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THE EAGLE

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The Eagle

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

Mr BROGAN (*Senior Editor*), Mr HINSLEY (*Treasurer*), L. M. R. PAINE (*Junior Editor*), P. N. HOBBS, D. BROAD, W. A. KUMAR, R. J. NOKES and M. B. MAVOR. *Cover design* by GRAHAM REDGRAVE-RUST.

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A Magazine

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St John's College

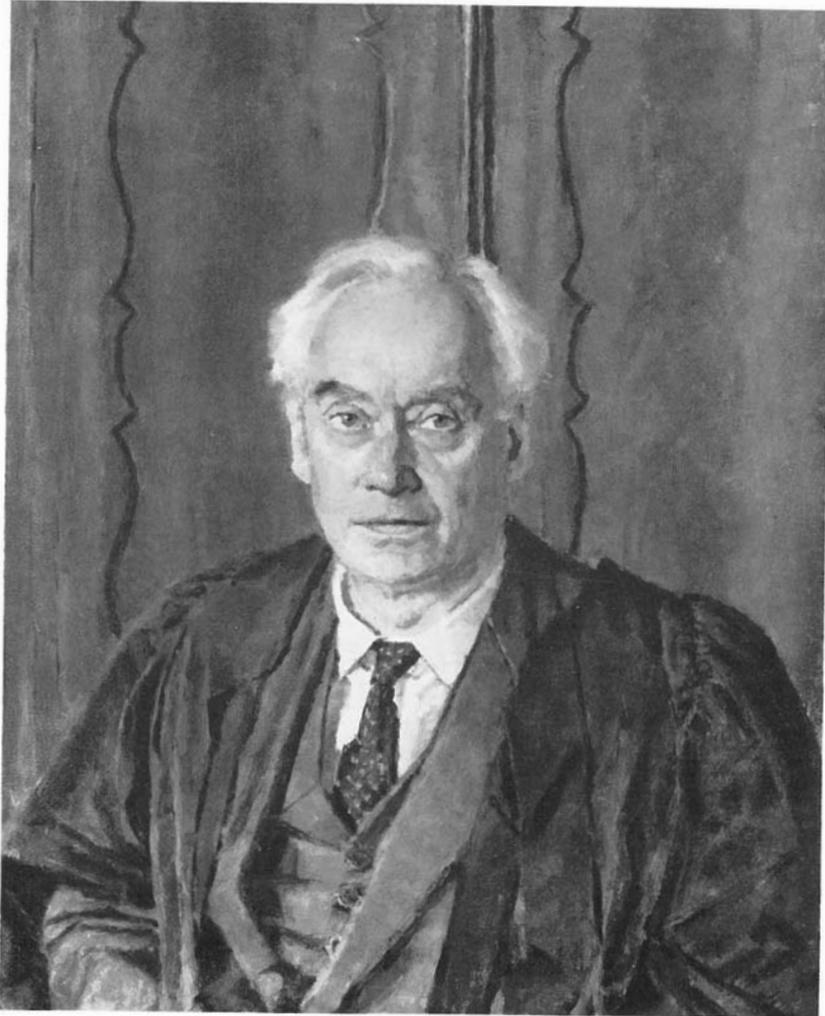
VOLUME LXI

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REV. J. S. BOYS SMITH, MASTER OF ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

BY

ALLAN GWYNNE-JONES, R.A.

The Next Master

HAPPILY, the reign of the present Master still has five years to run; but, as all readers of C. P. Snow will understand, this will not seem too long to the far-sighted movers and shakers among the dons. If we wait much longer, stealthy intrigues will be started. It is to avert this peril that the Editors of *The Eagle* now come forward to make a proposal that they would have liked to keep under wraps a little longer. But their sense of public duty is too stern to be brooked. They therefore beg leave to reveal the best, the unique, the inevitable answer to the question that, otherwise, must one day vex the College.

Gentlemen, we give you the next Master of John's: Lyndon B. Johnson.

We would be the first to admit that Mr Johnson's name was not the first to occur to us; or rather, that we did not ourselves find out how to secure his services. But some simple islanders in the South Sea have shown us the way. They, with the intuitive genius of primitive man, have hit on the excellent idea of buying Mr Johnson, and are saving up their cowrie shells in order to do so. It is with a heavy heart that we propose to purloin their idea and defeat their purpose. For Mr Johnson can scarcely be owned both by a South Sea island and by the College; and our suggestion is that we overbid the savages.

It can scarcely be doubted that we shall be able to do so. It is true that the number of cowrie shells in the Cam (at least in that part of it which flows by Third Court) is probably not so great as that on the beaches of Papua. But we are plentifully supplied with currency of a different kind. If cowrie shells are few, professors are many (22 are Fellows) and, in terms of weight, would dip the scales against anything but an enormous quantity of cowrie shells. But they need not be judged in terms of weight only. We presume that the vendor of Mr Johnson will be his wife, Lady Bird. Mrs Johnson is known to be a capable woman of business; and it is impossible that she will not see how much money (in terms of the old-fashioned American dollar currency) she can make out of owning a team of professors. Properly looked after, in terms of bedding, fodder and medicaments, these valuable creatures can, if hired out—for example, as legal, industrial, scientific, linguistic or theological consultants—prove a veritable treasure trove: we imagine that Mrs Johnson will jump at the chance of acquiring them when eventually she feels free to part with her husband.

That will not be, we understand, until January, 1973 when he will cease to hold his present job; but of course she might sell him in advance. John's could then count on having as its Head a politician so astute, so famous, so unlikely, as to put Trinity's puny nose out of joint forever (no-one could call LBJ a failed Prime Minister), and we can think of no better reason for elevating a man to the Mastership. Accordingly, we look forward to some early approach to Mrs Johnson, with a view to clinching the deal.

It will be hard on the South Sea savages; but their need for government of the most sophisticated can hardly be so great as that of a complex society like our own. We would advise them to put in a bid for Edward Heath. We have reason to believe that *his* owners are willing to part with him at an early date, for a bargain price.

The Strangers in our Gates

ONE of the problems of living with an ancient monument is that of receiving its visitors. All the Cambridge colleges, or rather all those which are sufficiently beautiful and sufficiently central (Selwyn is probably left pretty much to itself) know what it is to be popular. One of the minor amusements of life is the comparison of the various painted boards that the principal attractions display, bearing words of welcome, warning and restriction. They reveal slightly different attitudes in different colleges, and have changed somewhat over the years. King's is now verbose and a little shrill, particularly in its circumlocutory version of KEEP OFF THE GRASS; Clare is brief but clumsy; Trinity infected perhaps by the ghost of Macaulay, has the most rotund and mannered announcement. John's has decided to be businesslike: the capitalised NOT that recurs in its trenchant sentences reminds one, somehow, of the Ten Commandments. But on the whole John's, like the other colleges, officially extends a warm welcome to tourists. Let us hope it is sincere; but doubts will rise in the kindest mind.

For it cannot be blinked: the rising tide of tourism is beginning to induce a siege-mentality in many of the collegians. There is a growing resentment of the dislocations that our visitors produce in the machinery of our smoothly-running lives; and an increasing desire that something should be done—though what is as yet debatable. The most dramatic demonstration of this came at the beginning of the Easter Term when the news got round that

150 undergraduates at King's had signed a petition demanding that restrictions be placed on tourists; Lord Annan* was said to be sympathetic, not least because he had once had to eject some tourists from his bedroom. This sort of experience is almost common form: several dons in John's have had, on occasion, to turn out unwanted guests who felt themselves at liberty to walk in and make themselves at home. And the rate of petty pilfering from North Court was sufficiently high, not long ago, to induce the college to lock the gates, permanently and inconveniently—inconveniently for inhabitants as well as for thieves.

But the real problem is not the occasional inquisitive, foolish, or dishonest visitor. Most tourists are very well behaved (except that nothing, apparently, will stop them walking on the edges of the grass: it seems to be a human passion to have turf underfoot, even when a gravel path is clear). They come to Cambridge, with luck on a fine spring or summer day, whether singly or in battalions, and move steadily round the Backs, savouring the green, and the flowers, and the river, the charms of ancient brick and stone, and of young people in punts. As summer wears on, they venture more and more into punts themselves. At King's and Trinity, but not, this year, at John's, since the area has yet to be re-turfed, they sit on the river bank and sun themselves; the more energetic ones, with their cameras permanently unslung, are forever active with optical gadgetry, carefully selecting the most picturesque angles, and patiently waiting for the moment when they can get a clear picture, uninterrupted by passers-by. The little children, of course, have to be restrained from running onto the inviting lawns: but they usually are. And the sight of twenty or thirty more or less earnest faces grouped round a guide as he recounts the history of the college and its building inspires a respect for their love of information and a hope that the information is correct.

But those earnest faces have bodies attached to them; and the bodies get in the way. This needs no underlining; on a fine summer day the inhabitants of the College regularly find the Bridge of Sighs blocked against them. (Perhaps we should change its name to something less romantic: say, Indigestion Bridge.) Nor does the matter stop there, for noise, even of well-behaved people is, if they come in their thousands, enormous. So, work and privacy suffer—sometimes unbearably. Several Fellows still speak with anguish and rage of the activities of a party of French schoolboys two summers ago. Their instinct for hullabaloo seems to have been natural, unforced, and overwhelming.

* The Provost.

Perhaps they were exceptional. Perhaps Johnians are not persecuted like the young Kingsmen, who complain that foreigners keep trying to take photographs of them. But if noise and crowding continue to increase, the pressure to Do Something will soon be irresistible.

What should that something be? The obvious remedy is to take a leaf from Oxford's book, and admit tourists only in the afternoon. Probably that is what will eventually have to be done. But it is no good blinking the difficulties this will create. Oxford colleges are scattered over the town; none of them is a short cut from anywhere to anywhere else. But if King's, Clare, Trinity and John's are closed, for most of the day, to all but their members and persons with *bona fide* errands in their grounds, the traffic over Garrett Hostel Bridge and down Trinity Lane is going to increase enormously. Also, the din, the crowding, the inconvenience, during the tourist hours, will go up: the peace of the mornings will be dearly bought if the afternoons become intolerable. (One way of avoiding that is the suggestion that tourists should be allowed in between 8 and 11 a.m. only: the half-asleep residents would scarcely notice them so early in the day.) And it is possible that yet other nuisances would appear. In a college like John's, for one thing, vigilant patrolling would be necessary to protect the gates onto Queens' Road; unless those gates were kept locked—which would be exceedingly inconvenient for undergraduates. These, however, might be issued with keys: it is hard to see how access to the Cripps Building can be made difficult, and an edifice more open to surreptitious entrance after hours will be hard to find. Climbing in is probably about to become a more popular sport than ever—but that is another story.

One school of thought holds that the College would be within its rights to exclude tourists almost entirely; another, that it has no right to exclude them at all. It is hard to see how either attitude can be sustained in view of the facts. The colleges of Cambridge are, indirectly, heavily subsidised by the public purse; they were not built by their present occupants, who are lucky to live in them; we all enjoy visiting beautiful buildings when we travel. For these reasons (and perhaps a fourth: Britain makes a lot of money out of foreign tourists, and hopes to make more) we can scarcely frustrate the natural wish to come and admire these splendid works of the past. On the other hand, the colleges were not built merely for rubbernecking: they are places of education, religion, learning and research, and it would be a pointless piece of masochism to allow these pursuits seriously to be interfered with by holiday-makers: unless we are to agree that our fathers made a mistake in building beautiful buildings for us

(since such monuments are necessary only to the tourist) and that therefore we should decamp to a collection of nissen huts in a damp field near a goods yard.

But who likes reducing the sum of human happiness? The tourists, in moderation, improve the scenery, so real, innocent, and visible is their pleasure in being in Cambridge. Might it not be possible rather to circumvent the tourist agencies that make so much money out of Cambridge University and give so little in return? Some years ago Peterhouse discovered that the big coaches rolling in from London were stopping at this, the first college they came to, and letting their women passengers out to use the ladies' lavatory which Peterhouse provides, like John's for its female visitors. A queue became a permanent feature of the college courts, until the lavatory door was finally locked against the interlopers.

It is the tourist agencies that are unscrupulous enough to play this sort of trick, and that stimulate the unmanageable increase in the number of our visitors. Perhaps if Cambridge took a hint from certain roadhouses, and added to its notice-boards the simple message, NO COACHES, the problem would solve itself.

CORRECTION

In our last issue the names of the Editorial Committee were given incorrectly. Those responsible for *Eagle* 265 were: Mr BROGAN (*Senior Editor*), Mr HINSLEY (*Treasurer*), L. M. R. PAINE (*Junior Editor*), D. BROAD and W. K. KUMAR.

Communication

To the Editors of *The Eagle*.

Gentlemen,

Perhaps you would give consideration to the following idea, which I should be most happy to put into practice.

This is that *The Eagle* should publish, with one or more colour plates a compilation of all the neckties associated with the College. I am sure that this would arouse considerable and worthwhile interest. Such plates could also perhaps be inserted in the *Old Johnian* journal.

Difficulties of colour reproduction, devolving into expense, will have to be investigated, and also the complete range of ties unearthed. Should you find this suggestion amenable, and I hope you will, perhaps you would contact me, that I may continue with the next stage of its realisation.

Yours sincerely,

MARK BERTRAM.

Highfield Cottage,
Fulbourn, Cambs.

The Cantabrigiensian Past

or,

A Victorian Peep-show

Edited and embellished with
copious annotations illustrative
of manners past and present

in the

University of Cambridge

by

Paul Munro Walker

THE impression given by the researches of Guy Lee into the Johnian past, published in January's *Eagle*, may have strengthened the gentle reader in his likely conviction that the standard of College life has been galloping to perdition only in recent years, while in the last century it stood at its apogée, superb in piety and opulence and redolent with magnificent, cheap dinners. As a corrective to these delusive visions of a terrestrial paradise, it occurred to me to bring to the attention of the learned public a work which recently fell into my hands, a production of that imagined Golden Age, namely, SKETCHES OF CANTABS by JOHN SMITH, of SMITH-HALL, GENT . . . LONDON, 1849.

The extracts therefrom which follow, slight though they be, may yet serve as a reminder that neither empty-headed athleticism, nor expensive cuisinerie, nor even SATIRE itself is an invention of this present age.

Let us begin therefore, with the noble subject of the READING MAN, some members of which class may yet be found not a hundred miles from here, noting only that in those happier days mathematical were combined with classical studies.

"The reading man rises at six in the morning. His sleep has been feverish and distempered. The inhabitant of the next room has heard frightful and Aristophanic sounds coming through the partition in the dead of night. He has been involved in a terrible dance with all sorts of mathematical figures, and received a personal insult from a triangle. Examiners in caps and gowns have been sitting upon his chest, and he wakes with a start from a personal contest with an ancient Athenian.

“The first act of the reading man, after saying his prayers, will be to take down the book on which he is engaged, Aristophanes for example. He nods over the first page, and looking up at the window sees icicles hanging to it. At length he is roused by a joke which he makes out by the help of his lexicon, and rubs his hands and feels half inclined to find it amusing. Engaged in this occupation he hears the ringing of the chapel bell, and huddling on his surplice he walks across the court at the rate of five miles an hour. When he rises from his knees he is ashamed to find that he has been repeating the same line from the *Ranae* over and over again, and catches himself in the middle of the Litany dreaming of PORSON.”

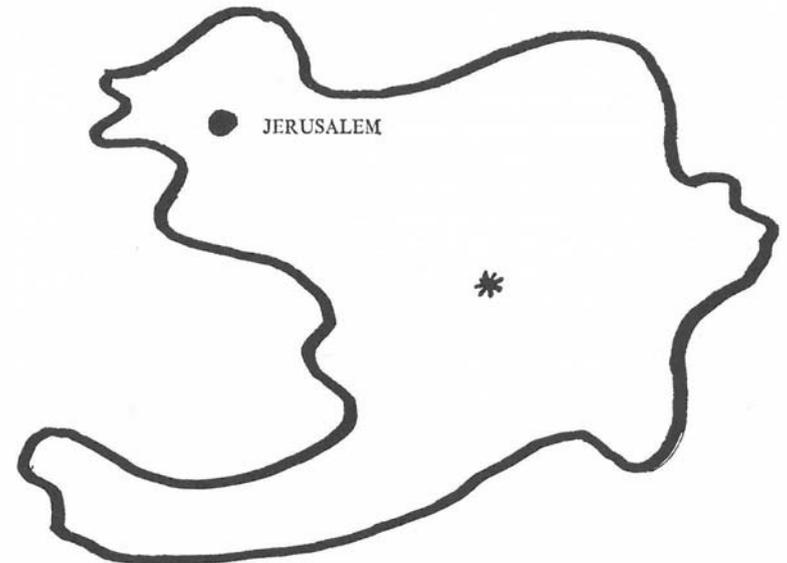
After breakfast with a friend, during which “they relate funny anecdotes to each other, which consist for the most part of wrong answers in the little-go, and instances of false quantities made by eminent scholars,” our academic *in posse* is off to his nine o'clock lecture and at ten goes to hear TOMKINS on Plato; “he consciously believes that Tomkins is known all over England, and that he causes a great sensation in walking down Regent Street or the Strand.”

Passing by the interim of the Reading Man's day as being as edifyingly dull (and as inelegant) then as it is now, we come to when “After dinner, at which he eats but little for fear of becoming sleepy and incapacitated for work in the evening, he goes off to the friend with which he has been walking, to indulge in a biscuit and a glass of wine, where he meets one or two quiet men, some one of whom possibly begins talking about ‘Pendennis’, at which he exclaims ‘Ah! a novel, isn't it?’ with supreme contempt. Warming with his second glass of port (I have no objection to call it port, it being sold as such), he will give you an account of how he once shirked a lecture, and incensed the Junior Dean by only going to seven chapels. On these occasions it would almost seem as if he gloried in the reputation for ‘fastness’ which the recital obtains for him among his companions, just as I have known middle-aged men, who were amongst the soberest and steadiest of their day, to exclaim ‘By Gad, Sir, I was a devil of a young rake during my college career.’”

This latter boast (I may interpose) has been oddly reversed in late times, and it now occasions no surprise to hear some modern buck, just come down after an ignoble course of drunkenness and seduction, inform his new colleagues . . . who have not enjoyed the benefits of a university education . . . that he was well-known in Cambridge for his assiduity to study, and that the Chancellor's Prize Medal eluded his grasp only through the partiality of the

examiners. But to return to the exemplary existence of the hard-reading man, we find that, as he began, so he continues, until “After his three years, he comes out as a high classic or a wrangler; takes pupils, obtains a fellowship, and dies ultimately at an advanced age in the possession of a college living, virtuous, ignorant, happy and beloved.”

That the Reading Man had his complement in the Fast Man, it is unnecessary to emphasise; nor has the latter's performance in examinations improved with the passing of time: “I remember an acquaintance of mine of this sort, once going into an examination where he was requested to draw a map of Judaea, marking the principal localities. The following was, as nearly as possible, the result of his labours.”



*This is the place where the man fell among thieves.

It is my hope that the Johnian reader, ever avid of knowledge, will extend a tolerant forgiveness to me if, by passing over in my florilegium for lack of space two chapters of the keenest interest to him, I neglect to develop the themes of the Married Cantab and the Cantab in Love. Reminding him en passant not to confound the above categories, I recommend him to the original volume of SMITH, ESQ. and hasten to attain the next topic, the Sporting Man.

THE SPORTING MAN of Victorian Cambridge, “the Burke and Debrett of horse-flesh,” has, alas, quite passed away, leaving

only that shrivelled remnant, the Motoring Cantab, and taking with him the Undergraduate who is fond of "London Life", but his portrait may be worth reprinting. He "may be recognised by his having something or other about him, which reminds you forcibly of the stable. His coat is a cut-away, and his trousers fit tightly over the boot. The whole of the middle of his person is enveloped by a long ostler-waistcoat, and his neck by a scarf of bird's-eye blue. A fox's head, or a dog's head, or a richly chased horse with ruby eyes, are the favourite devices on the top of his pin. He is much given to huge overcoats, with saucer buttons, and his hat, a very bad one (all Sporting Men wear bad hats) is secured from being carried off, by means of a string which is attached to one of the button-holes. When not actually in his cap or gown, he may be distinguished from the professional groom by his having a cigar in his mouth. He makes a rule of turning round to examine every horse that passes, and points critically with his forefinger at the legs of the quadruped. Sometimes he will make a remark such as, 'I'll be blown if I don't know that nag! Where the duce can I have seen him before?' At last it turns out that he has seen him six years ago, standing before the door of a public house in the south of Ireland."

The above observations on the dress of our hunting fathers prompt me—for which digression I humbly beg the reader's pardon, as casting no unrevealing a light on the manners of our own society—to certain considerations on the attire of the JOHNIAN of to-day. For though we have lost the evils of saucer buttons with those of child labour, and cut-away coats have followed benevolent despots into kindly oblivion, are there not still those whose quaint vestments affright the innocent air of our academic groves, announcing to the astonished Muses the imminent demise of the sober decencies of civilisation? We must claim in vain to have surpassed the rude achievements of our forebears, while daily are to be seen in hall or combination room the vulgarity of flowered tie or open collar, the mindless brutality of the leather jacket or the labourer's peaked cap (these supposedly ameliorated by association with the debased propensities of popular entertainers). And these very garments of shame to be displayed with pride by those collegians whom the world honours with the undeserved title of GENTLEMEN!! Proh pudor! must then CARNABY STREET be our modern Babylon?

However, let us leave these distressing actualities and turn to contemplate the domestic surroundings of the Sporting Cantab.

His rooms are decorated with the appurtenances of the hunt, prints of horses and engravings "by eminent Parisian artists . . . instances of the good taste and sound moral feeling prevailing

amongst the painters of that great city," and "on one side of the door, hangs the skin of an ourang-outang, which, he tells you, his brother killed with a large stone, when walking out one day in the neighbourhood of Palermo."

It is of course not to be imagined that only undergraduate types have changed in Cambridge since the reign of great Victoria; what young scholar does not nightly offer up prayers of thanksgiving that his generation has been delivered from the iniquity of that ancient order of things by which his forefathers were regularly compelled to dine on bad food at exorbitant prices! It would doubtless be instructive to quote at length our author's description of these antique abuses.

"Notwithstanding the remark which I took occasion to make in my paper on the 'Fast Man', I will at once confess that I am not myself partial to a dinner in the hall of my college. Not that my motives are at all similar to those which would appear to keep some persons away; on the contrary, they are formed upon grounds diametrically opposite to those which I have sometimes heard adduced. My opinion is, that the worthy cook of Trinity charges too little, not too much; I wonder—not, as some do, that with his opportunities he should have amassed so paltry a sum*—but rather that he has anything at all to call his own. Consider the feelings of a man compelled each day, nolens volens, to furnish five hundred undergraduates with as much beef and mutton as they choose to eat, at the trifling charge of about two shillings a head—(to be sure, vegetables, ale, &c. are extras—but what of that?) consider, I say, the feelings of this man, as he watches joint after joint disappearing from his view, as he hears the distant rattling of knives and forks, and knows that the war of extermination is going on, as waiters dash in pale and begravy'd, and the cry is still for *more!*

"When you think of all this, you will do as I do. You will give him your ticket, as it were, and keep away. You will not help to rob the poor man, I am sure. When he shall have succeeded in making his complaints heard, and the College has consented to his charging a remunerating price for his articles, then indeed you may go and dine with a pure conscience. But until then, if you must dine in hall, dine entirely on extras, or 'sizings', as we call them. Press not upon that care-worn, grey old man. I use the word 'grey', because, though I never set eyes on the Cook himself,

* A mere £30,000, I have heard in several quarters. This is what some persons have termed *rich!!* To refute this absurd position, it is needless to remind the reader that many peers, and those too by no means the most wealthy, have as much—A YEAR!

the fact was revealed to me in my soup (soup is an extra) the other day. To be sure on second thoughts, that lock of hair which I so affectionately cherish, may have belonged to one of the subordinates. Well, let us hope that it is so.

"I am aware that, in opposition to this, it may be said, that at a place of learning it is desirable for everything to be as cheap as possible—that considering the number (five hundred) for whom dinner is daily provided, beef and mutton might be furnished at a much cheaper rate than two shillings a head, which is the sum usually charged when only five or six persons sit down at a coffee-house to a joint—that an eminent London hotel-keeper has actually declared that he will supply the dinners of Trinity College at ten-pence a head and still make a handsome profit—that it is in the interests of the Authorities to keep up the present high range of profits, because it is of them that the cook rents his place—that some of the articles in the bill of fare are set down at a price which would provoke mirth, if it did not rather call for indignation—that a pair of soles, which in the market might be bought for a shilling, are charged *three shillings and sixpence!*—a pair of skinny fowl and a few slices of ham *twelve shillings!*—that the price of food is that of a besieged town, not a liberal university, etc., etc., etc. All these arguments I have heard at various times; but as a signal proof of their emptiness and falsity, it may be "permitted me to remark, that I have invariably triumphed over those who have adduced them. On stigmatizing them as Radicals and innovators; on reminding them that Trinity College is a time-hallowed institution, and not to be rashly meddled with by hands profane; on appealing to my Bible, and pointing out to them how it prophesies of those who shall 'speak evil of dignitaries'—upon adopting this line of reasoning, I have always found that my opponent walked off in silence, a sure indication that he was foiled with his own weapons, and had not got another word to say."

It is obvious from the preceding remarks that Cambridge life has in certain respects changed almost beyond recognition, but SMITH and I will leave the MODERN UNDERGRADUATE aspiring to social success with a morsel of advice which perhaps has some contemporary application:

"There is a method of spending the intervening hours between breakfast and dinner, which is not wholly disagreeable. It consists of leaning out of the window and expressing your opinion of every woman that passes, in audible terms. This is a very favourite amusement with young men of the University, and you will be strictly following the fashion in taking to it. I see grounds, however, for recommending a slight change in the usual mode of carrying it on. It is this.—Do not express your opinion, unless

it be a favourable one. To hear—"What an ugly woman" or perhaps something worse, pronounced by a dozen mouths above her, cannot be anything but unpleasant to the mind of a well-constituted female. But what delicate young lady—one of the reader's sisters, for example,—would object to the expression, 'What a slap-up gal!' or 'Isn't she a stunner?' interchanged amongst each other, at the tops of their voices, by a party of young fellows at the first floor window? Of course, she cannot object. It is a tribute of admiration, and it is not in the nature of woman that she should."

PROPHETIC POSTSCRIPT

(From Chapter II, "The Fast Cantab"):

"May it be the proud boast of our great grandsons—I don't say that it will be, but only *may* it be their boast—that when one of them in the year Anno Domini 1949, took up the pen to write 'Sketches of Undergraduates' after the model of that famous work, published just a century before, he was unable to introduce the 'fast man' into his volume, simply because no such character was then in existence. He looked for one, just as we look for stage coaches, but found him not. I can fancy a passage occurring in the preface, as follows:—

'It sêms strang' (fonetic writing of some kind or other will have come into vogue in that day) 'that in lukiing at an old buk wich has cum into mi hands, called *Sketches of Undergraduates in 1849*, I notiss the introduxiion ov a pâper on "făst men."'

'From the descripsiun he must hav bën a curious bēing; fortunateli for us nun such exists now. He has păst awa, like Kăpital Punishment, and the Paliss Cort, and Onorăry Degrêse, the relics of a Darc and barberus age.'

May such be the case! That's all I can say."

Poems

THE SPORTING SISTERS

I

MY nuns go on a Sunday lark,
playing soft ball in the park.

Such excitement.

Such fun.

A chorus of encouragements
hurl gently
through the sun.

In turn, each bats and pitches;
one fields, one throws.
The perspiration gathers
where glasses
pinch the nose.

The neighbourhood watch quietly
together on their knees,
that awesome holiness at play
upon the diamond
at my distance away,
through the trees.

And at the end,
they tire,
and move in the shade to mend.

II

Other days, when they are not there,
I add them to my other fare:

Their white starched wings become so bright,
The black distends in bleaching light.
Through dust stirred swirling by the sun
Their forms move heavily to run
The basepaths 'round in motion slowed
To memory of a painter's mode.

POEMS

That slow austerity as they play
Or take refreshment has a way
Of venting manner in a space
So far from Titian's figured grace
That, angels seen, I look for tombs,
And in the park, a Virgin's rooms.

KEVIN LEWIS.

FESTIVAL

WHERE the shrill falls smouldering, we lie
damp chorus, mat and heaven, hand on knee
(our wilful reassurance) while the sky
bolds darkness, twitching tulips, breaking sea.

When the green twines, the yield and will of it
enfolding, meshed in grass, tide claw on silt,
we die the gasp of shell on shell, the knit
night petals, tassel flared on quilt.

And if in rising arm link arm (where piers
kneel under strums) we feel the sand breath
brace and sway: limned in that light, whose tears
know, braving rhythms, which blooms death?

Muffled thunder. Shivered robe. Our hands
twist in the wordless chill like scars on sand.

G. M. HORN.

Profile: The Professor As Riddle

THE patterns on MacKinnon's* office door take the darkness of the hallway in shadow. Wood polish gives the ornament a lustre dulled by the fall of light in the afternoon. Where the shadows begin, where they merge, is indistinct. Behind the panels and the curlicues of inlay in the door the echoes of a voice deploy. It listens to itself. He is alone, practising his manner to the mannered walls.

The further, centre door of the gallery swings inward to cast and close a triangle of light over the brick-tile floor. Footsteps click along the hallway to add another listener to the steady resonance of voice within the inner chamber. That's his voice surely, eking through the crannies around the lumpy, crypto door. For an instant heard, and a moment longer, it spews out exaggeration upon exaggeration. His ungoverned intonation takes an unfamiliar discipline across the rubble of the unseen open books and pamphlets on the unseen table beyond the door.

The Faculty of Divinity has commerce among its own population. In one of the better stories passed among its members and among all colleagues who understand, MacKinnon invites two undergraduates for tea. This indeed happened, they say. He was their supervisor, and at the end of term asked them to his house. He is known for an exacting man; the two were punctual at his doorstep. A woman showed them into a room in which tea cakes, jam, and biscuits lay ready on a table by the fire. She left them. Any minute, it seemed, the professor would appear.

A steaming china pot was delivered through an opposite door and the woman left them again. A moment and he would enter, apologizing. But the tea was hot. Should they draw the chairs closer to the table covered with a fresh cloth? Strange that he wasn't there. It was all too credible that he had forgotten; but why was the table set as if to begin? A movement caught their eye. Their heads turned. A hand appeared from under the cloth on the far side. A thick span of fingers, a fist growing out of a cuff and jacket sleeve probed along the table top. It moved among the plates, caught up a slice of fruit cake, and disappeared from whence it came.

The story ends abruptly. When we hear it the first time, we have known MacKinnon only across distance, briefly in the dim

* Donald H. MacKinnon, Professor of the Philosophy of Theology, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

emporium of the upper Faculty lecture hall, above the gallery below. Where the straightening, stiff knees of students lift the seats to a clatter in a random chorusing epilogue to his lecture as the room wakens and clears. And where once after a turn of bad health, the racket provoked him as he exited out of the double doors. He halted, swung around, and delivered yet another post-script, catching us in mid-stride, mid-sentence, unlimbering to escape out behind him into the lunch hour. He likened that irritation of his ears to "the world inhabited by telephone booth vandals," for all of us and the great, empty space of room behind us to hear.

He would finish long after the hour, tuck down his head, and lead the filing ranks of students down the stairs. Down around two spirals of the shoe-worn staircase he descends with books to his chest, an ominous bronze Balzac in cape, shadowing down away and out of comprehension to the depth below. To the street level.

We wonder at that story of the students at tea. It means he is shy. Could that be true? His thread, and now his very shape are difficult to trace. The voice echoing against itself in the unseen study chamber, the irascibility, and the recounted appearance of the professor's groping paw, cross in the imagination. The design of the man mixes; the first glimpses of grotesquerie arrange themselves in counterpoint. But the contraries of dimensions so like the stuff of children's fables skip and sway out of reach. His letter from Devon after term is over evidently declines an invitation to tea. But the scrawl is cramped. Hasty, unreadable, it tantalizes. He has gone to give lectures in Scotland, but the reckoning of what words his politeness employs is but a squinting game. His handwriting is difficult to read.

The hour of his lecture moves in cinerama before the eye. A maroon shirt folds into the long john underwear elastic top curled over his belt. His big bones fidget behind the podium. He mouths a pencil tip, his knuckles to his jaw. He hunkers upon the scribbled notes illumined under electric light. It will begin now, a quarter past the hour, and we have waited. Still he waits, as if the opening fatuous declaration was enigma. Then slowly the sound uncoils to rasp across the lectern. He hitches at his trousers, leans against the chalkboard behind, takes distance in his eyes, and rouses into pitch. The words mingle, slurring on the tongue. Their swallowed accentuations slither in the air like the caricature loopings of a Steinberg cartoon. Leering then, medieval. *We must distinguish between that faith which is belief and that faith by which we believe.*

The gradient of MacKinnon's broad back projects his head out toward us like a gargoyle. Gaining tenor and still hunching, he bobs over papers and the lectern lamp, up and down on the vertical. Grey hair smears, misplacing across a forehead phrenological in breadth. As fleshed, as bruising, as the rogue theologian thunder reaching to the upper rafters of the hall. He gorgonizes from the dias. We strain to catch each garbled flight, each preciosity. He, conjuring *on the outskirts of the ways of God* the viability of *an unsophisticated awareness of the presence of the Divine*.

Note-takers look up as the floor boards creak and crash. He descends in mimic fury to the common level and to the windows on St John's Street below. Stone ornament pedestals from the buttressing look in at the man looking out. He stops again. His reflection at the equal angle from the glass plane doubles his brown study. Against the casement stone, against the wrought iron moulding arabesque, against transparency and daylight, his eyeballs bulge with the idea. *We must ask of Peter's confession whether it be true or false, although such a confession is not like a statement of fact such as*, his voice rising, *The Term is Half Over*. Cadenza rattles on the walls to punctuate performance in mid-drama. And it goes on.

The lectern at symmetry in the middle-stage receives him back. The spool unwinds through a sleight of tone backwards, inwards to the centre. With the sing-song of a prelate at evensong prayer he puts on custom to encompass what he means. Rigid against erasures on the chalkboard. His mangled digits dig the hollows of his eyes. The ceiling lowers. He talks gently. *Tell me what you remember and I will tell you what you are*. The pencil rubs across his chin. To those below and watching he slumps again to gaze. In stricken suspension, the moment crucial to his point evacuates. A palm squashes the cartilage in his nose. MacKinnon contemplates a zenith. Change jingles in his pocket, the boards creak under his shifting weight, he moves and speaks. And lurching across the boundary from fixity, he wants such things to read *as records of just that kind of engagement*.

Something about Wittgenstein. The Mysterium at its depth. But from that angle he turns to the space above our heads. The instant of his pivot holds the flaring of gown at his knees, extended to the ground. And sleeves and elbows shoulder height at the stop of action as if stopped in dance. Or caught in a spell. Chalk smudges at his shoulders blur to re-focus as stars and crescent moons. The photograph swells to distraction; the sleeves billow downward, filling like sails embossed with zodiacal design. Somewhere green and orange fluorescence glimmers in

the fusty hall. *Agape's* monster-priest put on a peaked cone written round with equations for the deities. His shaggy hair violates around his ears. With the invocation of the *Corpus Mysticum* then, the cosmic gestalt, he wears the demoniac possession of a wizard.

Then plainly it happens. The realized, spatial conjuring of the eschatological vapour. In Latin, in Greek, in English, he writes "real presence" on the board, *praesentia reatio*, and descends to our level, stands back, and begins again. The arms begin and the voice again, stalking the equivalent riddle of the figures on the wall. His arm wields out at manneristic length to point with accusation at the Holy. At the front they can hear his indrawn breathing whistling in his nose. Fingers grip his throat, press and pull his ear, fall away and disappear. The hand returns, the arm. He semaphores demythologization of Plato by Aristotle. Beckoning us through patriarchal range of gesture into the abstraction. Where words on the lips of Caliban stutter and fail; for even fluency jumbles. And unction dissolves. He speaks, but the noise is the clangour of machine cartwheeling vision across vision. He whales the pattern as if gone back in time to rend the earth, as if there still were giants in the earth.

Backing against one wall and opposite against the other, he speaks the rest of it against himself. And from the middle and from between and from the aisle as he departs across the footlights away. Across the air beyond the first row of desk he weaves tapestry of air. As if all knowledge is geometry, we must see it to know. As if idea must take shape in space as space before it can have shape. Will abstraction deliquesce unless an episode strikes it out upon the eyes? The wrought filigree of the seen design?

What did he say? It ran to its accomplishment like those daemons of creation run, catalyzed by the wild gesticulation of both performance and the thing performed. We might have been there when Hitler and Luther pushed back the brink to fix the words of change to the wall and understood. But what did he say? I remember, but I forget.

When MacKinnon was interviewed in *Varsity*, he described the direction of his work. They gave him a quarter of a page and kept the rest for "Religion: Alive or Dead?" Under his glowering photo, taken in his chamber, was the information and irony both together. Newspaper economy strips him bland, held impossibly still and naked in an impossible solution under glass. *I am primarily concerned with frontiers of Philosophy of Theology but I also lecture for example on Aristotle and Kant's Critique of Pure Reason*. In a better world the stilted brevity of that sentence

would speak for itself. Though newspaperese expediency only swirls like the dry leaves at the feet of an untouched giant, he does change slightly in the imagination for having been so bottled and cured for the public.

He is exercised by *the intelligibility of statements concerning the Transcendent, the nature and validity of the Christian claim that for example Jesus is Divine*. But drama hardens to still-life. The words themselves, not just the sounds, return, pre-empting the whole dumb show. So ready, so intelligible is the departure of his work. *I am a layman and not committed professionally to Christian religion*. Elusion in design gives way to illusion. The printed word carries but the elusive irony of phantasmagoria behind the benign utility of quotation. Who, reading that, is to know that somewhere in the shadows of a transept a figure spits and cries and whelms among the idols along the wall.

But could the spinning pattern of his theological re-evaluation be like a web tricked out by a spider? As if from the safety of a high rafter, or as if before dawn in the garden? That lacework, like a child's toy left out overnight in the grass, spangles with dew. When familiarity comes round with the day and we go abroad, it vanishes into oblivion underfoot.

I passed him on the sidewalk one afternoon when rain slicked over the surface of St John's Street. Or rather he passed me before I realized it was he. Having missed him, I turned to see his back hunched over, collar to his ears, hatless. Either because rain itself will clear the air to sharpen lines and details of the surroundings, or because MacKinnon for, again, an instant foiled the brick, iron, shop-window and pedestrian scene through which he walked, honing the coherence of this time the impinging reality, everything in its place in the eye took immanence. The immediacy of all angles, transversals, the slope of line against line, arc upon arc, fired against the imagination, exploding with the power that unprepared recognition can release. MacKinnon went out of the picture, bending out of sight past the bake-shop, subtracting only a flourish of leitmotif from the way the pattern grew.

KEVIN LEWIS.

St John's College Chapel, Cambridge

(From the December 26th, 1965 issue of *The Living Church*)

I HEARD the stained glass windows sing,
Smelled fragrance everywhere,
From rich, sonorous, prose, well-read.

I watched with thoughtful stare
As organ melodies by Bach
Cavorted through the air.

I held the anthem in my hands
And touched with awed delight
Its convolutions, globes, and spires.

The sweet warm candle light
Lay lovely-luscious on my tongue.

This happened. I was there.

ELVA MCALLASTER.

Blurbs; or, books you don't want to read

1.

MCGRIT, Teeth, are always happy to serve their distinguished authors and the American public; but they are especially proud to be privileged on this unique occasion to present a new novel by Howard Dungeon, the well-known "white Negro" novelist and personality.

"Barbaric Ape" is a searing exposure of present day American society, which in 943 packed pages of violence, sex, and controversy, carries Dungeon's art to new heights. The anti-anti-hero, Thork Lowell, is an ex-Marine who conquered Guadalcanal single-handed and was awarded the Purple Heart and Congressional Medal of Honor. "Barbaric Ape" begins with him junking the medals down the toilet after a night out with his ex-wife, lovely she-rapist and actress Monica Stanwych, daughter of the millionaire Earl Stanwych, Senator and slumlord, who is running young Lowell for Congress. After murdering Monica and her father Lowell is arrested for speeding and spends a night in the cells with a bunch of weirdos who Dungeon (himself a well-known wino) portrays with all his usual flair and insight. During the night Lowell has a vision in his sleep of the place of advertising in the American way of life, which enables Dungeon to attempt a collage of slogans and informational matter derived from the advertising pages of the *New Yorker*, *Life*, and *Harper's Bazaar*: thus Pop Art becomes Literature. Lowell's subsequent adventures (including his election to the Vice-Presidency and marriage to Gloria Swanson) will thrill, shock, stun, grip.

Howard Dungeon, already well-known for his early novels and golf-criticisms, is no mean writer. Pre-release sales exceed 100,000 copies. ORDER YOURS TODAY!

2.

Father Deusdedit Waterwaggon discusses, in his new collection of essays, several topics that are bound to attract the interest of both clerisy and laity. The major work (an excerpt from his long-awaited philosophical treatise *De Materia*) is entitled 'Some Sidelights on Teilhard: a Synoptical Contribution', and will, of course, be required reading in philosophy classes. Those interested in contemporary Church affairs will be particularly interested in his (unadopted) report to the Vatican Council on

BLURBS

'Thomistic Thought and Modern Errors,' which straddles the gulf between over-hasty 'progress' and 'stick-in-the-mud' traditionalism. Father Waterwaggon's versatility is displayed in his 'Ecumenical Polemic,' an appeal, in the best historical vein, to the Anglican Church to return to its true Way. Finally, those in search of lighter reading will be entranced, we venture to predict, by Father Waterwaggon's touching reminiscences of a boisterous companion of seminary days who later, as Cardinal Ugli, was to be so influential (and so staid!) in Vatican affairs.

"Father Waterwaggon, S.J., opens up new vistas in which, for spiritual excitement, I could scarcely breath."—the late Dame Edith Sitwell.

"Theodore Waterwaggon is an old friend of mine, so I am naturally benevolent to all his undertakings"—The Abbot of Downside.

3.

THE WEAK ARE BOUND is a novel whose painfulness is only matched by its truth. Marcia Fey, its intellectual, *jolie laide* heroine, is the unwilling wife of Jocelyn Spoor, a rising executive in advertising, whom she married during a momentary loss of poise. He is blithely unaware of her surging mental hunger, still less of the fact that his devil-may-care zest for his career and children (she has given him three) has left Marcia sexually unsatisfied. During the long days while Jocelyn is at the office and the children are at school Marcia (who fears she is pregnant again) begins simultaneously a love affair with the Woolwich-type rector of the parish, a diary, and an experiment with the drug LSD. The resulting "passionate disturbance," as Marcia calls it, brings Jocelyn's self-centred life in ruins about his ears, and leaves his wife free for the career as an instinctive poet of completion which she feels is at last within her grasp.

Marcia Fey is the true woman of our times. Portrayed with fearless but loving honesty, her struggle with antagonistic reality will inspire every reader with hope.

About the Author—Jocasta Spottle is the author of two other novels, one of which (*Male Miscarriage*) was hailed as the "most searching attack upon masculine insufficiencies yet made", (*The Observer*). 28 years old, she graduated from Girton College, Cambridge, in 1959, with a first in English. She is married to Noël Chowdribanks, the general practitioner, and has two children. According to *Who's Who*, her hobbies are "smoking, reading Sanskrit, and dressing in bright colours." She is the daughter of Denver Spottle.

Macswillinghams are happy to announce that they have secured the manuscript of I WAS ATTLEE'S BATMAN, by Herbert Plunge, and will be bringing it out in the autumn. The author, who has been a confectioner in Bermondsey for the past forty-eight years, has many vivid recollections of his years of fame, during which he went everywhere with "Clem". Of course, glimpses of other famous men abound—notably a parade at which he was inspected by no less a figure than Field Marshal Earl Haig. Mr Plunge kept no diary at the time, but fortunately his photographic memory has enabled him to present a clear recollection of all the details, even the tiniest, of this and other thrilling occasions. Macswillinghams are so confident that this book will arouse unusual interest that they have ordered a first printing of 200,000; and the *Sunday Times* will, of course, serialize part of it.

Poems

SCENARIO

A MUSEUM stands in a park.
An old man sits by the door, in the sun,
And smiles at the faces walking around.
He locks the door when they have all gone.

Two stuffed birds stand in the museum,
Male and female posing proudly by their nest.
A boy in tennis shorts stares at their eggs;
They are blue veined, under a film of dust.

A string orchestra plays slowly.
The clock on the wall shows a quarter past five.
It is playing in a baroque salon.
The pianist shudders with a cough.

Down a corridor, painted blue,
A rat runs sluggishly, grey, pot bellied.
It is dismembered by the boy in shorts;
His hands are stained red with its blood.

A fat man inspects the menu,
Lights a cigarette, carefully, and frowns.
Then his daughter takes out a violin,
She is crying, she cuts the strings.

A woman, washing her body,
Dribbles soapy water from her fingers' ends.
The door is yellow; a man walks through the room,
He leaves behind oily footprints.

In a public square, four schoolgirls
Are playing. The man collects fallen leaves;
He puts them in a bag. When the schoolgirls
Have gone, he straightens up, and laughs.

The boy is handed a curved knife;
He cuts his lower lip, and bursts into tears.
A moon comes up over the yellow house.
The woman in mourning falls downstairs.

A cinematic, sensual kiss,
Against a background of flawless water,
Cuts to a child, watching clowns. She is dumb.
Her hands try to mime her laughter.

A portrait has fallen from the wall,
The remaining seven are quite unmoved:
A Flemish portrait of a man, holding
His right hand clasped, a Bible in his left.

A thin, white path leads to a church;
Inside, the priest's hands are lifted to bless.
A naked boy is playing on the porch;
Bluebottles are matted on his eyes.

C. BURROWS.

IN THE GALLERY

THE lady stared down at her hands,
Carelessly holding an elegant flower;
A road moved off, at her shoulder, through green fields.
Impertinent, to wonder where it led;
There was no suggestion to spare.

A young couple in blue raincoats agreed,
The flower was a lover's gift,
Plucked beyond our picture, in the east,
Brought to her at the setting of the sun.
The lady concentrated on her grace.
They said she smiled at them.

I walked behind them, to the door;
But for a smile, undifferentiated.
I analysed the colour of the flower,
It seemed yellow; the light was rather bad,
There was a faded pallor on the leaves.

Outside, the couple ran to catch a bus.
I sat behind, not envying them their loves,
Smiling, rather, to think how defenceless
We were, and how adventurous.
When the bus stopped, and I knew
The end of their journey, I stepped off too.

C. BURROWS.

BALLAD OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

A BLACK rose flowered in the night,
A weary child was born;
The Queen of Sheba turned about
And wandered to the dawn.

And over hills, and under clouds,
Her journey drew her on,
Her sorrow could not find a thought
Under the blind red sun.

All through the dawn, and through the day
Her eyes spoke red and wild:
"Oh, I must find King Solomon,
For he shall bear my child.

His days are blessed with happiness,
His God has made him wise;
I and my child shall dance for him,
And he shall kiss our eyes."

Her feet were strangers in the dust,
The road was bending down.
The Queen's eye stopped and saw the sun
Above Jerusalem town.

And she is past the gates of gold,
And past the olive tree,
And weeping, to King Solomon:
"Why are my feet not free?"

Why will my joys not sing to me?
Why is my love child weak?"
The sun stands high above the town
To hear the wise king speak.

And hears the words dance from his tongue
To kiss her lovingly,
And light her in her sullen heart
A blazing ecstasy,

The fragrant fire of a joy
Whose mouth was singing wild,
And dancing to the Lord of heaven
And bringing him her child.

THE EAGLE

The black rose withered from the night,
 And green the path she trod,
 The Queen is home from Solomon,
 And left him with his God.

C. BURROWS.

WHEN you speak to me, it is the silence
 That I listen to, both of the words you
 Do not speak, and of the words that spoken
 Tell me nothing. Thus I can recognise
 Our differences, and calculate how great
 A puzzle lies in your character to
 Tease my brain. This investigation holds
 Some pleasures for us both—the interview,
 The wrestling intimacy, as I try
 To squeeze your nature out of your own mouth.
 But when I know you, when I have debauched
 Your identity, and pieced together
 From fragments of my own experience
 The prime cause of your actions—then I hate
 The knowledge, and despise the known, and dread
 To see that action which I understand.
 I throw you away: and when I hear you
 Mentioned in talk, I greedily confine
 Your character with an epigram.

CHRISTOPHER GILL.

I WATCHED them playing chess and thought "You are asleep.
 You make dream motions with your hands and mind
 But do not see each other. And even if you
 Were playing love or hate instead of chess,
 You would not see the game as a game, nor yourselves
 As yourselves."

I did not speak these words, but
 Said them through the loud statement and the misplaced laugh
 That denotes my kind of detachment.

And

They understood. They felt the cold eyes of my sight
 And diagnosed the break in sympathy:
 They told me I had never been a child, therefore
 Could not grow up; that I had never learned
 That sympathy lies in the silent game, not in
 The spoken commentary, the giggling voice.

POEMS

The blind saw. I had thought myself a seer, muttering
 "The penalty of sight is loss of life."
 They lived and saw, observed what I had forgotten,
 That I existed in their eyes as well.

CHRISTOPHER GILL.

I am two people: one would gladly laugh
 When others laugh, and cry when others cry;
 The other makes me always say "goodbye"
 And wrap my soul up in a selfish scarf.
 I watch a friendship as a cat watches
 A dog, seeing it does not come too close
 Nor runs away—for I must have the game.
 Suppressing truth, I act a phoney truth
 That keeps the company without the close
 Intrusion of warm sympathy. I hide
 In sentences too general to be true,
 Choking affection in a laugh. But then,
 Lying to others I deceive myself:
 Alone I have forgotten who I am.
 I ask the mirror, but the mirror acts
 My last performance, and the pictures that
 I last saw mirrored in the eyes of friends.

CHRISTOPHER GILL.

Tea with Celia

"To the Reverend—please do not use the letter 't'—Hall; you will find his address in the Clerical Directory." At that, Celia Dimpleby uttered a profanity and switched off the dictaphone. Gnawing at a pink marshmallow, she left the office and ascended the stairs, stopping at the kitchenette to make the tea. Her gaze penetrated the accumulated layers of dust upon the window pane; she fumbled in her handbag for the matches . . .

"Good afternoon, Major Nunne. Please sit down." Philip Kettering, the sole member of the partnership of Cunningham, Bowden and Crowther, Solicitors and Notaries Public, offered a chair to his staid client. The insurance executive smiled, with obvious difficulty.

"My dear fellow, thank you for seeing me at this late hour." he said, carefully removing the ant from the turn-up of his trousers. They shook hands and sat down.

"Frankly, Nunne," revealed the florid young solicitor, "I am finding your contested motor-accident insurance claims both soul-destroying and time-consuming."

"I sympathise, young fellow. Naturally, it is our pleasure to relieve you of their burden."

They viewed each other neutrally. At length, Nunne produced, for the inspection of the subaltern, the contents of a brick-red file.

"I would be eternally grateful," he vowed, "if you could give me a rough estimate of our chances in this case."

The managing-clerk disentangled himself from the flex of the dictaphone. Alice Bacon laughed distractedly. Ralston, being of a violent disposition, threw the stapling machine at the female alarm-clock-and-typist. "I wish somebody would tell me when this blasted instrument is plugged in." He was angry. Alice stooped to gather the outgoing correspondence, which she had inadvertently allowed to fall to the ground.

"Gone five o'clock, and I still ain't posted off this lot," she said reproachfully to the linoleum.

"Where is my tea?" demanded Ralston.

"Find out," said Alice.

The young managing-clerk grinned mischievously, and knelt down beside Alice. He stroked her long, black, unruly hair. The girl turned, and slapped his heated visage with a bulky envelope marked 'Without Prejudice.'

"I suppose you intend to put your arm around my waist and smother me with your kisses," she said hopefully, as Ralston nursed his bruise. He surveyed the body of the termagant who stood above him.

"You have curves like an Alpine bend, baby," he lied, gracefully re-assuming the vertical position. She straightened his tie.

"I hope Celia does not catch us," sighed Alice after some minutes. Ralston straightened his tie.

"Celia's gone home," he said, "must finish off some work, my love. Have coffee with me at Gigi's, at twenty-past?"

"Perhaps," she answered, affirmatively, "but see you don't secretly pour any of your hip flask liquor into the cup, like you did with Celia."

"She told you about that?" he laughed, and left. Alice proceeded to affix stamps to their appropriate envelopes and admired the necklace worn by the Queen.

"Quite a problem you have set me here, Nunne," complimented the solicitor, "worthy of a place in a paper of the Cambridge Law Tripos Examinations," he added, bestowing the final accolade.

"He was obviously negligent" stated Major Nunne, talking through his moustache, in blissful ignorance of the Law.

Philip Kettering rose, and began to pace the room; he gripped the lapels of his jacket with his hands, and addressed his remarks to the bookshelf.

"The motorist did not owe that pedestrian any duty to be careful." He said, in a dull monotone. The insurance executive lit his pipe, and the acrid smell of tobacco filled the air.

"Balderdash," he laughed.

The solicitor flushed. "Now look here, Nunne." A pause. "All right. I will ask for a second opinion, but as the law stands, I feel sure—"

"Would you be prepared to argue the toss in court; that's what I want to know." interrupted the Major.

"I feel sure I am right; of course, I am not perfect." Kettering added as a halo of blue smoke formed above his head. He left the room and entered the adjacent office of his managing-clerk. Edward Ralston hastily replaced the telephone receiver, and smiled encouragingly at his employer.

"Ted, I have a problem."

Ralston consulted his watch. "Legal or matrimonial?" he asked.

"A problem of negligence," replied Kettering. Ralston wisely resisted the temptation to repeat his question.

"And the answer lies neither in the books, nor in the soil." added his superior. The managing-clerk unfastened the buttons of his overcoat.

"Please continue, Mr Kettering, Procrastination is the enemy of princes."

Detective Chief Superintendent Ash scratched his head. "So you went off to post some letters?"

"I keep telling you that." Alice crossed her legs, and the policeman admired the view.

"Green walls," thought Alice, "I hate green walls."

"About what time was that?" asked Ash.

"Just after 5 o'clock; I do it every day, after I finish work." The palms of her hands began to perspire. She removed a handkerchief from her handbag.

"I understand that you were well acquainted with the deceased," stated the detective.

"Celia was my best-friend, the silly bitch," the girl sobbed; she blew her nose with the handkerchief.

"Why do you say that?"

"She liked to play the field," a pause, "you know," she added, significantly, pouting her lips.

Detective Chief Superintendent Ash coughed. "No doubt Celia enticed away several of your boy-friends from you, Miss Bacon?"

Alice sniffed, "One or two" she replied.

"Anyone in particular?" he inquired.

"No, not really," lied Alice.

"Not even Edward Ralston?" prompted the detective. Alice paled.

"The deceased was found in the kitchenette, which is to the right of the stairs leading from the reception office, in which you work, to the office of your employer at the top of the stairs. Now without disturbing anyone, it would have been easy for you to have entered the kitchenette and—"

"I was with Ted," she screamed. Ash offered Alice his handkerchief. She wiped her eyes.

"And after Ralston left the room, what did you do?"

"For the fiftieth time, I left the office to post the letters. I did not turn on the gas. It was somebody else." Alice collapsed in a disconsolate heap. Sergeant Cook gallantly stepped forward with the smelling salts, and led her from the room.

"So you are the managing-clerk?" asked Ash.

"That is correct, Walter," replied Ralston.

"Look, Ted, I am as sorry as you are that I have to interview you, but we live and die by the bloody book. Were you fond of the deceased, Celia Dimbleby?"

"With a name like that? Of course not, Walter."

Ash breathed deeply; "You have been out with her?" he asked.

"I may have been."

"According to the diary of the deceased, you and she had been seeing quite a lot of each other. She was pregnant, and you were the putative father."

"Rubbish."

"And you threatened to throw her down the stairs if she did not consent to an abortion," continued Ash, waving the tan leather diary at the suspect. "It is all in here."

"All right," admitted Ralston; and he stood up. "It was merely a figure of speech. She was so naive!" he banged the desk with his fist.

"What were your movements after you left the company of Alice Bacon, just after 5.00 p.m. on the evening of the murder?" asked Ash.

"I went to my office."

"You passed the kitchenette, as you ascended the stairs?"

"Yes, I did."

"You had the opportunity to murder the girl."

Ralston loosened his tie, and sat down. "I went to my office, and I did not murder anyone on the way." he said, sarcastically.

"What did you do in your Office?"

"I finished the outstanding conveyancing work and then I telephoned the theatre, to book a couple of seats for a show that night."

"And then?"

"Then I helped Mr Kettering with the solution of a legal problem, and after that, Alice Bacon and I went to have a coffee, and to share a blissful evening together."

Ash gazed thoughtfully at the other. "Ted, were you not expecting to have tea with Celia?" he asked.

"No, of course not. I now understand that Celia had intended to make tea for us, but we all thought at the time that she had left the office premises and that she was on her way home."

"How could you, personally, think that Celia had gone home when her coat and handbag were in your office?" Ash leaned forward. Sergeant Cook grinned.

"Allow me to tell you the truth: several days previous to her death, Celia and I had planned to spend the relevant evening together. She came into my office just before 5.0 p.m. and she left her coat and handbag on a chair. Then returned to her desk to complete the day's toil, and then, I suppose, she went into the kitchenette to prepare the tea. Well, I wished to discontinue the relationship with Celia, and I told her so, but she refused to accept the fact, so I thought that if I was to be very affectionate towards Alice, in the presence of Celia, the girl would appreciate

that I was no longer attracted to her. I embraced Alice, but unfortunately Celia did not return from the tea-making to witness the happy scene."

Detective Chief Superintendent Ash sniffed.

"Of one fact I can assure you, I am not involved in her death."

"All right," said Ash, "who killed the deceased?"

"Nobody. In my opinion Celia Dimbleby committed suicide."

"Perhaps she did, after all, witness your love-making in the office," suggested Ash.

"Perhaps," answered the managing-clerk; and he smiled, wanly.

The bulky young solicitor settled his ample frame into the wicker chair.

"Good afternoon, Mr Kettering," greeted Ash, formally.

"What is good about it?" groaned the other.

"There is no need to be nervous" assured the policeman, and his right eye twitched. "Now, sir, I believe that you have been a qualified solicitor for about 18 months. Is that correct?"

"Yes, it is." Philip Kettering cleared his throat.

"Would you say that you have a successful practice, sir?"

"Well, of course, it has been difficult to attract clients, but, at the present time, I am very busy."

Ash smiled benignly; "This present matter has given your firm quite a lot of publicity, sir," he said.

"Of the unwelcome variety, Inspector," snapped Kettering.

"Nevertheless, sir," continued Ash, with emphasis, "the publicity could lead to a significant increase in business, would you not agree?"

"I do not deny it."

"Oh," said Ash, "Do you smoke sir," he asked, offering a cigarette to the solicitor.

"No, thank you," was the wary reply.

"I understand, Mr Kettering, that you discovered the body of the deceased."

"Indeed, I did, Chief Superintendent. I was leaving the office with a client, when my attention was attracted by the smell of gas emanating from the kitchenette. I opened the door, and saw the unfortunate Celia lying on the floor."

"What did you do?" said Ash, softly.

"I instructed my client to telephone for an ambulance and for the police. Meanwhile, I carried the limp body into my office, opened the windows and attempted to administer artificial respiration. But she was already dead."

"At what time did you discover the body?"

"At about 5.30 p.m., superintendent."

"Hm. Do you appreciate, sir, that the deceased had been lying, unnoticed, in a gas-filled room for about half-an-hour?"

"My staff finish work at 5.0 p.m., Inspector. There was no reason for me to assume, on the evening in question, that Celia had remained on the premises, after that hour." Kettering sighed. Ash scratched his head.

"It is consistent with the report of the pathologist to say that the deceased was alive in your arms at 5.30 p.m." said the detective triumphantly.

"It is equally consistent with the report to say that the deceased was dead at that time," replied the solicitor. A twitch from Ash.

"In my opinion, Chief Superintendent, it was an accidental death."

"You mean that the girl merely stood in the kitchenette for about half an hour, and accidentally allowed herself to be suffocated by the gas?" asked the detective, feeling that it was his turn to be sarcastic.

"My explanation does seem improbable," admitted Kettering, "but, I submit that it is plausible. For example, Celia may first have suffered concussion after accidentally having hit her head on one of the upper shelves."

Detective Chief Superintendent Ash smiled. "Thank you, Mr Kettering," he said.

The policeman surveyed the countenance of the dapper officer and gentleman in the brown suit.

"This is very distressing," stated Major Nunne, and puffed on his pipe. Ash coughed in agreement.

"You, sir, I believe, are the client whom Mr Kettering was interviewing that evening?" began Ash, lightheartedly.

The officer and gentleman nodded.

"Now then, I see from your Army record that you served in Japan during the war. Life must be less exciting now."

"Too true."

"How well did you know the deceased?" continued the policeman.

The major knitted his brows. "I beg your pardon?" he said.

"I will repeat the question," offered Ash.

"No need. As far as I can recollect, I have never met the girl," he answered quietly.

"Major Nunne, I believe that you provided Mr Kettering with a considerable amount of work in the sphere of accident claims?" asked Ash.

"True. True, Superintendent. Kettering is a young and able solicitor."

"But this was not philanthropy, Major Nunne."

"I am afraid that established solicitors are generally unwilling to undertake such work." The insurance executive smiled.

"How often did you visit the business premises of Philip Kettering?"

"About once a week, I should imagine."

"You discussed solely business matters with him, sir? Presumably, you employed another solicitor to manage your private affairs?" Ash leaned forward.

Major Nunne puffed contentedly on his pipe: "That is true," he verified.

Ash twitched. "Sergeant Cook, bring in some tea." he said. The two men were alone.

"Your private file does not make pleasant reading," stated Ash, cautiously.

"What! I shall sue my lawyers! How dare they peddle confidential information to the police. Really!" Major Nunne was annoyed.

"I was bluffing," added Ash, as a consolation.

The insurance executive smiled. "The odd girl-friend, you know." and he winked.

"The gossip of women can be malicious," said Ash philosophically, "Let us take this hypothesis," he continued. "There are 2 solicitors in 2 separate premises, and each employs a secretary. Secretary A often conducts telephone conversations with secretary B during business hours. Now, secretary A tells secretary B of the current 'scandals,' supplying full details; secretary B happens to notice that Major Nunne, the subject of one of the 'scandals,' is the same officer and gentleman, who pays a weekly visit to the premises of Philip Kettering, Solicitor. Secretary B decides to blackmail Major Nunne. In fear of losing both his job and his wife, he pays the sums demanded to secretary B, or should I say secretary C, for Celia?"

Major Nunne nodded his head. "Most of your hypothesis is correct," he admitted, "Celia Dimbleby was blackmailing me—but, I swear that I did not murder her."

Ash smiled reassuringly, "It is difficult to see when there was an opportunity for you to have done so. During the relevant time you appear to have been in the company of Philip Kettering."

"Of course, of course." interjected Major Nunne.

"However, his managing-clerk tells me that Kettering and he discussed a legal matter together. This means that Kettering left you alone in his office for some minutes. Now, I admit that prior to that time you had not intended to murder Celia; but, the opportunity now presented itself. You knew that she was on the premises, because she was waiting to collect your weekly payment

(which she notes in her diary), so, while Alice was out posting the letters, you surprised Celia in the kitchenette."

"Ridiculous." said the Major.

"How did you kill her?" asked Ash.

"I did not kill her." answered the other.

"The solicitor unwittingly produced the answer; there was no sign of a struggle; somebody had obviously struck the girl a blow on the back of the neck—a karate blow, which they taught you in Japan."

"Such a blow would leave no mark on the body." stated the Major.

"Exactly. This would enable you to fake what you hoped would be taken to be an accidental death. You turned on both gas rings, shut the door, and returned to the office. You murdered Celia Dimbleby."

Major Nunne continued to puff on his pipe.

Ash twitched. There was a silence.

"How did you find out?" asked the Major.

"By a process of elimination. There were three other suspects, besides yourself; Alice Bacon—she had motive and opportunity. I was at first puzzled that Alice did not appear to view as significant the point that, assuming that Celia had gone home, she had done so without so much as a 'goodnight' to her best friend. But then I decided that Alice and Celia were not such good friends after all. But, I finally eliminated Alice from the list of suspects because she would not have been strong enough to overpower the deceased without a struggle, and there were no signs of such in this case. My second suspect was Edward Ralston: if his story was true, he had forgotten the fact that Celia Dimbleby was still in the building. I know Ralston well; his outstanding weakness is the selfishness in his treatment of women. I believe that, having dated Alice for the evening, all thoughts of Celia passed from his mind. Even if they had not, I would think that he would be content to leave the building with Alice, having avoided Celia, without enquiring as to the whereabouts of the latter."

"Do go on," urged the Major, "This is fascinating."

"Philip Kettering had no significant motive for killing the deceased, and he had no real opportunity, assuming that the person who had originally turned on the gas was the murderer, as I thought was the most befitting assumption. Of course, it needed someone with a strong, as opposed to a flabby, hand to deal the blow to the neck."

The Major rose, and extended his hand to the detective. Ash grasped it firmly.

"Well done," said Nunne, "now prove it."

"I think that, given more time, you would have been prepared to reason with Celia that evening; perhaps you did try to talk to her; in any event, you remained in the kitchenette long enough to tip much of the contents of your pipe into an ashtray." The policeman removed the ashtray which the Major had been using. "The case is now in the hands of the forensic laboratory." smiled Ash.

Sergeant Cook entered the room. "Would you like some tea, Major?" he asked.

ROGER SAMUELS.

College Chronicle

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

Committee for this year:

Co-Presidents:

A. J. WHITTAKER and R. O. A. M. LYNE

Secretary: C. J. GILL

Treasurer: G. A. WORTHINGTON

The function of studying classics is the rediscovery of our own civilisation. For the student of classics, however, this rediscovery can be impeded by an inert absorption in the technicalities of his own studies. In a medium like a classical society this inertia can be disturbed by acute observations by non-classical scholars. Professor MacKinnon on October 15th spoke of some of his reflections on the ethical doctrines in Plato's republic, in a talk that was as original as it was profound. On November 3rd Dr George Steiner gave a disturbing talk on translation, and provoked a discussion in which he lacerated the introversion of faculties. Mr J. R. Bambrough on November 15th brought philosophy to bear on literature in a lucid paper entitled "The definition of tragedy and the tragedy of definition." The term concluded lightly with an original composition, a play called "Caligula Agonistes" inspired by Suetonius and Camus, conceived by Paul Walker and James Diggle, performed by many classicists from St John's and Girton.

The resurrection of moribund authors by modern attitudes was contrived in an evening of brief talks on November 24th. Christopher Gill tried to place Petronius' Satyricon in the main stream of erotic writing. John Bramble subjected a Horace Ode to close analysis. James Diggle graphically demonstrated the affinities between Euripides and Ibsen. Paul Walker traced the emergence of the description of gardens as a genre. Pete Atkins revitalised the Agamemnon myth. On 3rd February Dr Boyle compared Dante to Lucretius and illuminated both. On 15th February Dr Glyn Daniel's talk on "Savagery, Barbarism and Civilisation" clearly etched the background of prehistory against which the classical civilisations emerged. The year ended with another varied evening on April 28th. Oliver Lyne analysed the native translation. Clifford Cope traced affinities between mediaeval theology and mediaeval poetry. Paul Merchant gave

a novel discussion of one of the themes of Sophocles; and Tim Chilcott conducted a sensitive examination into the ideas of Aeschylus.

C. J. GILL.

CRICKET 1965

Officers for next year:

Captain: C. F. WEBSTER

Match Secretary: T. R. WELBERRY

Fixture Secretary: F. S. BARON

The College First team had an enjoyable and fairly successful season. On no occasion was it badly beaten and that very few matches were won, was not to say many were lost. In fact after the first few matches saw a regular team playing, several good scores were made by the side and victory was denied them only because of a lack of penetrating bowlers to use on the good wickets.

Individual honours went to R. Nokes who scored over 600 runs at an average of over 60 including a century. Other batsmen had good scores from time to time but on the whole were inconsistent. Jones and Anthony found form towards the end of the season and each made several good innings.

Most of the bowling was done by Webster, Moore and McDougall, each enjoying only a little success. Anthony with his leg-breaks and googlies was the most consistent.

Moore performed his task of Captain well, and much of the credit for a good team spirit must go to him.

T. R. W.

CRUISING CLUB

The College Section of the Cruising Club did not have a too successful year from the racing point of view. In the newly instituted League which sailed in the Lent Term, our first team finished fifth equal in Division I and is now relegated to Division II. Our second team did a bit better and was third in Division IV. In Cuppers at the beginning of this term, the College beat Corpus and Peterhouse, but was narrowly defeated in a very exciting quarter-final with Clare, who went on into the final. The team of W. I. Buxton, J. K. Broadbent, P. N. Reid, D. J. Lowe, J. C. Habes and F. S. C. M. Tothill sailed well and shows considerable promise for next year. Mention must be made of C. B. Lyle and R. D. H. Twigg who won respectively the C. and B. class points series held for novices and intermediate sailors from the whole University.

Next year should see a big improvement in the facilities for sailing when the Cruising Club moves from St Ives to Graffam Water. There should be about twenty Fireflies as the Club is selling its Alphas and most Colleges are going to buy boats instead of giving refunds on subscriptions.

J. K. B.

DEBATING SOCIETY

President: M. F. FULLER

Secretary: 1965 J. E. HARRIES, 1966 J. P. FITCH

A college debating society, unlike a faculty society, has no fixed group of members. It must try to attract at least a nucleus of good debaters around which the society can grow. With no members of the college reaching the Union Society committee in recent years, who could have acted as major "growth-points", it is perhaps not surprising that the society has, during these years, suffered from fluctuating attendances. Our most successful meetings are those to which we invite outside speakers, such as Ann Mallalieu and Paul Crossley of the Union Society Committee, who debated "This House believes that a woman should have more than a pretty face," with Graham Wood (Ex-President) and John Nichol. This debate attracted about sixty people. The Dean, Stephen Sykes, successfully opposed the suggestion that College Chapel was irrelevant to College life. Another fellow of the college, Mr Scott, supported by Chris Cook (St Catharine's) defended the Liberal Party against Andrew Rose (Trinity and Chairman of C.U.C.A.) and John Harries.

Debates without outside speakers or senior members seem to attract the smallest attendances. This is unfortunate, as we cannot claim to be a *college* society in any full sense if we cannot survive without "external aid". We would welcome any prospective speakers, with or without debating experience, to our meetings. Suggestions to enable the President to prepare an attractive list of debates are always gratefully received. Without active college support, it is not possible for the society to flourish.

This year, as an experiment, we hope to have a May Week Presidential Debate.

M. F. F.

ECONOMICS SOCIETY

President: D. R. H. WILLIAMS. *Secretary:* W. K. KUMAR

The meetings of the Michaelmas Term were used this year to introduce freshmen and other members of the society to some of the prominent members of the Economics Faculty. Professor Turner opened the term by discussing some of his recent research

into strikes in the motor industry and Professor Joan Robinson followed with a talk on the profit motive in Communist countries, having just returned from a visit to Czechoslovakia. Mr W. B. Reddaway closed the term with a report on the current economic position.

In the Lent Term the Society took advantage of the visit to Cambridge of Professor Peter Diamond of the University of California to learn about the economic aspects of federalism in the United States, and Mr A. Singh gave an informative and well balanced analysis of the background to the war in Viet-nam.

As usual the Society has succeeded in its aim of providing an opportunity for informal discussion on topics of interest not covered by the Tripos.

The Society would like to express its thanks and indebtedness to Mr Silberston for all his help.

W. K. K.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB

President: DR R. E. ROBINSON. *Captain:* M. E. REID

Fixture Secretary: F. R. WILLEY. *Match Secretary:* B. G. COSSEY

After settling down with two good wins, the 1st XI made a disastrous start to their league programme losing 10—2 to Downing, a defeat however which was followed by an unbeaten run of six games during which time the side topped the league. This run was not to be sustained and the team playing with less enthusiasm failed to win another match in the Michalemas Term, finishing in a mediocre position in Division I.

As only one team is allowed promotion from Division III to Division II, the 2nd XI were unfortunate to finish second to the first team of Sidney Sussex who inflicted one of the only two league defeats that the team sustained.

The other defeat was by the newly-promoted St John's 3rd XI who managed to stay in the 3rd division with some gallant late wins, having experienced a shaky start to the season in the higher division.

The heavy snowfall in the early days of the Lent Term did not hinder the 1st XI's training programme, and in fact three games were played on a snow-covered surface, all of which were won against notable opposition. The early success of the team was not as short-lived as that of the Michaelmas Term however, eight of the first nine games being won convincingly. These included the preliminary round and first round of the Cup Competition in which Trinity Hall and Magdalene were beaten 8—0 and 9—0 respectively. In the quarter-final Pembroke were allowed to

force a replay in which they were subsequently beaten 4—2. Reaching the semi-final for the first time since 1961 the team seemed to lose some of its co-ordination and decisiveness in losing 3—1 to an efficient but not outstanding Clare side.

In the Plate Competition, the 2nd XI achieved what the 1st XI failed to do in Cuppers; namely to win the Competition. Although not at their best in the final the team beat a rugged Downing side 1—0. The 3rd XI in the same competition did well to reach the quarter-final.

Next year's teams should certainly have the ability to be very successful: if just a little more enthusiasm can be aroused there is no reason why this success should not be realised.

B. G. C.

HARE AND HOUNDS CLUB

Captain: D. J. MITCHELL. *Secretary:* N. J. HARTSTONE

This year the club has had a nucleus of reliable runners and despite a lack of outstanding individuals a competent standard has been maintained. Members have shown a commendable standard of keenness but a plague of injuries and clashes of commitments have generally combined to prevent the college from fielding its strongest team. The club managed to retain First Division status but the promise shown in the first League match of the season was never really fulfilled. As track athletes, many members of the club found the ever-muddier conditions of the League course not to their liking. A depleted team did well to finish eighth in Cuppers, an improvement on recent years. Creditable performances were also put up in the various Road Relay races. In the St Edmund Hall Relay the team was placed second out of Cambridge Colleges.

This year the club will lose several of its most reliable runners but sufficient remain to provide the basis for next season, when the team is likely to be sound, given a reasonable intake of freshmen.

THE LAW SOCIETY

1965/66

President: D. G. HORNER

Secretary: G. R. LORD. *Junior Treasurer:* C. W. PLANT

The Law Society followed its customary programme comprising guest speakers, a moot and the Annual Dinner. The Criminal Law and the related fields of the Police and Prison System engaged the attention of six of our seven guest speakers. A more comprehensive coverage of the full field of the law is usually attempted

but by concentrating on a restricted area members had the opportunity to hear major issues debated in depth and from different angles. This was a valuable experience.

Mr F. D. Porter, Chief Constable of the Mid-Anglia Constabulary was the first speaker in the year. He gave us a detailed analysis of "Police Organization" and discussed the merits of proposals for regional and national police forces.

Mr John Marriage, a practising barrister, devoted his address to "Prosecuting and Defending in Criminal Trials". This was both witty and informative.

The final speaker in the Michaelmas Term was the Governor of H.M. Prison, Bedford. He indicated some of the problems which arise from any attempt to reconcile the demands of security with those of care and training of prisoners.

The Director of Public Prosecutions, Sir Norman Shelborne was the first speaker of the Lent Term. He gave us valuable insight into his job and into the difficulties with which he is faced in helping the criminal law achieve some certainty when discretion plays so large a part in its implementation.

There followed Lord McNair, a judge of the International Court of Justice, formerly President of the European Court on Human Rights. He was a most distinguished guest for whose presence the Society was very grateful. He spoke on "The Settlement of International Disputes".

Mr David Napely, a member of the Council of the Law Society, was the final speaker of the term. He spoke on "Crime, Law and Reform" and was a most perceptive advocate of moderate and intelligent law reform, eager to avoid hopeless demands being placed upon the overtasked Law Commission yet avoiding complacency or inaction.

A moot in tort was held at the end of the Michaelmas Term. G. C. Wood, B. A. Skinner and G. R. Lord appeared for the appellants and competently pressed the merits of a case alleging vicarious liability for an injury sustained through nervous shock. A. Harris and R. J. Kennett responded vigorously and the issue was judged by Mr Hall and S. A. Burberry.

The year ended with Annual Dinner held in the Wordsworth Room, at which the Guest of Honour was Sir John Megaw, Judge of the High Court, President of the Restrictive Practices Court and a Johnian. Mr T. C. Thomas proposed the health of the Society and the President replied.

Finally our thanks go to Mr Scott, Mr Hall and Professor Jackson for their hospitality throughout the year.

G. R. L.

MODERN LANGUAGES SOCIETY

Since its activities were last reported in *The Eagle*, the Modern Languages Society has twice entertained itself—once with a discussion of three poems by Valéry, Rilke and Eliot, stimulated by some provocative remarks from Dr Boyde; and on another occasion we listened to the recorded voices of poets reading from their own work, and tried to draw some conclusions from such diverse reading styles as those of Brecht, Pound and Yevtushenko, about how we best liked to hear poetry read, and to decide what special advantages, if any, we gained from hearing the poet's own reading. We decided that, while the value of a poem is clearly a fairly objective thing, the way it is read is largely a matter of personal taste and there seemed to be no evidence that the poet's taste was any better than anyone else's.

Entertaining guest speakers has proved to be a risky business because of the alarming unpredictability of attendances. All the more thanks, then, to the dons and others who have read us papers which have so often deserved a much larger audience than they received. (One audience of twenty or so was a remarkably wide cross-section of age-groups and interests in the University, the only class of people who were entirely unrepresented being John's undergraduate modern linguists.) Mr B. F. Mogridge gave a talk on Ernst Barlach, covering not only this remarkable artist's writing but his sculpture as well. Dr R. Bolgar and Mr T. P. Waldron both gave us some fresh ideas about why we study literature and how we should justify the social function of the artist. On this theme, too, was the meeting we held in May Week last year, when Mr John Wain addressed a large audience on "The Artist and the World of Action".

More recently, we have entertained Dr Denis Donoghue, who came to King's from University College, Dublin, in October, and who took a quotation from Yeats' *Song of the Happy Shepherd*—

"Of all the many changing things
In dreary darkness past us whirled,
To the cracked tune that Chronos sings,
Words alone are certain good."

—and suggested, not only that this was an idea which Yeats himself retreated from later in his life, but also that poetry at the present time has outgrown this almost mystical self-confidence and that the time has come for a new appraisal of the value of poetry in modern life.

Last term Professor Donald Davie, of the Department of Comparative Literature in the University of Essex, gave a talk entitled "Experiences of an Amateur Translator", reading us some of the criticisms he had received—mostly from professional

linguists—when his translations of “The Poems of Dr Zhivago” were published last year. In defending himself against them he suggested some ways in which we might judge the relative value of “poetic” as against “professional” translation—and whether, indeed, these terms needed to be regarded as mutually exclusive at all.

We have promises to visit us from, among others, Professor James McFarlane of East Anglia, whose work on Ibsen is well known; and Miss Kirillova, of the Department of Russian, to talk about Anna Akhmatova. And we hope that, with the return of a fuller programme in the autumn, we may count on a larger nucleus of regular attenders; the Secretary will gladly add anyone’s name to the mailing list who would like to be kept informed of our meetings. We do, after all, provide free beer, and it seems a pity that this should be reserved for the faithful few.

R. M. D.

MUSICAL SOCIETY

President: MR LEE. *Secretary:* D. G. HUMPHREYS

With the performance of large-scale chorus and orchestral works now under the auspices of the Lady Margaret Society, the Musical Society has been primarily concerned with the organisation of Smoking Concerts. These have been held at regular fortnightly intervals throughout the year and have, by and large, maintained a good standard. but it has been disappointing to see only the old familiar faces both in the audience and performing to it. Perhaps people are afraid that the Society is a closed shop to the choir and music students and would feel out of place, but this is far from the case and any new members wishing to perform will receive only encouragement.

This report would seem to be a good opportunity for welcoming back Professor Orr. It is many years since the college could boast of having the professor of music among its members.

Looking forward there appears a strong possibility that both the college chorus and orchestra will be revived next term. As for this term there remains only the May Concert which we trust will maintain its accustomed high standard of music blended with May Week atmosphere.

NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS

N.U.S. Secretary 1965-6: M. F. FULLER

1966-7: P. A. G. WILLIAMS

The position of N.U.S. in the college continues to improve. With all junior members affiliated through the Associated Societies, more and more use is being made of N.U.S. facilities,

especially in the fields of travel, local concessions and the end-of-term CAMNUS Coaches. The current N.U.S. Secretary has attended each of the last two N.U.S. Councils, at Margate in November, and Exeter University in April, reporting back to the J.C.R. Committee. Details of November Council were circulated with a list of N.U.S. facilities and the membership cards. Both within Cambridge, and in the newly-formed East Anglian Regional N.U.S. Committee (E.A.R.C.), the college has been playing a full and active part in the local work of N.U.S. New N.U.S. services likely to expand in Cambridge in the coming year are the fully-competitive N.U.S. Endsleigh Insurance scheme, and use of the N.U.S. Entertainments Booking Agency for Student Societies.

M. F. F.

SQUASH RACQUETS CLUB

President: MR COOPER

Captain: J. F. STARR. *Secretary:* R. A. L. CROSBY

Despite the fact that the college has no Squash Courts of its own, there is every sign that squash is increasing in popularity. For the first time ever the club held a dinner, which took place in the Wordsworth Room in the Lent Term. Among those present were the President, the Treasurer of the General Athletics Club, and two blues from other colleges. The evening was a great success, and it is hoped that this will become an annual event.

H. R. Angus is to be congratulated on winning his match against Oxford, as captain. In the Cuppers’ matches, the college reached the quarter-finals beating both Fitzwilliam and Caius very convincingly. They were then knocked out by Churchill. The League results can only be described as average. The first team remain in the second division, which is not really good enough, especially for a college with such a good squash record. It is to be hoped that the coming season will show a considerable improvement. The second team performed very well in going up to the third division; and both the third and fourth teams did all that was asked of them. Hopes for the coming season are bright, especially with the building of new courts, which are hoped to be complete by the beginning of October.

Appointments for the coming season are:—*Captain:* R. A. C. Crosby and *Secretary:* A. K. Bruce Lockhart.

RUGBY FIVES CLUB, 1965—1966

The following have represented the club:—

Byass, R. A. (<i>Capt.</i>)	Gough, D. O.
Evans, M. (<i>Sec.</i>)	Shucksmith, T. S.
Williams, J. R.	

Matches:—	v. Ravens, away	Lost
	v. Oundle 2nd IV, away	Lost
	v. Clove Club, home	Lost
	v. Hell Fire Club	Won
	v. Fitzwilliam House	Won
	v. J. G. W. Davies IV	Lost

RUGBY UNION FOOTBALL CLUB

SEASON 1965-1966

The season proved a little disappointing, although it was not unsuccessful. The 1st XV maintained a high place in Division I, but after an excellent start to their programme faded rather badly and threw away an excellent chance of taking the title.

The Cuppers team had its annual round of bad luck and injuries, but still managed to reach the semi-final. To lose 0—3 to Fitzwilliam without Vice-Captain John Price and Nick Martin was no disgrace. The team's success was in no small part due to the inspiring leadership of our captain, Bob Barker.

The annual tour to Holland proved to be a great success, with the inevitable over-indulgence in all the good things of life.

The 2nd XV suffered relegation to the Third Division. This should not prove to be a bad thing, as the competition of highly co-ordinated 1st XV's proved to be a damper to enthusiasm.

The 3rd XV and Cygnets both had successful seasons, the highlight of the Cygnets campaign being the capture of the Downing Squirts three year unbeaten record.

Our congratulations must go to Nick Martin for his fine achievement in gaining a blue in his first year. He fully justified his pre-season reputation and his unfortunate illness was a great loss to our Cuppers team.

The final word must go to Peter Clarke who finally breaks with the college after six years. His enthusiasm and drive on the field (and in the Buttery! !) has proved exemplary to successive batches of freshmen. To him we extend all our best wishes.

D. M.

TIDDLYWINKS CLUB

Captain: C. S. BAXTER. *Secretary:* S. A. JEFFERIS

This year has seen the return of St John's to its rightful place at the top, with first team winning Cuppers, S. A. Jefferis winning the "President's Vice", and N. J. Braithwaite and S. Nokes winning on separate occasions the "President's Plate."

Of the three teams, only the second lost a match, and that in the semi-final of Cuppers.

The social team played many enjoyable matches against local young ladies. In some matches scores were not easy to obtain, but the secretary always got some sort of results.

Last year's first team was admirable, augmented by four keen freshers, who have developed into some of the best players in the University. It was not too surprising that with such a team that the college should win the "Founders Cup" in the Cuppers, beating Sidwink in a close final.

C. S. Baxter, S. A. Jefferis and J. P. Fitch all played for the "Kippers" in the Varsity matches, and N. J. Braithwaite played in the first team for the finals of the Duke of Edinburgh's Silver Wink.

S. A. Jefferis was elected Committee member of C.U.T.W.C.

J. P. F.

College Notes

ERRATA

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Honours

Knight Bachelor: JOHN KENNETH TREVOR JONES.

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Church Appointments

The Rev. P. G. CROFT (B.A. 1948), vicar of St Paul's, Stockingford, to be rector of Holy Trinity, Washington, County Durham.

Fellowships

Dr SYDNEY GOLDSTEIN, formerly Fellow, Gordon McKay Professor of Applied Mathematics, Harvard University, has been elected into an Honorary Fellowship.

Dr PATRICK BOYDE (B.A. 1956), University Assistant Lecturer in Italian, has been elected into a Fellowship.

University of Cambridge Appointments

University Lecturer in Divinity: The Rev. F. C. LINDARS, B.D. (B.A. 1961).

University Lecturer in Italian: Dr P. BOYDE (B.A. 1956), Fellow.
Assistant Director of Research in Engineering: Dr H. MARSH (B.A. 1958), Fellow.

Design Engineer in the Department of Engineering: J. M. SHARMAN (B.A. 1955).

Secretary of the Department of Education: N. P. WRIGHT (B.A. 1929).

Resident Tutor in Norfolk for the Board of Extra-Mural Studies: J. C. BARRINGER (B.A. 1953).

Governor of Ipswich School: Colonel C. M. Glover (B.A. 1933).

Awards

Sara Norton Prize: S. G. F. SPACKMAN (Matric. 1963).

David Richards Travel Scholarships: P. W. DENISON-EDSON (Matric. 1964) and J. Y. MCLEOD (B.A. 1964).

Henry Arthur Thomas Travel Exhibitions: C. J. GILL, I. T. HOLDCROFT (Matric. 1964), R. O. A. M. LYNE (Matric. 1963), G. A. WORTHINGTON (Matric. 1964).

Travel Grant from the Smuts Memorial Fund for social-anthropological field-work in Ghana: J. K. HART (B.A. 1964).

Other Awards

Mr J. I. BROMWICH (B.A. 1937), formerly Fellow, University Lecturer in English, and Mr F. W. DAVEY (B.A. 1958), Assistant Registrar, have been appointed Fellows of the newly founded University College, Cambridge.

Mr C. F. CARTER (B.A. 1944), Vice-Chancellor of the University of Lancaster, has been elected an Honorary Fellow of Emmanuel College, of which he was formerly Fellow.

Professor P. A. M. DIRAC (Ph.D. 1926), Fellow, has been given an Honorary Fellowship at Bar-Ilan University, Israel.

Mr J. C. ODLING-SMEE (B.A. 1964) has been elected a Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, from 1 October 1966.

Mr C. K. MYLNE (B.A. 1951) has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Photographical Society, for natural history work.

Mr K. S. B. CROFT (B.A. 1946), Spanish master at King Edward VI School, Southampton, has been elected into a school-master Fellowship in Trinity Hall, Cambridge, for the Easter Term, 1966.

Dr W. A. DEER (Ph.D. 1937), Fellow and Professor of Mineralogy and Petrology, has been elected Master of Trinity Hall.

A Royal Medal of the Royal Society has been awarded to Dr R. A. LYTTLETON (B.A. 1933), Fellow.

Dr K. G. BUDDEN (B.A. 1936), Fellow, and Sir F. W. G. WHITE (Ph.D. 1934) have been elected Fellows of the Royal Society.

The Royal Geographical Society has awarded the Victoria Medal to Mr G. R. CRONE (B.A. 1922), its Librarian and map Curator; and the Back Grant to Mr S. EVANS (M.A. 1959), of the Scott Polar Research Institute, Cambridge.

Mr N. A. M. MACKENZIE (Matric. 1924), Honorary Fellow, has been appointed to the Senate of Canada.

Other Academic Appointments

Dr A. J. WARING (B.A. 1959) has been appointed Lecturer in Chemistry in the University of Birmingham.

Dr M. H. I. BAIRD (Ph.D. 1960) has been appointed Lecturer in Chemical Engineering in the University of Edinburgh.

The Rev. J. A. GARDINER (B.A. 1951), Senior Lecturer in Religious Studies, University of Ibadan, Nigeria, has been appointed Temporary Lecturer in Religious Education, Moray House College of Education, Edinburgh.

Mr J. B. MILLER (B.A. 1952), reader in mathematics in the Australian National University, Canberra, has been appointed Professor of Pure Mathematics in Monash University, Victoria.

Dr L. MESTEL (B.A. 1948, from Trinity) Fellow, has been appointed to the newly established additional Professorship of Applied Mathematics in the University of Manchester.

Mr D. R. COX (B.A. 1946), Professor of Statistics at Birbeck College, London, has been appointed Professor of Statistics at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, from October, 1966.

Dr A. J. DOWNS (B.A. 1958), Lecturer in Inorganic Chemistry in the University of Newcastle, has been appointed Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford.

Mr JAMES DREVER (B.A. 1934), Professor of Psychology in the University of Edinburgh, has been appointed Principal of the newly formed University of Dundee.

Mr GILES CONSTABLE (Matric. 1952, as a Research Student) has been appointed Henry Charles Lee Professor of Medieval History at Harvard.

Dr D. H. VALENTINE (B.A. 1933), formerly Fellow, has been appointed George Harrison Professor of Botany in the University of Manchester.

Dr B. R. WATTS (B.A. 1960), Fellow, has been appointed Lecturer in the School of Mathematics and Physics, University of East Anglia.

Dr B. R. MORTON (B.A. 1952), Lecturer in Mathematics, University of Manchester, has been appointed Professor of Applied Mathematics at Monash University, Australia.

Dr A. C. OFFORD (Ph.D. 1936), formerly Fellow, Professor of Mathematics Birbeck College, London, has been appointed Professor of Mathematics, London School of Economics.

Dr E. R. D. GOODYEAR (B.A. 1957), formerly Fellow, Fellow of Queens' College, has been appointed Hildred Carlile Professor of Latin, Bedford College, University of London.

Mr A. T. DAVIS (B.A. 1955), assistant master at Harrow, has been appointed headmaster of Reading School from September, 1966.

Mr L. KEAST (Matric. 1956) has left Sierra Leone to become a "key-post" teacher at a Government College, Zaria, Northern Nigeria.

Mr F. SPENCER CHAPMAN (B.A. 1929) has been appointed Warden of Wantage Hall, a hall of residence of the University of Reading.

Dr W. D. MUNN (Ph.D. 1955), Lecturer in Mathematics in the University of Glasgow, has been appointed Professor of Mathematics in the new University of Stirling.

Dr S. GILL (B.A. 1947), formerly Fellow, Professor of Computing Science, Imperial College, University of London, has been appointed part-time consultant on computers, Ministry of Technology.

Mr G. R. H. GREAVES (B.A. 1963) has been appointed Lecturer in Mathematics in the University of Reading.

Other Appointments

Mr H. S. MANCE (B.A. 1934), marine underwriter, has been elected to the Committee of Lloyds.

Professor P. N. S. MANSERGH, Fellow, has been appointed a member of the Advisory Council on Public Records.

Mr R. J. LEES (B.A. 1939) has been appointed Deputy Director (Equipment) at the Royal Aeronautical Establishment, Farnborough.

Mr G. A. BARNARD (B.A. 1936), Professor of Mathematics, University of Essex, has been appointed a member of the Advisory Council on the scientific aspects of research for the Police Service.

Dr HUGH CAMPBELL (B.A. 1938) has been appointed Deputy General Manager of Alkaline Batteries, Limited.

Sir ROBERT SOMERVILLE (B.A. 1929) has been appointed a member of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts.

Mr JOHN CLEMOW (B.A. 1933) has been appointed head of the nuclear physics division of the Science Research Council.

Mr H. C. RACKHAM (B.A. 1939) has been appointed Secretary of the Social Science Research Council.

Mr DAVID HENRY (B.A. 1948), head postmaster at Norwich, has been appointed Postal Controller for the Midland Region.

Mr A. J. P. HALL (B.A. 1953) has been appointed manager of the City Sales Group of Daniel Greenaway and Sons, Limited, printers, of London.

Parliamentary Election, 31 March 1966

The following members of the College were successful:—

G. A. N. HIRST (Matric. 1922), Conservative, Shipley, re-elected.

F. T. WILLEY (B.A. 1933), Labour, Sunderland, re-elected.

E. BROOKS (B.A. 1952), Labour, Bebington.

E. A. DAVIES (Ph.D. 1959), Labour, Stretford.

The following were unsuccessful candidates:—

E. R. BOWEN (B.A. 1935), Liberal, Cardiganshire, the sitting member.

I. J. MCINTYRE (B.A. 1953), Conservative, Roxburgh, Selkirk and Peebles.

R. MITCHELL (B.A. 1935), Conservative, West Ham, South.

J. G. D. SHAW (B.A. 1955), Conservative, Kingston on Hull, West.

Ecclesiastical Appointments

The Rev. J. R. G. RAGG (B.A. 1938) to be an Honorary Chaplain of Portsmouth Cathedral.

The Rev. A. L. MANNING (B.A. 1938), vicar of Timperley, Altrincham, Cheshire, to be an Honorary Canon of Chester Cathedral.

The Rev. Canon G. M. GUINNESS (B.A. 1924), vicar of St John the Evangelist, Boscombe, Hampshire, to be vicar of Christ Church, Winchester.

Legal

Mr R. F. NELSON (B.A. 1964) has been called to the Bar by the Middle Temple.

Mr J. A. D. HOPE (B.A. 1962) has been called to the Scottish Bar.

Medical Appointments

Mr JOHN CROOK (B.A. 1950) has been appointed consultant anaesthetist to the Wigan and Leigh Hospital Group.

Mr M. P. SPENCE (B.A. 1947) has been appointed consultant physician to the Harlow Hospital Group.

Marriages

MALCOLM HENRY INGLIS BAIRD (Ph.D. 1960) to JEAN SCOTT MUIR LAWRIE, daughter of James Lawrie, of Uddington—on 21 July 1965, in St Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh.

DAVID MELTON WRIGHT (B.A. 1956) to MARGARET ANN BAKER, elder daughter of W. G. Baker, of Cheam, Surrey—on 11 September 1965, at St Dunstan Church, Cheam.

JOHN STEWART ELLIS (Ph.D. 1957) to GENNIFER INGLIS LYTTLE—on 22 December 1964, at Goulburn, New South Wales.

HUGH MCKEAG (B.A. 1961) to HELEN CATHERINE MCDUGALL, daughter of J. R. McDougall—on 22 January 1966, at All Saints Church, Steep, Hampshire.

GEORGE ROY DENMAN (B.A. 1947) to MOYA FRANCES GABRIELLE LADE—on 2 April 1966, at St Peter's, Ightham, Kent.

CHARLES WILLIS WOODBURN (B.A. 1955) to KRISTIN INGRID WOOD, daughter of William Outterson Wood—on 9 April 1966, at Hurstpierpoint.

Deaths

WALTER BARRADELL-SMITH (B.A. 1903), formerly English Master at Glasgow Academy, died at St Helens, Lancashire, 5 November 1965, aged 84.

REGINALD THOMAS GEORGE FRENCH (B.A. 1903), C.B.E., Secretary of the Electricity Commission from 1921 to 1946, died at York 7 November 1965, aged 84.

FREDERICK ANDREW HANNAM (B.A. 1901), vicar of Great Plumstead, Norfolk, from 1933 to 1952, died 13 November 1965, aged 87.

THOMAS HENRY PARKER (B.A. 1884), Prebendary Emeritus of Hereford Cathedral, died at Hereford 21 November 1965, aged 103.

GORDON OSBORNE (B.A. 1935), M.D., consultant radiologist to Whittington Hospital, London, died 6 November 1965, aged 51.

GEORGE FOSTER EARLE (Matric. 1908), knight, C.B.E., president of Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers and British Portland Cement Manufacturers, died 11 December 1965 at Baggrave Hall, Leicestershire, aged 75.

JOHN TWELLS POOLE (B.A. 1903), rector of South with North Lopham, Norfolk, from 1940 to 1949, of Barton Turf, Norfolk, died 21 December 1965, aged 86.

VICTOR KINGDON HASLAM (B.A. 1909), formerly a master at Allyn's School, Dulwich, died 1 January 1966, aged 78.

FRANK DALE (B.A. 1910), formerly a master at Berkhamsted School, died 21 December 1966, aged 77.

DEREK BRADFIELD PAYNE (B.A. 1959), solicitor, was killed in a motor accident near Bury St Edmunds on 6 January 1966, aged 31.

WILLIAM THOMAS GIBBINGS (B.A. 1900), rector of Boddington, Northamptonshire from 1918 to 1948, died at Bideford 8 February 1966, aged 87.

JAMES WILSON MILLEN (Sc.D. 1963), Fellow, Reader in Anatomy, died in Cambridge 14 March 1966, aged 51.

EDWARD NOWEL BEWES CHAPMAN (B.A. 1923), rector of St John, Pembroke, Bermuda, since 1952, died 11 March 1966, at Paget, Bermuda, aged 64.

HARRY CECIL ROSE (B.A. 1905), solicitor, died at Faringdon, Berkshire, 3 April 1966, aged 83.

HUBERT MICHAEL ARTHUR CHERRY-DOWNES (B.A. 1955) died at South Collingham, Nottinghamshire, 28 March 1966, aged 61.

THOMAS ERNEST HARDING (B.A. 1962) died 9 March 1966, aged 44.

RALPH CHAMBERLAIN (B.A. 1930), senior principal scientific officer to the Ministry of Agriculture, Northern Ireland, died in March 1966, aged 57.