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The Eagle

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Editorial Committee

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

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Lady Margaret's Moscow

ONE of the undeniable advantages (well, attributes) of the editorship of *The Eagle* is the opportunity it affords to keep up, in a fashion, with Russian affairs. For reasons best known to themselves, the mysterious Muscovites who lurk in Kensington Palace Gardens (so conveniently near Princess Margaret) have for years now been sending us copies of *Soviet News*. They make no charge, which is truly generous, since thanks to them we on *The Eagle* can keep up with what the Kremlin says in a fashion otherwise confined to professional Kremlinologists and especially devoted Party members. For *Soviet News*, which comes out, on average, three times a week, is a highly concentrated extract of *Pravda;* four pages of pure Tass News Agency prose. It would be nice, in return for this little newsheet, to send the Russians *The Eagle:* but none of them are members of the college, so *sorry Tovarich.* Be content with the thought of good deeds done; or take this, the only acknowledgement.

There are those, no doubt (citizens of a certain Western Power) who would insinuate that *Soviet News*, in spite of its exact and unpretentious name, is a mere tedious propaganda leaflet, printed on the usual loathsome cheap paper in the usual loathsome type familiar (if not dear) to all those students of marxism who have had to read the works of Lenin in the editions put out by Moscow. But this charge can easily be rebutted from several standpoints. In the first place it is clear that a society engaged in building socialism and beating the Americans to the Moon has better things to do with its money than pander to the decadent eye of Western bourgeois aesthetes. Secondly, it would scarcely be consistent with the austere and intelligent priorities of the Soviet system to make an exception, in order to titillate English capitalist jackals, in the hope of caressing them into co-operation or, anyway, tolerance of Leninist activities. In fact, the ungracious aspect of *Soviet News* must be seen as a necessary advertisement of sincerity; a means of making the highmindedness of its editors palpable, undeniable. It is a tribute, also, to their journalistic

skill that they have produced over five thousand numbers, and held their readers for that long, while continuing to prove their virtue in this unappetising fashion. For the fact that *Soviet News*, as we write, has got to number 5,119 (and may have got to number 6,119 before this issue of *The Eagle* appears) surely must mean that it has gained, or at least has not mislaid, readers during its thirty-odd years of life. The Soviet Embassy would surely not waste energy and money for all that time in producing a paper that nobody read except Edward Crankshaw? Therefore we must assume that the Embassy *knows* that enough people read *Soviet News* to make its production worth-while—and it is more than the editor of, say, the *Sun* can boast—and, further, that *S.N.* is read because the journalism that puts it together is accomplished enough to make the fact that it looks like a handy substitute for lavatory-rolls seem irrelevant.

And in fact we on *The Eagle* can not only testify to the journalistic genius of *S.N.* by virtue of this sort of deductive logic; as faithful readers we are able to lay bare the secret itself. For we can relate how we ourselves got hooked.

It happened almost without our noticing. The wordy headlines ("SPACE VICTORY IS SYMBOL OF THE GREAT ADVANTAGES OF SOCIALISM") did not compel us to study the stories they announced, and frequently we could not even bring ourselves to open the little packets containing *S.N.* as they arrived—the wastepaper basket gaped invitingly. But this was merely the cunning of that ingenious journal. Its editors knew that, however seldom we read *S.N.*, we could scarcely fail to note how often the name NIKITA KHRUSHCHOV figured in the headlines. Perhaps they knew something else, too. At any rate, one day, as we all know, a Mr Nikita Khrushchev (presumably the same fellow) lost his job as Secretary of the C.P.S.U. and first minister of the U.S.S.R. A bundle from the Russian Embassy was due: eagerly we tore the wrapper off to see how *S.N.* would deal with this dramatic development. Our wildest hopes were surpassed. The bundle contained three issues, with the latest on the top. It proclaimed THE IMMUTABLE LENINIST GENERAL LINE OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF THE SOVIET UNION, and, though Nikita Khrushchov had not been out of power a week, did not name him or allude to him once. There was a little story on page 39 detailing the leaders of socialist countries who had sent congratulations to Messrs Brezhnev and Kosygin. They included Mao Tse-tung, Liu Shao-chi, Chu Teh and Chou En-lai. There was a rather longer story on the same page headed C.P.S.U. SLOGANS FOR ANNIVERSARY OF OCTOBER SOCIALIST REVOLUTION. We read it with interest, longing to learn what it was modish to shout.

The result startled us: "Raise higher the banner of international solidarity!" "Peoples of socialist countries, the international working-class movement, peoples waging the national liberation struggle and all anti-imperialist forces—rally in the struggle for the common cause!" (We particularly admired the placing of the dash in that one—one would need to draw breath just at that point.) "Working people of all continents—unite in the struggle against imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism, for peace, democracy and national liberation and for socialism!" (That seemed to us less successful—obviously they almost forgot about socialism and had to tack it on the end in a hurry.) But about the lost leader we could not discover a word.

The next issue of *S.N.* in the pile had what, to date, is the last allusion to Mr K, and it was manfully mendacious: Nikita Khrushchov Asks to be Released from Posts on Grounds of Age and Ill Health. We spontaneously admired the gall of a propaganda sheet in a literate country, rotten with the lies of capitalism, that could make such a bold statement. Plainly our Muscovites do not write to be believed, in Britain at any rate. What moral courage that takes: to see it thus displayed makes reading *S.N.* well worth while. And while thus sensitized to the medium, as it were, we speculated happily as to why, in its Biographical Notes, this issue of *Soviet News* gave us only the grimmest sketch of Brezhnev's career—("May 1937, when he was elected Vice-Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Dnieprodzerzhinsk City Soviet, saw the beginning of his state and party work. In 1938 he became secretary of the Dniepropetrovsk regional committee of the C.P.S.U.") it served up Mr Kosygin almost tenderly: "It is quite possible that 60 year old Alexei Kosygin owes his capacity for work to his devotion to sport. In summer he is always glad of the opportunity to play volleyball and in winter he likes to go skiing or skating." Probably the explanation is that they have different P.R. men, as if they were American politicians; but it was nice to toy with the idea of some esoteric significance.

It was even nicer to read the previous issue. There, messages of congratulation to Nikita Khrushchov and Anastas Mikoyan on the three-man space flight pour in from all quarters except Peking.

It was nicest of all to note, in subsequent issues of *Soviet News*, that delegations from the French, Italian and Czechoslovak communist parties had visited Moscow, and that no hint, no breath, suggested that these visits had anything to do with recent events. There was no remote suggestion of the possibility that these parties might have been making enquiries, or protests, or demanding explanations. What (from the *S.N.* point of view) was there to explain?

But by the time we noticed these post-Khrushchov developments we were, plainly, caught—enslaved readers. And why? Because, in the age of the anti-novel, the anti-play, and the anti-painting, the Russians have sprung into the lead with the anti-newspaper. Long live *Soviet News*! Of what other paper can one say that one reads it, not because it is good, but because it is bad?

Correspondence

From the EARL OF TRUMPINGTON.

Dear Sir,

I have noted recently that *The Times* newspaper has been advocating the compilation at New Scotland Yard of a file of photographs, fingerprints, and personal histories of all convicted criminals. May I suggest that, for the benefit of the body collegiate, a similar file be kept of all fellows of the college? Members and servants will then be able to recognize friend or foe at will, at high table, or in the open country, and the lamentable practice, by elderly local vagrants, of obtaining port under false pretences can be ended. A senior member of the college disclosed to me recently that an elderly gentleman continually referred to as Professor was nothing more than a local tradesman, who uses Third Hall as an alternative to the civic restaurant on Thursday evenings and Sundays. A further disgraceful aspect of this case was that the steward was apparently willing to cash his Luncheon Voucher at a discount and even to provide him with an alternative to the pudding. Is it surprising, therefore, if one detects in the younger generation of undergraduates something verging on disrespect for the older and more venerable members of the college?

etc., etc.,
TRUMPINGTON.
Trumpington, Cambs.

Dear Sir or Madam,

Oxbridge and Redbrick make strange bedfellows. The sexual urge properly used is a beautiful thing. In a world of nuclear arms, specialist studies, and marshmallow culture, this is even more the case. Many of my friends wondered why I left Cambridge (First Class Honours B.A. 1964 Religious Knowledge). They were not aware as I was that many so-called undergraduates were foaming at the mouth with sexual frustration *on public money*. In my own case Redbrick offered, counting the various training colleges (which are for social purposes affiliated to the universities) a relief from the Achilles Heel (!) the delicate subject of sex ratio (!!) that obsess you in Cambridge where you are. We in Smethwick are something like equal, and we have no trouble in finding suitable partners for life or others. How unlike Cambridge, you may say. May I suggest that like-minded people to

myself take a plunge into the deep-running culture at Smethwick Univ. and join forces with all of us here.

Yours ever,

DIRK THRUSTHUSBAND.

The Students Union, Smethwick.

Dear Sir,

My wife and I would like to say that though we very, very much appreciated your lovely old tumbledown college and all its picturesque old inhabitants (and may we also say we certainly did particularly appreciate that very gracious old professor who let my wife shoot him on the Bridge of Sobs for her home movie) we were also very, very shocked by the low calorie content of the food that your students were eating during our visit in your majestic old hall. My wife could hardly sleep that night for worrying about them, and I too had to take 17 tranquilizers. It then occurred to us that vitamin tablets might be an appreciated token of appreciation, for we know the difficulties which you had to contend with during World War Two. A consignment will therefore be arriving by next mail.

Sincerely,

RETRIBUTION T. PALMS III.

Toronto, Canada.

Sir,

May I appeal to any member of the College who knows the name of the charming lady I observed bricklaying in the Chapel on Ash Wednesday to communicate with me at once? I have been a widower so long.

Yours, etc.,

D. VORTIGERN GRIMES.

"Brogwood", Cambs.

Mistah Kurtz: He Dead

MANY of the obituary notices of T. S. Eliot remarked on his kindness, his active helpfulness to young writers, and even to mere would-be writers, but there was hardly room in them for concrete and personal description of the means by which this kindness and helpfulness were exerted. As one of those who benefited from these qualities, at a time when they meant very much to me, I am trying to describe them a little more fully. I should, of course, have expressed my gratitude to Eliot himself, and often thought of doing so, but funked it, partly because of his eminence, and even more because it could hardly have seemed that my gratitude was much worth having. For that failure, this attempt is an appropriate penance, since I must in the course of it claim almost publicly what I hesitated to presume upon in a private letter to him:—an acquaintance with him. But it is perhaps fair to add at once that at the time when he was so good to me, his eminence was very different indeed from what it became in recent years. It was no whit less in itself, but it was apparent to but a small circle of readers, of which my own generation made up the outer enthusiastic fringe.

My first acquaintance with Eliot was of course through his poetry, which I first read in the mid-twenties, under those stimulating difficulties which lent such poignant attraction to extra-curricular reading at a boarding school. The days were full—or rather filled for us by ingenious and distrustful masters who believed that "Mischief still the tempter finds, For idle hands and idle minds." They kept him captive in his lair by leaving no more than a few quarters of an hour unaccounted for in our daily lives. The nights closed round us early in the dormitories, long before my capacity for reading was exhausted. In the junior school, much of my reading was done by flashlight under the bedclothes, but it was terribly expensive in batteries, and in other ways unrewarding:—I remember reading *Dracula* thus, and put down its lack of effect on me to the dulling of my perceptions by the suffocating fug within this tent of bedclothes. By the time I had covered the gap between *Dracula* and Eliot. I was senior enough to have more room for manoeuvre, and my more private reading was done in the only place where a light, however dim, shone all night, and where one could, however incommodiously, sit down. But although conditions were much improved by this change, my own perceptions were still very limited, and the effect of Eliot's poetry on me was in some ways oddly like what I had

been assured I should get from *Dracula*, and had failed to find in it. The main structure of its comment on the age, the suggestive drift of its remedies, were almost wholly lost on me, but from the imagery of deserts and waste places I got the kind of direct thrill which had failed to emerge from werewolves, ruined abbeys, and the rituals of necrophily. The language, too, struck me with that tang which, in the last analysis, can perhaps only be tasted fully from writing which is deeply and even violently contemporary. It was a shock wholly delightful to find that poetry could use "a selection of the language really used by men." And my delight in this poetry was enhanced when my English master picked the book up from my desk one day, glanced at it for a few minutes, and handed it back with the advice that I should not waste my time on such "Bolshevik" stuff. My own unspeakable and unreadable verses were, of course, full of desert scenery, red rocks, and rats feet slithering over broken glass. Eliot's images for the barren waste of English culture lent themselves very readily to an indulgence in the facile melancholies of adolescence which was, in those days, a very long-drawn-out affair:—some of us can only hope to attain maturity in the wood. I came up to Cambridge with a fair stock of verses in this manner, and here, of course, I met many other young men from other schools with similar portfolios.

It was a year or two later when I first met Eliot himself, through Herbert Read, another notable patron of young writers, at a *Criterion* party above *The Poetry Bookshop* which Harold Munro kept gallantly in being opposite the British Museum. It was there, indeed, that I had bought my copy of Eliot's poems four or five years earlier, and many other books of the same kind, but not of quite the same quality, including the *Chapbooks* in which Harold Munro combined the last flings of Georgian poetry with what was left of the Imagists. In those last years at school, and in my early years at Cambridge, I was provincial enough to believe that there must be a metropolis somewhere, some kind of centre for the world of letters and culture. London as a whole being obviously too vastly amorphous and too grossly provincial to fill this bill, I was forced to create this centre for myself. Its eastern boundaries were the Bloomsbury squares, in one of which Eliot worked as a publisher and editor of *The Criterion;* to the west, it ended in Fitzrovia, so named after *The Fitzroy Tavern* in Charlotte Street, a pub with much character in those days, not all of it good; the northern boundary was vague, but the southern was beyond any question *The Poetry Bookshop*, and I went to that party fully convinced that at last I was going to see something of this real metropolis. And so, in a sense, I did; enough, at least, to set in motion the process by which

I was, not too long afterwards, liberated from that particular provincial illusion. Of the party itself, I remember little but drink and noise: Harold Munro's rather lugubrious elegance—"I've seen you downstairs, haven't I?"—his first recognition of my long series of pilgrimages to his shop: an Imagist poet called Frank Flint who produced for my benefit some fearful images—one about a red gash in a black cat haunted me on and off for years afterwards (the trouble with experience is that one can only have it, never un-have it). But Eliot was there, composed, gently sardonic, and quite evidently the most forceful, though also much the quietest person in the room. He asked me whether I had been writing anything that might do for *The Criterion*, and I gave him an over-optimistic reply.

I hope that his biographers and critics will, in their summing-up of his achievements, do no less than justice to his editorship of *The Criterion*, and to its relevance to his large design of preserving some kind of coherence and some standards worth having in English culture. It was, I suppose, the last example of a practice which had grown up in the nineteenth century among publishers, of running a periodical in double harness with book-publishing, and using it partly as a trial and recruiting ground for their authors; partly as a way of giving their work preliminary or partial publication. At its best, it was a very lively kind of symbiosis, and its liveliness coincided with what may well turn out to have been the golden age of serious publishing, with *The Criterion* its last astonishing survival into another age of inferior metal. And Eliot should certainly be remembered, not only as one of the first great poets of the twentieth century, but also as the last great periodical editor of the nineteenth. None of his predecessors could have showed more diligence, courtesy and personal concern for the recruiting of young writers, for exploring the temper of their generation, and encouraging them to put as good a face as possible on being themselves. His usual method of doing all these things was the luncheon, *à deux*. I still remember very vividly my own first experience of this institution, not long after that meeting in *The Poetry Bookshop*. We met at his office high up above Russell Square, where the atmosphere was of a hard morning's work just being completed, and walked through the heart of my imagined metropolis to a French restaurant in Charlotte Street, where the food, carefully chosen by Eliot, was as admirable as it was beyond my own means. The conversation was even better, and quite beyond my means. Eliot was ready to elicit young theories and tender ambitions, and to listen to them with an attentive kindliness beyond praise. He would give advice, too, especially if he had been burdened with some of the writing for which he had asked, and to which he had evidently given the sort

of care which made one feel that he ought to be spending his time better than that. One injunction of his I remember particularly, because I have never been able to follow it, and because he often had some difficulty in following it himself. It was to the effect that, in writing a piece for *The Criterion*, one should record opinions simply and forcibly, omitting all the qualifications and cautions which scholarly diffidence would wish to drape round them. "People like just to be told what to think," he said. He would talk too, though more warily, about his own concerns. Because I was then reading Classics, and because he insisted on exaggerating the extent to which I was doing so, he liked to talk about Aeschylus, and I had some glimpses of his long preoccupation with the *Oresteia*, from *Sweeney Agonistes*, which of course I knew, to *The Family Reunion*, which was not yet there to be known. He also spoke about other literary apprentices who had recently lunched with him, reported their views on one thing or another, tested them out seriously and respectfully. He really did all that could have been done to make us interested in one another, and to feel that there was promise of some kind lying about among us. Looking back at it now, from the other end of the gun as it were, it is impossible to imagine that the young could have been encouraged more generously and effectively. To feel that we mattered—and above all to him—was no small thing.

Among ourselves, of course, these luncheons were a matter for tactful boasting. "I had lunch with Eliot the other day" was a phrase which I remember hearing, and I am sure I must have uttered it too, though I remember that less clearly. The tone of voice appropriate to such an utterance was very level, unemphatic, almost a throw-away, such was the inherent force of the fact itself. Only one of us, much the most resourceful in the management of English idiom, found a way of improving on it, to "I was lunching with Eliot the other day," and we were left to wonder whether this subtle modal meddling with the verb might not indicate a frequency of meetings denied to most of us.

When I became, through a curious series of improbable accidents, a Fellow of the College, it came within my power to return a little of the handsome hospitality of those lunches. I remember, for example, bringing Eliot as a guest to a Feast in about 1934. After a dinner of which I was not ashamed, and one of those desserts in the Combination Room of which one could feel proud, we went up to the rooms of another Fellow whose guest was a very intelligent and civilised Italian Marxist. Most of the conversation was between him and Eliot, and they both seemed to enjoy it. As we walked back through the empty courts in the small hours, Eliot made one comment which I always found very helpful in understanding his religious position. There was, he

quietly observed, a great difference between the Marxists and himself, not only or merely in the content of their beliefs, but even more in the way in which they were held. "They seem so certain of what they believe. My own beliefs are held with a scepticism which I never even hope to be quite rid of." This helped me to appreciate, among other things, his natural affinity with the Anglican Establishment of the seventeenth century, for the religious verse of Donne and Herbert turns almost as much on doubt as on faith, and even more on the constant interplay between the two. The doubt or difficulty which begets one poem, and seems to be triumphantly resolved by the end of it, is there again to initiate the next audible moments of the unending inner argument. We often used to wonder, in those days, whether Eliot would not go on to complete the classic syndrome and pass through Anglo-Catholicism to Rome—a speculation not unreasonable after his pamphlet *Thoughts after Lambeth*. But when I recalled that utterance of his in Second Court, I thought it more likely that he would stay where he was.

That Feast well illustrates another aspect of Eliot's career, and of his relation with my generation. The seating-plan was, then as now, circulated in advance, as a kind of human counterpart to the menu: it gave the social bill of fare, so that one could welcome one's friends, even if guests of another Fellow, and without unhospitable impoliteness avoid dishes one disliked. Only one Fellow, out of sixty or so, commented on the name of my guest. And this absence of remark was, I think, entirely typical of the early phase of Eliot's eminence. He had spoken to the condition of a very small minority, but to them with enormous force, giving a new perspective to the world of eye and ear, and inner contemplation. His poetry was, indeed, a weighty and discernible part of that internal duologue which is the ultimate reality of mental and spiritual life; many of my generation, when we thought, or felt, or thought that we felt, would find its phrases there already, in our own heads, before we could find words of our own. But to the majority, to the general public, he was not even caviare; they never tasted him, and his name was unknown to them.

The turn towards the later, larger and more public eminence came with *The Rock*, a "pageant" performed at Sadler's Wells in aid of a fund for the London churches. It was a strange experience to attend a performance, to sit among the crowded audience, many of whom had come from their parishes in charabancs and busloads; stranger still to hear the appeals during the interval, by Bishops, Cabinet Ministers and so forth. It was like being part of a diagram, illustrating past and future—though the future was still only dimly visible. Scattered thinly through the auditorium were a few of those to whom Eliot was already as eminent as he

could be; surrounding us, quite swamping us, were those with whom it clearly lay in his power to be eminent in a slightly different fashion. He can hardly have been unconscious of the possible change, the possible choice—I never remember him missing much subtler points than that. What must have made the choice specially hard for him was that, if it went one way, there would be some rewards of a kind which he did not want, but could hardly avoid—fame, public recognition, titles, decorations. It has often occurred to me that the central problem in his next, and I suppose his best, play, *Murder in the Cathedral*, the difficulty of "doing the right thing for the wrong reason", may have gained force from his own experience in those crucial years.

As this new eminence settled upon him, I saw much less of him, but we met occasionally until the unsettlements of the war. In one of the choruses of *Murder in the Cathedral* I had observed the cunning interweaving of some lines from one of the Sherlock Holmes stories, and told him of my observation. He was pleased, and noted that not as many of his readers as should be were familiar with those stories. He added that, since he had given up writing notes to his poems, many people supposed that he had given up incorporating in them fragments from other authors, and said that he would be obliged if I would draw attention to this particular insertion as opportunity offered. I gladly do so:—and for the benefit of those who know the play better than they know Sherlock Holmes, add that the lines are to be found in the Musgrave Ritual, in the story of that name.

Just one more memory of our acquaintance is worth recording, partly because I doubt if it will be recorded anywhere else, but even more because it illustrates a quality in him which marked him as a writer not merely good, but probably great. Though his concern for literature and for writing was close and professional, of life itself, even in forms not specially natural to his range of experience, he was avid and explorative. I had, on one occasion, illustrated some remark—I think it was on Machiavelli—with a reference to the game of rugby football. He said that he had never seen the game, but would like to do so. After some very anxious consideration, I decided that the best prospect was Twickenham—for I wanted him to get a proper specimen in case it was the only one he ever got. It was, as things turned out, a very lucky decision, for the game which we saw was, I believe, later recognised as one of the classics of its kind. The Cambridge fly-half was perhaps the wittiest player to appear on the field in my time. By constant changes of pace and direction, dramatic passes after which the ball was still in his hands, earnest appeals to players just behind his immediate opponent who did not in fact exist—by these, and such-like devices, he not only avoided the

clutches of those who would lay hands on him, but made them fall down on either side of him, leaving the path of his best runs strewn with these ridiculous casualties. Eliot enjoyed, to the best of my hopes, this demonstration of the superiority of intelligence, imagination and dramatic insight over mere brute strength. At the end of the display, he noted the fact that the game seemed much more suitable to be played by university men than American football. And he was kind enough to allow, having seen the thing for himself, the justness of my remark on Machiavelli.

H. S. DAVIES.

The Origins of The Norman Conquest

BY

A. J. P. T*YL*R

(Copied from an article in *The Times* on the nine hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Hastings, in 1966)

NOTHING could be farther from the truth than the generally accepted notion, first put into circulation by William's more credulous contemporaries, that the Conqueror's successful war of invasion was long-planned, or indeed anything but a hasty improvisation. But it is scarcely surprising that such a view should have held the field for so long. English apologists for Harold's defeat naturally tried to explain it away by stories of a vast international armada, assembled by William as the culmination of his long-term intention of seizing the English crown. Norman chroniclers were anxious to flatter their chief by embroidering the truth still more extensively. Properly understood, of course, the primary sources tell a very different story. But the ineradicable laziness and establishment-mindedness of historians as a tribe have prevented it from emerging until very recently.

The facts are these. Like all moderate politicians, William had no desire to imperil his very real achievements at home by adventurings abroad. After years of exhausting effort he had built an enduring settlement in Normandy, in the teeth of baronial opposition, and asserted his ascendancy over his vassals. But he knew very well that a long period of recuperation was necessary, during which the new structure could become customary. External war was therefore ruled out. His position and calculations may be compared with those of Bismarck after the war of 1870. Bismarck, like William, had a new state to consolidate. His only foreign interest, therefore, was peace and, to ensure peace, a balance of power. Just as Bismarck found it desirable to prop up the Habsburg monarchy to counterbalance Russia, and Italy to counterbalance France, so William sought to maintain an independent England against pan-Scandinavian designs, and the German Emperor against the French King. And being, like all wise politicians, a timid man, anxious only to minimize his risks, he was quick to perceive the solid economic and social advantages of a policy of disarmament. At one stroke he could eliminate a heavy burden of taxation and conscription, two of the most potent

sources of popular unrest. The state to which this policy had reduced his forces is sufficiently indicated by the feverish measures of rearmament he had to undertake when the English War broke out.

His policy of balance worked well enough while Edward the Confessor was alive. His family bond with the old King (which later formed the basis of his hastily-contrived claim to be Edward's heir) strengthened a working partnership which was solidly based on a community of interest. For Edward was a convinced exponent of England's traditional policy of strength at sea coupled with a continental alliance. Like William's system of counterweights, this amounted to an endorsement of the balance of power. But it was uncertain what would happen after Edward's death. For the English crown would then either come to Tostig, a pro-Norwegian quisling, or to his brother Harold, an extravagant nationalist. William threw all his weight behind Harold from the moment that, late in Edward's reign, it became clear that a crisis in the rivalry between the two brothers would break out as soon as the King died; and it is undoubtedly to William's support that we may attribute Harold's success in seizing the throne. It was widely known that he and William had made an agreement (known as the Holy Bones Pact) on the occasion of Harold's official visit to the Norman Court, and this factor proved decisive in the deliberations of the Witenagemot. (Subsequent propaganda distortions, which made it appear that Harold had sworn on the bones of the saints to support *William's* claim to the throne can of course be dismissed. Like most such lies, this one can be detected by the fact that it represents the exact opposite of what really happened—William, as a matter of fact, agreed to back Harold's bid.)

Events then took the course that William had foreseen—but with one exception. Tostig and the King of Norway launched their invasion, and Harold, backed by the war-fever of an entire nation, duly trounced them; but the Edwardian balance of power was not restored, because Harold, driven by the pressure of public opinion, had been obliged, just as relations with Norway neared the breaking-point, to break off relations with William. This event, which was to have such momentous results, was caused solely by the new King's need to conciliate the Opposition. Ill-informed nationalist thanes had largely rallied to the Godwine family (Harold, Tostig, and their late father, Earl Godwine, the former Prime Minister) early in Edward's reign as a protest against the "Frenchifying", or Norman, influence at Court. Harold forfeited their support by his pact with William, gaining instead the support of the large moderate majority in the Witenagemot. But he found, after his accession, that he could

not muster sufficient strength to defeat Tostig without making a token concession to the thanes, who predominated in the armed forces and were enraged by the ascent to the throne of one who had become just another pro-Norman.

The breach with Normandy was not intended to be more than token, of course. The King and the Duke continued to exchange messages through private channels. Unfortunately events, which had already proved too strong for their calculations, now drove them relentlessly forward to a totally unforeseen conclusion.

In order to prove his sincerity to the thanes Harold was obliged to mobilise the Fleet in the Channel, as a defence against a Norman "invasion" which neither he nor William, nor probably even the thanes, expected. (Incidentally, this fact explains why Harald Hardrada was able to land in Yorkshire; it was there that the Fleet should have been.) But Norman opinion, inflamed by the manner in which Harold had severed relations with William, and then by the naval mobilisation, demanded a counter-mobilisation, which William, in the interests of public order, was obliged to begin. Even at this stage (it was now late summer, and Edward had died in the spring), William and Harold assumed that they would be able to arrive at a *rapprochement;* but the inevitable happened. Neither King nor Duke moved against the other, and opinion in both countries, exacerbated still more by the leaders' long delay, and unshaken in self-confidence by any salutary defeat, began to clamour for action. English war-fever was, of course, appeased by the Norwegian emergency; but William had no recourse but to order the sailing of his transports for Sussex. Had he and Harold only dared, previously, to risk a small naval clash, warlike passions might have abated, the moderates regained their normal control of politics, and the two states have returned to their former amity.

The rest is well-known. Harold received the news of William's landing on the morrow of his victory over Tostig. The instantaneous reaction of his militarist thanes made it inevitable that he should march against the Normans—it was his only hope of retaining the crown, for the thanes would certainly have marched without him. But Harold perceived as well as anyone that this was military as well as political folly. His army would arrive exhausted and unfit for battle; the thanes would nevertheless insist on attacking at once, so that the two leaders would be given no time to arrive at some face-saving settlement (William would probably have been content to be declared suzerain of England, or at most to be given Kent); and an English defeat, in the circumstances, was certain. So it fell out.

And in the long run nobody profited. William's careful balance of power was destroyed: he found himself condemned,

like Hitler, willy-nilly, to a policy of aggrandisement, as were his heirs. The long wars that of course followed ended in failure for England and the disappearance of the Norman nation. And Harold was killed on the battlefield—had he lived, even at the twelfth hour some more rational outcome than the Norman Conquest might have been devised.

We are commemorating the Battle of Hastings as a defeat for the English. How often is it recognised to have been a defeat for the Normans as well?

The Inwardness of the Light

SUDDEN in a shaft of sunlight
Even while the dust moves
There rises the hidden laughter
Of children in the foliage
Quick now, here, now, always—
Ridiculous the waste sad time
Stretching before and after.

T. S. ELIOT; *Burnt Norton*, (169-end).

He who bends to himself a joy
Does the wingèd life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sunrise.

W. BLAKE; *Opportunity*. (*Gnomic Verses*, xvii, I).

So much the rather thou Celestial Light
Shine inward . . . . .

MILTON; *Paradise Lost*, iii, (51-52).

How can we know if anything lies
Beyond the pale light on the autumn sea,
And the green haunts of the twilit fancy,
Lonely but fresh from eager searching?
Is all that shines with a still light,
Or flickering play on gleaming water,
Only the sign of an inward beauty,
Self-transmitted, and dimly seen?

See! the sun-shaft falls from heaven,
Gilding the river, touching the doorstones,
Coaxing a brightly-smiled response . . .
But they tell us the sky-blue is only illusion,
A layer of atoms,
Breaking the simple light.
"How may I reach the rainbow's end?
Will it take many hours, mother?"
"Ah, my dear!
Rainbows are lovely but unreal things;
There is no end to unreality."
(For all is unreal, it fades
Even as thought fades.)

But the bright sun-shaft,
Swirling with dust-motes,
Though unreal, is true;
For in such timespun moments of timelessness
—Beauty falling, if not from heaven,
Yet still from a lifting height—,
In moments of heart-touched apprehension,
We glimpse the true though invisible light;
In the child's smile, and the boy's hand-wave,
And, further, the call of the sea-bird over the ripples,
Over the chill ocean.

Only in mind, in recognition,
The summoning light strikes truly home,
Touching a sensitive chord of response,
Smile answering smile, and nod, wave;
Though here, often, the spirit recedes,
Draws back quickly, and shrinks from the light;
And we try to build our own little sun-trap,
Hoping to hold and contain the light,
Thinking to call it our own, and even
Claiming our vision to be a true
Sight
Of a living light.

But here we pause,
Tending to think that our inner world
Flourishes wholly in isolation;
But though its centre, its pivotal power,
Is only the Self, and no other thing,
Yet sometimes we feel, in an answering smile
(In a casual walk, or some rarer field),
That the third person, the smile's ghost,
Is common indeed to you and to him.
Two thoughts expand, and meet for a moment:
Here the light fixes, and mirrors a feeling;
Perhaps it lingers on both sides,
And who are we to suspect its truth?

But we must still (not as the first time,)
Look in ourselves for the source of the light;
Reach to the rainbow in our own heart-springs,
And cherish the birdsong while it soars.
Though we must struggle, to work our peace,
We need not lose, by a vain realization,
A hovering insight, captured in fleetingness.
Not to look would be not to see,
But once we have looked, the most part of seeing
Is done with an inward-turning eye.
If we then hope for a true light,
We must leave the sun-shaft, trust it stays,
And when other eyes shine with an apprehension
We may nod and say: "Ah, surely the vision
Was real, for see, another smiles!"

The light dims; the shadows walk nearer;
Candles flame in cathedral stalls;
But the heart does not need to wait for the morrow,
To wander out in the bright day;
For what it sees will be not the daylight,
At least, not mainly, but an image of living,
Sown in the spirit and garnered there.
The upward gaze on a windfall evening
Spies through the cloud-drifts a murmur of day,
A soaring shadow of light that wakens
The sinking mind with a new aspiring . . .
But do not hope for an outward brightness;
Still reflection, when episode fails,
Must serve sufficient to kindle the soul.

Smile then, and wave: the time will come
(So promised the light) for a closer love.

The sun-shaft stays; it waits too long;
Turn away; the mind shines.
A time for reverie must be had,
To consider the smile, or dream of the next.
We think, by gaining, to win our joy;
Better (perhaps) to be led in expectancy,
Smiling light always before us,
Than taste the reality, cloy the tongue,
And lose the rose-scent of a fleeting dream.

The sun-shaft darkens, disperses its light;
Do I regret such sudden passing?
No, think of it rather more warm than before,
Since now, being part of the mind's store,
Its spirit can live, independent of season,
A steadfast image to colour my hours.

LAURIE PAINE.

Last Sermon

Mr Bezzant preached the following sermon on Sunday, 7 June, 1964—his last as Dean of the College

"ABIDE in me and I in you." My text is taken from the fourth verse of the fifteenth chapter of St John's Gospel—or at least part of it. It does not materially affect the significance of these words whether they were spoken by Jesus, or whether the Evangelist first perceived their significance.

I speak here for the last time as Dean of the College. Of course I have in mind very much those of you who are here for the last time as undergraduates. When you came up three years ago the future seemed long: as you look back upon it, it seems to have passed very quickly. All life is like that—it depends upon from which end of the telescope you look at it. Those who are leaving are going out into a much harsher and harder world than the College or the University. And you will begin at the beginning, on the doorstep, as it were, while I retire to the shelf, not much higher than the doorstep—no more comfortable and less promising. Nevertheless, for all of us, "Abide in me and I in you" *is* the Christian religion; for the simplest definition of Christianity is that it is Christ himself. It issues in a particular theory of life and of the world, which is called Christian doctrine; it will lead also to a particular type of conduct, which is called Christian duty; but it is not exhausted by these two, even taken together. It is possible to believe intellectually every article of the Christian creed and still be hardly Christian at all; it is possible to live for the service of others and still to be incompletely and insecurely Christian. The only genuine Christianity is to abide in Him, and He in us; and the only way to attain to that is, to use words which I have to use in another connexion, to feed upon Him in our hearts by faith with thanksgiving.

In the practical business of living, the most elementary things are the most important. And it is of them that I wish to speak briefly this evening. When is it that a man needs religion? You meet with many people who lead admirable lives without any religious belief or practice, and without feeling the need of any. And yet—and yet—there come times to every man when he is confronted with a moral demand which he cannot meet, or a moral opportunity to which he cannot rise. If he has never become conscious of the power of religious faith in life, he may very likely never realise that in that moment he is really needing just that power, which nothing else can give.

On the whole from day to day the general tenor of our lives is just about what circumstances make it; but this does not absolve us from any responsibility, for we ourselves are among the circumstances which mould characters and influence the lives of other people; but it does point the limit of our possible achievement so long as we rely on our own strength alone. For, indeed, our own strength alone is very near next to nothing. When we think we are relying on our own strength, we are in fact relying on the supporting power of that section of society to which we belong—the tradition of our birth, of our home, family or school, or the tacitly accepted standards of our set.

In the end, if we think about it, we come to see that St Paul's summary of the situation is quite exact: there are two great societies on earth, as he and (St Augustine after him) realised, and only two—the Church and the World, and all of us belong to both. No doubt, in the course of history, the civilised world has to some degree accepted the standards of the Church, and the Church, to a very great degree, has accepted the standards of the world; and yet, though our secular society is partly Christian, and our religious societies partly pagan, it is still true that there are two great influences acting upon our lives; the one is represented by the ancient myth of the man who was disobedient, and the other by the one who was obedient unto death, even to the death of the Cross. And perhaps the choice, where our willing is most free, is the choice of the influences which shall play upon and largely determine our lives.

And the choice can really work only on one side. For we cannot escape from the world, the society of Adam. We shall live among people who believe that to get on in the world, as they phrase it, is the one obvious duty of life. If we are contemplating action involving some measure of self-sacrifice, our friends will usually try to dissuade us, and suppose that they are acting kindly in so doing. That group of influences will act on us in any case, whatever we do, wherever we go. But if you wish none the less to conform to the other type, to renounce that which is at once highly respectable, but also largely incapable of heroism, then you must deliberately submit yourself to the other group of influences—hold fast to the ideal of Christ, uniting yourself with his disciples in the corporate worship and general life of the Church in and through that section of it to which you belong, whatever it may be. Don't misunderstand. The influences of our ordinary society can make you a good man in the ordinary sense—honest, self-controlled, generous, public-spirited—but yet leaving you always putting *first* the interest of self or of your own group; at least; slightly before all others. But if your ambitions are more than this, if you would like to be able to say, when life closes, that

it has been spent in the pursuit of the welfare of your fellows, then you must abide in Christ, and He in you. For this appeal is for heroism—not indeed the spectacular heroism of war or melodrama, but for the more arduous nobility of the life which increasingly disregards itself, even when there is no glory, or even credit, to be won, and scarcely any discernible purpose to be achieved. No one will live like that even to the partial extent possible in the short span of human life, except in the power of some transforming influence, of which that of Christ is supreme.

We often think that all we need is strength and courage to do our duty as we see it. But it is not so; the primary need is to see our duty as it really is. And it is in this illumination of moral perception that the power of sincere religion is most of all to be seen.

"Live you this Christianity or not?
It may be false, but will you wish it true?
Has it your vote to be so, if it can?"

Whatever else the Cross is (and of course it is much more than this), it stands as the touchstone of character. "We preach a Messiah on a Cross, to Jews a scandal, and to Gentiles an absurdity, but to the very people who are called Jews and Greeks, a Messiah who is God's power and God's wisdom."

Which do we believe it in our hearts to be? Was the choice of that life an act of folly? Is the claim that it is a Divine life a scandal? Or, to bring it nearer home, if you hear of someone who has given up the chance of wealth because he thinks he can be of more use in a less lucrative post, do we think he has acted foolishly? If we think that, we class and judge ourselves as belonging to the world. Or, is the acknowledgement of God in Christ just the illumination of our darkness and the strengthening of our weakness? If we find *that*, we class and judge ourselves as belonging to the Body of Christ. Whatever you do, you cannot pass Him by. You can, if you like, deliberately ignore Him; you may repudiate Him; you may consign the spirit of His teaching to the crowded cemetery of visions that have failed and ideals that have perished. Or you may become a disciple and a worshipper. But some attitude to Him you are bound to adopt; and by that action we are judged. Perhaps we think we are passing sentence upon Him and His claim, even as Pilate thought, and Caiaphas thought. But it is not so: it is we who are thereby judged, not He. Yet he will not intrude into the secret places of our hearts and wills unless and until we call Him in. With wonderful patience He stands at the door of our hearts and knocks until of our own free will we open to Him. We must be willing to abide in Him ere He can, or will, abide in us.

And now from this College some of us are passing on to other stages of our lives in the discipline of our souls. We shall carry

with us for evermore something of the impress of our life in this College and in Cambridge. Three or four years is a very short time in a human life, and even a whole working life is very little in the life of an ancient college, such as this. But I hope that all of you will always be glad that there were some who were at St John's or elsewhere in Cambridge, when you were. Don't let it be only the memory of such friendships that you take away with you as you leave; for genuine friendships do not perish. And if we endeavour to abide in Christ that He also may abide in us, the peace of God which passes all understanding will keep our hearts and minds, and knit them together in the bond of an affection which will only grow stronger as the years pass by.

My parting word is this. Ask God forgiveness for your failures; thank him for his (I hope) abundant blessings; and then go forth to serve Him all your lives as you should feel you are alike in aptitude and in duty bound to do. And the God of all love, who is the ground and source of any true affection we may have for one another, "take your friendships formed here into His own keeping, that they may continue and increase throughout life upon earth, and beyond it".

J. S. BEZZANT.

Johnian Mathematics 1910-14

It occurs to me that my period as an undergraduate, 1910-1913, was a specially interesting one for several reasons. Up till 1909 the class lists in the Tripos were published in the order of merit on the old Part I, normally taken in the third year. There had been College lecturers, who covered most of Part I, but most of the first class candidates went to private coaches. There are stories of a famous coach having taught all the wranglers in a year, and all the senior wranglers for thirty years. Actually coaching on this scale really amounted to lecturing, but specially directed to the sort of questions likely to be set. As a coach had to cover all subjects, the amount of teaching made it impossible for him to do much else, though Routh wrote several textbooks and did some important research. Webb, the last of the great coaches knew everything but published little.

The main effect of the abolition of the order of merit was the reduction of the importance of coaching and its replacement by college lecturing and supervision. When I came up this was already established. The college lecturers were Baker, Bromwich and Webb, a remarkable team. Each gave three full courses each term. It was unknown for a Johnian to take a lecture for Part I or Schedule A (more or less corresponding to the old Part I and the present Part II) outside the college. This was true of no other college—even Trinity men came to Baker's Theory of Functions. Most lectures were given in Lecture Room 2, now the Library reading room. There were three smallish blackboards on easels; paper and quill pens were provided, the latter not much used. In those days Lecture Room 3 (now the Palmerston Room) had a long bench; the seats were set on a slope. It had once been used for experimental lectures, and there was a preparation room behind the bench. There were separate entrances for the lecturer and the class. Bromwich used to do optics experiments in lectures. Baker's outstanding quality was his pace. He would cover the blackboards as fast as most people could write on paper, giving explanations equally fast as he went along, and references in the form "the formula in the northwest corner of the middle blackboard" and to understand the results it was necessary to get both down or to do a lot of hard thinking afterwards. One of my contemporaries, A. K. Fison, was a good shorthand writer and his notes were in great demand. P. J. Grigg (later Sir James Grigg) says in his autobiography that Baker gave him writer's cramp—but as Grigg's small letters were about half an inch high

and he got about six lines to a page this may not have been the only reason. But when anybody asked a question Baker would go over everything slowly and in the greatest detail. He was supposed to be a pure mathematician and lectured mostly on theory of functions, geometry, analysis (which meant special functions) and differential equations; but when required he did Part I dynamics and electricity. He became Professor of Astronomy and Geometry in 1914, and astonished everybody by becoming in reality a professor of both, giving courses on the figures of rotating fluid masses and the theory of the motion of the Moon. E. T. Bell describes Poincaré as the last universalist, but Baker had a strong claim to the title.

Bromwich was an all round man. His Infinite Series was, I think, the first rigorous account of the subject in English, though most of his papers in journals dealt with wave motion in hydrodynamics and electricity. He had an amazing memory—he often left his notes in his rooms but usually got on quite well without them, though sometimes he had to go back in the middle of a lecture. He lectured mostly on hydrodynamics, electricity and magnetism, and optics.

Webb lectured in his rooms in I New Court to a class seated around a table. I had him on dynamics for a term and a half, when he had a breakdown. He was as fast as Baker but mixed his lectures with patter "Drop in an example and the figure will work." "It is obvious to the meanest intelligence—I mean the average student can see", and once, in response to somebody asking a lot of questions, he tore off a piece of paper about the size of a postage stamp and said "Mr ———, write down all you know." (The man got a first and a star, besides stroking a first boat.)

Cunningham came after Webb's retirement. What I chiefly remember about his lectures was that in my year several from John's wanted to do Dynamics in Schedule B (corresponding to the old Part II and the present Part III). There had never been lectures on it before and he gave an excellent course at short notice. He was a pioneer in lecturing on the special theory of relativity long before it attracted general attention, and later he was equally a pioneer in lecturing on modern theories of crystal structure.

Cunningham lectured on spherical astronomy and Bromwich on Optics, both of which have now disappeared. The loss of the former at least is regrettable. It is unfortunate that an alleged mathematical master in a school, liable to be asked questions about the time of sunset and the equation of time, should be unable to answer them.

Supervision had just come in when I came up and was not considered as important as it now is. This may have been a peculiarity of my year, which had four scholars and four exhibi-

tioners, and to a large extent we supervised one another. We had an understanding that if we were really stuck we could call on Baker after Hall, and did so about twice a term.

In addition a lecturer gave a course called "Revision" in the last term of each year, most of which consisted of working past Tripos papers; they usually managed also to include a good many interesting things that we had not heard of before.

Examples were set in all lectures, even some Schedule B ones, and marked by the lecturers. These tasks are now mostly done by supervisors, who cannot be specialists in the subjects treated by all lecturers.

Colleges combined for lecture purposes during the 1914-18 war and lecturing has been officially under the University since the Royal Commission. This means larger classes and less work for the individual lecturer. What did not occur to us at the time was the amount of work in examining. We had college examinations each year, of 5, 7, and 4 papers respectively (the third year one being in March). Besides this the college had to provide an examiner for the December Scholarships and to run an extra examination for exhibitions awarded in June, and one or two a year for the Tripos—say 20 papers to be set a year by three people. I do not know how they did it. Setting one paper, checking and trying to clarify two or more set by other people, revising one's own because other examiners find questions too hard or too easy, or possibly with wrong answers, was enough in my experience to take up most of one's spare time for a term, and it was on the top of giving the whole of the lectures for Part I and Schedule A and probably one or two advanced courses each! The second year college examination became the Intercollegiate and then the Preliminary; the others have disappeared.

Though the order of merit had been officially abolished, there was still a great deal of interest in it. Somehow or other a strong rumour got about that so-and-so was Senior Wrangler every year from 1910 to 1916, but then numbers fell so much that interest ceased and has never revived.

The most important result of the change in 1909 was the replacement of the old Part II, taken a year after Part I, by Schedule B, taken in the same year as Schedule A. The old Part II was usually taken by about four people, of whom three got firsts. This meant that after Part I only a few of the top people, intending to make mathematics a career, bothered to do any advanced work. Schedule B was in fact taken by most of those that got firsts in Schedule A and a few others, and the number of stars quickly rose to 12 or so. It was therefore a great encouragement. It had a drawback. People doing it had done most of the Schedule A work in two years, and had to keep revising it while studying for

Schedule B. The strain was serious. This was removed in 1934, when it was made possible to do Part II in two years and Part III in one more, or Part II in three years and Part III in the fourth. A relapse to the conditions of the old Part II was feared by some, but fortunately has not taken place.

H. J.

Poems

"MUSIC"

A CHORD chimes;
And then the notes go running,
Hand-in-hand, laughing and chattering,
Lilting and streaming through the toes of slack-limbed trees,
Waltzing past clucking farm yards, dream-eyed cows,
Down to the mother and grave of water,
Down to the sea.

They pause at the shore,
Their bare feet slowing on the sand,
And then they melt into the sea,
The throbbing, irresistible blood of the heavy sea,
Swaying slowly and quietly.
They no longer dance in freedom and sun,
But lie in deep waters,
Singing songs of death
And hungry-eyed love
And timeless things.

A pause
As the cellos and the polished pipes take breath,
And then again I watch them;
I silence the voices in my head,
The tangle of random thoughts,
The cacophony of sharp-elbowed emotions;
And throw open the shutters.
I watch them dancing their stately dances,
Their solemn steps, their fragile pirouettes.
I watch them singing,
Now alone, each throwing a tendril
Of snaking sound into the air,
Now together, and the breath from their arching lips
Smiles in an apple haze of harmony.
And sometimes, in the watching night of my head,
They burst in a festival of flame and light
And coughing guns and fire, beautiful, destructive.

Until it stops,
And I am back in the world of things,
Stolid bed-posts and stiff-necked chairs,
And people, sharp-edged and cobweb-complex,
All the disharmony of life.

"SUN"

THE eyelids struggling at the dawn struggle successfully,
When the alien morning world chuckles demurely,
Tickled by the feather-touch of the early sun;
When we gaze at golden air and empty sky,
The birth-pains of the day are easier:
From cosiness to cosiness,
From curling warmth to naked sun-veil.
Erect the deckchairs, let the canvas scream
Its lazy tidings to the cabbages
In fading crimson and apologetic green;
Let glasses gurgle, let the tinkling ice
Wink wickedly at square black-shielded eyes;
Bring out the crumbling novelette, bought for the train,
A dead blonde on the cover and suspense on the yellow leaves;
Pile up the apparatus, let the colourless crosswords
Be done and partly done;
Let children play and transistors transist.

It is easy to sleep in an open-air cocoon,
It is easy to forget that the world is ever with us,
It is easy to let the slipping head slip down,
Until the lettuce sandwiches arrive.

C. GILL.

I SHOULD LIKE TO BE OLD

I SHOULD like to be old and happy;
Surmount my life
Happily wasted;
Laugh at the ants;
Forget, and be forgotten.

H.M.S. "VICTORY"

How proud we are of her!
Every summer day, queues
file into the renovated hulk,
all moist and painted and polished.
Their proud heritage.
Thousands in their hundreds
have queued
to climb the venerated gangplank;
I was one;
I queued
and stooped and smelt the pride,
the decks scoured
with sandals and sunglasses,
all gleaming with pride:
and then, a hush in the descent
below deck, below deck to where . . . .
we all know, don't we?
Here it is ladies and gentlemen
I expect it's much smaller than you
all thought it was yes but this
is it ladies and gentlemen this
is the very spot
where Lord Nelson died
in Portsmouth dockyard.

NO LOVE

I LOOK at you. I see your eyes.
I feel a chasm sink between.
Into it fall complacent lies
about you—things I thought I'd seen
but never saw. I see your eyes,
and in them I can see no love.
Nothing; empty; far beyond me.
I can see no heart to move
to tears for what I cannot see.
No warmth, no sympathy, no love
but what I feel. But that I know.

ALWAYS ALMOST FREE

LONG, long we have known:
Darkened cries to me
Echoing through stone.
  Clair le jour, pleine la nuit.

Fitfully our love
Grew for all to see,
Fluttered like a dove.
  Clair le jour, pleine la nuit.

We hung on the edge,
Always almost free.
Nest within the hedge.
  Clair le jour, pleine la nuit.

After winter came
Lovers' cries to me.
They had not the claim
  "Clair le jour, pleine la nuit."

Lovers never seen,
Lovers yet to be;
I am all their mean.
  Clair le jour, pleine la nuit.

ASLEEP

HUNG on a peg of sleep he sits
Slumped, worn out:
his face, his lips, his lids, his hands
  droop and hang.
He sleeps and cramped infirmity,
  the knowledge
of sordid illness, thanks to die,
  his passion
and his agony are his own;
  sleeps alone,
sleeps because he is tired, weary.
  Let him sleep.

P. ATKINS.

Cyril

BY

KEVIN TIERNEY

ALL three of us had fondly imagined that our postgraduate years would be memorable for their tranquillity and earnestness. We had already been remarking to each other how young the new crop of undergraduates were looking. George, who was settling down to a Ph.D., had taken to smoking a pipe, and did his best to handle it in a way which would mark him out for an early fellowship. Peter, whose Dip. Ed. course was the last refuge of indecision, had already bound the lapels and cuffs of his oldest sports jacket with leather reinforcements. I had chosen to follow up my degree in Estate Management with preparation for the Church. We all considered ourselves superior persons, and professed an indulgent distaste for undergraduate parties to which we were no longer invited. On that October day when we arrived in Cambridge as B.A.s in residence, we imagined that the tumbledown house with an outside lavatory which we had rented somewhere near the station, would be as quiet as a Home of Rest for Horses. We were wrong.

I had not, to tell the truth, known either George or Peter well when they were undergraduates. But there is a peculiar herding instinct among those who know that they are committed to another stretch of academic life. At the very end of my 3rd year, we had all got together, and professing a friendliness and mutual understanding which we did not feel, agreed to rent a house. I had left it to Peter, and was a little surprised when I first saw it after returning from holiday. But it was pleasant enough, and besides, it was all that we could afford. The first week went well; but then on the Friday evening, a tramp turned up just as I was having a nightcap. He was very drunk, unshaven and disreputable, and I assumed that he was begging.

"Go away", I told him after a couple of minutes of conversation. "Try the police station; they may give you a cell, if you're lucky."

The tramp spat contemtuously on the doorstep. "Is the owner of this house in?" he asked, eyeing me malevolently.

"No, he is not", I said crossly. "And if he was, he wouldn't want to see you." The miserable wretch looked interested, and in his drunken state rolled forward slightly on his heels. The smell of his breath was overwhelming; he might have just climbed out of Vat 69.

"That's the way it is, is it?" he demanded. His pretentious dignity was ridiculous as he said "I shall have to consult the authorities about this."

"If you don't piss off, I'll consult the authorities about you", I shouted. "It's past eleven o'clock, and I'm going to bed." I slammed the door in his face, and retired to the kitchen, my temper sorely tried. This was Peter's fault, I told myself. This area was too seedy—the house was too near a public house. He should have tried for something smaller in a respectable part of Cambridge. I retired to bed, and did my best to recover a due sense of Christian forgiveness as I said my prayers. Perhaps the fellow had been badly treated in early life; perhaps he was a disabled war victim. I realised that I had been harsh upon the poor vagrant; he was probably a child of circumstances. I finally dozed off to sleep full of contrition.

The next morning I was woken up by loud and excited voices from downstairs. George was shouting something forceful at Peter. Then there was a rumble on the stairs, and George rushed into my bedroom. "You idiot", he screamed, "You absolute toad. You jumped up bible-bashing farmer's labourer."

I took exception to this. "What do you mean, George?" I asked, shaking myself out of my sleep.

"What do I mean!!" George was clearly out of control. He stooped down towards my face on the pillow. A forced calmness descended upon him. "Did anyone call last night, while I was out?"

I tried to recollect—no, there was no one.

"You bloody liar", George screamed. "I'll telegraph the Pope about this. I'll get you exterminated before you ever see the inside of a pulpit."

"George, a little forbearance please. The Pope doesn't exterminate people. And anyway, I'm training for the Church of England, which is entirely another concern from the Roman Catholic church." I thought that a little levity, indicating my broadminded approach to the subdivisions of Christianity, might please George. It did not.

"Michael, I give you one more chance to tell the truth. Did anyone come here last night?" He obviously believed I was deliberately lying, because he was threatening me with his penknife. I thought hard.

"There was a stinking old tramp, who came to cadge a bed", I said. "But that was all."

George's face became puffy and red, and a vein throbbed in his left temple. "A tramp, eh? I see, you rat. Read this." He pushed a letter into my hand. I looked over its contents with horror.

King's College,
Monday.

"Dear Tankley" (Tankley was George's surname),

"I called round at your house last night on a friendly visit to inquire about your research. My welcome was not warm and I have been informed by a resident of your household that you have already formed a low opinion of my abilities.

"This being the case, I cannot believe that it bodes well for a happy 3 years study under my guidance, and therefore suggest that you seek a Director of Research elsewhere in the University.

Yours sincerely,
Dr H. W. PRING."

"You have ruined my prospects in life", George said. "I might just as well become a Bible-thumper or or a hack teacher."

I stuttered my apologies. "I—I'm most terribly sorry George. I had no idea . . . . " I tried to console him by telling him that there were many less rewarding occupations than Bible thumping, and that this little set-back might merely be a manifestation of God's will that he entered into the service of the Church. Alas, his soul was not ready for the challenge, and he went out of the front-door declaring intentions which a conservative bishop might consider inconsistent with the service of God.

This was the first incident in my postgraduate days which upset my vision of a quiet life. The second was soon to follow. The following weekend an assorted dozen of George and Peter's friends arrived to sleep on our floor. Several of them were contemplating mortal sin, which I only prevented by insisting that they sleep on *my* floor; it is one of the few compensations of a theological bent that even those far gone upon the road of perdition are restrained in one's presence from blatant excess. Peter was quite clearly at home in this company, and I made up my mind to speak to him about it on Monday. (He was not sober enough to speak to over the weekend.) I was surprised to see on Monday that Peter still had one guest left.

"Michael, please meet Cyril", he said to me. Cyril was an emaciated man with ill-fitting clothes and a stoop. He was young, and typical of that class of young men whom one would expect to see behind the counters of Messrs Woolworth, had that undertaking employed male assistants. I thrust a hand forward for him to shake. He retreated slightly, as if he suspected a trick.

Peter turned from the gas stove, where he was boiling some ill-smelling gruel. "Shake his hand, Cyril—go on." Cyril smiled a weak little smile, and shook, or rather touched, my hand.

"Have some coffee, Michael." Peter poured me a cup. "Look, I hope you've no objection, but I've invited Cyril to stay here a few days. He's on the rocks at the moment, but he'll soon get a job. He'll sleep in the dining room with his sleeping bag, won't you Cyril?" Cyril nodded a nervous agreement. "After all, we don't use the room for anything but eating in." This proposal did not recommend itself to me at all. The dining room was the only communal room in the house.

"But won't it be rather unpleasant for Cyril and us, for that room to be slept in?" I asked. "He can't really make himself comfortable there, and what with meals and so on . . . " My voice trailed off at prospects of Cyril sitting at the table in his pyjamas. (This vision later proved to be incorrect; Cyril wore his underclothes in bed.)

Peter laughed heartily. "Good heavens, Michael, Cyril only wants to sleep here for a few days. After all, we don't take our meals in the middle of the night, do we?" He turned to Cyril, as if for confirmation of this. I finished my coffee.

"Very well", I said. "But it will only be for a few days." For the first time, Cyril spoke. "Only for a few days, until I've got a job", he said.

Peter explained the position while Cyril was out that afternoon. "Poor fellow, he's had a tough time. He was accepted for Cranwell and then they turned him down because of his flat feet. He thinks that he might get into the University if he sticks around here, and gets to know people. I don't believe it, but let him try."

"How old is he?" I asked.

"Twenty-four. He was a year or two above me at school; always was a bit wet, but I feel sorry for him. His parents don't take much interest, you know, and he's no money of his own."

"What has he been doing since he left school?"

Peter sighed and looked into the middle distance. "Well, he was so keen to get a decent education that he stayed on there until he was 22. Then he had a summer season as a deck-chair attendant, but he was sacked. Now, I'm afraid, he's on his beam ends. But I'm sure he'll get a job somewhere. Then he'll get a place of his own. We'll have done him a good turn, and it won't put us out."

During the next few days, I did not see Cyril in person; but his presence was immanent. On walking into breakfast one day, I found the marmalade covered with feathers; his sleeping bag apparently leaked. But I was surprised when an elderly neighbour who knew of my intention to enter the Ministry stopped me in the street.

"Oh, reverend", she said. "I'm ever so sorry about it."

"About what?" I asked.

"About that young friend of yours being run over." My heart leapt. Peter or George must have had an accident. It must be Peter, I thought. I told him that he ought to have his bicycle brakes adjusted . . . the horror of it was terrible.

"When was this Mrs Hoskins?" I asked. My voice was strangled and forced. My throat was dry, and I was close to tears.

"Why? Don't you know? It happened all of a week ago."

"Someone who lives in our house?"

"Yes—I suppose so. Them curtains have been drawn for fully 4 days; we've been expecting an 'earse every day now." She leaned forward on her stick. "Or was he so mangled that they kept him in the 'ospital?" Her old face lit up with anticipatory pleasure.

"I don't understand what you mean, Mrs Hoskins", I said. "So far as I know, no one has died in our household." I was recovering my composure now. Mrs Hoskins looked offended, almost cheated.

"Why—you've had your front curtains closed for a week, Mr Braithwaite. Someone must have died." I now realised what she meant. I turned and looked down to our house. Sure enough, the dining room curtains were closed. I looked at my watch; it was 5.30 in the afternoon, and it was already dusk. "I'm sorry Mrs Hoskins, but I assure you that no one has died." I left her, and ran back to the house. The dining room door was closed. I opened it and found it in darkness. There was an untidy heap on the floor, and a smell which reminded me of the dormitories we used during corps camp at school. I kicked the bundle on the floor. "Get up, you lazy idiot", I said.

Cyril stirred and opened his little piggy eyes. "Eh" he said.

"I thought you were going to get a job", I said.

"Yes, I was just going to go to the Labour Exchange", he said.

"Well, it's too late today, you idle cretin. It's past closing time."

He was just about to ask me why, in that case, had I awakened him, when I dragged him out of his sleeping bag.

Later that evening, I sat with Peter, George and Cyril. Cyril was looking even unhappier than usual, because we were discussing him frankly. We came to the conclusion that unless he got a job, he would have to go. Even Peter had lost most of his sympathy. "Cyril, I'm ashamed of you", he said. "I never dreamt that you were still in bed when I got up. I thought you were out looking for work." Cyril squirmed slightly in his chair. "You must get a job Cyril, or you'll have to go."

"But I have got a job", Cyril blurted out, "I start tomorrow." We were all silenced.

"Oh that's different, Cyril" said George. "We didn't realise. What is it?" Cyril clumsily went through his pockets, and finally brought out a bulging grubby envelope, with a hairy and disgusting mint stuck to it. With loving care, he drew out a printed card; it read, in cheap black print: "Cyril Lumley, Commercial Index Representative." We gazed at it for some moments.

"What does it mean, Cyril?" Peter asked.

"It's a very good job", said Cyril. "I applied for it through a box number. I go round selling advertisement space in the Commercial Index, and get 40% commission on all I sell."

Peter looked pained. "It sounds awful", he said. "But let's have a look at the rest of your stuff. How much are you going to get paid basic?"

"Nothing", said Cyril. "That's because I am an independent man of the world, no longer chained to an office desk, but free to work when I like."

"You've never been near an office desk. What do you mean you're independent?"

"It says so in the Commercial Index instructions."

I had meanwhile found the Commercial Index Instructions. "Representatives should concentrate upon the small trader. Indeed, it is odd but true, that representatives often find their best clients for advertising space to be the most humble and unprofitable one-man businesses. This is because some of them are doing so badly that their proprietors will clutch at anything which promises that business will expand. Your job, and the amount of money you make, will depend on how successfully you exploit this feeling. It is best to try shops in working-class areas, where the educational standard of shopkeepers is often very low . . . "

"Cyril, I really don't think this is very desirable you know."

George sshd me.

"Look here, Michael, you can't have it both ways. We've been complaining that Cyril hasn't got a job. Now he has; we've got no right to complain."

We left it that Cyril should start work in the morning.

It happened that I rose at 11 a.m. the next morning. This was considerably later than usual, but on the previous night I had been delayed from going to sleep by a wrestle with my conscience upon a personal matter, and I had lain awake praying. I had some reading to do at the Divinity Schools, and went out of the house in a hurry. I had forgotten this was the day on which the Commercial Directory representative was to be at large. I did not return until the library closed at 5. When I got back it was clear that a council of war was being held in the kitchen. Cyril, looking unhappy and George and Peter, looking angry, sat round the table.

"Michael, come in here a moment, will you?" George puffed at his pipe, distractedly. His voice was tense. I went into the kitchen. "Look, Cyril has only just got up."

I was amazed. "Got up at 5 p.m.? But that's incredible; he's had 17 hours sleep—I know he went to bed before 12."

"It may indeed have a medical interest", said Peter. "But that is not what we're worried about. It means that Cyril hasn't gone out to work for his blessed trade directory." The enormity of the situation struck me. I turned to Cyril:

"Why the hell not? You are too much, Cyril. You've been out of a job for ages, and on your first day, you don't even get up. Pull yourself together." But Cyril looked as though, far from pulling himself together, he was about to fall apart. He sat, defensively, and with his eyes to the ground, like a prep school boy who has been found smoking in the lunch-hour behind the school lavatories.

"He says he's lost his will-power," said George. He breathed heavily. "And I'm losing my temper."

Peter explained. "He thinks he's suffering from malnutrition. He says he's only eaten 6d. of chips a day for the past fortnight."

I stared at him with horror. The thought of a man not eating like this worried me considerably. "But Cyril, why don't you tell us? I had no idea of this." Cyril lolled his head from side to side. A little tear rolled from the corner of his eye.

"It was my pride, Michael."

"Your pride? But it's not worth fading away for the sake of your pride. You know we'd have helped you out. Anyway, why didn't you take a labouring job, or something like that?"

"I was too weak."

"Yes, yes, but you could have borrowed 10/-, had a good meal, and solved that problem."

"Well, it's my pride you see; if I take a job like that, I'll have to give up any hope of bettering myself."

George smiled mirthlessly. "If you don't take a job, there'll be none of you left to better. You're getting scraggy and jelly-like."

"Why don't you go home to your parents for a few days? They'll feed you up, and probably give you a couple of quid to put you on your feet again."

"It's my pride, you see."

"Your pride?" I said. "There's nothing wrong with going to see your parents is there?"

Peter looked gloomy, and another tear ran down Cyril's cheek. "Unfortunately, there is, Michael. Cyril has given his people to understand that he's in Cambridge actually at the University, studying. They think he's here on a scholarship."

There was silence in the kitchen for some moments. And then

Cyril spoke: "and besides, they live in Scunthorpe, which hurts my pride terribly."

There was a morose silence, as we sat at the kitchen table, wondering whether we should call an ambulance and dispose of Cyril there and then. Then George spoke.

"Look, don't get the idea that I'm going to support you or anything Cyril—but suppose I—and perhaps Peter and Michael, if they're willing—went out representing your Directory for a day or two, made some money to set you up, and then left you to it. Do you think you would settle down to it then?" Cyril looked a little happier.

"Oh yes, that's just what I need."

Peter, George and I looked at one another. "Well?" I said. "Well", said Peter. "There's nothing to stop us", said George. "I know it doesn't sound thrilling, but each of us can afford a day or two. Besides, if we don't do this, we'll get no rent from Cyril, and he'll starve in our front room."

I could see that if I agreed to this suggestion, I should have another apology to make to the Almighty. On the other hand, it was a practical suggestion, and although I didn't much like the Commercial Directory, the need to put Cyril on his feet was great. Perhaps, indeed, it was an act of Christian charity.

"All right, I'll try", I said. Peter nodded agreement.

"When shall we start? I suggest tomorrow."

"I say, that's a bit early—I mean I was going to attend a lecture tomorrow on 'Logical Positivism and St Paul'."

"Come, Michael, you can skip that; the sooner we do this, the sooner we'll get it over."

"Oh, very well, if you two are going out tomorrow, so will I."

"Good man, Michael. We'll leave at 8.30 in the morning." Peter turned to Cyril. "Say thank you to Michael and George, Cyril."

"Thank you", said Cyril. Cyril crept back to his room, and we could hear the bed springs creak as he got back into bed. None of us could bring ourselves to comment upon this extraordinary fact. It was just 6.45 p.m.

I tried to occupy the evening by alternating between the Biblical version of the fall on man, and the instructions to representatives issued by Commercial trade directories. They fitted together perfectly, but it was rather depressing, and I went to bed early that night, in preparation for the next day's trials.

The next morning I had set my alarm for 7.45 a.m., and was up to greet both Peter and George with a cup of coffee. Cyril was of course still in bed, but I decided that he would prefer to be left in peace than be woken up. We discussed the plan of action

and it was decided that I should go out to a shopping parade in the nether parts of Cambridge, far from the undergraduate beat. I trudged through the centre of Cambridge, until I reached those infinitely shabby houses which surround the grandeur of King's Parade at about a mile radius. I thought, grimly, that this was the kind of area which I would work in when I went on an industrial mission. The kids played in the street, dirty, illclothed and untended. Conditions like this could not help them to be good citizens when they grew up, I thought. Finally, I came to the small shopping area of the district. It was far from the neon-lit glamour of a supermarket. The windows were small and crowded, the paint was cracking with age, and the walls were covered with faded advertisements for the products of previous generations. "Black Cat" cigarettes, Vimto cordial, and Imperial sauce gazed out, the only colour in this drab street. Could I possibly try to take money from the proprietors of these shops, who were probably much poorer than I was? I grit my teeth. I was going to try.

I walked into the small general stores which stood on the corner of the street, walked boldly up to the counter, and put my brief case down. An elderly man behind the counter looked up from his commode expectantly.

"Good morning", I said. "I represent the Commercial Trade Directories firm that is producing *free* an index of all the most important businesses in the Cambridge area." The old man coughed and squirmed slightly. I went on. "I'm sure you'd like to be represented in it, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I don't know . . . . if you say it's free."

"Oh yes, it's entirely free to those to whom it is distributed", I said. "And of course, you will receive a free copy." God preserve my soul, I thought.

"Oh, well in that case, put us in." The old man put a hand through his mop of white hair before rolling himself a cigarette. I remembered the advice of the Commercial Trades Directory Ltd. on "pressing home a social advantage". "Many of the small traders with whom you will deal will be your social inferiors. Press home this social advantage—make it clear to them by your manner that you know better than they do—that you are better than they are. The authority of your voice is the authority of a true man of business to them; one whom they envy. In this connexion, we advise our representatives to dress formally while representing the directory . . . . "

I quickly produced a packet of cigarettes. "Have one of these", I said. I caught the elderly proprietor with his cigarette paper and packet of Old Holborn out. He looked up, slightly unsure whether to accept. But the temptation finally proved too much.

"Thank you, sir, thank you." I heard the word 'sir' and I knew that I had pressed home the social advantage which was so important to the Commercial Trade Directory. I held out my lighter to the man, whose trembling hand moved the cigarette through the flame clumsily. "Now, how would you like your name to appear in our Directory?" I said briskly. I wrote it down on the pro forma. The psychological moment had arrived. "You'll find it repays the four guineas over and over again in the business it brings you", I said. I held out the top copy of the order form to him. He looked surprised.

"But I thought you said it was free?"

"It is free—it will be sent to people in the area absolutely without charge, who will then come to your shop to buy their goods."

The old man was confused. "Well what about the four guineas?"

"That is the charge for the advertisement which you have just ordered." His brow furrowed, still he was not quite sure. But he was too old to put up much of a fight. He leant over to the till. Painfully, he counted out three pounds, and then counted slowly through the change. It was early in the day, and the till was still very empty. I mused to myself—did it ever get full?

"I'm sorry", he said. "I can't pay you now. There's only £3 19s. 0d. here." I knew that Cyril got one-third commission.

"Don't worry", I said. "I'll take that. I wouldn't do it for everyone, but for you I don't mind." The old man seemed quite grateful as I took the money. "Well, very nice to meet you", I said, as I shook his rheumatic hand. "I know you'll find it worthwhile." I stepped out the shop and walked quickly away. I was heading in no special direction, but I wanted to get away quickly, out of sight of that tatty general stores. I turned a corner and slowed down, collecting my thoughts about what I had done. But it was rather painful to think of it, and I steeled myself by thinking that I wouldn't have to do for long. I searched for another likely-looking shop.

I passed the day in this degrading occupation. After the first 4 or 5 shops, I became steeled to this unpleasant task. To my sickened horror, my technique improved rapidly. I became cunning, pressing home every "social advantage", putting my words in such a form as to give a totally misleading impression, without actually saying what was untrue. There were one or two failures; but by the end of the day, I had collected altogether forty-five pounds, most of it from shops very similar to the one in which I started. I was surprised and a little disgusted by my own success. It seemed too easy, and if I had been earning the money for myself, I could not have kept it. But it was for Cyril; and Cyril needed the money. I tried to pretent that this turned a despicable

confidence trick into an act of charity, but I knew I was not being honest. As darkness enveloped the rows of terraced houses, and the children playing in the street were called indoors, I headed back towards our house.

I found that George and Peter were already in the kitchen, making coffee. They seemed very cheerful.

"Have a cup of coffee, Michael," Peter called to me as I came through the front door. He passed it to me as soon as I entered the kitchen

"Well, Michael, we're in business" said George, as we sat round the kitchen table. "How much did you make?"

I sipped the coffee, strong, and black. "You tell me how much you made first", I said.

"Very well", said Peter, looking thoroughly pleased with himself. "I have collected a total of thirty-two pounds." It was on the tip of my tongue to say that I had beaten that; but I decided not to. I was not proud of it.

"And I made twenty-three pounds" said George. "What about you?" I felt ashamed, but too tired to resist the question. "I think I've got forty-five pounds" I said.

George and Peter looked at me, amazed. "But that's marvellous Michael," Peter said. "My dear fellow, that really is good going."

George jumped up and slapped me on the back. "You're training for the wrong field, old boy. You don't want to go into the Church if you can sell like that." I felt myself going red, in pain and anger. "Don't be idiotic, George."

"But really—you must have a talent for this kind of thing, Michael."

"I don't want to talk about it. I'll tell you one thing—I'm not going out on this racket again" I said. I finished my coffee. "Anyway, I suppose we ought to tell Cyril the good news. It's only for him we've done this, anyway. Where is he?"

I knew from George and Peter's faces. I jumped up and ran into the dining room. The curtains were closed, and a lump stirred slightly on the floor. I kicked it hard; but Cyril took so much time to regain consciousness, that by the time he was awake, my energy had gone, and I stomped upstairs to my little bedroom, where I lay on the bed musing about how I should control my temper.

The next day, Cyril was dragged from his sleeping bag at 7.30 a.m. He was resentful and dopey, but we were not prepared to suffer him gladly now we had showed him that it could be done. We sent him out by 8.30, telling him not to give up. At 11.45 a.m. he reappeared in the house. He said that it was no good, since he had been told by several shopowners that another representative

had come round only the day before. Did we think that the Commercial Trades Index had another representative in this area? With restraint, we explained to him that he must have gone to those areas touched on by George, Peter and myself, and that he was a fool not to realise this. We then sent him out again. It was in the afternoon that things began to happen.

About 2.30, after lunch, there was a knock on the door. I went to open it. I was surprised to see a huge policeman standing outside. "Good afternoon, sir. I wonder whether I might speak to you for a moment" he said.

"Why, of course, Officer," I said. "Come in." I was a little abashed when another man, in plain clothes, followed the uniformed officer through the door without a word. "Would you like some coffee?" I asked. "Yes, thank you, we would" the officer said distractedly, as his eyes roamed round the house with more than an ordinary visitor's interest. I looked over my shoulder from the gas stove, to see that the plain clothed man was surreptitiously going up the stairs.

"Excuse me" said I, not at all happy with this. The uniformed officer grunted.

"It's all right", he said. "He wants the lavatory."

"Well", I said, "it's not all right, because the lavatory is out in the garden."

"Oh", said the officer, "In that case, I'd better get him down."

"I'll get him down," I said. I ran quickly up the stairs, just in time to see the man rifling through Peter's chest of drawers. This outraged me.

"Get out, you thief", I said. "What the devil do you think you're doing?"

The man was unperturbed. "I think you know very well" he said. "You're in trouble."

By this time, the uniformed officer had joined us at the top of the stairs. "Have you heard of the Commercial Trades Index?"

"Yes, I have, but what is it to you?" My guilty conscience put me on the defensive. My activities of the day before already seemed to me to have blotted my reputation as a respectable member of society.

"Did you yesterday represent yourself as an agent of that firm?"

"Yes, just yesterday", I said. "It was to help a friend out . . . " My voice trailed away—

"Are you an agent of this firm?"

"Well, in a manner of speaking, I suppose not actually," I said. "But there was no question of dishonesty, or anything."

"I see." The officer took out his notebook. "I think we need to know a little more about this."

"But . . . but, what's wrong with that?"

The uniformed constable smiled knowingly at his plain-clothes colleague. "What's wrong with it? Well, first of all the firm is one with which we have had trouble before. They don't produce the Directory which they say they produce. Then apart from that, you are not its accredited agent. Then again we have information that you misrepresented the position to several people in the area, and took their money on the strength of it."

My mind was in a whirl. I scarcely registered the fact that the officer was pronouncing the words "I hereby arrest you for false pretences, and possibly embezzlement, and fraudulent conversion pending further inquiries." He took my arm, more as a symbolic act of arrest than because he needed to forcibly restrain me. I was rooted to the spot. I smiled weakly. "I see."

"Now, it will be better for you and everyone concerned if you tell us the truth. Are there any others involved in this racket with you?"

I pulled myself together as best I could. What should I say? If I implicated George and Peter, or for that matter Cyril, I would just multiply the trouble I was already in.

"No", I said, "it was only me." I thought to myself that I was doing the right thing. God would see my point of view. It was a lie; but it was a lie to save others. I looked into the faces of the two policemen—they seemed to believe me.

"Very well, we'll go to the station and take particulars." We went outside, and got into a police car. By the time we reached the police station, I was beginning to think a little more clearly. "I want a lawyer" I said. The police sergeant at the station produced a ragged list. "You can choose any of these", he said. I looked down the list and chose a name.

In the late afternoon, the lawyer arrived, efficient, cheerful, smoking a cigar. We went into a little room in the depths of the police station. I explained what had happened, carefully avoiding implicating George, Peter or Cyril in any way. The solicitor listened carefully, occasionally taking notes. "Hmn", he said at the end of my tale, "It doesn't look too good, I'm afraid. It's really a question of how far the jury will believe you."

"You mean—there's a chance I'll be convicted?" I asked, almost incredulously. He looked at me searchingly, and puffed at his cigar. "There's always a chance" he said. I was too overcome to question him any further. I asked him to inform the people at home, and tell them where I was.

"I'll tell them to come along tomorrow", the solicitor said.

"Tomorrow", I said. "Why, what happens tomorrow?"

"You'll have to appear before the magistrate," he said. "It's only a formality; you won't have to say anything. But the

preliminary hearing gives you a chance to hear the evidence against you."

"I see," I said, "You'll be there, I hope."

"Oh, of course," he said. "Don't worry, we'll do our best for you." He winked at me, as he left the little room. "Don't worry too much; fraud is always a difficult thing to nail with a jury; half of them don't understand it."

"But I haven't been fradulent."

"That's for the jury to decide later," the solicitor said, wrapping his silk scarf round his neck. "See you in the morning."

I had a surprisingly comfortable night in the police station, and was woken up by a constable with bacon and eggs, and black coffee. The solicitor called for me at 9 a.m. "I've got things fixed," he said. "I told your friends at home; they were most hurt, of course; but I told them not to try and contact you here—it irritates the police. They'll be in court this morning."

We got to the courtoom at ten, and there seemed hours of waiting before our case came. The solicitor told me that he would apply for bail for me, and that George, bless his heart, had agreed to stand surety for me. I walked up the steps below court into the dock. I kept my face down for fear of seeing anyone I knew.

It was several minutes before I had the courage to look up. I gasped in horror as I saw the magistrate. It was Pring, George's ex-research supervisor. He obviously recognized me. He looked scrofulously at me throughout the presentation of the prosecution case. My lawyer then stood up and reserved my defence, and asked for bail. Pring still looked black.

"Who is prepared to stand bail for this defendant?" he asked. The solicitor was well prepared. "Mr George Tankley, sir". Pring's brow wrinkled, and his expression became even more foreboding.

"Bail refused. This kind of case is always a bad one to give bail for; so many of the confidence tricksters are fly-by-nights."

My lawyer tried again. But it was no use, I had been nailed.

As I was led down the steps underneath the dock, I looked imploringly at George and Peter, sitting in the public rows, very serious. George made a gesture of despair.

Underneath the court, it was clear that I was, from the point of view of the personnel there, already a convicted man. "Bail refused, that's bad," a warder said as he handed me a cup of tea. "Never mind, you won't get a heavy sentence—2 years at a guess."

I drank the tea morosely. "Thanks" I said.

"By the way, I didn't ought to do this but a friend of yours left a note to pass onto you."

I looked at the spindly handwriting. It was from Cyril. "I'm

sorry to hear you got copped," it said. "But don't worry, because we will help; I thought you would like to know that I have got a major scholarship at King's where I am thinking of reading divinity. Since you won't be needing your notes or books for a time, do you mind if I borrow them? Yours, Cyril."

It was not until after the trial, when I had served almost half my two year sentence, that I heard from one of my infrequent letters that Cyril got a first in Part I. Peter wrote to say that this justified his faith in Cyril. Furthermore, as a mature student, he had been given a valuable scholarship, and his tutor, Dr Pring, had a very high opinion of him.

Cyril himself wrote, saying how useful he had found my notes. What would I do when I came out? It was jolly lucky he said that I had my degree in estate management; with that I could always get a job. He was so well off now that he was thinking of buying himself a small house in Cambridge; perhaps I could help him with that.

My feelings as I read the letter told me one thing: I did not have the temperament for going into orders. I looked through the bars of my prison cell window. God had visited this on me as a warning. I turned to my cell mate, a middle-aged burglar. "What are you going to do when you come out, Fred?" I asked.

"Back to the old game", he said, "What else? What about yourself?"

"I don't know, Fred, I really don't know."

"If I was you, I'd go back to your old game," he said. "Forty-five quid in one day, did you tell me? Cor, some people don't know when they're lucky. Mind you," he said. "I can see why you were so successful like. You've got the spiel; you look honest as the day, and you talk so nice, well with a dog-collar, you could almost be a clergyman."

"What's that got to do with it?" I demanded.

"Well, use your savvy. There's always old dears ready to contribute to the church restoration fund, ain't there? 'Specially when a nice young parson comes and asks them for a bit. You'd be just perfect for the game."

There was a rattle at the door of the cell. It was slopping out time. As I took out our crockery, I wondered whether this too was an indication from God.

The Changeling

THE production of Middleton and Rowley's "The Changeling" at the College Hall on January 21st-23rd must be regarded as a brave attempt at a very challenging and difficult play. Performances of this work on the professional stage are very infrequent, and this would seem to indicate that the dramatic snags outweigh the advantages.

The chief problem lies with the sub-plot, which has been omitted altogether in some productions. Instead of stemming from the main action and meeting it again at several points in the play, the sub-plot pursues its own individual lines, and the connections with the main action are thematic rather than dramatic. There is therefore a danger that the work may seem in performance more like two plays acted alternately piece by piece than one continuous dramatic unit.

The John's production followed the original seventeenth-century performances in bringing Rowley's sub-plot into undue prominence. By the 1640's the play had come to be remembered chiefly for the antics of the Changeling Antonio, not for the high-minded tragic element, and it is only too possible that the John's audience went home more impressed by the bawdry and tom-foolery than by the sufferings of Beatrice-Joanna. This is partly the fault of the play itself, as historical precedent indicates; in the recent production, however, the balance was still further upset by the excellence of the acting in the comic scenes. Tim Davies and Alan Maryon-Davis, as Lollio and Antonio, were superb, snatching the limelight whenever they appeared, and returning jest for jest, "ad lib" for "ad lib" with amazing energy. Critical pundits may have frowned upon the "M for Mild" improvisation as an unwarranted addition, but such horseplay is in accordance with seventeenth century practice after all. Lollio and Antonio were ably supported in their mad-house pranks by Vivienne Beddoe as Isabella, and by Tony Young as the "counterfeit madman" Franciscus.

In comparison with the sub-plot, the main action left the audience rather cold. Characters veered nervously around opposite sides of the stage, many of the lines were inaudible (though here the acoustics of the hall were partly to blame) and the dramatic conflict never really left the ground. In particular, the two great "duet" scenes between Beatrice-Joanna and De Flores, which should have contained the whole of the dramatic essence, were played without sufficient point and emphasis.

Some of the most meaningful blank verse in the language was rushed through mercilessly—and key-statements like "Y'are the deed's creature" were either drowned in words or thrown backstage like so much unnecessary padding. Judy Hogg as Beatrice-Joanna must be exempted from this general castigation since hers was a courageous and forceful performance—that of a hard-feeling, self-willed and sophisticated girl who is brought to realise the falsity of her own judgements. It was in fact Larry Whitty's de Flores that was largely to blame, not that his performance suffered from incompetent acting, but merely that his interpretation of the part was entirely misguided. De Flores is not a servant or underdog but a gentleman; his sense of humour is savagely cynical, not highly entertaining; he is much more of a villain than a wit. Larry Whitty made his role so light-hearted that his on-stage murders lacked conviction; his worst fault, however, was that he did not seem to realise that the tragic sections of the play were written in blank verse. His jaunty prose-equivalents of many of the lines were entirely out of keeping.

The minor actors in the main plot were on the whole convincing. Chris Peach came off rather well as the virtuous Alsemero, though he shuffled about somewhat in his soliloquies; Robin Bosenquet made an admirably furious Tomazo (perhaps the most intentionally comic of the Jacobean revengers) and Sandy Scott kept up a sufficiently noble appearance until his untimely decease in the Third Act. Dermott Chamberlain was a somewhat youngish-looking Vermandero, and of the "faithful attendants" to Beatrice and Alsemero, Clare Shanks' Diaphanta came off somewhat better than Richard Dunn's Jasperino, especially in the delight she took at the prospect of a lustful encounter with the bridegroom.

As the production was the first to be undertaken by a newly-revived society, it may not be pointless to add that the Society could have chosen a much easier play. Not only did the producer have to contend with the problems of getting the play's message across—he was also faced with serious difficulties of stagecraft; in a play with so many exits and entrances (and even closets and winding stairs), he had to regulate his company in and out of the same door. In view of these circumstances, the arrangement of such matters was masterly, and next year's production can be awaited eagerly, even though it is to be hoped that the company be content with a less Herculean task.

B. S. M. HORNE.

Book Reviews

F. H. HINSLEY: Power and the Pursuit of Peace. (*C.U.P., 40s*).

MR HINSLEY has written a splendid book which is both a general theory and a probe into many more detailed aspects of international history. Its aim is ambitious and necessary: ambitious because it attempts "to raise the study of international relations to a more scientific level", and is not afraid to risk comparison with Darwin or Keynes; necessary because international history is in a theoretical quagmire—"in the work of understanding and explaining the facts we have not made much progress since, 130 years ago, von Ranke wrote his essay on *The Great Powers*." Necessary also because such a failure has, Mr Hinsley believes, practical consequences: the inadequacy of our thinking about states' relations and the achievement of peace is "the outstanding failure of recent times". In this verdict we can all concur.

The achievement of the book certainly measures up to its ambition—in whole areas it drives inquiry, scholarly or otherwise, into new pastures. Here the first section of the book is the most obviously impressive (though the Sunday-paper reviewers, predictably bemused by the unfamiliar, ignored the section altogether).

A systematic history of men's plans for peace in modern Europe has simply not been attempted before—in the process of writing this history Mr Hinsley cuts so much new wood in necessary territory that the book would become "essential reading" for this alone. More than this, it is the aim of the book to show how closely the theorists fitted into the real power-structure of their day, how they shared or altered its assumption. The radical revision of our thinking on the "internationalist" theories of Kant and Rousseau is the first fruit of this approach.

Nevertheless, the book asks to be judged not for brilliant sections or individual insights, but as a unified theory, a general interpretation of international affairs since the Renaissance. We are invited to pass judgement on a whole view of history—and it would be cowardly to evade the challenge. A theory can be judged in two ways—first as an effective instrument in "making sense" of the diverse phenomena it is faced with; second as an internally consistent whole. The second judgement does *not* necessarily follow from the assessments of "effectiveness"—if we disagree with Mr Hinsley's theory, it is less over the utility of its theoretical net than over certain ambiguities and difficulties within the theory's own logic.

The book's theory *is* effective and interesting. With a gift common to many general theorists, Mr Hinsley is consistently as absorbing when his theory provides only the most elementary framework for understanding a period, as when the theory seems suddenly to penetrate all the particularities of an age. Though naturally he is most exciting when the latter happens.

Take, for instance, the treatment of the complex diplomatic history of the nineteenth century. Mr Hinsley's pages on the tortuous progress from the Crimean to the Franco-Prussian war are without doubt among the most incisive and lucid ever written on the subject. But one suspects that the initial theoretical view of the period—as essentially a "stable" period with near-equality of power among the states and hence no crucial changes in the distribution of power between them—is less essential to "making

sense" than the more traditional virtues of an historian faced with a confusing mass of material. Sure enough, the theoretical insight cuts through much of the nonsense talked about the "rise of Germany" in this period—but to penetrate the fogs of Russian and Austrian policy in these years is less a matter of theory than sheer, gruelling hard work.

All the greater contrast, then, with the masterful handling of the years from 1870 to 1900, where the theory welds every phenomenon into a convincing unity. Mr Hinsley leaves plenty of room for intellectual manoeuvre—and we can fruitfully disagree over his emphases when dealing with imperialism or his severely technological interpretation of the Alliance Systems. But his general effort to combine "internal" history (the emergence of the modern, industrial state) with all the details of the changing international pattern remains a remarkable step forward.

What of the general theory itself? Essentially there are three elements in Mr Hinsley's analysis of international relations—the material power of the individual states; the way in which this material power is reflected in the constitution of the States System; and the views of men on that system, its nature or utility. The book offers a consistent and fascinating dialectic of being and consciousness: at any moment any two of these elements can interact to produce change or stability in international affairs. An increase in the internal power of one state may demand recognition in the international order, and the materially preponderant power may try for hegemony. (The attempts of France and Germany are thus interpreted in austerely material terms, though the ideological camouflage of "Imperial" restoration or "encirclement" is recognised as a factor in the situation.) Equally, a situation with near-equality of power may interact in various ways with ideas about the States System: it may produce a stable "Balance of Power" ideology; it may mean the persistence of ideals of cultural unity and "Christendom" in a world where endemic conflict is the actual fact; or the *material* reality may withstand the fiercest of ideological onslaughts (dramatically, Napoleon III's denigration of the 1815 Settlement).

Mr Hinsley's scheme is complex, even dialectical: the interactions of internal power, international balance, and ideology are many and various. It may be fairly said that *at its strongest* the schema is a form of economic determinism, the "economic" factor in the equation being the internal power of the national state. Hence imperialism is tied in directly with the increase of economic power in Europe; hence the First and Second World Wars are tied to the material fact that Germany had become and remained the most powerful nation in Europe, and that the structure of the European States System did not recognise the fact. But the strength of the schema is that Mr Hinsley believes in, and demonstrates, the capacity of the two other factors to influence the actualities of power. This is not a book about the "inevitability" of internal power being reflected in the States System or ideology. "The notion that (the powers) had a common responsibility for an international order to which they all belonged" was a vital factor in the nineteenth century politics, and must be so again. "Power and realities" must not and need not be the determinants—as Mr Hinsley evocatively puts it. "When power begins to shift again and the wind begins to blow, there might be enough vitality in this notion to help us weather through. There will be nothing else to help us."

The criticism of the schema must centre on Mr Hinsley's concept of Power—as a determining factor in the equation it is excessively monistic and never precisely defined. What is valuable about the concept is the way in which it forces the attention of "international" historians onto *internal processes* in the States they are studying. No longer after Mr Hinsley's book can we talk of modern diplomatic history in traditional

terms as a self-regulating private realm, a matter between immutable "States" with persistent aims ("struggle for mastery" being the most popular). Changes within the States permeate every aspect of international affairs.

But at times Mr Hinsley seems to have destroyed the concept of an irreducible unit "the State" only to replace it with another—Power. In fact the subtlety of his own analysis often goes beyond this. In seeking the origins of 1914, Mr Hinsley recognises that even if German "power" was one key to war, the fact that the explosion of German society since 1870 had produced as much social and governmental tension as increased "power" is just as vital a factor in the historical situation. In fact, to understand 1914 we need less a knowledge of interstate entanglements than an extended study of the pathology of German, Austrian and Russian society. To understand the relations between states, we must look deeper into "internal processes" than the concept of Power invites.

It is noticeable that in Mr Hinsley's schema the internal power situation never can interact *directly* with the ideology of international relations. By the terms of the equation, international thought is *about* the middle factor—the distribution of power in state relations. One wonders whether the terms of such an equation remain valid in a world where at least one "international" ideology can claim to be not about states' relations but intimately about the internal processes of society. Whether the rise of the Chinese invalidates Mr Hinsley's tempered optimism about a continuing balance of power in our world has been the most popular shaft of the reviewers. It is aimed at the theory's predictions—and somewhat insecurely aimed at that. But all the same, does not the existence of a whole mode of international thinking which is opposed to treating the State as in any sense the unit of international affairs, call into question the *present* terms of Mr Hinsley's schema? There exists, like it or not, a revolutionary mode of thinking about international affairs, which aims to bypass the whole notion of distribution of power among states. Against such dissent, the ideology of Great Powers and States Systems seems at times more advocacy than description.

I do not think, in fact, that Mr Hinsley would baulk at the description of advocate as well as descriptive historian. The States System is for him valid and valuable as well as being what, historically, we have to deal with. One does not question this conviction so much as wonder whether, in a world where the rise of the modern state has brought social processes into the forefront of the ideological imagination and into the most intimate, causative contact with every area of political life, it can long hold its own. *Power and the Pursuit of Peace* has done much to "sociologise" the study of international relations. One wonders whether history is not about to "socialise" more than just the study of them.

T. CLARKE.

J. P. STERN: Re-interpretations: Seven Studies in Nineteenth Century German Literature. (*Thames and Hudson*, 1964, 30*s*). *Reprinted by kind permission of the editors of the* Cambridge Review.

GRILLPARZER, Stifter, Keller, Fontane and the other great names of nineteenth century German literature have about as much familiarity to most well educated English-speaking persons as the succession of names in an obscure Central European timetable. One knows that Budapest, Zagreb and Graz exist but not what goes on there. Familiarity with Fontane like acquaintance with Budapest does not belong to the intellectual baggage of the widely travelled and well-read man. By contrast twentieth century

German writing most emphatically does. It would be embarrassing in certain circles not to have heard of Brecht or Mann, but no lifemanship points can be won with even the most studied application of Grillparzer.

Not the least of the many merits of Dr Stern's book is to point to a significant cause of this discontinuity in our knowledge of the German literary tradition:

> "after the First World War the dissociation of literature from the political and social realities had ceased to be a phenomenon peculiar to Germany; this is the reason why the works of Mann, Rilke and Kafka found a ready European audience." (p. 348).

It follows that German literature of the nineteenth century has a peculiar relevance for modern Europeans. It appeals to those of whom Rilke spoke:

> "und die findigen Tiere merken es schon, dass wir nicht sehr verlässlich zu Haus sind in der gedeuteten Welt."

These words stand at the beginning of the book and the sense "of not being very reliably at home in the interpreted world" forms its main theme. Dr Stern argues that all the writers under consideration (except Goethe) express a common awareness of Rilke's uncertainty about, and in, the world. This awareness binds them together, however different they are in style, temperament and subject. It forces them to "re-interpret" the world around them:

> "the world itself being presented in these writings not so much as a thing finally real, but rather as in itself an 'interpretation'." (p. 2.)

In another, more common, sense, Dr Stern attempts to "reinterpret" the works of these writers, especially for English-speaking readers but also for continental critics. He fights on both fronts with the greatest good humour and charm.

Dr Stern follows the implications of his double "re-interpretation" in seven good-sized essays on Goethe, Grillparzer, Büchner, Schopenhauer, Heine, Stifter and Fontane. The pace is measured and leisurely. He writes subtly and persuasively. He has the courage to take his time and to allow the reader to form an opinion of his own. Quotations in German and excellent English translation are sufficiently long to help fill the appalling gaps in our knowledge of these men and their writings, and to enable us to judge the accuracy of the critic's insight against our own reading of the text. The result is overwhelming. Again and again conclusions simply spring to life, which I at least found irresistible. I thought: how obvious! Yet on second glance there was nothing obvious about them. They "re-interpreted" the texts with a vengeance. Stifter's idylls became expressions of "a mystique of things," "an ultimate propitiation and last refuge." I found myself nodding with approval when Dr Stern uncovered the relationship between Heine and Nazi ideology. Grillparzer's ironic realism turned out on close examination to have transformed the values of "the world of common indication" into their opposite. Schopenhauer's distinction between the world of wills and the "disinterested Self" expressed the same dichotomy in philosophy.

The only weak link in the argument is Dr Stern's treatment of Fontane. Not that the essay on Fontane itself lacks the urbanity, ease and wit of the other studies (the comparison of *Madame Bovary*, *Effi Briest* and *Anna Karenina* is brilliant) but rather that Fontane simply will not allow himself to be so "re-interpreted." The very fact that Fontane deserves comparison, as Dr Stern argues, with Tolstoy, Flaubert and E. M. Forster points up how very different Fontane's realism is from the rest of that tradition. It just will not work, and when Dr Stern tries to push Fontane into the same posture, his argument becomes lame:

> "The suggestion is never absent from his novels that private life and morality are one thing and social and political life another, and that the relation of the one to the other is a *passive* one. The particular narrative energy that would show both the social world *and also* the way its ethos is actively determined by personal decisions and acts, is not to be found either in that tradition or in his novels." (p. 341). (Author's italics.)

The fact that Fontane saw the relationship between man and society as passive cannot be stretched to support the argument that society for him was not "real," not "the world of common indication" with its every blemish. Surely the joy of Fontane lies in his acceptance of that world. And it *is* our world in a way which that of Stifter and even of Grillparzer is not. Nor can the supposedly passive conception which Fontane had of the relationship between the individual's moral sense and the commands of society be made to exclude him from the main currents of European realism, I should have thought that the very opposite was true. Only for somebody to whom society is in every sense real can its laws appear so menacing and inviolable.

If Dr Stern falls victim here to a temptation to stretch his theme just that little bit too far, he avoids the other danger, inherent in broad critical studies, that of forgetting the critic's function. Even his treatment of Schopenhauer remains explicitly literary:

> "To commend the tone, the literary quality, of Schopenhauer's philosophy is neither to accept it as true nor to reject it as faulty. The logical cogency of the whole remains to be examined . . . but to commend its form does mean that, even if the system itself does not survive unimpaired, a good deal that is of value will be salvaged." (p. 186).

He uses psychiatric insights, historical knowledge, philosophical training with great skill but he never forgets that they cannot replace the confrontation between critic and work of art.

> "The totality (the 'exaggeration') that emerges from our reading of it yields no precept; and as a thing to learn from, a clinical study may well be superior. It is an image of life . . . . Coming to us as an illumination, it also comes to us as knowledge (not of a disease but of an extreme in man); and knowledge achieved and uncontentious is also a delight."

Dr Stern's *Re-Interpretations*, "knowledge achieved and uncontentious," can certainly be recommended, for it, too, is a delight.

JONATHAN STEINBERG.

Cloth of Gold. Crockford Preface 1963-4. (O.U.P.). Pp. xix.

THE Preface to *Crockford*, though not sold separately to the public (the complete volume is priced at 10 guineas), is supplied separately for review. In her covering letter, the secretary to the Promotion Manager of the Oxford University Press writes that "by custom, the author of the Preface, a person of distinction in the Church of England, remains anonymous. This enables him to express his views on Church matters with complete frankness." It is not noticeable elsewhere that anonymity is considered to be a prerequisite for frank expression of opinion about the affairs of the Church of England, nor is it obvious why it should be so here; and the implied suggestion that completely frank comment or criticism is unacceptable in the Church (and that its author is not safe?) unless it is presented in this form would be insulting if it were not so patently false. It is difficult to see how the short but excellent appreciations of the late Pope John XXIII, and of two well-known former Cambridge figures, Dean Milner-White and Sir Will Spens, would have needed to be modified if the writer

had been required to append his name to them; nor need he have been ashamed to print an analysis of the age-groups of the present bench of English bishops. It would seem that the anonymity is necessary to enable the author not so much to be frank as to be frisky—a word of his own, which he applies collectively to no fewer than twenty-two of the present bench of bishops; reference to the relevant records of Convocation would show whether two former vicars of Great St Mary's are included among them. Whether it is frisky or merely flippant to describe the 1963 Toronto Congress as the Canadian Jamboree I am not sure. In this issue, however, friskiness is somewhat less prevalent than in some earlier Prefaces, and this may imply a recognition that comment and criticism can be equally effective without it. Perhaps it and anonymity will therefore both be abandoned in the near future; it would be politic if this were done before automated stylometry knocks the bottom out of unidentifiable authorship. Intelligent comment and criticism should not need whatever shelter or adventitious boosting is derived from the aegis, if not the actual imprimatur, of a famous publisher; and there is a good supply of it in the present Preface. Those to whom it is addressed and who may read this review, will have ample opportunity of reading and digesting it, and of assimilating or rejecting whatever is of value in it; a catalogue of its contents is therefore unnecessary here. Most of its targets are presumably loyal members of the Church, and can therefore supply their own complement to the almost wholly mundane tone and preoccupations of the author, in whose exposition finance (itself an important matter) occupies a disproportionately large space. This and other such matters must no doubt be discussed; but to one who looks at it from outside, however near or far, the Church, as presented in this Preface, may seem to be mainly a business organization, whose efficiency leaves something to be desired, and to be largely concerned with domestic ecclesiastical problems and with deciding who should be allowed to print the Revised Psalter. A welcome exception is the passage on the need for greater attention to Moral Theology; on the actual proposals put forward opinions will differ, but it is good to have the subject raised and discussed. The Clergy whose names are listed in Crockford's Directory are, doubtless, careful and troubled about many things, one of which is finance; but their primary concern is with a calling that is hardly touched upon in this Preface (which on this score is inferior to its immediate predecessor), and the Church which they serve is confronted by tasks no less difficult than any which have faced it for several centuries. It would be a greater benefit to the Church, and to a wider public, if this Preface were to function less as a private platform for the detailed analysis of administrational problems, and if the author were directed to display more concern for the Church's proper purpose, and to use his privileged status so as to be a less esoteric interpreter of its mission.

Partly to avoid the possible estrangement, by my frankness, of an old and valued friend, and partly out of sympathy with the obscurity imposed upon the author, I will accept a voluntary obscurity, and sign myself merely another

P. D. C. E.

G. BARRACLOUGH: An Introduction to Contemporary History. (*The New Thinkers' Library,* 1964).

MACAULAY, reviewing Hallam's constitutional history in 1828, said that there were two kinds of history; the map, which gave an overall impression, and the painted landscape which "though it places the country before us, does not enable us to ascertain with accuracy the dimension, the distances

and the angles." Mr Barraclough's intriguing book is an attempt to provide both sorts of history. On the one hand, the chapter headings (such as "The Dwarfing of Europe", "From Individualism to Mass Democracy") give us a general outline, and on the other, specific examples of the general trends Mr Barraclough perceives are drawn from China, India, Russia, England. The result is a fascinating blend of the general and the particular, beautifully presented and convincingly maintained. The problems of producing such a book are formidable, but Mr Barraclough has been equal to them. As one reads his pages one is without effort transferred from Downing Street to the Kremlin and then to the White House with such assurance that the general principle appears self-evident.

The trouble with any such work is that few, if any, of its readers, will be qualified to judge how far the general trends are indeed exemplified in the particular instances which Mr Barraclough has chosen to illustrate them. The problem is not simply one of perspective, but also one of basic knowledge. To those of us who have been taught history in segments of time and place, Mr Barraclough's lack of inhibition in dealing with, for example, the constitutional law of Baden, Italy and Brazil in the same sentence (at p. 126) is an unusual and baffling technique. We must take Mr Barraclough's point or leave it; he knows what Article 141 of the Brazilian constitution says; most of his readers will not.

This is in no way intended to undermine Mr Barraclough's method; on the contrary, what he has done within one comparatively small volume is infinitely worth doing. But it highlights the basic difficulty of any work of this nature—that is, that author and reader are necessarily on a grossly unequal footing. The author knows what he is referring to, but his readers have to accept the author's version, not merely of the painting, but also of the map.

In his first chapter, Mr Barraclough makes it clear that in the writing of this book "I have no intention of entering into a discussion of the methodological questions (of writing contemporary history)" (p. 7). He rejects the argument that contemporary history as such cannot be written, because the historian has not had the opportunity of "disengaging himself". It is not the purpose of this review to condemn Mr Barraclough for his courageous stand. But it must be emphasised that questions of bias and perspective do enter inevitably into his account of what has happened in the contemporary world. It may be objected that all historians, of any age, have opinions, and that Mr Barraclough is entitled to his. With this there can be no disagreement, providing the matter is plainly stated. Nevertheless, the point is indicative of the caution with which any such book as Mr Barraclough's must be read—for, in his stimulating chapters, we must constantly bear in mind that his facts are all tainted with his opinions; we are not receiving information first hand, but through his eyes, and conditioned by his attitude. Granted this, what does Mr Barraclough have to say?

All of what he says is extraordinarily exciting; much of it is not new, but it is put together with such masterly planning that we are left, at the end, unable to conceive of the world without the aid of Mr Barraclough's picture.

We start with the industrialisation of Europe; the huge technical advances of the last third of the nineteenth century "acted both as a solvent to the old order and a catalyst of the new" (p. 43). Industrialism had two main results—it moved population to the towns, and "achieved with fantastic speed the integration of the world" (p. 47). The first led to "mass democracy"—the participation for the first time of the masses in political decision. The second produced the movement known as Imperialism;

a search of hitherto unexploited regions of the world for raw materials, and for markets for the products of industry.

At the same time two great powers were growing up outside the European framework; the United States and Russia; ultimately they were to dwarf Europe.

Europe remained largely unaware of this development until after the Second World War. The decline of European strength was not merely relative to America and Russia, but absolute. Mr Barraclough is insistent that the *decline* of Europe was not of itself the reason for the change in international politics. It is just as important to consider the *rise* of the U.S.A. and Russia.

On the whole, Mr Barraclough is unimpressed with historians who see history as a continuity from the past into the present; there have been "revolutionary" changes in the international order (from the balance of power in Europe to "bi-polarity" of America and Russia); there has been a revolutionary change from individualism to mass democracy, and, from Mr Barraclough's viewpoint, we must expect "revolutionary" changes in Africa. One suspects that Mr Barraclough would agree with Kwame Nkrumah "Capitalism is too complicated a system for a newly independent nation"; what is needed is a plan—and that plan is provided by a mass ideology like Communism, not an individualist philosophy like capitalism.

It is indeed on the newly developing nations that Mr Barraclough is most stimulating of all. With a wealth of reference, his chapters on "The Revolt Against the West" and "The Ideological Challenge" guide the reader into the complications of African and Asian politics. In the imperialist era of the late nineteenth century, European expansion into extra-European territory "was fatal, in the long run, to European predominance" (p. 62). "It was a paradox of the new imperialism that it released pressures which made its own tenets unworkable." How did this come about? The answer is that European expansion put into the hands of Africa and Asia new weapons. It brought a breaking down of the stultifying social orders of undeveloped regions; it gave them new techniques and showed them their economic potential, and "it led to the rise of western educated élites" who were to lead the movement for independence which is characteristic of Africa today.

It is perhaps in these two chapters that Mr Barraclough's skill is most clearly revealed. The themes of previous chapters are illustrated and demonstrated in his discussion of the "new" new world. The western economic techniques introduced in Asia and Africa—particularly during the Second World War—created an urban working class, which could be mobilized into political action by those western educated leaders whom colonialist policy had created. "In its struggle for power, the proletariat has no other weapon but organisation", said Lenin in 1904; and the weapon of organisation on the Western party model was known to those leaders acquainted with the west. Dr Nkrumah is an example of such a leader; he quickly realised the necessity of a party to mobilize mass opinion, just as, eighty years before, Chamberlain and Lord Randolph Churchill had in England. The figures which Mr Barraclough produces to support his argument are startling. Elisabethville almost trebled in population between 1940 and 1946, for example.

The developing nations are in a hurry—and if they are to grow quickly, they must plan. In practice, Mr Barraclough believes, that planning will be inspired in Moscow and Peking rather than New York and London. A strong state must put through a programme of development which took Europe a thousand years.

Mr Barraclough has succeeded in putting together that difficult combination; a readable and persuasive history of our times. In an age when the would-be historian produces a Ph.D. thesis of detailed, painful and sometimes obscure research into a tiny morsel of the past, it is delightful to seeMr Barraclough tucking into a full-blown meal, and inviting us to share his repast. The menu reflects Mr Barraclough's personal tastes and predilections, but one cannot doubt that the dishes have been carefully matched and the wines selected, by an experienced and discerning gourmet.

KEVIN TIERNEY.

Obituary

The Late Mr H. Summers, Kitchen Manager

In the summer of 1960 Mr Sadler retired after nearly 30 years as Kitchen Manager, and the College was fortunate in being able to appoint as his successor a man of wide experience in catering. Mr Summers came to us from managing the catering for a number of Public Schools in the West of England. He quickly identified himself with the College and he was proud to be in charge of all the catering involved in the celebrations in 1961 of the 450th anniversary of the Foundation. He did not spare himself in his work for the College, and there was hardly ever an evening Hall that he did not supervise himself. There was a constant stream of visitors to his little office—senior and junior members of the College, secretaries of University societies and of outside bodies all coming to arrange lunches, parties and dinners with him, as well as many business callers. If this made it at times hard for the Steward to find an opportunity to discuss Kitchen matters with him, there was always peace for a talk in the Backs where he could be found each morning feeding his particular group of ducks. His untimely death in the early weeks of this year was an unexpected loss to the College.

Johnian Society

The Johnian Society held their thirty-sixth annual dinner in the Clothworkers' Hall. Mr F. W. Law, F.R.C.S., K.St.J., the Society's President for 1964, was in the chair.

The President, rising to propose the toast of the College, said he could not refrain from expressing his gratification and pleasure to the Committee for nominating him as President, and to the members of the Society for their gracious acceptance of the nomination. He felt very deeply conscious of the honour that the Society had done him in spite of the deplorable sense of seniority which accompanied it. Equally, he could not resist bringing to the meeting the photograph which members had seen outside the dining hall. In 1923, Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, with a few others, including himself, got together with the idea of founding the Johnian Society, and this was a photograph taken at the first dinner, with Sir Edward there in the Presidential Chair. It was very gratifying to note the large number of members in that photograph who were present there that night.

His first very pleasant duty was to welcome all the members to the thirty-sixth annual meeting and Dinner. He also took great pleasure in welcoming the two official guests of the evening, the Master and the Clerk of the Worshipful Company of Clothworkers. To this welcome, he would add the thanks of the Society for the privilege of dining in their beautiful hall. The halls of the City Companies and the Wren Churches seemed to suffer quite disproportionately from the air raids of the last war, and the hall of the Clothworkers was one of the victims. This was the sixth hall to be erected on this site. He had had the opportunity of seeing many of the restored and re-built halls and he felt that this Company had done a superb job in this instance; it was, in his view, the most attractive of the newly built halls. The President went on to give a short history of the Company, making particular reference to their wide-spread charitable activities. The Company received its Charter in 1528, having been formed by the union of the Company of Fullers and the Company of Shearmen. This union was referred to very successfully in the heraldic achievement of the Company. The Arms of both the Fullers and the Shearmen bore an ordinary in ermine—the one a chevron, the other a fesse—so this provided an easy start for the heralds. The other features on the Shield were a teasel cob from the Arms of the Fullers and two havettes—a form of double ended hook used in the shearing process—from the Arms of the Shearmen. The

two noble griffins made dignified supporters; the fact that they are "pellety"—besprinkled with roundels—would remind his hearers of similar treatment of the noble supporters of the Shield which appear in the Arms of the College—the Beaufort Yales. Perhaps the most interesting item in the whole achievement was the Crest. This being a ram, the allusion to wool was obvious; in the original Letters Patent, the word was, in fact, spelled rame, which is the technical name in French for a clothworker's stretching-frame. This appeared to constitute a rather engaging heraldic pun.

He would make reference to two activities of the Company which were of special personal interest to him. As an ophthalmic surgeon, he was well aware of their excellent charitable work for the welfare of the blind. The other consisted in the financing of an exchange between Guys Hospital and the John Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore. He, himself, had benefited from this arrangement, and in 1953, had done an exchange with the Professor of Ophthalmology at the Hopkins. This proved an exciting and stimulating experience—exciting in more ways than one, for he recalled that on the first occasion that he entered the operating theatre to carry out a series of operations, the hospital caught fire! He was very relieved to find that, after careful scrutiny of the Registrar General's Report, there was no statistically significant increase in the incidence of blindness in the United States in that year!

Another personal link with the Company came through the order of St John—not in this case St John the Evangelist of Cambridge, if he might so refer to him without disrespect, nor St John the Baptist of Oxford, but St John the Almoner of Jerusalem. After the Israeli/Jordan war which followed the cessation of the Balfour mandate, the Order's ophthalmic hospital, a beautiful building then situated on the Bethlehem Road, found itself unfortunately on the wrong side of the barbed wire. In 1954, he was sent out by the Order to assess the situation, and determine whether another hospital should be built, and to try and find another site for it, the Order meanwhile continuing its activity in two houses within the walls of the old city. Following this visit, and the acceptance of his report by the Order, he had the satisfaction of going out six years later to the opening of a beautiful new hospital, now situated on the north side of, but quite close to, the old city, on the road to Nablus, the Biblical Shechem. The link with the Company lies in the fact that Mr E. J. Reed, the Clerk, is also a member of the hospital Committee.

The President apologised for detaining them for so long, but pleaded in extenuation, in the words of the immortal Bunthorne,—"Such an opportunity may not occur again." This opportunity

indeed would most certainly never occur again, but he would again express his pleasure that it had occurred. These meetings were essentially social, and not occasions for prolonged after-dinner speaking, always excepting, however, the Master's speech, concerned with the doings of the College over the past year, to which they always looked forward with such pleasure and listened to with such attention.

He asked the Company to rise and drink to the health and continued prosperity of the College.

The Master, who replied to the toast, spoke of current events in the College, of the progress of the restoration of the Second and Third Courts, of the recent installation of central heating and hot water throughout the New Court, and of the new College buildings already under construction. He recalled that at more than one annual dinner of the Society he had been able to refer to the great benefaction that had made the erection of these new buildings possible. The donors had wished to remain anonymous until their intentions were fulfilled. This was the first occasion on which he could refer to them—the Cripps Foundation—by name and to the scale of their benefaction, which would amount to about one million pounds, as the College had recently been allowed to make known (see *The Eagle*, No. 263). He expressed the profound gratitude of the College for this great gift and for the unstinting interest and help of Mr C. T. Cripps, the chairman of the Foundation, and his son and co-trustee Mr Humphrey Cripps (B.A. 1937) at every stage in the preparation and development of the scheme. It was the hope that the buildings would be ready for occupation in October 1966.

The Lady Margaret Boat Club

President: THE MASTER *Senior Treasurer:* COLONEL K. N. WYLIE
Captain: P. J. OWEN *Vice-Captain:* M. H. R. BERTRAM
Secretary: R. G. STANBURY and S. H. VINCENT (Easter Term)
Junior Treasurer: R. V. G. SHARP and S. H. VINCENT (Easter Term)

MICHAELMAS TERM 1963

THE prospect for the year did not seem to be so good, with the remains of a May Boat which had gone down four places, and little material left from the lower boats. However, there were a few experienced freshmen, and a considerable number of keen novices.

Two light fours started training a week before the beginning of the term. The first four, coached by Alf Twinn, Dick Emery and Bill Hutton started well, but there was always a distinct lack of co-ordination between the stern pair. In the races they were beaten easily by St Catharine's, in a row lacking in cohesion and determination. The second four, coached by Colonel Wylie, took their rowing somewhat light-heartedly, and lost to Jesus who caught them at First Post Corner.

Crews:

1st IV	*2nd IV*
Bow P. J. Owen (Steers)	*Bow* M. Curtis (Steers)
2 R. A. Cutting	2 J. R. G. Wright
3 M. H. R. Bertram	3 J. P. A. Russell
Str. R. D. Thomas	*Str.* R. V. G. Sharp

The Clinker Four, coached by P. J. Owen, had few outings, but they raced with great determination. They beat Christ's, then lost to Clare.

Crew: P. J. Evans
S. H. Vincent
D. P. Chamberlain
R. D. Adams
Cox M. Rowntree

Fairbairn Cup: The 1st VIII was only settled when the last of the oarsmen from Trials became available; they were coached by M. J. Muir-Smith and Noel Duckworth. They trained hard, but lacked length and enough technique for their efforts to be effective; they went down from 3rd to 7th. The 2nd VIII, coached by C. F. Ingerslev, rowed with great spirit, and thoroughly deserved their crockpots; they rose from 29th to 21st. The 3rd VIII were a disappointment, and fell three places to finish 34th.

A Novice VIII was excellently coached by P. B. E. Hopkins, and rowed with technique and great keenness. They won the Clare Novices race in a record time of 3.09 mins.

Crews:

1st VIII	*2nd VIII*
Bow P. B. E. Hopkins	*Bow* M. N. Park
2 R. V. G. Sharp	2 P. A. Linehan
3 R. A. Cutting	3 P. V. Moody
4 A. T. G. Collis	4 P. L. H. Pearson
5 M. H. R. Bertram	5 J. L. Marjoribanks
6 J. R. G. Wright	6 A. R. E. MacDonell
7 S. H. Vincent	7 M. Curtis
Str. J. E. Haslam-Jones	*Str.* R. Lambert
Cox M. Rowntree	*Cox* R. Townsend

3rd VIII	*Novices VIII*
Bow N. W. Macfadyen	*Bow* J. H. Peachey
2 R. I. Sykes	2 N. J. P. Killala
3 C. G. Jones	3 J. A. Booth
4 G. R. Payton	4 G. M. Ralfe
5 D. J. Marshall	5 W. S. G. Oosthuizen
6 C. Lawrence	6 J. M. Larmour
7 A. H. Corner	7 S. G. F. Spackman
Str. M. W. Russell	*Str.* D. R. Kirkham
Cox J. K. Hart	*Cox* C. B. Lyle

Trial VIII's: R. G. Stanbury coxed the winning crew and M. A. Sweeney rowed Bow in the 2nd crew.

LENT TERM 1964

Two coaches of the 1st VIII cried off at the last minute, and so they were coached by P. J. Owen and L. V. Bevan. R. D. Thomas came into the crew after three weeks, having had his appendix out over Christmas. The crew was never very fit, but Beve produced the best out of them; they rowed over second every night, having got within a length on the Thursday, but never seriously challenging Jesus, and never being troubled from behind. The 2nd VIII lacked timing and control, and although they raced hard, they were bumped by Fitzwilliam, Selwyn and Downing 1st Boats. The 3rd VIII, except for the stroke, C. Lawrence, the same crew that had won the Novices race, had great racing spirit. They were bumped by Churchill, bumped 1st and 3rd 3rd VIII and Christ's 2nd VIII, and then were bumped by Fitzwilliam 2nd VIII. The 4th and 5th VIII had very few outings, but were really underplaced. They both made four bumps.

Crews:

1st VIII

Bow D. R. Kirkham
2 J. R. G. Wright
3 M. Curtis
4 R. V. G. Sharp
5 M. A. Sweeney
6 S. H. Vincent
7 J. P. A. Russell
Str. R. D. Thomas
Cox N. Craddock

2nd VIII

Bow M. N. Park
2 A. R. E. MacDonell
3 C. E. Montagnon
4 A. T. G. Collis
5 J. L. Marjoribanks
6 R. D. Adams
7 P. V. Moody
Str. J. E. Haslam-Jones
Cox M. Rowntree

4th VIII

Bow N. W. Macfadyen
2 D. F. C. Shepherd
3 D. J. Marshall
4 R. I. Sykes
5 A. H. Corner
6 G. R. Payton
7 M. A. Ward
Str. M. W. Russell
Cox L. C. Ingram

5th VIII

Bow M. de la P. Beresford
2 P. A. Linehan
3 P. F. Clarke
4 R. M. Spiers
5 D. P. Chamberlain
6 P. L. H. Pearson
7 R. C. E. Devenish
Str. Hon. J. F. Lewis
Cox J. K. Hart

Bedford Head: A. T. G. Collis rowed 4 in the 1st VIII and the crew was coached by R. J. Collins. In a strong head wind, they rowed well for the first half, but then it became sluggish. They finished 7th.

Reading Head: Coached by Canon Duckworth, they had to start low down, and were badly held up along the island above the Regatta course. However, they furiously overtook three crews along the course, and finished 29th.

Forster-Fairbairns Pairs: A. B. Macdonald and P. B. E. Hopkins trained hard for this event, and lost to Pembroke in the final.

The 2nd Trinity Sculls: M. A. Sweeney came 2nd after hitting the bank.

Bushe-Fox Freshmen's Sculls: Sweeney won by 18 secs., beating his victor in the 2nd Trinity.

P. J. Owen rowed bow in Goldie, and R. G. Stanbury coxed the winning Blue boat.

EASTER TERM 1964

Two crews came up a week before Term to train for the Mays; they were coached by P. R. O. Wood and P. J. Garner during this period. The 1st VIII were then coached by A. T. Denby, A. C. Twinn, L. V. Bevan and H. H. Almond. They progressed slowly, but never had the strength, fitness or morale to go really well; in the Head of Cam, after five weeks, they finished 11th in a row which started well, but which sagged as the crew became physically and mentally lazy.

The VIII had more lie back than the previous year, but it was rather ineffective; Harry Almond finished the crew well, but the practice times were not very fast. They caught Emmanuel and Clare in the Long Reach, but never challenged Jesus or Queens' and finished 5th.

The 2nd VIII were coached by L. V. Bevan, J. T. Agelasto and Colonel Wylie; in practice they never seemed to have great keenness, but they rowed as hard as they could in the races. They were unlucky to be bumped by Selwyn and Fitzwilliam, but they then rowed over twice as Sandwich boat. The lower boats, of which there were another twelve—the 15th failed to get on by a second—had an overall gain of four places.

1st VIII

Bow J. P. A. Russell
2 D. F. C. Shepherd
3 A. T. G. Collis
4 R. A. Cutting
5 M. H. R. Bertram
6 M. A. Sweeney
7 P. J. Owen
Str. R. D. Thomas
Cox R. G. Stanbury

2nd VIII

Bow M. N. Park
2 S. G. F. Spackman
3 R. M. Blowers
4 S. H. Vincent
5 D. P. Chamberlain
6 J. R. G. Wright
7 M. Curtis
Str. C. Lawrence
Cox I. A. B. Brooksby

3rd VIII

Bow N. W. Macfadyen
2 A. R. E. Macdonell
3 C. G. Jones
4 J. M. Larmour
5 D. R. Kirkham
6 G. R. Payton
7 P. J. Evans
Str. M. W. Russell
Cox M. Rowntree

4th VIII

Bow D. J. Marshall
2 R. I. Sykes
3 A. H. Corner
4 R. V. More
5 C. E. Montagnon
6 G. M. Ralfe
7 J. A. Booth
Str. R. M. Spiers
Cox C. B. Lyle

5th VIII

(Hoggers I)
Bow J. D. Whitman
2 P. R. Garner
3 B. C. Collyer
4 R. J. Dunn
5 J. A. L. Armour
6 J. R. Sibert
7 M. D. Moss
Str. R. Lambert
Cox J. K. Hart

6th VIII

(Olympians)
Bow P. V. "Eros" Moody
2 P. A. "Pluto" Linehan
3 P. D. M. "Ares" Ellis
4 J. A. R. "Hephaestus" Brice
5 A. B. "Apollo" Macdonald
6 P. L. H. "Dionysius" Pearson
7 R. C. E. "Poseidon" Devenish
Str. D. A. D. "Zeus" Cooke
Cox E. J. "Hermes" King

7th VIII
(Landed Gentry)
Bow S. A. Robson
2 H. D. Thompson
3 A. J. Rayner
4 R. A. Byass
5 J. L. Marjoribanks
6 M. A. Ward
7 P. G. Unwin
Str. J. D. M. Hardie
Cox A. J. Fulton

8th VIII
(Hoggers II)
Bow J. R. Wingad
2 C. P. M. Peech
3 P. R. Bazley
4 G. J. Webb-Wilson
5 R. J. Carr
6 R. E. Barker
7 J. R. D. Willans
Str. L. M. Thomas
Cox R. C. Desborough

9th VIII
(Temperance 7)
Bow R. F. Maddock
2 A. M. Afif
3 R. D. H. Twigg
4 M. F. Carter
5 J. K. Broadbent
6 M. J. H. Hole
7 J. H. Peachey
Str. J. H. Arrowsmith
Cox L. C. Ingram

10th VIII
(Force de Frappe)
Bow H. L. Mason
2 J. D. Fowler
3 P. Kelly
4 W. R. Waller
5 J. E. Tunbridge
6 A. J. Honeybone
7 P. C. Wraight
Str. R. S. Dilley
Cox D. G. Gregory-Smith

11th VIII
(Soccer Boat)
Bow D. J. White
2 J. A. Aveyard
3 D. L. Rowlands
4 D. L. Richardson
5 F. Iacobucci
6 P. W. Ward
7 J. M. A. Wood
Str. M. E. Reid
Cox A. P. Austin

12th VIII
(Ginger Men)
Bow I. J. Grayson Smith
2 J. B. Kurtz
3 K. E. Hawton
4 P. G. Ebert
5 G. ApThomas
6 P. A. Lewis
7 C. W. Plant
Str. C. Hammond
Cox J. P. Bolton

13th VIII
(Medics)
Bow B. D. W. Harrison
2 N. D. Burns
3 R. W. King
4 G. Scott
5 P. E. Baird
6 A. E. Young
7 J. A. Wyke
Str. N. J. P. Killala
Cox M. H. King

14th VIII
(Ruffs and Sluffs)
Bow G. J. Gee
2 I. G. Ray
3 A. G. Kamtekar
4 M. J. Webber
5 N. F. Large
6 G. F. G. Ratzer
7 M. A. Carson
Str. P. W. Brown
Cox I. T. Russell

15th VIII
(Lady Margaret Penance)
Bow R. S. Wilmott
2 A. M. Chambers
3 M. C. H. Wright
4 A. Carter
5 C. J. Ingham
6 R. C. Searle
7 M. B. Moreton
Str. D. V. Bowen
Cox S. R. Hobson

Marlow Regatta: The 1st VIII entered the Marlow VIII's, and coached by Dick Emery, they beat Staines Boat Club, but then lost to Upper Thames and Crowland in a scrappy row, after a considerable period of blade clashing. Two IV's were entered for the Town IV's; the "A" IV beat Twickenham, and then lost to Marlow (the eventual winners), and the "B" IV beat Guy's Hospital and lost to Bedford Rowing Club.

Henley Regatta: Raymond Owen took over the coaching, and as usual he made the eight row a longer harder stroke; they immediately went faster. Although some very fast times were done over short rows in practice, and some good crews beaten, the eight never managed to keep up the pace for long, and faded badly over a full course. The fast barriers worried Pembroke, the favourites, and the VIII was expected to do well. In the first round of the Ladies Plate, they scrambled home in front of Peterhouse; winning by one and a half lengths. They then lost to 1st and 3rd Trinity, the Head of the Mays crews, the rating having sagged badly from the barrier. The Wyfold IV was knocked out in the eliminators by Downing "B", there being a marked lack of ability to raise the rate of striking; the Visitors IV beat Queen Mary College in the eliminators. On the Wednesday of the Regatta they beat Eastbourne College by ¾ length, and then lost to Imperial College by about one length; both rows were very encouraging, and the four went flat out all the way.

The Ladies Plate crew was the same as the May boat, except that I. A. B. Brooksby coxed.

Visitors IV
Bow M. H. R. Bertram
2 M. A. Sweeney
3 P. J. Owen (Steers)
Str. R. D. Thomas

Wyfold IV
Bow J. P. A. Russell (Steers)
2 D. F. C. Shepherd
3 A. T. G. Collis
Str. R. A. Cutting

College Notes

Elected into Honorary Fellowships

WILLIAM OWEN CHADWICK (B.A. 1939), D.D., F.B.A., Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University.

Sir WILLIAM VALLANCE DOUGLAS HODGE (B.A. 1925), Sc.D., F.R.S., formerly Fellow, Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge, Lowndean Professor of Astronomy and Geometry in the University.

NORMAN ARCHIBALD MACRAE MACKENZIE (Matric. 1924), C.M.G., Q.C., President Emeritus of the University of British Columbia.

Sir NEVILL FRANCIS MOTT (B.A. 1927), M.A., F.R.S., Master of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics in the University.

DAVID HECTOR MONRO, M.A. New Zealand, Professor of Philosophy in Monash University, Victoria, Australia, has been elected into the Commonwealth Fellowship for the calendar year 1965.

University of Cambridge Appointments

Dr E. W. PARKES (B.A. 1946), Fellow of Caius, Professor of Mechanics.

The Rev. S. W. SYKES (B.A. 1961), Fellow, University Assistant Lecturer in Divinity.

Mr E. K. MATTHEWS, University Demonstrator in Pathology.

Mr R. N. PERHAM (B.A. 1961), Fellow, University Demonstrator in Biochemistry.

Dr R. M. NEEDHAM (B.A. 1956), Assistant Director of Research in the Mathematical Laboratory.

Mr J. H. MATTHEWMAN (B.A. 1960), Senior Assistant in Research in Engineering.

Mr F. W. DAVEY (B.A. 1958), Assistant Registrary.

Sir H. M. GARNER (B.A. 1914), Honorary Keeper of the Oriental Collections, Fitzwilliam Museum.

Awards

The Rev. S. W. SYKES (B.A. 1961), Hulsean Prize.

S. A. ROBSON (Matric. 1962), Drewitt Prize in Agriculture.

R. J. LING (B.A. 1964), Wace Medal in Classical Archaeology and Craven Studentship.

J. C. BRAMBLE (Matric. 1962), John Stewart of Rannoch Scholarship in Greek and Latin.

M. SCHOFIELD (B.A. 1963), Predergast Studentship.

A. H. JACKSON (B.A. 1964), Sandys Studentship.

M. S. SILK (B.A. 1964), Henry Arthur Thomas Studentship.

M. C. SCHOLAR (B. A. 1964), Charles Oldham Classical Scholarship.

M. RICHARDS (B.A. 1962), I.C.T. Research Studentship in Automatic Computing.

J. C. ODLING-SMEE (B.A. 1964), Wrenbury Scholarship.

G. K. ORTON (B.A. 1964), Grant from the Scandinavian Studies Fund.

J. H. KEENAN (Matric. 1963), David Richards Travel Scholarship.

W. D. THOMAS (Matric. 1962), Grant from the Smuts Memorial Fund for Research in East Africa on tropical grasslands.

Other Academic Appointments

Mr J. F. SMITH (B.A. 1937) has been appointed Professor of Morbid Anatomy at University College Hospital Medical School, London.

Dr M. J. P. CANNY (B.A. 1952), formerly Senior Assistant in Research in Botany at Cambridge, has been appointed Professor of Botany in Monash University, Victoria, Australia.

Mr R. HENSTOCK (B.A. 1944), Reader in Mathematics at Queen's University, Belfast, has been appointed a Senior Lecturer in Mathematics in the new University of Lancaster.

Mr W. A. WARD (B.A. 1959) has been appointed a Lecturer in English in the University of York.

Mr I. W. CORNWALL (B.A. 1931) has been appointed Reader in Human Environment, Institute of Archaeology, University of London.

Mr R. RUSSELL (B.A. 1940) has been promoted to be Reader in Urdu, School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London.

Mr E. J. RICHARDS (B.A. 1938), Professor of Aeronautics and Astronautics in the University of Southampton, has been appointed to a new chair in Applied Acoustics in that University.

Mr J. D. SARGAN (B.A. 1944) has been appointed Professor of Econometrics at the London School of Economics.

Dr R. P. N. JONES (B..A 1942), assistant director of research in Engineering at Cambridge, has been appointed Lecturer in Mechanical Engineering in the University of Liverpool.

Dr H. MARSH (B.A. 1958), Fellow, has been elected to a Senior Research Fellowship with the Ministry of Aviation, and will work on turbo-machinery at the National Gas Turbine Establishment, Pyestock, Farnborough.

Mr H. L. SHORTO (B.A. 1940), lecturer in Mon in the School of Oriental and African Studies in the University of London, has been appointed Reader in the Languages and Literature of South-East Asia, in the same School.

Dr G. WETHERLEY-MEIN (B.A. 1939), assistant director and senior lecturer in clinical pathology in St Thomas's Hospital Medical School, has been appointed Professor of Haematology there.

Mr J. H. BARTON (B.A. 1937) has been appointed administrator of the Hull University Union.

Mr W. A. MCMULLEN (B.A. 1960) has been appointed Lecturer in Philosophy at United College, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Dr J. D. RENTON (Ph.D. 1961), formerly Fellow, has been appointed Departmental Demonstrator in Engineering, University of Oxford.

The Rev. A. A. MACINTOSH (B.A. 1959) has been appointed Lecturer at St David's College, Lampeter.

Mr R. E. EMMERICK (B.A. 1961), Fellow, has been appointed Lecturer in Iranian Studies in the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London.

Mr G. A. RATCLIFF (B.A. 1947) has been appointed Professor of Chemical Engineering, McGill University, Montreal, Canada.

Dr D. M. METCALF (B.A. 1955) has been appointed an Assistant Keeper of the Herberden Coin Room, Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

Mr P. W. HILL (Matric. 1959) has been appointed Lecturer in Astronomy in the University of St Andrews.

Mr D. S. SELWYN, Meres Student 1963, has been appointed Senior Lecturer in Bacteriology in the University of Sydney.

Dr A. J. C. WILSON (Ph.D. 1942), F.R.S., Professor of Physics, University College of South Wales, Cardiff, has been appointed Professor of Crystallography, University of Birmingham.

Dr O. M. PHILLIPS (Ph.D. 1955), formerly Fellow, assistant director of research in Dynamical Oceanography, has been appointed Professor of Geophysical Mechanics in Johns Hopkins University.

Dr J. B. BEER (B.A. 1950), formerly Fellow, has been elected a Fellow of Peterhouse.

Mr T. P. LANKESTER (B.A. 1964) has been elected into a Fereday Fellowship in St John's College, Oxford.

Dr S. M. WALTERS (B.A. 1941), formerly Fellow, has been elected a Fellow of King's College.

Dr J. S. TURNER (B.A. 1930, from Selwyn), formerly Fellow, Professor of Botany in the University of Melbourne, has been elected into a visiting Fellowship in Clare College for the Michaelmas Term, 1964.

Mr G. B. SEGAL (Matric. 1962) has been elected into a junior research Fellowship in mathematics in Worcester College, Oxford.

Mr A. C. DUNHAM (B.A. 1959) has been elected into a Research Fellowship in Geology at Harvard University.

Mr R. M. NEDDERMAN (B.A. 1956), University Demonstrator in Chemical Engineering, has been elected into a Fellowship in Darwin College, Cambridge.

Dr M. D. COWLEY (B.A. 1955), formerly Fellow, has been elected a Fellow of Trinity College.

Mr E. J. DENTON (B.A. 1944) has been elected into a Royal Society research professorship in the University of Bristol, but will continue his research at the Marine Biological Association, Plymouth.

Dr A. P. ROBERTSON (B.A. 1949), senior lecturer in mathematics in the University of Glasgow, has been appointed Professor of Mathematics in the University of Keele.

Mr P. J. CONNOR (Matric. 1962) has been appointed Lecturer in Classics in the University of Melbourne.

Mr J. G. JAGGER (B.A. 1931) has been appointed Professor of Mechanical Engineering in the University of Bradford, formerly Bradford Institute of Technology.

Dr C. VITA-FINZI (B.A. 1958), formerly Fellow, has been appointed Lecturer in Geography at University College, London.

The Rev. W. A. WHITEHOUSE (B.A. 1936), Reader in Theology in the University of Durham, has been appointed Master of the First College and Professor of Theology in the new University of Kent.

Dr ANGUS ROSS, Commonwealth Fellow 1962, has been elected Professor of History in the University of Otago, New Zealand.

Prizes, etc.

The James Calvert Spence Memorial Medal of the British Paediatric Association has been awarded to Dr L. S. PENROSE (B.A. 1921), Galton Professor of Genetics at University College, London.

Mr E. J. DENTON (B.A. 1944), Principal Scientific Officer, Plymouth Laboratory of the Marine Biological Association, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

Mr J. FAULKNER (B.A. 1959) has been elected into a Research Fellowship at the Californian Institute of Technology.

The Gold Medal of the International Academy of Aviation Medicine has been awarded to Professor Sir FREDERIC BARTLETT (B.A. 1915), Fellow, for his services to aviation psychology.

The Lanchester Prize of the Operations Research Society of America for 1963 has been awarded to Mr P. C. GILMORE (B.A. 1951) and a colleague in the Thomas J. Watson Research Center of the International Business Machines Corporation, New York.

The Hughes Medal of the Royal Society has been awarded to Dr ABDUS SALAM (B.A. 1948), formerly Fellow.

The Polar Medal has been conferred upon Mr M. J. BLACKWELL (B.A. 1949), meteorologist.

Scholastic Appointments

Mr GEOFFREY WHITEHOUSE (B.A. 1941), headmaster of Berwick Grammar School, has been appointed headmaster of Queen Elizabeth Grammar School, Hexham.

Mr R. G. PENTNEY (B.A. 1947), headmaster of St Andrew's College, Minaki, Tanganyika, 1958-64, has been appointed headmaster of King's College, Taunton.

Mr D. J. HAWORTH (B.A. 1955), a master at Churchfields Comprehensive School, West Bromwich, has been appointed Warden of Swavesey Village College, Cambridgeshire.

Mr J. L. ROLLAND (B.A. 1947), senior modern language master at Brighton College, has been appointed headmaster of Woodbridge School, Suffolk.

Legal Appointments

Mr S. A. ROCKSBOROUGH SMITH (B.A. 1963) has been called to the Bar by the Middle Temple.

Dr R. M. JACKSON (B.A. 1924), Fellow, has been appointed a member of the National Advisory Council on the Training of Magistrates.

Mr HARTLEY BRAMWELL (B.A. 1947) has been appointed Deputy Clerk of the Berkshire County Council and Deputy Clerk of the Peace for the county.

Mr PHILIP HUGHES (B.A. 1948) has been appointed children's officer for Kent.

Mr R. S. JOHNSTON (B.A. 1939), Q.C., has been appointed Sheriff of Roxburgh, Berwick and Selkirk.

Mr E. R. BOWEN (B.A. 1935), Q.C., Recorder of Swansea, has been appointed Recorder of Cardiff.

Mr W. L. MARS-JONES (B.A. 1939), Q.C., Recorder of Birkenhead, has been appointed Recorder of Swansea.

Mr W. H. GRIFFITHS (B.A. 1948), Q.C., Recorder of Margate, has been appointed Recorder of Cambridge.

Medical Appointments

Mr D. N. WHITMORE (B.A. 1951), M.R.C.P., has been appointed Consultant Pathologist, Lewisham Hospital Group.

Mr P. H. R. GHEY (B.A. 1930), M.Chir., F.R.C.S., has been appointed surgeon specialist, Sarawak.

Dr D. G. JULIAN (B.A. 1946) has been appointed consultant physician (cardiology), Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.

Mr M. K. TOWERS (B.A. 1943) has been appointed consultant cardiologist, Harefield Hospital, Middlesex.

Dr G. P. BLANSHARD (B.A. 1946) has been appointed consultant general physician, Hillingdon Hospital, Uxbridge.

Dr A. MCGREGOR (B.A. 1947) has been appointed Medical Officer of Health, Southampton.

Mr G. F. MAYALL (B.A. 1950) has been appointed consultant radiologist, Devon and Exeter clinical area.

Mr R. L. MORGAN (B.A. 1948) has been appointed consultant radiotherapist, Royal Marsden Hospital, Sussex.

Church Appointments

The Rev. J. D. MANN (B.A. 1922), vicar of St Albans, Westcliff on Sea, to be rector of Bowers Gifford, Essex. He has been appointed an honorary canon of Chelmsford Cathedral.

The Rev. F. P. B. ASHE (B.A. 1937), vicar of Otley, Yorkshire, to be vicar of St Mary, Leamington, Warwickshire.

The Rev. E. G. H. SAUNDERS (B.A. 1948), vicar of Christ Church, Finchley, to be vicar of Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire.

The Rev. K. E. NELSON (B.A. 1933), vicar of Sheriff Hutton, Yorkshire, to be chaplain of St Peter's, British Petroleum Oil Refinery, Little Aden.

The Ven. G. L. TIARKS (B.A. 1931), Archdeacon of the Isle of Wight, has been appointed Archdeacon of Portsmouth.

The Rev. A. W. BUTTERWORTH (B.A. 1923), rector of Much Birch with Little Birch, Herefordshire, to be rector of Felton with Preston Wynne and Ullingswick, Herefordshire.

The Rev. G. M. GUINNESS (B.A. 1924), vicar of St John the Evangelist, Boscombe, to be an Honorary Canon of Winchester Cathedral.

The Rev. G. A. POTTER (B.A. 1940), vicar of All Saints, Alton, Hampshire, to be rector of St Botolph, Heene, Sussex.

The Rev. G. W. WOODWARD (B.A. 1947), vicar of St Thomas, Middlesbrough, to be vicar of Nunthorpe in Cleveland, Yorkshire.

Ordinations

On 24 May 1964:

Deacon

P. D. SNOW (B.A. 1962), Ridley Hall, by the Bishop of Birmingham; to St Barnabas, Kingshurst, Birmingham.

Priest

The Rev. L. MILNER (B.A. 1959), by the Bishop of Birmingham.

The Rev. A. N. BARNARD (B.A. 1960), by the Bishop of St Albans.

On 13 June 1964:

Deacon

F. W. JARVIS (B.A. 1963) by the Bishop of Ohio, in Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland Ohio, to St Paul's Church, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

On 10 September 1964:

Deacon

S. W. WYKES (B.A. 1961), Fellow and Dean of Chapel, by the Bishop of Ely.

C. W. H. GOODWINS (B.A. 1958), Lincoln Theological College, by the Bishop of Norwich, in Cromer Parish Church, to St Margaret, Lowestoft.

Priest

The Rev. T. W. W. PEMBERTON (B.A. 1950), by the Bishop of Lichfield.

Retirement

The Rev. N. W. HAGGER (B.A. 1915), vicar of Witham on the Hill, Lancashire.

Other Appointments

Sir HAROLD GEORGE SANDERS (B.A. 1920), formerly Fellow, has been appointed deputy chairman of the University Grants Committee, on his retirement from the post of Chief Scientific Adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food.

Mr G. A. BARNARD (B.A. 1936), Professor of mathematical statistics, Imperial College of Science, London, has been appointed a member of the reconstituted Advisory Committee for management efficiency in the National Health Service.

Mr R. J. T. MCLAREN (B.A. 1958) has been appointed a 2nd Secretary to the British Embassy in Rome.

Dr M. G. KENDALL (B.A. 1929) has been elected President of the Institute of Statisticians.

Mr H. A. WRIGHT (B.A. 1947) has been appointed deputy county adviser for Herefordshire, in the National Agricultural Advisory Service.

Mr J. A. JUKES (B.A. 1939), economic adviser to the Atomic Energy Authority, has been appointed Deputy Director General, Department of Economic Affairs.

Mr C. F. CARTER (B.A. 1944), Vice-Chancellor of the University of Lancaster, and Dr S. C. CURRAN (Ph.D. 1941), Vice-Chancellor of the University of Strathclyde, have been appointed members of the Advisory Council on Technology.

Sir DAVID H. BURNETT, Bart. (B.A. 1938) has been appointed chairman of Hay's Wharf, Limited.

Marriages

FREDERICK JOHN VINE (B.A. 1962) to SUSAN ALICE MCCALL, of Newnham College, daughter of Major Douglas McCall, of Oxshott, Surrey—on 30 March 1964.

BRIAN HAROLD SHARPE (B.A. 1960) to JENNIFER LYNNE SLATER, daughter of J. E. Slater, of The Park, Duffield—on 20 June 1964, at St Alkmund's Church, Duffield.

ERNEST ROLAND WALMSLEY (B.A. 1951) to D. COULTOUS, daughter of the late H. Coultous, and sister of FREDERICK DAVID COULTOUS (B.A. 1950)—on 23 December 1963, at Bradford, Yorkshire.

CHRISTOPHER WILLARD GEORGE REDMAN (B.A. 1963) to CORINNA SUSAN PAGE, daughter of the Master of Jesus College, Cambridge—August 1964.

LIONEL JAMES MASTERS (Matric. 1962) to MARGARET ANN TODD, daughter of S. D. Todd, of South Shields—in August 1964, at St Michael's Church, South Shields.

CHRISTOPHER HUGH JOHN COCKCROFT (B.A. 1964) to ANNE FALCONER, only daughter of J. L. Falconer, of Great Shelford—on 22 August 1964, at St Edward's Church, Cambridge.

ROBERT THEODORE HOLMES REDPATH (M.A. 1938) to SARAH JANE CAMPBELL TAYLOR, only daughter of Leonard Campbell Taylor, of Pampisford Mill, Cambridgeshire—on 9 September 1964, at Pampisford Church.

JOHN RICHARD BERNARD (B.A. 1960) to DINAH NEWBOLD, eldest daughter of J. C. Newbold, of Wolverhampton—on 26 September 1964, at St Michael, Tettenhall.

JONATHAN GLEADOW CLARKE (B.A. 1960) to NYM DAWSON, of Caerleon—on 3 October 1964, at St Cadoc's, Caerleon, Monmouthshire.

ROBIN JOHN TAYLOR MCLAREN (B.A. 1958) to SUSAN HATHERLY, elder daughter of W. B. Hatherly, of Wootton, Northamptonshire—October 1964, at St George the Martyr, Wootton.

NIGEL JOHN WATT (B.A. 1950) to EDYTH REYNAL HITCHENS, daughter of T. H. Hitchens, of Shepreth, Cambridgeshire—on 3 October 1964, at All Saints, Shepreth.

RICHARD GRANT CANN (B.A. 1962) to CRISTINA ISABEL SCHERBININ, daughter of Dr Ionia K. de Scherbinin, of Buenos Aires—on 11 July 1964, at St Monica's Church, Santa Monica, California.

JOHN ANTHONY LEAKE (B.A. 1961) to VALERIE CRABTREE, of Bradford—on 16 July 1964, at Bolton Methodist Church, Bradford.

CHRISTOPHER DENHAM COOK (B.A. 1962) to JUDITH BURCH—on 18 July 1964, at Kensington Registry Office.

Deaths

OSWALD HUGHES-JONES (B.A. 1910), solicitor, formerly in practice at Bury, Lancashire, died 1 April 1964, aged 75.

EDWARD ROSEVEARE (B.A. 1922), rector of Heene, Sussex, and formerly rector of Constania, Cape Province, South Africa, died at Heene, 7 May 1964, aged 63. His father, RICHARD POLGREEN ROSEVEARE (B.A. 1888), was a member of the College, and his

elder brother, Sir MARTIN PEARSON ROSEVEARE (B.A. 1921), is an Honorary Fellow.

ROLLO CHRISTOPHER BRANDT (B.A. 1960), estate agent at Romsey, Hampshire, died at his parents' home at St Albans, 24 May 1964, aged 29.

JAMES THOMSON MCCUTCHEON (B.A. 1935), Scottish Secretary of the British Medical Association, died at Glasgow, 9 June 1964, aged 52.

LESLIE CARTWRIGHT KNIGHT (B.A. 1921), lately managing director of Taylor Walker and Company, brewers, of London, died at Westerham, Kent, 2 June 1964, aged 61.

JOHN DAVID EDGAR (B.A. 1937), Lieutenant-Colonel, Royal Engineers, died in London, 21 June 1964, aged 48.

THEODORE HENRY ROBINSON, Litt.D. (B.A. 1903), Professor of Semitic Languages, University College, Cardiff, from 1927-1944, died at Twyford Abbey, Middlesex, 26 June 1964, aged 82.

CHARLES FREDERIC HODGES (B.A. 1907), rector of Ickham, Kent, since 1944, died in hospital in Canterbury, 28 June 1964, aged 79.

ERIC GORDON SHRUBBS (B.A. 1926), rector of Lawshall, Suffolk, and formerly principal of Government School, Aden, died 27 June 1964, aged 60.

JOSEPH FENNER SPINK (B.A. 1904), formerly Choral Student, rector of Fornsett St Mary with St Peter, Norfolk from 1936 to 1947, died at Ewell Park Hospital, Surrey, 3 July 1964, aged 82.

REGINALD WILLIAM JAMES, F.R.S. (B.A. 1912), Emeritus Professor of Physics in the University of Cape Town, died in Cape Town 7 July 1964, aged 73. He was a member, with Sir James Wordie, our late Master, of Shackleton's Antarctic Expedition of 1914.

JOHN ALEXANDER ORME (B.A. 1926), died at Chiddingfold, Surrey, 10 July 1964, aged 59.

CHARLES WATKINSON IRVIN (B.A. 1933), chief technical adviser, Wallsend Slipway and Engineering Company, Limited, died 16 July 1964, aged 52.

GEORGE JOSEPH MARIAN SLAWIKOWSKI (B.A. 1952), died at Chicago, Illinois, 18 June 1964, aged 31.

JOHN EDWARD NORMAN JACKSON (B.A. 1908), vicar of Wetheral with Warwick, Cumberland from 1951 to 1956, died in July 1964, aged 78.

THOMAS HICKS SHARP (B.A. 1913), who practised for many years as a solicitor in Jamaica, died at Christiana, Jamaica, 25 May 1964, aged 71.

HENRY ESMOND BELL (B.A. 1934), historian, Fellow of New College, Oxford, since 1946, died in Oxford, 27 August 1964, aged 51.

MAURICE HENRY WESTON HAYWARD (LL.B. 1889), K.C.S.I., formerly Judge of the Bombay High Court, and a member of the Governor's Executive Council, died at Totton, Hampshire, 31 August 1934, aged 96. His father, ROBERT BALDWIN HAYWARD (B.A. 1850) was a member of the College, and his son, MAURICE JOHN HAYWARD, graduated B.A. in 1928.

HAROLD SPENCER GOODRICH (B.A. 1915), Honorary Canon of Lincoln, father of the Rev. P. H. E. GOODRICH, late Chaplain of the College, died 8 September 1964, aged 71.

ERIC WILLIAM WINCH (B.A. 1923), medical practitioner, died in Guernsey, 25 September 1964, aged 53.

PHILIP WYNYARD WELLS (B.A. 1922), died at Windermere, 3 October 1964, aged 64.

JOHN AUGUST HERMANN BRINCKER (B.A. 1895), sometime principal medical officer, Public Health Department, London County Council, died 16 April 1964, aged 93.

HAROLD BENTLEY BENTLEY (B.A. 1901, as H. B. SMITH), rector of Seaton, Rutland, from 1943 to 1950, died at Bournemouth, 27 October 1964, aged 86.

ARTHUR WILLIAM KEITH BRACKETT (B.A. 1920), solicitor, died at St Leonards on Sea, 5 November 1964, aged 70.

JOHN PATRICK MURRAY BLACKETT (B.A. 1890), a master at Durham School from 1907 to 1932, died at Durham, 10 November 1964, aged 96.

THOMAS FINNEGAN (B.A. 1924), president of Selly Oak Colleges, Birmingham, died in Chicago, 12 November 1964, aged 63.

EVERARD WILLIAM WILLETT (B.A. 1908), solicitor, died at Crawley Down, Sussex, 17 November 1964, aged 79.

ROLLO BRICE-SMITH (B.A. 1908), sometime joint headmaster of Brightlands, Newnham on Severn, Gloucestershire, died in London, 7 November 1964, aged 78.

FRANCIS ARTHUR OLLETT (B.A. 1925), resident tutor in Dorset for Extra-Mural Studies, University of Bristol, died in Dorchester, 11 December 1964, aged 61.

STEPHEN NICHOLAS DE YARBURGH-BATESON (Matric. 1922), fifth Baron Deramore, and sixth baronet, died 23 December 1964, aged 61. He is succeeded in the titles by his brother, RICHARD ARTHUR DE YARBURGH-BATESON (B.A. 1932).

ALFRED STRATTEN WOLSTENCROFT (B.A. 1915), formerly a master at Warwick School, died 16 December 1964, aged 70.

General Election, October 1964

The following members of the College were returned to Parliament:

Sir W. HAMILTON KERR (*incorp.* M.A. 1934), Conservative, for Cambridge.

Mr G. A. N. HIRST (Matric. 1922), Conservative, for Shipley.
Mr F. T. WILLEY (B.A. 1933), Labour, for Sunderland North.
Mr E. R. BOWEN (B.A. 1935), Liberal, for Cardigan.

The following were unsuccessful candidates:

Mr D. F. BURDEN (B.A. 1938), Liberal, for Altrincham and Sale.
Mr F. J. WARE (B.A. 1955), Liberal, for Banbury.
Dr E. BROOKS (B.A. 1952), Labour, for Bebington.
Mr J. K. O'N. EDWARDS (B.A. 1941), Conservative, for Paddington North.
Mr A. H. J. MILLER (B.A. 1957), Liberal, for Wandsworth Streatham.
Mr R. MITCHELL (B.A. 1935), Conservative, for West Ham, South.
Mr J. A. DAVIDSON (B.A. 1954), Conservative, for Stirling and Falkirk.

Mr F. T. WILLEY has been appointed Minister of Land and Natural Resources.

Midland Johnian Dinner

THE Biennial Midland Johnian Dinner will be held on Friday, 1 October 1965. Anyone interested should communicate with D. E. ROBERTS, 4 Fountain Court, Steelhouse Lane, Birmingham 4.

College Awards

STUDENTSHIPS

Denney: Jackson, A. H.; Ling, R. J.; Silk, M. S.
Harper-Wood: Ds Boston, R.
Laski: Clark, T. J.; Linehan, P. A.
McMahon: Ds Haynes, B. J.; Ds Mackenzie, J. G.; Ds Shackleton, F. R.
Slater: Little, L. T.; Travers, A. A.
Strathcona: Flight, C. R.; Gatrell, V. A. C.; Harrison, T. R.; Tunbridge, J. E.
Warmingtons: Kumar, J.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS

Elected or Re-elected to Scholarships: Cashmore, R. J.; Clark, M. G.; Clark, T. J.; Clarke, M. A.; Craw, I. G.; Crighton, D. G.; Derbyshire, M. E.; Devenish, R. C. E.; Diggle, J.; Dover, S. D.; Egerton, R. F.; Flight, C. R.; Gatrell, V. A. C.; Gillespie, T. A.; Grigg Spall, I. M.; Halder, A. K.; Harrison, T. R.; Hegarty, T. B.; Hole, M. J. H.; Holmes, D. G.; Jackson, A. H.; Kumar, J.; Landon, S. A.; Linehan, P. A.; Ling, R. J.; Little, L. T.; Lowe, D. A.; Macfadyen, N. W.; Mack, C. C. R.; Milton, P.; Mitchell, R. H.; Nelmes, R. J.; Odling-Smee, J. C.; Parkyn, N. K.; Rayner, A. J.; Robson, S. A.; Ross, J. S. H.; Sampson, G. R.; Schofield, R.; Shaw, A. M. B.; Silk, M. S.; Simpson, A. J.; Skilling, J.; Stagg, A. M.; Tunbridge, J. E.; Waller, W. R.; Ward, P. W.; West, C. R.; Winbow, G. A.
Elected to Exhibitions: Haines, M. R.; Harrison, R.; Leaney, R. M.; Maher, M. J.; Mitchell, D. J.; Porter, M. F.; Wright, M. C. H.
Douglas Chivers Travel Exhibitions: Horne, B. S. M.; Trudgill, E. A.
Roger Neville Goodman Travel Exhibitions: Chillingworth, D. R. J.; Rignall, J. M.
Hoare Exhibitions: Craw, I. G.; Goodey, T. J.
Sir Albert Howard Travel Exhibition: Holmes, D. G.
Samuel Nunn Travel Exhibition: Thomason, D. R.; Waywell, G. B. *Aeq.*
Sir Humphry Davy Rolleston Travel Exhibitions: Davies, R. W.; Horton, R. J.
Sloley Fund Grants: Abdul Aziz, Y.; Carter, P. L.; Masters, L. J.
Strathcona Travel Exhibitions: Bower, I. B., Moody, P. V. *Aeq.*; Doyle, M. L. H.; Gregory-Smith, D. G., Kelly, P., Linehan, P. A. *Aeq.*
Christopher Vincent Travel Exhibition: Cope, B. G.

PRIZES

Adams Memorial: Winbow, G. A.; Chillingworth, D. R. J.
Benians: Clark, T. J.
Bonney Award: Dixon, J. E.
Graves: Diggle, J.
Hart: Chilcott, T. J.
Hawksley Burbury: Diggle, J.
Hockin: Dellar, A. M.; Little, L. T.
Hutton: Spackman, S. G. F.
Lapwood: Huxley, M. N.
Larmor: Brice, J. A. R.; Jones, D. C. K.; Lambert, R.; Schofield, R.

Master's: Gratwick, A. S.; Linehan, P. A.; White, I.

Newcome: Harrison, T. R.

Wilson Reading: Chapman-Andrews, J. A.; Thorman, G. M.

Winfield: Hegarty, T. B.

Hughes Prizes: *For Mathematics:* Schofield, R.
For Classics: Ling, R. J.
For Natural Sciences: Yudkin, J. S.
For History: Clark, T. J.

Earle Prizes: *For Mathematics:* Huxley, M. N.
For Classics: Diggle, J.
For Natural Sciences: Skilling, J.
For Mechanical Sciences: Holmes, D. G.

Quass Prizes: *For Mathematics:* Gillespie, T. A.
For Classics: Bramble, J. C.
For Natural Sciences: Halder, A. K.

Wright Prizes: *For Mathematics:* Craw, I. G.; Crighton, D. G.; Drury, S. W.; Goodey, T. J.
For Classics: Clarke, J. F.
For Natural Sciences: Cashmore, R. J.; Clark, M. G.; Dover, S. D.; Macfadyen, N. W.; Mitchell, R. H.; Shaw, A. M. B.
For History: Kumar, J.
For Agriculture: Rayner, A. J.
For Economics: Harrison, R.; Odling-Smee, J. C.; Thompson, A.
For Geography: Tunbridge, J. E.
For Law: Clarke, M. A.; Hegarty, T. B.
For Mechanical Sciences: Ball, W. F.
For Moral Sciences: Harrison, T. R.; White, I.

College Prizes: *For Mathematics:* Brown, S. R.; Chambers, A. M.; Devenish, R. C. E.; Harding, R. D.; Maddock, R. F.; Milton, P.; Porter, M. F.; Widger, J. S.; Winbow, G. A.; Wright, M. C. H.
For Classics: Jackson, A. H.; Silk, M. S.; Whittaker, A. J.
For Natural Sciences: Bell, J. A.; Chambers, J. P.; Deller, A. M.; Derbyshire, M. E.; Egerton, R. F.; Foster, G. N.; Haines, M. R.; Hepworth, J. K.; Ingram, L. C.; Kind, P. J. D.; Leaney, R. M.; Little, L. T.; Mitchell, D. J.; Nelmes, R. J.; Russell, M. W.; Travers, A. A.; Ward, P. W.; West, C. R.; Wyke, J. A.
For History: Christie, C. J.; Gatrell, V. A. C.; Linehan, P. A.; Spackman, S. G. F.; Weiskopf, J. S.
For Agriculture: Robson, S. A.
For Agricultural Science: Hegarty, T. W.
For Archaeology and Anthropology: Flight, C. R.
For Architecture and Fine Arts: Parkyn, N. K.
For Law: Grigg, I. M.; Spall, I. M.; Lowe, D. A.
For Mechanical Sciences: Hole, M. J. H.; Landon, S. A.; Mack, C. C. R.; Maher, M. J.; Pearce, J. H. B.; Ross, J. S. H.; Simpson, A. J.; Stagg, A. M.; Waller, W. R.
For Modern and Medieval Languages: Bowen, M. B.; Hamblyn, D. A.

CLOSE EXHIBITION AND CHORAL STUDENTSHIPS, 1964

Close Exhibition:
Marquess of Exeter's Exhibition: Gowing, K., Stamford School.

Choral Studentships:
Bayliss, J., Wednesbury High School.
Roy, D. J., Poole Grammar School.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS, DECEMBER 1964

Scholarships:
Dumas, C. E., Radley College, for Mathematics (Baylis Scholarship).
Johnston, J. G., Hymers College, Hull, for Mathematics.
Street, R. A., Uppingham School, for Mathematics.
Williams, D. J., Laxton Grammar School, Oundle, for Mathematics (Baylis Scholarship).
Wright, D. J., Colfe's Grammar School, Lewisham, for Mathematics with Physics (Whytehead Scholarship).
Barker, G. W. W., Alleyn's School, Dulwich, for Classics (Henry Arthur Thomas Scholarship).
Middleton, R. C., Manchester Grammar School, for Classics (Patchett Scholarship).
Tarrant, H. A. S., Sir William Borlase's School, Marlow, for Classics.
Boardman, D. J., Bristol Grammar School, for Natural Sciences (United Steel Companies Scholarship).
Brown, M. W., Crewkerne Grammar School and Watford Grammar School, for Natural Sciences.
Burton, A. L., Rugby School, for Natural Sciences (Townsend Scholarship).
Butler, R. H., Felsted School, for Natural Sciences.
Cowper, P. W., Tiffin School, Kingston upon Thames, for Natural Sciences.
Hulme, E. C., Bristol Grammar School, for Natural Sciences.
MacArthur, C. G. C., Bradfield College, for Natural Sciences (Rolleston Scholarship).
Shucksmith, T. S., Sedbergh School, for Natural Sciences (McAulay Scholarship).
Watson, J. R., University College School, Hampstead, for Natural Sciences.
Whitty, G. J., Latymer Upper School, Hammersmith, for History.
Bruce Lockhart, A. K., Sedbergh School, for Modern Languages.
Gardiner, G. N., Dulwich College, for Modern Languages.
Armstrong, J. D., Ipswich School, for English.
Batchelor, P. A., Ashford Grammar School, for Geography.

Exhibitions:
Darwall, G. H. D., King's School, Worcester, for Mathematics.
Godfrey, M. G., Berkhamsted School, for Mathematics.
Horton, J. R., Clifton College, Bristol, for Mathematics.
Kendall, C. P., Tiffin School, Kingston upon Thames, for Mathematics.
Nokes, S. A., The King's School, Grantham, for Mathematics (Newcombe Exhibition).
Shepherd, R. M., St Joseph's College, Catford, for Mathematics.
Driscoll, M. J., Rugby School, for Classics.
Hudson, T. P., Westminster City School, for Classics.
Montagnon, T. J., St Paul's School, West Kensington, for Classics.

Archbold, R. J., Dulwich College, for Natural Sciences.
Connell, S., Tiffin School, Kingston upon Thames, for Natural Sciences.
Lovell, R., Worthing High School, for Natural Sciences.
Turnbull, R. I., Buckhurst Hill County High School, for Natural Sciences.
Warrington, S. J., Sandown Grammar School, Isle of Wight, for Natural Sciences (Rolleston Exhibition).
Burtt-Jones, A. C. C., Wrekin College, for History.
Delargy, R. H., De La Salle College, Salford, for History.
Long, M. J., King Edward VI Grammar School, Retford, for History.
Orme, J. A., Charterhouse School, Godalming, for History.
Stanley, S. J., The Perse School, Cambridge, for History.
Francis, T. M., Gateway School, Leicester, for Modern Languages.
Nestor, M. J., St Bede's Grammar School, Bradford for Modern Languages.
O'Brien, B. J., St John's College, Southsea, for Modern Languages.
Rootham, J. D., Eton College, for Modern Languages.
Cowley, M. R., Blackpool Grammar School, for English.
Huke, P., Christ's Hospital, Horsham, for English.
Mavor, M. B., Loretto School, Musselborough, for English.
Thunder, D. R., Hastings Grammar School, for English.
Walmesley, D. J., Clitheroe Royal Grammar School, for Geography.
Williams, M. J., Tiffin School, Kingston upon Thames, for Geography.
Gore, R., Calday Grange Grammar School, West Kirby, for the General Examination.
Tolputt, J. N., Ardingly College, for the General Examination.
Wheatly, R. J. N., Watford Grammar School, for the General Examination.

Exhibition for Music (examination held in conjunction with Clare, Corpus Christi, Emmanuel, Gonville and Caius, Jesus, King's, Magdalene, St Catharine's, St John's, Selwyn and Trinity Colleges):
Routley, N., George Heriot's School, Edinburgh.