of rooms, Dean?"

"Yes, I believe he does."

Iago was jubilant. "There we are; accuse him of the other thing; he can't disprove it." As usual, I could see no fault in this suggestion, but there was a shrill retort from the other side of the Combination Room. It was Tony Chevineux, our specialist. He tossed back his beautiful blonde hair in disgust:

"Don't be ridiculous darlings, we'd all be out of a job within 6 months if we started on *that*. Not all of us have wives and what-nots tucked away behind Grange Road, you know." When he saw he had made his point, he excused himself on the pretext of finding his handbag.

We always knew that a special place had to be found for Tony within the college; he was one of the foremost Livonian experts in the country. But after outbursts of this unreasonable nature, I sometimes wondered whether he might have been happier at Oxford.

We all waited expectantly for more suggestions, but there were none. We broke up the meeting in a depressed state of mind; life was getting very difficult.

### CHAPTER THREE

#### THINGS TAKE A HAPPY TURN

A week passed in a haze of depression. I had been away for three days for a conference in Paris. It was not interesting; I did not understand its subject or French, which was the language spoken there. Indeed, I had to admit that I did not want to attend; but it was an opportunity to stock up my cocktail cabinet duty free again, and in the crisis of Hunter and the Midnight University, Iago and myself had made inroads into my meagre supply.

I had come back from Paris, as I always do, ill-prepared for the strains and stresses of college politics—or, for matter of that, anything more than sleep. The bags under my eyes looked ominous and I had to give out some implausible story about writing the groundwork of a new book and burning the midnight oil. I had never produced a book before, and many of my colleagues did not believe me. The Dean went so far as to call me a bloody liar.

Although I was very tired when I returned, I was still happy. But soon, the cotton wool in my head turned to lead weights, and I knew I had the worst hangover ever. I decided that if it was to rain, it might as well pour, and so I even managed to supervise a few undergraduates. At least one of them was in as bad a state as myself, and I flatter myself I carried it all off quite well.

The main problem was still with us; Midnight University had been stopped. Hunter was also still with us. It was infuriating. I was moved to write to the *Times* about university salaries. The day after it was published, I was sitting in my rooms admiring my name in print (and feeling a little proud) when Iago rushed in in a state of high elation. I sniffed his breath, but it seemed quite sober. He ran to my chair and hugged me.

"James, James, it's all settled, it's marvellous . . . we're back in business, boyo."

"Have you seen my letter in the *Times*?" I asked. But Iago seemed a little unreasonable that day.

"I couldn't care a damn about your letter to the *Times*. Have you seen the *T.V. Times* which came out today?"

"No—is my pupil on the trog box again?" I mused happily. "My, he is doing well", I said.

"No—you fool—a reply to Hunter's letter about Brigweed's T.V. talk."

"Oh God, Iago", I said. "Not *more* mistakes!"

"Well, in a sense, yes; but they're to our advantage. Hunter made them. *His* calculations were wrong. Some honey in Cornwall has written in." He waved the paper in front of my face. "She's an infant school teacher; Hunter's corrections were up the creek." Iago grinned fiendishly. "Of course we'll send him down; it's sheer incompetence on his part."

"So Brigweed was right all along?"

"No—he was miles off target. But don't you see? Now that Hunter's corrections have been discredited, Brigweed's original mistakes will pass unnoticed; the Midnight University has asked specially to have him again in the new series."

I jumped up from my chair. "You mean it's going on again, Iago."

"Yes—James; and you'll get *two* lectures. Better than that; the first series has been sold to the States; we're in the money."

"Oh, Iago, it's wonderful . . . we must have a drink to celebrate." I opened the latest bottle of surgical spirit which the pathological labs had sent me. We drank it together. I don't know when I've been so happy. My memories of that day are not altogether clear, but I remember thinking that Iago had stayed rather a long time that morning. At 12.30 he crawled over to my T.V. set and managed to switch it on.

"What are you doing Iago? Surely you don't want distraction at this happy time?" He giggled to himself.

"You see—a special surprise . . ." It was . . . as the screen became clearer, a familiar voice was to be heard. It was the Dean, giving the best of his 3 sermons.

I turned to Iago. "It can't be", I said, almost overcome with the emotion of the thing.

"It is—James, it's the very first lunch hour technical college." I wanted to dance round the room with him. But it was no use; he was lying drooling, and out-of-this-world on the carpet. I joyfully took the bottle from his hand and joined him there. I thought: it's times like this which make it all worthwhile.

KEVIN TIERNEY.

## Book Review

*The Hungry Archaeologist in France.* By GLYN DANIEL. (Faber and Faber, 1963. 30s).

THE archaeologist loves deeps—of the past and the earth; if he is Dr Daniel, he loves the depths of a good bottle of wine or a large pie almost as much. This book testifies to both his pleasures, or perhaps I should say to all his pleasures, for though the joys of prehistory and the table get their full measure, a third theme of rejoicing in the pleasant land of France itself runs quietly but persistently through the work. The title, in fact, felicitously reflects a triple allegiance, which should quickly attract shoals of sympathisers into the author's net. They will not be disappointed. The present reviewer has seen an oil-sketch of Dr Daniel standing at a *déjeuner sur l'herbe* tasting, with incomparable panache, some agreeable white wine (one would guess, a Muscadet, subject of a long paean on page 29). The book has all the *brio* of the picture: need more be said? Perhaps, for novices or the uninitiated, a little more.

*The Hungry Archaeologist*, then, is a revision and expansion of Dr Daniel's earlier (1955) work that he called (invoking the sacred shade of Henry Adams' masterpiece) *Carnac and Lascaux*. It is a mixture of archaeology and gastronomy, and full of practical information about both. From its pages the reader can learn by what routes it is easiest and most agreeable to get to the painted caves of the Dordogne or the megaliths of Brittany. He can learn the prices of meals and the relative virtues of hotels. He can discover the meaning of the phrase *ami des routiers*, and what books, both gastronomic and archaeological, will most help him to enjoy and understand his experiences in France. Dr Daniel is fond of describing the books he likes most as indispensable: his own equally deserves the adjective, not least on account of the maps (by Mrs Daniel), photographs, drawings and sketches which illuminate all the topics discussed.

And these are, besides victuals and drink, some of the most remarkable prehistoric monuments in the world. Dr Daniel has conferred a benefit on the race by publishing this book. At no stage does one lose the sense of having an exceptionally agreeable and well-informed companion at one's side on a rewarding holiday. Whether it is the authenticity or otherwise of the Rouffignac paintings (Dr Daniel plainly states that he *thinks*, and lets it appear between the lines that he is *sure*, that it is very much a case of otherwise) or probing the mysterious purposes of the Carnac cromlechs and alignments, the tone of great learning lightly borne never falters. Nor does he confine himself to discussions and explanations of the monuments themselves: he is equally ready to give us the history of their discovery, a theme almost as fascinating as the other. What would one not give to be the first to blunder into a new Lascaux; or set the first spade into the turf concealing another Troy. By such visions, I suppose, are archaeologists sustained. Anyway, Dr Daniel clearly feels their fascination.

It is not to be supposed that the high-minded critic will be deterred from his duty to be rude, however agreeable he finds the book criticised: so I must mention the one flaw I detected. I wish Dr Daniel wouldn't write of *the Auvergne*, *the Languedoc*, *the Touraine*, *the Périgord*. Of course there is no safe rule in these matters; but I find this usage inelegant and phony.

We would never dream of saying *the Normandy* or *the Provence*, would we? Let us retain the article for departments only . . . and while I am at it, I may mention that I don't like "the Central Massif" either.

However, the success of *The Hungry Archaeologist* is otherwise complete. A friendly spy in the Classics faculty tells me that it is already much in evidence in the hands of tourists in the Dordogne; and I can imagine no more powerful inducement to go there oneself than a dip into its pages would enforce. Johnians are heartily advised to take the plunge, either of the book or the holiday or (most wisely) both.

By the way, it now appears that the author's sanguine expectation that the plague of algae threatening the Lascaux cave-paintings would be defeated by 1965 was justified, though investigation has also disclosed that the green pest has appeared in other caves besides. Tourists can nevertheless soon be off to the Dordogne with all their old confidence that they will be able to see all that they ever could.

D. H. V. B.

## Obituary

### ROBERT JOHN GETTY

ROBERT John Getty died suddenly at his home in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, on 24 October 1963. The world of classical scholarship on both sides of the Atlantic was deeply shocked and grieved; but the passing of such a man is not only a blow to scholarship: it is a real loss to friendship, for few are able to acquire as many friends of every age and occupation as he.

Born in 1908 in County Londonderry, Northern Ireland, he went from secondary school in Coleraine to the Queen's University, Belfast, and received his first degree in 1928. He then proceeded to St John's College, Cambridge, and obtained his second B.A. with First Class Honours in the Classical Tripos in 1930. An M.A. followed in 1934. His first post, from 1930 to 1934, was that of Assistant in Latin at Aberdeen, where he worked with Professor Souter, and met the young Assistant in Greek, Margaret Wood, who became his wife in 1935. He spent the next three years as Lecturer in Latin at Liverpool, where he was associated with and became a close friend of J.F. (now Sir James) Mountford, who was then Head of the Department. In 1937 he returned to Cambridge as Fellow of St John's College and University Lecturer in Classics. During the war years he served the United Kingdom Government in various Departments, doing work of an important and confidential nature. In 1945 he returned to Cambridge for two years, during which the present writer was privileged to be one of his pupils, and, like all his pupils, one of his friends.

He left Cambridge for Canada in 1947 to take the post of Professor of Latin at University College, University of Toronto, and in 1951 succeeded Gilbert Norwood as Professor of Classics and Head of the Department. He gave generously of his time and talents in many capacities: as teacher and colleague, as a member of the Editorial Board of *Phoenix*, and in all aspects of the work of the Classical Association of Canada, of which he was a Vice-President. In 1956 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and during his eleven years at Toronto he became a familiar and welcome figure at meetings of learned societies not only in Canada, but equally in the United States. He was Visiting Professor for one summer at Chicago, and a most devoted member of the Classical Association of the Mid-West and South and of the American Philological Association, serving as President of the latter in 1959. In the previous year he had crossed the border more permanently to become the first Paddison Professor of Classics at the University of North Carolina and,



ROBERT JOHN GETTY

for a year, Chairman of the Department of Classics in succession to B. L. Ullman. Robert Getty was one of those men of whom it may be said: "*caelum, non animus, mutant*", and he remained the same in Carolina as he had been in Toronto, never sparing himself in the causes of scholarship and friendship, and always "going the second mile" both on his home campus and at meetings where he could be relied upon to play a full role, equally on the platform and behind the scenes. No task, however irksome, was too irksome for him to perform; no word or act of thoughtful concern was ever left by him unspoken or undone.

He was the author of a study, *The Lost St Gall Manuscript of Valerius Flaccus*, of an edition of Lucan, *De Bello Civili* Book I, of bibliographies and of numerous reviews and articles, chiefly dealing with Latin poetry, especially Vergil, Horace and Lucan. He was an authority on the work of scholars such as Bentley and Housman, whom he greatly admired, and in whose steps he followed. He was a perfectionist, without being pedantic, in his quest for the most precise understanding of textual and metrical problems. He had a remarkable grasp of the complexities of ancient astronomy and took keen delight in the discussion and elucidation of astronomical cruces in classical literature. His style was marked by clarity and careful polish, and, especially in conversation, enlivened by his cheerful and robust sense of humour. He used rather wistfully to quote Aristotle's μεθ' ἡδονῆς ἢ προσεδρεία as the perfect motto for the dedicated scholar, and one may wish that he could have found it possible to enjoy to a greater extent that undistracted concentration. But the demands made upon him by the positions which he filled, together with the unselfish attention which he gave to his ever-widening circle of pupils, friends and colleagues, never left him with enough time to achieve all the works of scholarship for which he was so well qualified by his natural talents and his impressive erudition.

Perhaps the best and most fitting tributes to Robert Getty's unusual qualities as a man and a scholar—his friendly courtesy, his good humour, his intellect and his learning—were paid in two letters to the student newspaper of the University of North Carolina. One was written by a member of the Library staff, reminding us that much of his time was spent in and for libraries, consulting, borrowing and recommending purchases of books; the other by a student who recalls the affection and respect which he inspired. Both letters are expressions of personal feeling written with sincere emotion. There are not many academics, however eminent and however worthy, whose passing would evoke such spontaneous testimonies as these, and these are merely representative (as this memorial is representative) of countless other unwritten tributes of regret and gratitude.

I FIRST met Robert Getty in 1938 when he came back to the College to teach. At that time he had temporary quarters in D2 Third Court and there one sat at his side opposite a bookcase containing the 160 volumes of A. J. Valpy's reprint of the Delphin Classics. Robert would explain that he had bought this set for its indices to the Latin poets and not for its text; these indices were invaluable to a Latinist and so he had extracted them from their Regency boards and had had them honourably and separately bound up. After conversation of this kind he would hand back one's compositions for the week carefully amended in red ink with numerous marginal references to classical authors and works of scholarship. Looking back now I can better appreciate the time and trouble he must have spent on that preliminary work for the supervision. He was extremely conscientious. Then he used to talk about scholars past and present, their merits and demerits, habits, quirks and family connexions; he had a very good memory for significant gossip. One heard about Bentley's legal battles, Porson's Bacchic potatoes, James Henry's vast defence of the four introductory lines to the *Aeneid*, Housman's controversy with Postgate, and how Headlam was Bentley's great-great-great-great-grandson—all this in a humorous Ulster brogue and a rather formal diction that carefully avoided the colloquial. For he was very ceremonious and almost exaggeratedly polite; I often tried to get him to go through a door first but never succeeded. I remember being very impressed by the expert way in which he managed introductions and by his remarkable knowledge of all the members of the High Table and their particular lines of work. As for his own work I still admire his edition of the first book of Lucan and especially that part of the introduction which deals with Lucan's rhetoric. Latterly much of his time was spent in reviewing other scholars' books. An excellent example of his thorough and constructive criticism is his review of Platnauer's *Latin Elegiac Verse* in *Classical Philology* 48, 1953 pp. 189-192—a review indispensable to any serious user of the book. But I owe more to Robert himself than to his work. It was he who first taught me, as he must have taught many others, the meaning of scholarship.

A. G. L.

## College Chronicle

### RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

*President:* MR K. SCOTT. *Captain:* M. BERESFORD

*Secretary:* J. D. M. HARDIE. *Match Secretary:* N. D. LAIRD

Although the membership of the Rugger Club fell this season, and the 4th XV fixtures were taken over by the Cygnets, the performance and success of the first two College sides showed a marked improvement over past years.

Marcus Beresford led the 1st XV back into the 1st division, suffering only one defeat in the process. Bob Veltman mirrored their performance one step down the scale, and the 2nd XV regained their rightful place in the second division, losing only to Pembroke. One cannot help feeling that these successes indicate there is room for two John's sides in the first division. The third side, however, had less success, but at least stayed where it was. The team were never beaten by a large margin, and the story might have been a very different one with a stable side of fifteen players. The Cygnets are last but not least, for they represent rugby played for the joy of the game, without the stresses and strains of the higher divisions. They achieved fifty per cent success and a great deal of enjoyment, which was shared by spectators. The Club's gratitude for this achievement goes to Tim Drever.

Of the social events of the year, the Rugger Ball, again jointly held with Magdalene, went off very well, despite a small monetary hangover. The Black Velvet cocktail party at the end of the Michaelmas Term was enjoyed by a wide spectrum of friends of the club.

Regretfully Prof. Deer did not wish to continue as President of the Club, but we quickly found a new father figure in Mr K. Scott. He made his debut at the successful Rugger Dinner in the Lent Term.

Cuppers activities in the Lent Term were short-lived, but provided the College with an example of what a determined team can do against opposition of greater strength and skill. In the first round we met Christ's, who fielded only three players who had not represented the University in either the Blues side or LX Club. Our narrow 8-11 defeat provided a rousing spectacle for the very welcome supporters, many of whom, we are glad to mention, wore red scarves.

The effort which went into these Cuppers activities led to a certain atmosphere of anti-climax, and our performance in the

Seven-a-side competition at the end of term lacked the necessary zest to get us past the second round.

The season culminated with a tour of the Mid-West of France, similar to the ones made ten and eleven years ago by the College. In those days the College could afford a bus, but this year we went by train, and a national rail strike almost caused disaster. We lost one out of the three games in the last few minutes; but the climax to the season came in our second match, against Surgères, a club of first-class rugby standard, whom we beat 14-11, having been down twice. This performance outshone that against Christ's, and it was pity that the supporters at that match were absent at this one. However, the extent to which potential can be exploited has been realised, and this experience bodes well for next season.

J. D. M. HARDIE.

### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB

*President:* DR R. E. ROBINSON. *Captain:* D. C. K. JONES

*Fixture Secretary:* J. A. AVEYARD. *Match Secretary:* J. M. A. WOOD

Having gained promotion from the second to the first division with considerable ease in the previous season, and with many of last year's winning team still members of the Club, the first eleven began the season with high hopes of climbing rapidly up the first division. As it turned out, however, they lost their first three league matches, to Downing, Caius and St Catharine's, mainly on account of their inability to field a regular team. But thereafter the team settled down to win their next six league matches, thus finishing fourth in the division, with overall league figures of—P. 9, W. 6, D. 0, L. 3, points 13. Goals: for 28, against 21; and final figures, including friendly matches of P. 17, W. 13, D. 0, L. 4. Goals: for 63, against 33.

Again, at the beginning of the Lent Term, with Cuppers approaching, hopes were high, and although the first eleven lost J. H. O. Omino, an avid goal scorer in the Michaelmas Term, they were pleased to have in the team D. L. Richardson, who had been a regular varsity player during the season.

Adopting the 4-2-4 formation for their first Cuppers match, they beat Sidney Sussex 6-0, but feeling little confidence in the "new" formation they reverted to the orthodox line-up. Playing Queens' in the quarter-finals they lost 2-1 in an unfortunate match.

The only real success for the first eleven came when they fielded a side consisting of R. J. Dunn, M. D. Moss, C. F. Webster, J. A. Aveyard, D. L. Richardson, and J. M. A. Wood in the inter-

college six-a-sides. This team won its way to the final at Grange Road, and then went on to win the competition by an odd corner in a goalless match, after extra time had been played.

The second eleven enjoyed a relatively unsuccessful season. Enthusiastically captained by D. L. Rowlands and later by L. F. Rogerson they narrowly missed promotion from the third division in the Michaelmas Term, and in the Lent Term did well to reach the semi-finals of the league cup, although they were convincingly defeated by Christ's, 6-1.

The third eleven happily established themselves mid-way up the league table in both the Michaelmas and Lent Terms, despite the zealous efforts of their captain, J. P. Frisby.

D. L. Richardson is to be congratulated for playing for the Varsity against Oxford at Wembley.

Full colours were awarded to A. Munro, J. H. O. Omino, M. E. Reid, D. L. Richardson, C. F. Webster, and half-colours to A. P. Austin, D. Broad, J. D. Fitzpatrick-Nash, J. S. Widger, P. W. Ward and J. P. Frisby.

At the Annual General Meeting held on March 9th, 1964, the following elections were made for the 1964-65 season:—*Captain:* J. M. A. Wood, *Fixture Secretary:* B. C. Collyer, *Match Secretary:* M. E. Reid.

J. M. A. WOOD.

### HOCKEY CLUB

*President:* MR A. G. LEE. *Captain:* R. O. ELLIS

*Vice-Captain:* T. R. LANKESTER. *Hon. Secretary:* M. A. CLARKE

In contrast to the previous season, a team from which little was expected was surprisingly successful. The 1st XI won seventeen and drew five of their thirty-three matches; ten of these wins were in the Michaelmas Term where sufficient points were gained to place the team third in the league. Cohesion was lacking for the best part of a month at the beginning of the Lent Term when no victories were recorded. However it returned mid-term and the team finished the season in fine style.

With Ralph Ellis playing for the blues, Tim Lankester took over the captaincy in a very spirited way. His coercive efforts on the field were most appreciated. Malcolm Clarke is to be congratulated on his most efficient handling of the secretarial work.

In Cuppers, the team went out in the first round to St Catharine's. In this excellent game, St Catharine's were the steadier of two well balanced sides and were rewarded with the only goal of the match. Had St John's been able to net one of the numerous short corners awarded to them the result might well have been reversed.

A 2nd XI was fielded, again under the able captaincy of N. D. Kenyon and on several occasions a 3rd XI was fielded as well.

Ralph Ellis is to be congratulated on gaining his blue so narrowly missed last year. Mike Brearley and Tim Lankester played for the Wanderers, the former on some occasions for the blues.

### LAWN TENNIS CLUB

*President:* DR G. E. DANIEL

*Captain:* A. WAKLEY. *Hon. Secretary:* P. KENYON

The tennis teams were faced with a very full fixture list which was completed with only one or two exceptions. While many of the games were very interesting, the overall results were very disappointing. Only one league match was won, but none of the five friendly matches gave us a victory. Unless a good result is obtained in the last match, the team might well go down to division II. The 2nd VI fared better and should remain in division IV. The 3rd VI played five or six matches, some for division VI of the league, and had varying degrees of success.

The Cuppers match was played in appalling conditions with good tennis impossible. Magdalene won five of the six singles to go easily into the next round.

Robin Shales was unfortunately unable to captain the side because of injury. Colours were re-awarded to Ijaz-ul-Hassan, A. Wakeley and R. O. Ellis and awarded to P. Kenyon, C. Armstrong and P. Corner.

### CHESS CLUB

This last season has been most successful for the Chess Club. In addition to winning a half-blue, G. A. Winbow was elected Vice-President of the University Chess Club. He also came equal third in the University championships, and won his game in the Varsity match.

As before, the Club entered three teams in the Cambridge and District Chess League, more than any other Club in the county. The first team came fourth, and the second team seventh, both in the first division of the league. Also, for the first time for several years, a lightning chess tournament was held at the close of the Easter Term; which was won by G. A. Winbow, who won all his games. The Club was captained by L. T. Little in the Michaelmas Term, and by P. A. Lewis in the Lent Term.

J. SKILLING.

### BADMINTON

*Captain:* N. PANCHAPAGESAN. *Secretary:* P. J. BROWNING

*Treasurer:* J. H. B. PEARCE

The 1963-64 season saw more badminton played than in previous years, owing to the new court at Portugal Place. With our comparatively large membership we now have sufficient practice time for everybody.

Our results were disappointing. The first VI won only three of their matches, and we lost to St Catharine's in the first round of Cuppers. All teams remained in their divisions: 1st VI in Division I; 2nd VI in Division III; and the 3rd VI in Division IV.

P. J. BROWNING.

### SQUASH CLUB

*President:* MR M. G. COOPER

*Captain:* J. I. DREVER. *Secretary:* H. R. ANGUS

After a number of seasons as the leading college at squash, St John's found at the beginning of the year that all its best players had gone down. Owing both to this and to a scarcity of good freshmen the 1st College team dropped in the Michaelmas Term from the 1st division to the 2nd. In the Lent Term, however, the team's position in the 2nd division was maintained. Despite this lack of success in the League the College won a number of Club fixtures. J. I. Drever, the captain, B. J. Burn and J. F. Storr all played regularly, with varying success. R. A. Shales had to drop out of the team in the Lent Term because of an elbow injury. H. R. Angus, who made the last place in the Ganders side, also played in a number of matches. It was a sad blow to have the College courts knocked down in the Lent Term to make way for the new buildings, but fortunately Churchill College have been kind enough to allow us to use one of their courts until our new ones are ready for use.

### THE ADAMS SOCIETY

*President:* R. SCHOFIELD. *Vice-President:* P. A. STRITTMATTER

*Secretary:* G. MEACOCK. *Treasurer:* D. O. GOUGH

Once again the Adams Society has enjoyed a successful year.

The first meeting of the year was addressed by Prof. D. G. Kendall on the subject "Birth and Death Processes". By an

elaborate and ingenious method the speaker developed the theory of this subject pointing out that it had numerous applications to problems of congestion and queueing.

Mr G. A. Reid gave the second talk of the term on "Generalized Functions" a concept which revolutionized several facets of mathematical technique in the 1920's. Mr Reid showed us just how varied the applications of this concept could be by giving a panorama of examples.

Dr H. T. Croft intrigued us with his title "Lions and Men, Birds and Flies". He first posed the problem of a lion and a man of equal athletic ability confined to a circular arena; can the lion catch the man in a finite time? Dr Croft showed that the man could avoid capture and went on to consider what happened when the curvature of the man's path was restricted and lions of varying intelligence. Having disposed of the man he posed the second problem: how many birds are required to catch a fly in an  $n$ -dimensional sphere? Dr Croft also mentioned several further problems of a similar nature some of which were unsolved.

Prof. R. B. Braithwaite told us "How to Decide" at beginning of the Lent Term. How did one decide if one was confronted with a person or a machine by asking it questions? After defining a machine very subtly he explained how this could be done.

The second meeting of the Lent Term was addressed by Dr M. V. Wilkes on "Non-numerical Analysis". He discussed a new programme language called "Wisp" which he was developing, showing its advantages over existing systems.

Dr D. W. Sciamia drew one of the largest audiences the Society has seen when he gave his talk "Retarded Potentials and the Expansion of the Universe". Dr Sciamia pointed out that although Maxwell's Equations were symmetrical in time, the solutions of them realised in nature need not be. In trying to explain this apparent contradiction in its vigorous form he had to consider the convergence of certain integrals at infinity. By considering the form of the universe at great distances according to both the "Steady State Theory" and the evolutionary theory of the formation of the universe he was able to explain the discrepancy by the former theory but not by the latter. He concluded that this was strong evidence for rejecting the evolutionary theory.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Society the following were elected officers:—*President*: D. O. Gough, *Vice-President*: G. Meacock, *Secretary*: S. W. Drury, *Treasurer*: Mr G. A. Reid. We would like to congratulate our treasurer on being elected a fellow of this college.

s. w. d.

## THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

*President*: DR R. E. ROBINSON*Secretary*: P. A. LINEHAN. *Treasurer*: A. J. STOCKWELL

Three meetings were held during the Michaelmas Term. Mr Edward Miller debunked the mechanical fulling-mill in his paper "An Industrial revolution in the thirteenth century?"; Mr Hugh Thomas talked on "The Historiography of the Spanish Civil War"; and Professor H. G. Koenigsverger of Nottingham University, with the aid of slides—an innovation, this, for the Society—demonstrated the development of town-planning and architecture in the late medieval and Renaissance period.

In the Lent Term the Society heard Professor Mansergh speak on the background to the Cyprus struggle. A second meeting at which Mr David Joslin of Pembroke College was to have given a paper on a Latin American topic had unfortunately to be cancelled at the last moment for lack of an audience. Small attendances were a constant and depressing feature of the Society's activities this year.

However, members came out of hiding for the Annual Dinner which was held in the Wordsworth Room on May 5th. They seemed well pleased, and heard speeches from the Secretary, Mr Miller, Mr Barraclough, Professors Mansergh and Walker, Mr Hugh Brogan and Messrs Gatrell and Jim Clark, as well as a tour de force of great brilliance from Mr David Hoskins, the Society's guest and sometime Secretary, in which famous supervisions of the past were recalled in ministry so impeccable that even the regretted absence of Mr Hinsley was compensated for—almost.

P. A. L.

## DEBATING SOCIETY

*Senior Member*: DR D. LOCKWOOD*President*: R. M. SPIERS. *Secretary*: R. I. SYKES

After a year of silence, the pertinent voice of the Debating Society has once more been heard discoursing upon the vexed questions of our time. The great minds of many intellectual traditions have given increasingly of their time and thoughts to the Society, so that at the last meeting, the Old Music Room could almost be described as being full. Grateful as we are to these distinguished gentlemen, it remains our fervent hope that members of this College, in ever growing numbers, will find in the Society a place where their peculiar genius is appreciated.

We have discussed, among other topics, Utopia, Weekend Morality, the Monarchy, and the relative merits of the Man in

the Moon and the Devil. Our guest speakers have included Colin Renfrew, ex-President of the Union and Mr Mason; Mr Tugendhat and Mr Kingsbury; and Dr Basil Atkinson, ex-University Librarian and Dr Anna Bidder, a contributor to the Quaker Views on Sex.

R. I. SYKES.

### ECONOMICS SOCIETY

*Chairman:* J. M. BARBER. *Secretary:* P. N. HOBBS

This year's programme was fuller than usual despite several postponed and cancelled meetings. Two cancellations delayed the first meeting until just before the division of the Michaelmas Term, when Dr F. G. Pyatt, of Caius College, gave a lucid talk on "The Case for Economic Planning". Two weeks later Dr A. D. Bain, of Christ's College, gave a high-powered talk on "Competition for Savings", which was very badly attended. In the Lent Term Dr F. H. Hahn agreed to come along at very short notice, and in typically forthright and provocative mood demonstrated why he was left-wing. This completed the Cambridge team of speakers for the year.

The remainder of the speakers came from this year's distinguished team of economists who were visiting the Faculty. Prof. A. Hunter, from the University of New South Wales, spoke on restrictive practices and monopoly, and suggested that many economists' approach to the subject was too theoretical. At the opening meeting of the Lent Term Prof. R. Solow, from M.I.T., gave a reasonably "down-to-earth"\* talk on five methods of "Measuring the G.N.P. Gap", the difference between G.N.P. and potential full employment G.N.P. Those who went along to the meeting were happy with the standard of his exposition, which was much in contrast to the "Mark IV Logic Chopping"\* qualities of his Marshall Lectures. Prof. J. Cornwall closed the term with a talk on "Differing U.S. and G.B. Attitudes to Deficit Financing". Opening the Easter Term Prof. A. K. Das Gupta, from the Indian School of International Studies, New Delhi, gave a fascinating talk on "India's Economic Planning and Socialism", in which he emphasised the decreasingly covert expression of socialism in successive Five Year Plans. Prof. K. J. Arrow's talk was the last and, thanks to a large contingent of Italians led by Professor Lombardini, the best attended of the year. The talk was entitled "Freedom and Economic Policy" and provoked much lively discussion afterwards, especially among the five dons present, who questioned whether freedom was a reliable measure of happiness.

P. N. HOBBS.

\* Letter to the Secretary.

### THE LAW SOCIETY

*President:* D. A. LOWE

*Secretary:* P. COLLINS. *Junior Treasurer:* R. F. NELSON

Five practising lawyers delivered papers to the Society during the course of the year: we are grateful to them for their stimulating talks.

Mr Ashe Lincoln, Q.C., addressed our first meeting on the subject of "The Development of the Common Law" and provoked a lively discussion of our modern legal system. Later in the term Mr Louis Blom-Cooper, one of the Counsel in the *Hedley Byrne* Case, discussed the present position with regard to negligent mis-statements. He was followed by Mr John Marriage, who gave an entertaining talk on the theme "From Arrest to Appeal", in which he examined critically the procedure in criminal cases.

Master Diamond opened our programme for the Lent Term with a talk entitled "Reminiscences of an Old Master". During this talk we learned much about the functions of a Master of the Supreme Court. Mr Mervyn Griffith-Jones, First Senior Prosecuting Counsel to the Crown, attracted a large audience when he spoke on "The Criminal Process", a subject which provoked many questions from his audience.

Two Moots in Tort were held this year with Fitzwilliam House. R. F. Nelson and T. B. Hegarty represented the Society in a Moot in the Wordsworth Room before a Court of Appeal constituted by Mr J. C. Hall and Mr F. Iacobucci. Judgment was given for Fitzwilliam. At the second Moot, held in the Entertainments Room at Fitzwilliam, the learned arguments of K. H. Tierney and P. J. Browning found favour with Mr J. A. Jolouricz (who acted as the House of Lords for the evening) and judgment on all points of the appeal was this time given for St John's.

The Annual Dinner, at which the Hon. Mr Justice Baker was our Guest Speaker, was held at the end of the Lent Term. Mr K. Scott proposed the health of the Society and the President responded. We thank Dr R. M. Jackson for providing Sherry in his rooms beforehand, and M. Curtis for arranging the Dinner so successfully.

The Society was deeply shocked to hear of the sudden death of Sir Theobald Matthew, Director of Public Prosecutions, on 29th February: he was to have addressed us early in March.

Officers for year 1964-1965:—*President:* G. J. Keene, *Secretary:* M. R. Hodges, *Junior Treasurer:* P. Collins.

P. C.

## THE MEDICAL SOCIETY

*President:* PROF. H. A. HARRIS*Chairman:* J. S. YUDKIN. *Secretary:* A. E. YOUNG

The Society has heard five talks this year. The two best attended concerned our medical education; one was a talk by Dr R. Young on "Psychology in the Medical Curriculum", the other a discussion of the proposed "Medical Sciences Tripos" at which both senior and junior members gave vigorous expression of their views on this controversial topic. The world at large was brought to us by Dr A. D. Iliff and Dr F. G. J. Hayhoe, who spoke on "Life and Medicine in Pakistan" and "Modern Russia" respectively. Both illustrated their talks with exceptionally good "colour transparencies". The only other talk was by Professor D. V. Davies, who spoke about the "History of 'Gray's Anatomy,'" of which he is an editor.

The first of the society's more deliberately social occasions was a sherry party to welcome the freshmen; the second, the Annual Dinner, held in college, at which we were honoured by the presence of eight senior members including the Dean.

In pursuance of its annual customs the Society also had an outing, this year to the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, and certain unemployed members rowed in an L.M.B.C. May boat.

A. E. YOUNG.

## THE WORDSWORTH SOCIETY

*Chairman:* J. B. SMITH*Secretary:* R. GILMOUR. *Treasurer:* R. J. BAGLIN

As a successor to the Nashe Society, this Society was formed two years ago to promote interest and discussion in all aspects of literature. We have met twice a term, hearing one paper from a guest and one from a member of the Society. The attendance has always been good, with occasionally some very encouraging response from people of other faculties. The discussions are strong and often fascinating. It is already an interesting society, and if the newer members show most enthusiasm for this kind of serious dilettantism it could well fill an important position in the College social life.

The subjects have been various: Donald Davie outlined the courses of language and literature at the University of Essex; Peter Calvoress spoke about publishing with Chatto and Windus; Richard Marshall talked of his proposed novel; George Steiner pronounced on Sophocles and Shakespeare; Hugh

Sykes Davies brought us back into line with "A problem in Wordsworth"; the Balliol Victorian Society came over from Oxford to explore in the Old Music Room with a ribald evening. (It would never happen in Cambridge.) Nick McAdoo also whispered insidiously on Henry Miller.

J. B. S.

## LADY MARGARET PLAYERS

The Society has existed for the past few years solely as a play-reading symposium, and has not staged a performance for ten years, when plays were put on in the Chapel and in the gardens. It has now been reformed with the idea of performing a play in the Michaelmas Term 1964, and the College Council have agreed to allow the society the use of the dining-hall for this purpose. At present, the actual play has not been decided upon, but it will almost certainly be an Elizabethan or Jacobean comedy. Auditions will be at the beginning of the Michaelmas Term. It is to be hoped that a College of our size will produce enough actors, technicians, and spectators to make this venture a success.

## THE PURCHAS SOCIETY

*President:* R. S. DILLEY. *Secretary:* G. G. POOLE*Vice-Presidents:* DR G. E. DANIEL, THE REV. J. S. BEZZANT*Senior Treasurer:* MR B. H. FARMER. *Junior Treasurer:* J. T. ROBERTS*Librarian:* MR C. T. SMITH*Esquire Bedells:* DR C. VITA-FINZI, MR D. R. STODDART

This has been a year of customary Purchasian distinction. It was opened by Dr Vita-Finzi in disarming mood, speaking on "Jordan". At the following meeting Mr P. Haggett investigated the problems of gathering and plotting effective information of spatial distributions in "The Scale Frontier". Dr G. E. Daniel gave a characteristically informal talk on "False Archaeology" from the comfort of the President's armchair; and the Michaelmas Term ended with an open meeting at which Mr A. T. Grove spoke on "The Volta Dam and Delta".

Dr R. Griffin opened the Lent Term with a brilliantly illustrated talk on "Alaska". He flattered the Society by learning the whole structural evolution of North America beforehand. Miss J. B. Mitchell gave her impressions of "Rural Japan" to the open meeting in February—Purchasians sensed an epic quality in her journeyings. The President chose to speak on "Andora" and

Mr B. H. Farmer on "A Purchasian Pilgrimage through the Wastelands of India", having recently returned from the sub-continent.

The Sixteenth Annual General Dinner was held in February, at which Professor M. J. Wise and Dr Stern were the Society's guests.

The Dean has very kindly agreed to be a Vice-President of the Society and we look forward to his company in his retirement.

Dr C. Vita-Finzi has been appointed lecturer at the University College, London, and we wish him all success there while pressing him to retain his arduous office in this Society.

At the time of writing, a boat manned largely by Purchasians may be seen daily on the river presenting a hazard to navigation. Beyond the ambitions of our President and his VIII there is a sense of fulfilment in this for our Patron, the Revd Samuel Purchas, who after a lifetime of exploration is believed to have called in his dying hour for a galley of fit men and true.

G. G. POOLE.

## College Notes

### *New Year Honours, 1964*

Knight Bachelor: ERNEST JOHN HUNTER (Matric. 1931), chairman of Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson, Limited, shipbuilders, of Wallsend, and president of the British Employers' Confederation.

C.B.E.: FREDERIC GORDON SMITH (B.A. 1932), principal actuary, Government Actuary's Department.

SAMUEL GAIRDNER GIBSON EDGAR (B.A. 1923), editor, Statutory Publications Office, Westminster.

### *Elected into Research Fellowships, May 1964*

Dr P. B. BOWDEN (B.A. 1959, from Gonville and Caius College) in Metallurgy.

Mr R. E. EMMERICK (B.A. 1961) in Oriental Studies.

Mr R. N. PERHAM (B.A. 1961) in Biochemistry.

Mr G. A. REID (B.A. 1962) in Mathematics.

### *University Awards*

Smith's Prize: G. A. REID (B.A. 1962).

Montagu Butler Prize and Sir William Browne's Medals for Greek Ode or Elegy and for Latin Epigram: J. DIGGLE (Matric. 1962).

Grants from the Ord Travel Fund: M. ROBERTS (Matric. 1962) and G. N. SALMON (Matric. 1961).

Mr P. A. STRITTMATTER (B.A. 1961) has been awarded a Harkness Fellowship of the Commonwealth Fund.

Dr J. DE V. GRAAFF (Ph.D. 1950), formerly Fellow, and Dr J. T. WILSON (B.A. 1932), Professor of Geophysics in the University of Toronto, have been elected into Overseas Fellowships in Churchill College.

Mr B. G. NEWMAN (B.A. 1947), Canadair Professor of Aerodynamics in McGill University, Montreal, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Aeronautical Society.

Mr T. P. LANKESTER (Matric. 1961) has been awarded a Henry Fellowship at Yale University.

Mr F. HOYLE (B.A. 1936), Fellow, and Mr P. V. DANCKWERTS (M.A. 1948), Fellow of Pembroke College, have been elected honorary members of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

The first F. F. Blackman Memorial Lecture was fittingly given by a Fellow of Mr Blackman's College, Emeritus Professor G. E. BRIGGS (B.A. 1915), on "A half-century of Plant Physiology".

*Prizes, etc.*

The Swiney Prize for the best published work on General Jurisprudence has been awarded to Dr G. L. WILLIAMS (B.A. 1933), formerly Fellow, jointly with another.

The Wollaston Medal of the Geological Society of London has been awarded to Sir HAROLD JEFFREYS (B.A. 1913), Fellow.

The Founder's Medal of the Royal Geographical Society has been awarded to Dr L. S. B. LEAKEY (B.A. 1926).

Mr V. L. BARLEY (B.A. 1963) has been awarded the Radcliffe Infirmary Prize in Medicine for 1964.

The Hopkins Prize of the Cambridge Philosophical Society has been awarded to Mr J. M. ZIMAN (incorp. M.A. 1952), Fellow of King's College.

*University Appointments*

Mr S. F. BARNETT (Matric. 1938) to be University Lecturer in Veterinary Parasitology, Department of Animal Pathology.

Dr M. D. COWLEY (B.A. 1955), formerly Fellow, to be a University Lecturer in Engineering.

Mr S. J. TAMBIAH, Commonwealth Fellow, to be a University Lecturer in Social Anthropology.

Dr D. J. H. GARLING (B.A. 1960), Fellow, and Dr H. T. CROFT (B.A. 1958), Fellow of Peterhouse, to be University Lecturer in Mathematics.

Mr P. V. LANDSHOFF (B.A. 1959), formerly Fellow, Fellow of Christ's College, to be a University Assistant Lecturer in Applied Mathematics.

Dr J. B. BEER (B.A. 1950), formerly Fellow, to be a University Lecturer in English.

Mr J. C. ODLING-SMEE (Matric. 1961) to be a Junior Research Officer in the Department of Applied Economics.

Mr A. G. SMITH (B.A. 1958) to be a University Demonstrator in Geology.

*Academic Appointments*

Mr DYFED LEWIS (B.A. 1949), Reader in Agricultural Chemistry in the University of Nottingham, has been appointed Professor of Agricultural Chemistry in the University of Leeds.

Dr R. PENROSE (Ph.D. 1957), formerly Fellow, has been appointed Reader in Mathematics at Birkbeck College, University of London.

Mr R. W. NEWELL (M.A. 1963), Fellow, has been appointed Lecturer in Philosophy in the University of East Anglia.

Dr W. S. MACKENZIE (Ph.D. 1953) has been appointed Professor of Petrology in the University of Manchester.

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

Mr J. GUNSON (B.A. 1956) has been appointed a lecturer in Mathematical Physics in the University of Birmingham.

Dr S. GILL (B.A. 1947), formerly Fellow, has been appointed Professor of Computing Science at the Imperial College of Science and Technology in the University of London.

Mr P. M. DAVIDSON (B.A. 1924) has been appointed Professor of Theoretical Physics in University College of Swansea.

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

Mr F. M. KUNA, University Lecturer in German, has been appointed lecturer in German, and Mr J. D. ELSWORTH (B.A. 1961) assistant lecturer in Russian, in the University of East Anglia, from 1 October 1964.

Dr G. S. MAHAJANI (B.A. 1924) has been appointed the first Vice-Chancellor of the new University of Udaipur, Rajasthan, India.

Mr K. W. J. POST (B.A. 1957) has been appointed lecturer in the Centre for Russia and in the Department of Political Science in the University of Birmingham, from 1 October 1964.

Dr J. R. RINGROSE (B.A. 1953), formerly Fellow, has been elected into the second Professorship of Pure Mathematics in the University of Newcastle.

Mr I. P. WATT (B.A. 1938), formerly Fellow, Professor and Dean of English Studies in the University of East Anglia, has been appointed Professor of English in Stamford University, California.

Mr W. M. FAIRBAIRN (B.A. 1951), formerly Fellow, lecturer in Mathematics in the University of Manchester, has been appointed senior lecturer in theoretical physics in the University of Lancaster.

*Scholastic Appointment*

Mr J. F. ROE (B.A. 1956) has been appointed English master at Peterhouse Church of England School, Marandellas, Southern Rhodesia.

*Other Appointments*

Mr J. H. W. MEARS (Matric. 1925) has been elected Chairman of the Football Association.

Mr R. DUNKLEY (B.A. 1958), of the Central Office of Information, has been appointed information officer of the British Federation of Master Printers.

Mr F. A. ESPLEY (B.A. 1941) has been appointed administrative Officer in the Ulster Farmers' Union, Belfast.

Mr D. J. O. MANN (B.A. 1957) has been appointed assistant to the works manager at Lysaght's Steel Works at Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire.

Mr D. W. L. HAVILAND (B.A. 1933), C.B., Deputy Secretary, Ministry of Aviation, has been appointed joint managing director of Staveley Industries.

Mr C. F. CARTER (B.A. 1944), Vice-Chancellor of the University of Lancaster, has been appointed chairman of the Schools Broadcasting Council, from August 1964.

#### *Ecclesiastical*

The Rev. J. L. R. HALE (B.A. 1925), curate of Bowden, Cheshire, to be rector of St Leonard, Colchester.

The Rev. D. J. STRICKLAND (B.A. 1935), rector of Sheldon, Birmingham, and rural dean of Coleshill, to be an Honorary Canon of Birmingham Cathedral.

The Rev. W. H. DEW (B.A. 1924), vicar of Barrow on Soar, Leicestershire, to be rector of Medbourne with Holt, Market Harborough, Leicestershire—a College living.

#### *Retirements*

The Rev. H. A. THOMAS (B.A. 1907), vicar of Dobcross, Oldham, Lancashire.

#### *Ordinations*

22 December 1963:

#### *Deacon*

T. W. W. PEMBERTON (B.A. 1950), Cuddesdon College, by the Bishop of Shrewsbury, at St Chad's, Shrewsbury, to St Chad's. 21 December 1963:

#### *Priest*

The Rev. J. M. TARRANT (B.A. 1959), by the Bishop of London.

#### *Legal*

Mr W. L. MARS-JONES, Q.C. (B.A. 1939) has been elected a Master of the Bench of Gray's Inn.

Mr B. S. FOSTER (B.A. 1949), solicitor, has been appointed clerk to Grantham Borough and Spitalgate Magistrates' Court, Grantham.

Mr W. H. GRIFFITHS (B.A. 1948) of the Inner Temple, and Mr S. W. TEMPLEMAN (B.A. 1941), barristers at law, have been appointed to the rank of Queen's Counsel.

Mr D. J. COUNCELL (B.A. 1961) obtained a second class in the Law Society Qualifying Examination, Part II, and has been awarded the Sheffield, Child and Mackrell Prizes.

#### *Medical*

Dr G. H. DHENIN (B.A. 1939), G.M., group captain, R.A.F., has been appointed Officer Commanding, R.A.F. Hospital, Ely.

Mr M. L. JOHNSON (B.A. 1955), captain, R.A.M.C., has been elected a Member of the Royal College of Physicians.

Mr H. T. LAYCOCK (B.A. 1932) has been appointed surgeon-superintendent, Bay of Islands Hospital, Kawakawa, New Zealand.

Mr J. P. LYTHGOE (B.A. 1947) has been appointed consultant surgeon, Preston and Chorley Hospital Group, Lancashire.

#### *Marriages*

DAVID JOHN ALFRED CLINES (B.A. 1963) to DAWN NAOMI JOSEPH, daughter of S. E. Joseph—in December 1963, at Queen Edith Chapel, Wulfstan Way, Cambridge.

CHARLES IAN MILWARD O'BRIEN (B.A. 1950) to MARION CEINWEDD MARY LLOYD, younger daughter of D. R. Lloyd—on 19 October 1963, at St Mark's Church, Surbiton.

TREVOR WYNN WILLIAMS (B.A. 1955) to KIRSTEN JENSEN, daughter of H. Stenberg Jensen, of Aarhus, Denmark—on 9 January 1964, at Mill Hill East Congregational Church, London.

ROBERT ALAN NAPIER (B.A. 1962), to FRANCES CLAIR SKINNER, elder daughter of Alan F. Skinner, of Woolpit, Suffolk—on 4 January 1964 at Woolpit Parish Church.

MARTIN BERNARD CARRUTHERS SIMPSON (B.A. 1957), to PATRICIA JEAN SUTHERLAND HAND—on 6 October 1962, at Toronto, Canada.

RICHARD ANTHONY LOWNDES (Matric. 1961), to ELIZABETH JEANNE HOYLE, daughter of Professor FRED HOYLE, Fellow—on 28 February 1964, in the College Chapel.

ANDREW JOHN INGLIS SWEET (B.A. 1952), to ROSALINDA SARAH YUILLE—on 2 April 1964, at Holy Trinity Church, Prince Consort Road, London, S.W.7.

DAVID JOHN MARSHALL (B.A. 1963), to JACQUELINE THOMPSON, daughter of J. E. Thompson, of Worthing—on 21 March 1964, at St Mary's Church, Sompting, Sussex.

RICHARD ALLEYN KINGDON HASLAM (B.A. 1952), to WINIFRED JUDITH MANNING, eldest daughter of W. R. D. Manning, of St Albans—on 9 April 1964, at St Peter's Church, St Albans.

#### *Deaths*

FREDERICK FARRAR GLEDSTONE (B.A. 1907), formerly S.P.G. missionary in Dornakal, South India and Archdeacon of the Deccan, died at Whitley Bay, Northumberland, 7 December 1963, aged 78.

TERENCE VINCENT CRAIG (B.A. 1925), died in Johannesburg, 17 December 1963, aged 60.

TOSHIO NAKANO (Matric. 1963), research student, died suddenly in Cambridge, 25 December 1963.

WILLIAM HENRY BOWEN (Hon. M.A. 1928), for many years consulting surgeon at Addenbrooke's Hospital, died in Cambridge, 31 December 1963, aged 85.

FREELING OSWALD MILLNS EARP (B.A. 1915), for many years science master at Westminster School, died at Cheddington, Buckinghamshire, 4 January 1964, aged 71.

ARNOLD ELLIOT BUTTON (B.A. 1911), died in London, 14 January 1964, aged 75.

DONALD CAMPION (Matric. 1923), C.B.E., Brigadier, late Director of Army Requirements at the War Office, died 17 January 1964, aged 65.

ROBERT SLEIGHTHOLME FRANKS (B.A. 1893), Principal of Western (Congregational) College, Bristol, from 1910 to 1939, died at Bristol, 20 January 1964, aged 92.

ARCHIBALD HAYMAN ROBERTSON GOLDIE (B.A. 1913), C.B.E., formerly deputy director of the Meteorological Office, died at Stirling, 24 January 1964, aged 75.

OLIVER GRAY (B.A. 1921), medical practitioner at Haslemere, Surrey, died 28 January 1964, aged 65.

EDGAR ANDERSON AVERAY JONES (B.A. 1896), M.B.E., formerly magistrate and district commissioner in Northern Nigeria, died at Cheltenham, 7 February 1964, aged 88.

JOHN HARRISON MILNES (B.A. 1901), Congregational minister, formerly Bursar of Mansfield College, Oxford, died at Sevenoaks, Kent, 16 February 1964, aged 87.

THOMAS CLIFFORD DURLEY (B.A. 1926), civil engineer, died at Chelmsford, 27 February 1964, aged 59.

WILLIAM FRANCIS SWORDS (B.A. 1908), Q.C., of the Middle Temple, died at Hove, 4 March 1964, aged 90.

ERNEST JOHNSTON (B.A. 1901), formerly Underwriter at Lloyd's, died at Hove, 4 March 1964, aged 83.

ALEXANDER KERR WHITAKER (B.A. 1902), vicar of Ravenfield, Rotherham, Yorkshire, from 1910 to 1949, died 27 February 1964, aged 85, at Brinkley, near Newmarket, where his son, the Rev. P. R. K. WHITAKER (B.A. 1931), is rector.

MALCOLM CHARTERIS JOHNSTON (B.A. 1920), sometime superintendent of staff, Selfridge's, Oxford Street, died at Leamington Spa, 20 March 1964, aged 68.

THOMAS FORSYTH McLLWRAITH (B.A. 1921), Professor of Anthropology in the University of Toronto, died in Toronto, 29 March 1964, aged 64.

GRAFTON LATIMER ELLIOT SMITH (B.A. 1925), formerly of the Sudan Political Service and a Rowing Blue, died in Oxford, 29 March 1964, aged 60.

MAN WONG (B.A. 1916), M.D., formerly Dean of Sun Yat-Sen Medical College, Canton, died in Hong Kong, September 1963, aged 68.

DERYK LIVINGSTON HERBAGE (B.A. 1923), died at Hillingdon Hospital, Uxbridge, 5 April 1964, aged 63.

CHARLES WILLIAM BRYDON WRIGHT (M.A. 1921), formerly lecturer on Horticulture for the Board of Agricultural Studies, died at Orpington, Kent, 8 April 1964, aged 81.

KAILASH CHANDRA MAHINDRA (Matric. 1915; B.A. 1918, from Fitzwilliam House), of the firm Mahindra and Mahindra Limited, automobile and textile engineers, died in Bombay, 31 October 1963, aged 70.

GEORGE CARNEGIE-BROWN (B.A. 1928), in medical practice at Sleaford, died 26 March 1964, aged 58.

ALBERT EARLE (B.A. 1893), canon and prebendary of York Minster, founder of the Earle Prize in the College, died 25 March 1963, aged 90.

ANDREW BRISBIN FOSTER (B.A. 1929), formerly Head of the Commonwealth Branch of the United States State Department in Washington, died at Norwich, Vermont, U.S.A., 8 October 1963, aged 60.

ALASTAIR FORBES (B.A. 1931), died at Saffron Walden in March 1964, aged 53.

KENNETH FREDERICK THOMAS MILLS (B.A. 1921), Superintendent of the General Hospital, Johannesburg, South Africa, died there 2 April 1964, aged 63.

WALTER SYMINGTON MACLAY (B.A. 1922), C.B., O.B.E., formerly Senior Medical Commissioner of the Board of Control, and Senior Principal Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, died at Newbury, Berkshire, 27 April 1964 aged 62.

REGINALD ALAN ALLDRED (B.A. 1921), died in London, 3 May 1964, aged 67.

PERCY JAMES GRIGG (B.A. 1912), P.C., K.C.B., K.C.S.I., Honorary Fellow, died in London, 5 May 1964, aged 73.

## College Awards

### ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS, DECEMBER 1963

#### *Scholarships:*

Beare, R. A., Latymer Upper School, Hammersmith, for Mathematics (Baylis Scholarship). Bold, G. H., West Park Grammar School, St Helens, for Modern Languages. Charlton, P. J., Emanuel School, Wandsworth, for Mathematics. Cooper, A. G. B., Berkhamsted School, for Natural Sciences (United Steel Companies Scholarship). Cosh, H. G., Clifton College, Bristol, for Mathematics. Davies, R. R., Manchester Grammar School, for Modern Languages. Dennis, T. J., Magdalen College School, Oxford, for Classics. Eades, J. S., Bristol Grammar School, for Classics. Field, M. J., Woking Grammar School, for Mathematics. Hammond, J. L., Clifton College, Bristol, for Mathematics (Townsend Scholarship). Heyworth, M. F., Cheltenham Grammar School, for Natural Sciences (Rolleston Scholarship). Holdcroft, I. T., Manchester Grammar School, for Classics (Patchett Scholarship). Hurst, H. R., Rugby School, for Classics (Henry Arthur Thomas Scholarship). Inglesfield, J. E., Kendal Grammar School, for Natural Sciences. Malloch, A. J. C., Tiffin School, Kingston upon Thames, for Natural Sciences. Moir, W. J., Dulwich College, for History. New, R. J., Bristol Grammar School, for Mathematics (Baylis Scholarship). Shaw, D. L., Dulwich College, for Mathematics. Watts, J. M., Hurstpierpoint College, Hassocks, for Classics. Weitzman, M. P., Hasmonean Grammar School, N.W.4, for Biblical Hebrew (Rogerson Scholarship). Welberry, T. R., Boston Grammar School, for Natural Sciences. Worden, R. P., St Edward's School, Oxford, for Natural Sciences (Whytehead Scholarship). Wray, P., Pocklington School, for Natural Sciences.

#### Scholarships were awarded as follows:—

7 each for Mathematics and Natural Sciences,  
5 for Classics,  
2 for Modern Languages, and  
1 each for Biblical Hebrew and History.

This makes a total of 23 scholarships.

#### *Exhibitions:*

Adams, J. W., Newcastle under Lyme High School, for Natural Sciences. Babb, R. J., Bristol Grammar School, for Natural Sciences. Berkeley, R. L. S., Shrewsbury School, for Mathematics. Boys Smith, S. W., Sherborne School, for History. Brown, B. C. D., King's College School, Wimbledon, for English. Burgess, J. C., King Edward's School, Birmingham, for Classics. Butler, R. H., Felsted School, for Natural Sciences. Cretton, C. P., St John's College, Southsea, for Natural Sciences. Crosby, R. A. C., Ardingly College, for History. Cunningham, S. W., Nottingham High School, for Mathematics. Dangerfield, A., Wednesbury High School, for Modern Languages. Davie, R. M., The Perse School, Cambridge, for the General Examination. Dewar, A. J., Haberdashers' Aske's School, Elstree, for Natural Sciences. Gill, C. J., Cowbridge Grammar School, for Classics. Gould, D. H., City of London School, for Natural Sciences. Green,

J. A. S., Norwich School, for History. Hackman, F. J. P., Newmarket Grammar School, for Geography. Hare, P. G., Malet Lambert High School, Hull, for Mathematics. Horsler, T., Plymouth College, for English. Jones, G. H., Cowbridge Grammar School, for Natural Sciences. Linley, K. T., Sir Robert Manwood's Grammar School, Sandwich, for English. Macnair, G. H., Malvern College, for Mathematics. Mole, A., Queen Mary's Grammar School, Walsall, for Modern Languages. Newman, J. A., St Alban's School, for Mathematics. Pickering, R. M., Lincoln School, for Mathematics with Physics. Pickin, W. F., Mount St Mary's College, Spinkhill, for Mathematics with Physics. Reid, P. N., Campbell College, Belfast, for English. Worthington, G. A., Wigan Grammar School, for Classics.

#### Exhibitions were awarded as follows:—

7 for Mathematics, including 2 for Mathematics with Physics,  
7 for Natural Sciences,  
4 for English,  
3 each for Classics and History,  
2 for Modern Languages, and  
1 each for Geography and the General Examination.

This makes a total of 28 Exhibitions.

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

Cox, I. R., Chatham House Grammar School, Ramsgate.

### CHORAL STUDENTSHIPS 1964

#### *Alto:*

Coulton, D. J., Magdalen College School, Oxford.

#### *Tenor:*

Birts, P. W., Lancing College.

#### *For 1965:*

#### *Bass:*

Mathers, B. A., Wells Cathedral School.