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Cover Photograph by *John A. Rose*

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Editorial Committee

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All contributions for the next issue of the Magazine should be sent to the Editors, *The Eagle*, St John's College.

Questions and Answers

STUDIOUS readers of *The Eagle* (there are no others) will note that the present issue contains an unusually large amount of material directly bearing on Johnian life, past, present, and to come. The editors can take none of the credit for this consistency: it must go to our contributors, and to the coincidence which made so many of them sail on the same tack. But it is a happy accident, for there is in the air a sense of change, of important decisions to be made about the life and work of the College, and it may be valuable that the present issue of *The Eagle* offers some illustration of how varied that life and work are. It is a time for thought about the nature and purpose of a collegiate community, and almost any information may prove useful to the thinkers, even if it is about what the eighteenth century would undoubtedly have called the spiny denizens of the College grounds.

Change being the very nature of things, all wise governments will seek to encourage it: not merely to channel it, but to originate it. The government of the College is at the moment confronted with various opportunities for fruitful change, some of them arising from the fact that the biggest change in the recent past, the coming of the Cripps Building, is now complete. The almost simultaneous completion of the restoration work on the older College buildings reinforces the likelihood that energies and funds will now become available for accomplishing change in other directions. It is worth reporting that the College Council has set up a committee to look into the possibilities.

Another reason for supposing that change is coming is the rage for questionnaires that swept through the College in the last academic year (1966-1967). *The Eagle* itself has succumbed to the vogue: we hope that as many of our resident subscribers as possible will fill in the form we are sending them. More important was the Co-Education Questionnaire, the results of

which were published in our last issue: it will be remembered that 63% of the 289 junior members who replied were in favour of the proposal that John's accept women undergraduates. More important still was the JCR questionnaire, distributed in February, which covered a very wide range of College topics, and had a very high response: more than 80% of the undergraduates replied. The results have since been closely analysed by Mr M. J. Field, a research student in mathematics, Secretary to the JCR Committee. His report makes fascinating reading, and certainly suggests the desirability of some measure of change—though it should at once be added that, on the whole, the picture of College opinion which emerges is a gratifying one.

It was at first hoped that *The Eagle* could print the full text, either of the questionnaire or of the final report; but, all other considerations apart, both courses were ruled out by the great length of the documents. Instead, we offer a digest of the questionnaire, for those who have not seen the original. We follow the digest with a discussion of what seem to be the survey's main lessons as revealed by Mr Field's analysis. Some editorial comment seemed desirable, if only to the editors; but in spite of the difficulty of sustaining a discussion from issue to issue of a magazine that appears only twice a year, it should be possible, and is patently much more desirable, to print comments on the report by readers—if only readers will write them. So will everyone with views on change in John's feel free, if he or she chooses (*The Eagle* is of the opinion that many Johnians are married) to set down and send in any thoughts that might be worth publishing? *The Eagle*, of course, is constantly trying to jog people into writing for it; but in the present case it feels even more strongly than usual that everyone might benefit if its efforts were to prove successful.

The JCR Survey

1. The Questions.

IN February, 1967, the JCR Committee distributed a questionnaire to most of the junior members of the College, including graduate and affiliated students. 550 copies were sent out, 450 (or 80%) were completed and returned. The purpose of the questionnaire, according to its introduction, was "to supply those concerned with the running and development of St John's College with some statistical information on the attitudes and trends within the College."

The questionnaire began by asking the respondent's age, academic year, and the type of school he had attended (Independent, State, Direct Grant, or Other). It was then divided into sections, as follows:—

A. *The College Authorities.*

This section was subdivided into two parts, *The Tutorial System*, and *Senior-Junior Member Relations*. In the first part were asked such questions as "Is your relationship with your Tutor purely administrative?" "Do you think your Tutor knows you well enough to give you advice on academic matters, moral guidance, or career guidance?" Answers, here and elsewhere, were to be mainly of the usual Yes/No/Don't Know type. In the second part were asked such questions as "With how many Fellows (excluding your Tutor) are you 'on speaking terms'?" "Do you consider the number of Fellows with whom you are on speaking terms too few/just right/too many?"

B. *Rules and Regulations.*

The main purpose of this section appears to have been to elicit opinion on changes in the College rules proposed by the JCR Committee. The two most interesting questions were "Do you think that, in themselves, the regulations in this College are 'restrictive'?" "Do you agree 'that restrictive regulations do not encourage a sense of responsibility'?"

C. *Facilities.*

This section tried to elicit opinion on the College's facilities for indoor and outdoor sport, on the new JCR, the College Library ("Do you use the Library and Reading-Room as a lending-library/reference-library/work-room?") and on where to place the undergraduate television set.

D. *Hall and Buttery.*

Here there were fourteen questions in all, covering most aspects of this thorny perennial. Old Johnians will have no difficulty in perceiving what lies behind such inquiries as "On average, how many dinners a week do you miss?" "If payment was not compulsory, but was according to how many meals were eaten, how many evenings a week do you think you would eat in Hall?" "Do you regard Hall as a formal occasion?" "Would you prefer to see more foreign dishes in Hall?"

E. *Education.*

Perhaps the questions on this all-important topic were a little narrow in conception. Among them were: "How many supervisions do you have a week?" "How many of your supervisors are Research Students/Senior members?" "Are you, in general, satisfied with the standard of your supervisions?" "Have you ever been so dissatisfied with your supervisor that you have considered your right to change him?" Foreign students were asked questions tending to establish the nature of their financial support.

F. *The College Community.*

Typical questions: "Have you any reason to believe that you would have benefited more by going to another University?" "Are you pleased you came to St John's?" "Is there any other Cambridge College of which you would prefer to be a member?" "What chiefly motivated you to apply to St John's College?" "Is your interest in the College's academic achievements/boat club/field sports considerable/slight/non-existent?" "Do you feel that the sense of community spirit in this College, comprising Senior members, Junior members and College servants is considerable/slight/non-existent?" "Do you feel that closer informal relations between Senior and Junior members would foster a greater community spirit?"

2. **The Answers.**

Two reports on the survey have appeared: a preliminary one, in June 1967, and Mr Field's much more elaborate affair in November. The chief concern of the preliminary report was to give the results pure and simple: the only correlation attempted (and not for all sections of the questionnaire) was with the respondents' academic years. The Field report went much further, correlating the answers with the respondents' school background and subject of study. Below, *The Eagle* discusses the results of both reports by sections, as in the previous part of this article.

A. *The College Authorities.*

It will be remembered that the questionnaire divided this section into two, *the Tutorial System* and *Senior-Junior Member Relations*. As it turned out, this division lacked significance: broadly speaking, the results were all harmonious with each other, the conclusions mutually supporting. They are all highly important.

For, if one takes consumer preference seriously (and why not?) it seems that something is wrong with don-undergraduate relations. It is a settled conviction of one of *The Eagle's* editors that middle age and youth will not naturally live together; there is therefore bound to be a certain strain when they are forced to do so, as in a Cambridge college. But it can scarcely be argued that such strain is insurmountable, inextinguishable, and that nothing should be done about it. The whole college system implies a belief that it can be overcome, and College Fellows are, by definition, believers in the system. The survey shows that the junior members of the College are also believers, at least in the sense that they approve the aims of the college system but hold that John's is failing to achieve some of them. 72% have purely administrative relations with their tutors; 70% would like more informal contact with their tutors; 74% would like more frequent social contact with Fellows and their friends; 86% think the number of Fellows with whom they are on speaking terms is too few, which is scarcely surprising in view of the fact that over half the undergraduates are on speaking terms with fewer than three dons other than their tutors.

These figures cannot, surely, be waved airily away. They are too solid. All years, all subjects, all alumni of all schools, respond in the same way. Three-quarters of the College feel that the dons are failing in what, notoriously, is a field of great concern to the majority of their charges. And that many Johnians can't be wrong. It is really very understandable that, in Section F, 89% replied that the sense of community spirit was slight or non-existent.

It is important to be clear about where the failure lies. If the figures show that social relations are inadequate, it is nevertheless equally true that the social service aspect of the system is working with fair efficiency. The key question here was "Have you yet found your tutor valuable for his advice on academic matters/moral guidance/career guidance?" We give the positive answers in the following table. It will be noticed that third-year men give significantly higher percentages on all these points, which is as it should be:

Fig. 1.

	1st	2nd	3rd	Over- all
Academic guidance: <i>yes</i> answers	27%	31%	45%	34%
Moral guidance: ditto	1%	3%	4%	3%
Career guidance: ditto	1%	11%	18%	10%

It is surely reasonable to infer from these figures that undergraduates can, and do, turn to their tutors, as they are meant to, when they have academic or career problems. The moral picture looks startlingly different, but the reason is obvious. In the degeneracy of the English language it is to be presumed that by "moral guidance" both the questioners and the respondents meant "guidance when the ill-effects of drink, drugs, or getting wenches with child have become apparent", so that the College may reasonably congratulate itself on having such a small proportion of bad apples needing attention. That they get high-class attention, and a lot of it, when the need arises, no-one who has seen the tutors at work, either individually or collectively, can doubt for a moment.

Still, it may be reasonably urged that moral guidance can be preventive as well as curative, and that the figures here given, when taken in conjunction with the unsatisfied appetite for social contact, suggest that undergraduates would welcome opportunities to receive moral guidance of an indirect, subtler and more frequent sort than they get from their tutors at present. There are moral problems besides those involving the police or the proctors.

And there remains the problem of social contact. What is to be done about it? At present, according to the survey, a Fellow of the College will, on average, know 5 or 6 undergraduates only. In fact, the situation is even worse. These figures include those undergraduates met in the course of duty as Director of Studies, supervisor, or College officer (excluding tutors). Of our 96 Fellows, 12 are retired, 16 are Professors. Among these gentlemen, it is true, many will be found who do take an interest in undergraduates. But this is a bonus that the College has no right to take for granted. Nor may it assume that the youngest, the Research Fellows (Title A) will always be at liberty to mix in undergraduate life, though in fact, especially if they are unmarried, they usually do so. The burden of obligation falls on the 60 or so permanent Fellows who do not occupy professorial chairs. Subtract from their numbers the tutors and

the Chaplain (how many undergraduates realise that he is not a Fellow?) and there are nine or so undergraduates for every one of them. Two things, therefore, are clear. The job of maintaining social relations with undergraduates is carried out by a comparatively small number of the Fellows, many of whom could, quite legitimately, cease to do so. In the view of the undergraduates, much more should be done: if it is to be done, it will have to be undertaken by the Title B Fellows.

Opinions will naturally differ as to the remedy. The JCR Committee has suggested that "each willing Fellow" might take on three freshmen by inviting them to his rooms or home about twice a year. "Fellows could do this individually or in groups of two or three." This does not seem a very good plan. Would the Fellows draw lots for the freshmen? And is not conscientious, official hospitality (the JCR Committee does not think much of "the formal sherry parties to which we are accustomed") a very inadequate response to the problem?

Another remedy which suggests itself is the Oxford system of "moral" tutors. The number of tutors might be substantially increased, so that each had no more than (say) twenty-five tutorial pupils. The job of tutor would thus be a considerably lighter one than it is at present, and more Fellows might be willing to undertake it. Indeed, there is no reason why a readiness, if asked, to undertake tutorial work should not be made a condition for obtaining a Title B Fellowship. (Exceptions could of course be made when necessary, as they frequently would be). The great advantage of this scheme is that a tutor may reasonably be expected to acquire a closer knowledge of twenty-five pupils than of a hundred, and thus one of the undergraduates' desires would be satisfied. It is reasonable to hope that the scheme would also do something to appease their craving for greater social contact with "Fellows and their friends" generally.

B. *Rules and Regulations.*

Very little need be said of the response to questions on these topics, chiefly because the rules have, to some extent, been altered since the questionnaire was sent round. The majority proved to be strongly in favour of relaxation of many of the rules, and all groups identified, by years, schools and subjects, had similar majorities taking this view. Certain differences in attitudes could be detected, but the percentages involved were small in every case.

Thus, Mr Field found that "there was no significant difference in response when considering subject groups" where the question, "Do you think that, in themselves, the regulations in this College

are restrictive?" was concerned. The following table gives the breakdown by school background and academic year of those answering *Yes*.

Fig. 2.

Independent Schools	...	51 %	1st Year	43 %
Direct Grant	...	58 %	2nd Year	56 %
State	...	62 %	3rd Year	72 %
Percentage of all respondents				57 %

Overall resistance to some particular rules was much stronger: for example, 95% welcomed the proposed change in the Music hour regulations (since carried out). On the whole, the results clearly support the decision to reform the College rule-book.

C. *Facilities.* D. *Hall and Buttery.*

With the exception of some interesting variations in the reactions of ex-public school undergraduates to Hall, which are discussed at the end of this article, the results of these sections of the questionnaire were neither surprising nor particularly valuable. It is not even clear, from these results, that the undergraduate body is seriously dissatisfied with Hall: a question such as "Do you think presentation and service of the meal is consistent with a formal occasion?" is exceedingly vague and therefore not at all useful. Yet undergraduates have always, and will always, grumble about Hall. It should have been possible to elicit some concrete facts about this phenomenon. Similarly, the Librarian may be a little disturbed to learn that 51% find the selection of books present in the Library inadequate, but not even Mr Field's analysis will tell him in what the inadequacy consists. Such discontent as exists must to a large extent arise from the fact that the Library doesn't have an infinite number of copies of every book that undergraduates wish to read: a situation that, by its very nature, is irremediable. We do learn from these sections that the Cripps Building is popular, and that half the College does not want to see more foreign dishes in Hall, not, at least, "until the present standard of cooking of British food" has improved, but these facts are of limited interest.

E. *Education.*

If the questionnaire had one major defect, it was that not enough inquiry was made into the role of supervisors in undergraduate life. It is certain that the relation of pupils to supervisors is the most important that most undergraduates will

form with dons. This is quite as true of social relations as of intellectual ones, and some attempt ought certainly to have been made to find out what they are. As it is, the survey merely tells us that 80% of the undergraduates are, in general, satisfied with the standard of their supervisions by Senior members (by which it is to be presumed they mean Fellows), which is gratifying news; and, less pleasingly, that only 65% are satisfied in general with the standard of their supervision by Research Students. On analysis it emerges that 77% of the Arts men are satisfied with their research student supervisors, while only 61% of those reading Mathematics, Economics and Social Anthropology were satisfied, and as few as 55% of those reading Natural Sciences and Engineering. To quote Mr Field's temperate conclusion: "by and large the standard of supervisions appears to be satisfactory in the view of the undergraduate, though there would appear to be some scope for improving the standard of supervisions given by research students to the science groups." But as he also remarks, the inadequacy may not be in the supervisor so much as in his pupil—a possibility not allowed for in the questionnaire. It also emerges that only 37% of the scientists have found their Director of Studies valuable for his advice on academic matters (the Arts figure was 67%), which is clearly a situation that would repay investigation, but without more information its meaning is quite uncertain: maybe scientists need less advice than Arts men do. Or perhaps Directors of Studies have different functions in the Arts and Science Faculties.

F. *The College Community.*

The questions in this section seem to have been designed primarily to elicit some information on how Johnians regard the concept "college", and their own College in particular. On the whole the results must be regarded as encouraging by those who, like most of the Fellows, believe in the collegiate ideal and have a strongly developed attachment to John's. 80% of the undergraduates said they did *not* view the College merely as a hostel providing food and lodging; 73% answered *Yes* to the question, "Are you proud to be a member of St John's College?"; 85% replied *No* to the question "Suppose it were possible at the end of one's first year to resign from College (i.e. to cease to be able to use its facilities or to be bound by its rules), but to remain a member of the University and one's faculty (i.e. to receive supervision and take examinations) would your experience of College life persuade you to take this course?"

Some slightly disturbing facts emerged. As has already been noted, there is overwhelming scepticism about the sense of community spirit in the College. The third year was appreciably

less proud to be Johnian than the other two years. But this may reflect merely the spirit of the "class of '67"; or the natural hesitancy of more mature minds before a somewhat blush-making question.

3. Conclusions.

On the whole, the picture that emerges is a very reassuring one. The College seems to be doing its job efficiently, and to the satisfaction of its junior members. Some steps have already been taken to improve its performance along lines suggested by the survey, and more may be expected. The chief question facing the JCR Committee now, one imagines, is whether another poll would be worth undertaking, to clear up some of the points left mysterious by the first attempt; or whether they would like to poll the dons: if so, whether those gentlemen would respond. (Mr Field gives some facts about the Fellows in an appendix, but it is very thin, and could easily have been improved: it is absurd that he should have failed to find out anything about 8 Fellows, not even whether they were Title A or not).

Some aspects of the survey, as they emerge in Mr Field's report, offer little guidance to action, but are sociologically fascinating. They turn on the correlation between opinion and school background. It would be a serious distortion to omit them from this discussion.

It should be stressed that on many issues there is no significant difference in outlook between those who went to public schools and those who did not. On others the difference is slight. In all cases the numbers involved are so small as to provide only slender foundations for theorising. Mr Field makes the point in another way when he remarks (pp. 35-6) "One of the most significant features of the analysis was the similarity of the response of the various school groups: over a wide range of topics the groups reacted almost identically. This similarity in response is perhaps surprising when one considers the likely differing social and financial backgrounds of the groups" Nevertheless, a pattern does show up which is by no means without interest to students of English educational manners.

Basically, the situation seems to be that the public school group (36%) is better able to get what it wants out of the College, and yet more dissatisfied with the place, than the direct grant (26%) and state school groups (35%).

The first point is established by the following table, analysing some of the answers to certain questions:

Fig. 3.

Question	Answer	PS	DG	State
Are you pleased you came to St John's?	No	15%	10%	6%
Is there any other Cambridge college of which you would prefer to be a member?	Yes	24	18	18
Are you proud to be a Johnian?	No	17	18	11
	Don't Know	16		
When you finally go down do you anticipate that your chief loyalties will lie with	College	32	38	47
	University	38	31	27
Have you any reason to believe that you would have benefited more by going to another University?	No	84	83	83

These figures speak for themselves. As Mr Field points out (p. 18) the uniform, and very high, positive figures for the answers to the last question show that such dissatisfaction as exists among public school men is with the College, rather than the University.

A second table establishes the superior benefits that the ex-public schoolboys derive from their College.

Fig. 4.

Question	Answer	PS	DG	State
With how many Fellows, excluding your tutor, are you on speaking terms?	Fellows per u/g	3.2	2.7	2.7
Do you consider the number of Fellows with whom you are on speaking terms	Just right	18%	14%	9%
Do you think your tutor knows you well enough to give you	academic guidance?	Yes 53%	49%	46%
	moral guidance?	Yes 16%	14%	8%
	career guidance?	Yes 30%	21%	27%
Which two of the following are the main source of your best friends?	1st choice SJC	74%	64%	72%
Do you think that, in themselves, the regulations in this College are restrictive?	Yes	51%	58%	62%

The differences here are in most cases slight, but they tell the same story. Other questions reveal that the public school men dine in Hall less frequently than the state school men, suggesting that they are less shackled to that institution by financial considerations. The above table makes it clear that they suffer less than the other two groups from what the survey establishes as being the two chief grievances of the undergraduates, inadequate contact with the dons and oppressive rules.

Mr Field, in his most elegant piece of reasoning, establishes that the restiveness of the public school men has something to do with their attitude to "community spirit", which they find lacking in John's, and by which they apparently understand something different from what the phrase means to the others. He notices that public school men, as a group, are more interested in contact with the tutors than they are with Fellows generally: the reverse is true of the other school groups. He conjectures that public school men look on their tutor as something like a housemaster. Beyond that he does not venture; and, emulating his prudence, *The Eagle* will not do so either. But this real, if subtle, difference in attitudes is the most interesting, and the most unexpected, result of the survey: to the authors of which it is to be hoped that the College is properly grateful.

Christmas

IN the glitter of a star
Fresh life cascades:
Saplings burst
From an ageless rooted gnarl of years.

With love
Comes our rebirth:
When saddened souls
Are twigs
And where
A dawn of sense
Leaps high like life
In little fingers.

Watery branches watch the moon
Creep coldly: let
The season be
A starry radiance, fed by lazy sap.

ALASDAIR HAMILTON.

Winter Words

OH! (said the dead) it must be cold
Above, among the live tonight.
There will be snow. Warm, leaping blood
Will shrink as they run home tonight.

Meanwhile we corpses underground
So many, will be snug tonight.
Half earth, half bone; half sleep, half dream,
Merry as we rot tonight.

True tender tears do often flow
On our account (though not tonight).
Would they knew how we pity them,
How we lie and laugh tonight.

Indifferent to heat, to cold,
To hate, love, war or peace tonight,
We nothing know save dark and mould
And that the stars roll home tonight.

REX HUGHES.

Perfect for Sound

The Introduction to the broadcast of music from St John's College Chapel on 29 October 1967, in the programme Quires and Places where they sing.

The music was:—

Choir:	<i>Magnificat in E (for boys' voices)</i>	Bernard Rose
Organ:	<i>Canzona in C major</i>	Buxtehude
Choir:	(a) <i>Hear the voice and prayer</i>	Rootham
	(b) <i>They that put their trust in the Lord</i>	Robin Orr
Organ:	<i>Litanies</i>	Jehan Alain
Choir:	(a) <i>Hymn of Saint Columba</i>	Benjamin Britten
	(b) <i>Magnificat (Collegium Sancti Johannis Cantabrigiense)</i>	Michael Tippett

Organist: *Jonathan Bielby* Director: *George Guest*

THEY should never have allowed traffic into the Backs of Cambridge. It smashes something fragile and irreplaceable—the best sequence of river frontages in England. The serene Portland stone Fellows Building of King's contrasted with the many-pinnacled chapel beside it, the mellow stone frontage of Clare, the long, Classic facade of Wren's library for Trinity, the elegant little bridges that leap the river to reach these places and then, what we have come to see—a cluster of pale red Tudor brick gables and battlements climbing the steepest slope from the river—St John's College or "John's" as it is called.

This is the College where the taste of each century has been most violently asserted. I mean, look at the building here where we are standing which was the first encroachment on the Backs. The bridge that joins it to the old red brick college is in flimsy, fanciful Gothic of 1831 with open traceried windows and roofed over. It is the romantic Bridge of Sighs and leads to John's new building here on the Backs which is contemptuously called the Wedding Cake. To me it is a superb piece of skyline, imaginative and satisfying, open cloisters between regular blocks and a central tower with turrets—the fanciful plaster Gothic of the reign of George IV and the novels of Sir Walter Scott. Behind it our own age in Powell and Moya's newest building for John's asserts itself gleaming white with horizontal lines and lumpy skyline but a deliberate contrast in scale and material with the flimsy Georgian Gothic.

Above the red brick of the old College rises surprisingly the tower of Pershore Abbey reproduced in yellowish brown Ancaster

stone. It is well placed as seen from the river and gathers the roof lines round it.

There is no better enclosed walk in Cambridge than from end to end of John's either way. When you come up here from the Backs out of the old red brick into the first court, or if you see it from the town streets, the Chapel is uncompromisingly mid-Victorian. The more old fashioned would say it was unforgivably mid-Victorian, this T shaped Chapel built on the plan of an Oxford college chapel by Sir Gilbert Scott who designed it in 1863 and thought he was building in the Gothic of 1263. Personally I like it very much, because it is a deliberate assertion of its age and it grows on you as you enter into its mood. The justification for the style—13th century English Decorated was that there was once a hospital of this date on the site of the College. I cannot, however, believe that the chapel of this probably humble building can have been adorned with marble from Devon, Ireland, Scotland and Sicily. Another reason why John's rebuilt its Chapel was that it was a stronghold at the time of the High Church movement and in Cambridge the Tudor style which was the style of the old chapel was considered debased and decadent and the middle-pointed or Decorated was considered perfection. But I suspect that another reason why John's wanted a bigger and greater chapel was that it wanted to outdo its neighbour and chief rival Trinity.

The inside of John's ante-Chapel is awe inspiring in its proportions. Clustered columns of polished marble soar up into the dark height of the tower crossing which they help to support. It is like a cathedral. Then through the carved wooden screen you see the length of the Chapel itself. Coloured marble on floor and walls and in the gorgeous apse where the High Altar is, there is the glow of mitigated light shed by Clayton and Bell's Victorian stained glass. The painted wooden roof rises to an elegant point and is about as deep as the stone walls below it are high. To these the dark wood of the stalls form a strong base about a third as high as the walls. Maybe the stone sculpture on corbel and capital is a bit hard and crisp, maybe the marble *is* new looking but the Chapel is a convinced product of its still unfashionable time. The less it mellows the better it looks; and it needs a clean. It is famous for its musical services and perfect for sound throughout its length.

JOHN BETJEMAN.

Behaviour of a Hedgehog:

Erinaceus europaeus

It may be of interest to record the behaviour of a hedgehog in the garden of the Master's Lodge of St John's College, Cambridge, observed almost nightly, under exceptionally good conditions of visibility, during the period of 6 May to 6 June, 1966. The behaviour consisted in running for long periods, night after night, in a large circle in the same part of the garden. I offer no explanation of the behaviour; but circular running is known with other mammals, apparently in more than one behavioural context.

The garden consists of two distinct parts, separated by the Lodge itself, and connected only by gateways, one at each end of the house. The hedgehog certainly lay up during the day somewhere in the larger southern part. But its circular running always took place in the northern part, which seemed to be visited for this purpose. This northern part consists of a wide gravel drive surrounding an oval lawn measuring 56 feet by 43 feet, at the centre of which grows a large tree-paeony. At one end is a wide border filled with shrubs. The northern part immediately adjoins Bridge Street, one of the busy streets of Cambridge, and though separated from the street by a high wall it is illuminated throughout the night by the fluorescent street-lighting. This made observation of the hedgehog easy at any hour of the night. A curious feature of its behaviour was that each night as darkness fell it left the secluded southern part of the garden, where it had spent the day, and came to run in the northern part, which was more public, exposed to the noise of traffic, and illuminated by street lamps.

The hedgehog was first noticed on 6 May, shortly before midnight. It was on the oval lawn in the northern part of the garden. It was seen again in the same place two nights later. Regular attention was paid to it from that date onwards. It was seen on every succeeding night up to and including 6 June, except on a few wet nights. But in general the month was fine.

Its distinctive behaviour was as follows. It arrived in the northern part of the garden just as darkness fell. Its actual arrival was seen sufficiently frequently to make it certain that it came from the southern part of the garden round the western end of the Lodge. On several occasions it was also seen returning by the same route. During the first week of observation, immediately on arrival it began to run steadily in a large circle,

invariably in an anti-clockwise direction. The circle varied somewhat in extent, but was ordinarily about 15 yards in diameter, a circuit therefore of about 45 yards. The circuit was ordinarily accomplished in about 20 seconds, and the speed was therefore about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. There were occasional pauses, with sniffing of the ground, and then sometimes a little wandering from side to side. But typically there was a steady, rapid, trot, round and round the circle, snout held straight forward well above the ground. The circle always followed the same course. About a third of it was on the oval grass lawn and two-thirds on the surrounding gravel. This involved mounting and crossing the stone border of the lawn as the hedgehog passed from gravel to grass, and then crossing the stone again with a drop of 4 inches as it passed from grass to gravel. Mounting and descending from the edge of the stone gave no trouble, but there was often slight hesitation at crossing the narrow gap maintained by the gardeners between the stone and the turf to facilitate mowing. The circle never once, so far as was observed, included the tree-paeony that grows at the centre of the oval lawn, though it always approached close to it. This illustrates both the relatively constant size of the circular course and its relatively constant position on the ground, notwithstanding that this course was partly on the gravel and partly on the grass and involved mounting and descending from the stone border of the lawn.

The periods of continuous or nearly continuous running varied in length. The hedgehog would sometimes persist for two hours, or even longer, at a stretch. If the running ceased, and the hedgehog disappeared, it would often reappear soon afterwards and the running would be resumed. It would run at many hours of the night: always on arrival as darkness fell, but also at midnight, at 1.15 a.m., at 2.30 a.m., at 3.30 a.m., to mention times at which running was actually observed. By first light the hedgehog had disappeared. At periods of the night when the hedgehog was not running—and there were, of course, long periods when it was not so occupied—it was sometimes in the border of shrubs adjoining the running-area; but sometimes, and perhaps usually, it had returned to the southern part of the garden, and its return was observed on a number of occasions.

On several occasions when the hedgehog was running I walked quietly to a point within the circle. It would pause as it passed on the lee side of me, sniffing the air with its snout raised; but in a few moments, if I remained still, it lost interest in me and resumed its running, passing within a yard or two of me if I placed myself suitably and apparently paying no further attention to me.

On 13 May, a week after the hedgehog was first noticed, it was fed with bread-and-milk. A saucer was put out, just before the hedgehog's time of arrival, on the oval lawn, outside but close to the circular course it followed. On the first night the saucer was not noticed immediately; but soon it was detected by scent, approached, and the whole of the bread-and-milk eaten. On the next night, the bread-and-milk was found more quickly; and, after a few nights, the hedgehog on first arrival, and before beginning to run, went straight to the saucer and devoured its contents. This continued regularly thereafter. The feeding modified its behaviour in one respect. The meal was substantial, leaving the hedgehog more or less gorged. It would then pause, instead of beginning its circular run, wander about uncertainly for a few moments, and then move off slowly into the border of shrubs. It would remain there out of sight for varying periods, sometimes for a few minutes only, sometimes for half an hour, or even longer. But it would then emerge from the border and begin its customary running. Its course passed within a yard or two of the now empty saucer. Occasionally, it would pause in its running and turn aside to inspect the saucer. But this was rare. On most nights, having eaten the bread-and-milk and spent some time in the border, it would at once begin running and would take no further notice of the saucer. From 13 May, it was fed every night. During this period there were a few wet nights. On these, it came for the bread-and-milk, but then departed at once round the end of the Lodge to the dark southern part of the garden. It never ran its circle on a wet night, though there were in fact, very few wet nights during the month when it was seen.

On 2 June and the following days, though the weather was fine, the running was less persistent, though it was still carried out for long spells. On 6 June the hedgehog was seen as usual. On 7 June, though a fine night, there was no sign of it, and the bread-and-milk was not eaten. It was never seen again. The saucer of bread-and-milk was put out for several further nights, but it was left untouched.

There was never any reason to suppose that there was more than the one hedgehog in the garden, which is mainly enclosed by buildings and the River Cam. It was an adult animal, to all appearance alert and in good health. Its sex is not known.

J. S. BOYS SMITH.

W. H. R. Rivers*

IN the Spring of 1913 Dr W. H. R. Rivers delivered three lectures at the London School of Economics, entitled *Kinship and Social Organisation*. These were published later in the same year. I read them very soon after they appeared in print, and was—still am, in fact—deeply impressed by them for the commanding sweep of the argument, for the way in which evidence was marshalled which had to be gathered from widely distributed social groups and for their economy and clarity of expression.

In form these lectures were unquestionably logical. As I came to know Rivers and his work more intimately it became clear that, though he began, and finished, his academic life as a psychologist, his preferred habit of thought was that of a practical logician. He liked to adopt, or find for himself, some general principle, then to search untiringly, but with complete fairness, for illustrative material and finally, in the light of this material to regard the basic principle as established. In this manner it is quite extraordinary how practically everything of length that he wrote followed closely the scheme of the general theory worked out by Head and himself in their experimental study of cutaneous sensibility. There is a basic primitive organisation, little differentiated and subject to an "all or none" type of expression. Then, bit by bit this is invaded by incoming elements or influences which are "integrated" with the primitive organisation, and may appear to transform it or even to supplant it. But the foundation organisation is still there, and may be revealed by shock, disease, long continued stress, experiment, or analytical study. This theme appears over and over again in Rivers's writings, whether sociological, anthropological or psychological.

When I joined the College I knew already a little about current psychology and sociology. I knew also that Dr Rivers was the Director of Moral Science Studies at St John's, was very much interested in the experimental aspects of psychology, and believed that sociology could be developed into an exact science, though there was then no official recognition of sociology in the University. A Director of Studies was supposed to see his students

(*) This article is due to a suggestion made to me by Glyn Daniel that I should write something about my personal relations with Dr Rivers. I have not found it easy to do this. It is impossible fully to convey the very great personal influence which Rivers achieved in the College, the University and in many quarters in the world beyond both. But I am glad to pay this late tribute to the power that was in him.

twice a term, at the beginning and the end, but apart from this he need have little to do with them. His main function was to suggest which lectures they should attend.

I remember well my first encounter with Rivers. He had rooms in the middle of the Second Court, and when I called he was in the large outer room. It was not particularly attractive or comfortable looking. There were the usual two large basket chairs of the period, a number of straight backs, a green, uncushioned chesterfield, a large square table covered by a Victorian looking brown cloth with tassels and a lot of books and proofs. Rivers was then occupied with page proofs of his greatest—perhaps I should say his largest—work, the *History of Melanesian Society*.

My course of lectures was quickly settled, and there, I suppose the interview should have ended. But I ventured to say that I had read a certain amount of sociology, and found most of it interesting but indefinite. At once the whole atmosphere of the visit changed. Rivers got up, cleared away a lot of the books and proofs, and produced diagrams of kinship reciting their accompanying relationship terms in various systems. I never have been very good at identifying kinship names, at least the more distant ones, in any system even including our own, and was amazed and impressed by the speed and certainty with which Rivers did this. When, eventually, I came away I realised that I had not been treated at all as the raw student I really was. In the following years I was to realise more fully that this was the main secret of Rivers' success and power with people. Every new person he met he treated at once as a potential success. So his power did not lie in what he said or wrote—though there was a lot of both especially as time went on—but in himself. His belief that every newcomer could be a first-rater got the best out of people. Of course he was sometimes mistaken. But he never lost his belief and later on, when he was dealing with patients who had broken down under the stresses of the First World War his outstanding success was due far more to his conviction that they could get well again than to anything in the contemporary psychiatric practice.

When I first got to know him Rivers was very much of a recluse, almost entirely wrapped up in his sociological and anthropological studies, and sailing off whenever he could to his beloved Melanesian islands and people. He warned me rigorously against getting entangled in any College or University affairs: "they will take your mind off research". At that time he drank no alcohol but was content with water or sweetened milk, and he did not smoke. Sometimes he asked me to tea and produced little slices of dry bread and butter and even

drier madeira cake. I do not remember anybody else at any of these tea parties.

He was never very much of a one for the conventions. When I was just over the Tripos and before the results were out he told me "You didn't do as well as we had hoped; but never mind—it's all right." He said that Dr Myers was going to offer me a job in the psychology lab, and I had better take it: "you'll learn the psycho-physical methods, and about the fallibility of human statements." Myers, very much more cautious and correct waited till the lists were published before saying anything.

From the Autumn of 1914 to 1918 there was an inevitable gap. Rivers was mostly away from Cambridge and so was I. We met occasionally at weekends and he seemed to have changed. He was in uniform and utterly devoted to his job of straightening out the lives of soldiers who had broken down badly under the strains of war. Like nearly all other psychologists at this time he was deeply impressed and influenced by the work of Freud, though he never accepted all of Freud's theories, especially those which he regarded as based at second or third hand upon unfounded speculations about early forms of social life. Jung, then and always, he deeply distrusted, finding him unnecessarily diffuse and obscure.

When the war ended we both returned to life in St John's. There was now no doubt whatever that in his daily behaviour Rivers had changed. He was back with a bang to psychology and affairs. He said to me "I have finished my serious work (he meant the Melanesian studies) and I shall just let myself go." This he emphatically did. He moved into larger rooms in the New Court and there he entertained all sorts of notable people, in literature, in politics and in Society. He flung aside completely all his dislike for practical affairs in College and University, and in the outside world; and he enthusiastically encouraged me to do the same, apparently completely forgetting his earlier advice but he never was a stickler for formal consistency. The College, happily recognising the power that was in him, made him "Prelector of Natural Science Studies" with complete freedom to treat the new office in any way he liked. In these years from 1919 I think he got to know personally every science student in St John's. His Sunday breakfasts became famous. He brought a club for discussion known as *The Socratics*, and he brought to it all sorts of influential visitors—H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennet, Siegfried Sassoon and lots more.

At the High Table he talked more than he had ever done in the old days and about far more topics. Glover once said he was like Moses coming down from the heights bringing with him new tables of the Law. But unlike Moses he didn't worry

much if these laws were disregarded, or if people went off after different gods.

He was enormously active. He lectured often both in and out of Cambridge. He was not, in fact, a particularly good lecturer. He wrote everything out, had it typed, and read it with an air of complete conviction. He had a stammer which sometimes held him up a bit, but this made no difference to his popularity. Students and teachers in all kinds of subjects came to hear him, and a lot of people who didn't teach, and very likely didn't learn anything either. But the method of the lectures remained the same: from general principle, through specific illustration, and so back to general principle. I think pretty well all these lectures were published in a series of books which, so far as I can discover, are rarely read by psychologists now, though they had a wide influence some forty years ago.

In those days you never quite knew where Rivers would break out next. Earlier he had seemed extremely critical of anything of the nature of speculative philosophy and warned me of its possibly baneful influence. Now one day he turned up to borrow Kant's *Critique of the Practical Reason* and he read it, too, and said he found it fascinating. He came rushing round to my room one morning early, only partially dressed, and he put on my desk a piece of paper written over in his queer, almost illegible handwriting and said "Look I want you to sign this." It recorded that when he woke up that morning he had a strong impression that a distant friend of his was trying to communicate with him. They had agreed each to do this without any preliminary notice to the other, and so Rivers had recorded, dated and timed his impression immediately, hoping that he would have at least one bit of irrefutable evidence about thought transference. He needed independent confirmation of the time at which the record was made. I signed it of course but nothing ever came of it. The friend, duly approached, said that he certainly had not been making any attempt to communicate with Rivers on the date and at the time mentioned. Rivers, telling me this, smiled his attractive and rueful smile, but I think he was rather sorry and of course the negative evidence proved nothing.

Sometimes when I dropped in to see him I would find him sitting still, apparently doing nothing, and looking desperately tired. He would take off his steel rimmed spectacles and pass his hand over his eyes. And then he would jump up and be active again. He wrote, talked, read, dashed about, took on new things and kept on old ones all in a terrific hurry as if he thought he wouldn't have time to finish.

So it went on until Whitsuntide 1922. On the Saturday I was off to play in a cricket match on the College ground and just as

I went by the steps to the paddock from the New Court, Rivers came down them. He was going for a walk. We went to the backsgates together. He seemed cheerful, energetic and well. I was married then and lived out of College. On Whit Monday I came to St John's to go to my rooms. The flag was flying half-mast. I called in at the Porter's Lodge and said "Who's dead?" I was told "Dr Rivers". Everything seemed suddenly silly. The sun shone, decorations were out, holiday makers were all over the place. There seemed no sense in it, for Rivers who was my friend and counsellor had gone, and I should see him no more.

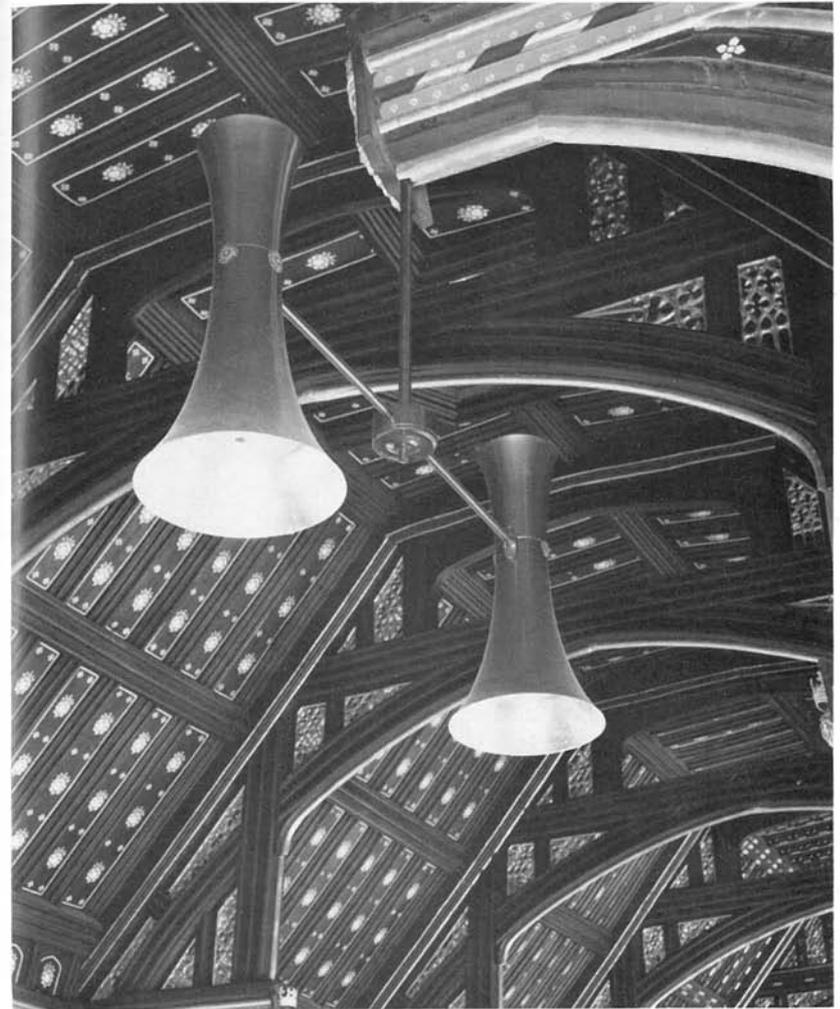
But this was wrong. A fortnight or so later I met him again, for the last time. I was in the College Combination Room, at the end where the Council meetings are held. The table was set for a meeting. All the members of Council were there but one. There was one vacant chair. Then he came in, erect and quick as usual. He went to the empty chair and sat down. He had no face. Nobody else knew him, but I knew him. I tried to say "Rivers! It's Dr Rivers", and I couldn't utter a word.

Then I woke up. I was in bed, at home. It was pitch dark. For what seemed like several minutes I was absolutely sure that he was there, in the deep darkness, close to me. It was a dream. We had talked many times about death. He had said that if he should die before me, as seemed likely, if he could he would try to get through to me. So, it was only a dream.

One night when G. G. Coulton was already an old man, and on the verge of his final journey to Canada, as we were coming out of dinner in Hall together, he said "Do you think there is a life after death—I mean a personal life?" I had to say that once I had thought so, and now I did not know. He said "I am sure there must be, though we are unable to tell the form of it: we can't just stop."

When I think now of Rivers it is in a double kind of way. I know that he died, swiftly and painfully, 45 years ago. But as I have said his power was in himself and not in what he said or wrote alone, and so it matters little if what he left in print is ignored or forgotten. There is something in St John's today which he brought to it and something also in many of us who knew him, and though I cannot find the words properly to tell of this, I think of him also as still alive.

FREDERIC BARTLETT.



Photograph: JOHN A. ROSE, A.I.I.P., A.R.P.S.

Lighting of the Hall: L. R. TUCKER, L.S.I.A., DIP.M.I.E.S.

THE JOHNIAN PAST

Rowland Hill (John's, 1764-69)

ROWLAND Hill was born in 1744 at Hawkestone in Shropshire. At an early age he professed his ambition: "I should like to be a baronet and sit in a great chair." But under the influence of his brother Richard, eleven years his elder, Rowland's outlook became a trifle less secular. With Dr Watts' hymns for children in the back of his mind, Rowland found himself sympathetic to his sister Jane's pious outlook upon life; the following is an extract from a letter from Jane written to him while he was a scholar at Eton:

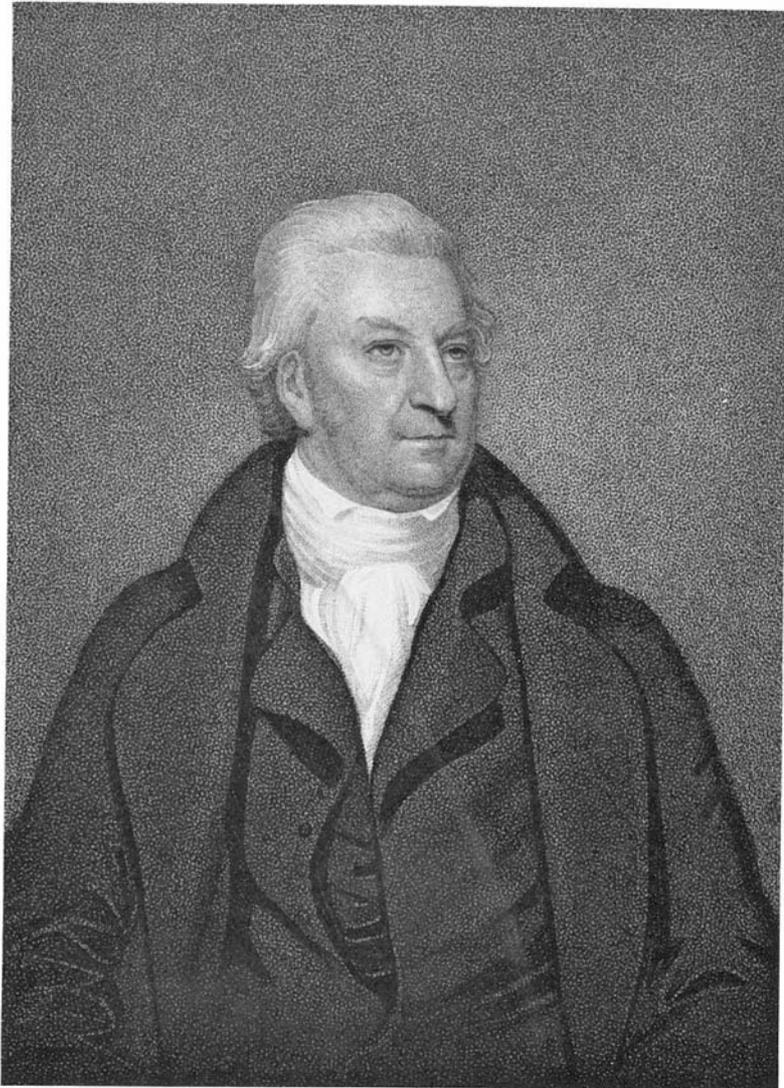
"I rejoice to hear by the letter mamma had from you last post, that you arrived safe at Eton, and met with no inconveniences from the floods. This mark of the care of the Almighty over you may furnish you with fresh matter for praise and thankfulness; and indeed, so innumerable are the instances of Divine mercy, that we have cause continually to dwell on the delightful theme of praise which we trust will be our employment to all eternity, joining with the heavenly host in singing hallelujahs to the God of our salvation, whose glory should be celebrated with joy and triumph by His reasonable creatures."

Rowland did indeed form a society of converts while at Eton, but it was at St John's that his religious activities really got under way. There were six livings in the gift of the Hill family, but to these were attached the condition that the recipients had to be fellows of St John's; Rowland Hill came up in 1764 to work to that end. He was a Methodist, and much, if not most of his time was spent in preaching in and around Cambridge. This was not popular:

"Nobody in the college ever gave me a cordial smile, except the old shoe-black at the gate, who had the love of Christ in his heart."

Hill's biographer, V. J. Charlesworth, after quoting this, goes on to say:

"It is a cause for thankfulness that a great improvement has taken place of late years; but the reformation will not be complete until the learning of the age is brought into subjection to the authority of Christ, and a religious character is held to be



Rev. Rowland Hill, M.A.

an indispensable qualification for admission to our national colleges."

As well as being active in John's, Hill preached in neighbouring villages, visited the county jail, and sought out the sick and the poor in their homes. All this aroused so much hostility that Hill began to waver, and appealed to the famous George Whitefield for advice; this was the reply:

"I would not have you give way—no, not for a moment; the storm is too great to hold long: visiting the sick and imprisoned, and instructing the ignorant, are the very vitals of true and undefiled religion. If threatened, denied degree, or expelled for this, it will be the best degree you can take."

So Hill continued to search for converts, taking any irregularities in his stride:

"1767, Jan. 1, Thursday, at Chesterton, on John i, 25, 26, on the power of Christ's resurrection; we had the honour of a mob, no other harm was done than the windows broke." . . . "Sunday, Jan. 4, at the castle, on Genesis iii—on the fall—and a little mobbing." . . . "In a barn for the first time, with much comfort. God send, if I am to live, this may not be my last barn: sweet to rejoice anywhere, though in a barn. Some gowmsmen were there, but were permitted to do no more than gnash with their teeth."

Shortly afterwards Hill returned home for the Long Vacation of 1767, to find that his parents considered his eccentric behaviour a disgrace. Meanwhile Richard and Jane preached the word to the servants and the tenants on the estate. Piqued by his parents' opposition, Hill returned to John's in October more determined than ever to save souls. Sister Jane seems to have anticipated some of the tribulations in store for poor Rowland:—"The Lord I trust will enable you to stand against all the fiery darts which will be shot at you at College. Fat bulls of Bashan will encompass you on every side, and you will need to be armed with the whole armour of God." But in defiance of the fat bulls Hill's diary contains the following emphatic prayer:

"Lord, grant us a deal of blessed preaching this year."

The prayer was indeed granted, for just before Hill graduated the Master became concerned about Hill's excessive Methodistic zeal, as two of the letters below show. All was well, however, and Hill graduated B.A. in 1769. But such was his reputation by this time that he was six times refused ordination. Commenting on this in later years, Hill said:

"During my residence at this seat of learning, even drunkenness and whoredom were deemed less exceptional practices in a candidate for the ministry, than visiting the sick and imprisoned, and expounding the Scriptures in private houses. For these

last mentioned offences, I met with no less than *six refusals* before I gained admission into the ministry of the established church."

During the course of these refusals Hill travelled around on a pony, preaching all the time. It would seem that he continued to meet with difficulties:

"There was such a noise with beating of pans, shovels, etc., blowing of horns and ringing of bells, that I could scarce hear myself speak. Though we were pelted with much dirt, eggs, etc., I was enabled to preach out my sermon."

Perhaps this was hardly surprising. At Taunton, where he stayed for twelve months, Hill once grossly offended the farmers he was addressing when he opened his sermon by telling them that they were as bad as the pigs they owned. The farmers then complained about his ranting; indeed they claimed he could be heard throughout the whole village. The next time Hill observed Farmer Hodge having his customary nap in his pew he exclaimed:

"What! shall we not lift up our voice like a trumpet, and cry aloud and spare not, when, with all our ranting, sinners can sleep and be damned under our very sermons?"

Let us banish all thoughts of sleep as we peruse the following letters, written by Rowland Hill to his sister Jane in 1769. The originals of these were acquired by the College in 1966, and are here reproduced exactly; square brackets indicate obliteration—in some places I have ventured a conjectural reading.

MICHAEL MAVOR.

I

To
Richd: Hill Esqr
at Hawkstone
near Whitechurch
Shropshire

My Dear Sister

For Miss Hill

Today being the birthday of our poor Cousin Delves, it was celebrated after a very splendid manner, with Dancing and all manner of carnality, we, as intimate friends were invited. I refused to go, but my sister T. (who in all respects is, and has been very kind to me) told me (with her usual good nature) "that she would be obliged to me if I would go and stay there just a little while till after tea, and that I need not stay to dance." She added that it might give great offence both to Lady Delves, and more to "Mother if she shou'd ever hear of it, and especially as I was absent last time she was there." I thought it not proper to refuse her this request, and did stay there about an

hower and half after tea, which was done before 8 O'Clock and left 'em immediately. They danced 2 howers before tea enough to give me a surfeit of it altho I did not dance at all, nor come till after they had begun sometime. O! glory be to Grace *free* Grace. I know I was out of my element, for O! what a fluctuation my poor soul was in? How hard a tryal it is to see the honour of that God we love thrown down to the ground. How hard it is to see our poor fellow sinners glory in their *perfection of wickedness*? But above all how hard it is to be compelled to countenance it by our presence? Well, by Grace I trust I may say I hate it, and pitied the poor captives, tho' not with that pity they deserve from us, as being once in the like condemnation with them. but who made us to differ? was it our own strength and good works? no, no. nothing but mercy, and free love, for surely if one sinner is worse than another, I am the chief. tho' my proud hypocritical heart wou'd not have you think so. but however Jesus is my all, may the God of love take you and me my dear Sister, [] ourselves and build us on him alone.

As I do not expect my sister and Brother Home on this side twelve O Clock, I think as I can be alone till then I may employ the interval in in relating what a Blessed Easter I have enjoyed. but I hope you will excuse my writing since I cou'd get neither pen nor ink that are fit for use.

As my sister T. is an approver of the ways of God, she never has the last objection against my attending the ordinances. for tho' I am forc'd to be absent sometimes in the evening from tea, yet she never so much as asks me where I have been. so that hitherto I have been able to attend [] every sermon that has been preached at the Lock since I have been in town. every thursday I can go with Mr and Mrs Jones to St Dunstans, I have also free access to that most blessed ordinance the Lords Supper. O how I have feasted at the Lock? how sweet is it to feed on Xt? well might the enamoured and spouse in the Cantacles say, *I sat under his shadow with great delight and his fruit was sweet to my taste*—but besides all this, I have great reason to bless God for the many opportunities I have had in conversing with his saints and ministers. It is my bounded duty to accknowledge myself much endebted to Mr Jones for His very great kindness towards me and my dear companions. for we have made his house quite an Asylum. when they cou'd get from their carnal friends we us'd to resort there. On Monday last my dear friend Palmer¹ came at his own expence up to town from Chiswick to see me, I took him to Mr Jones's where they boarded him for two day and wou'd have given him a lodging if he would have accepted of it. he also introduc'd him to Mr Romaine, and fed him with the fat of the land. time will

not permit me to relate half the kindnesses we receiv'd from Mr and Mrs Jones who took all opportunities that lay in their power to assist us. Mr and Mrs Powys have at all times been exceeding kind to me, and have often ask'd me both to dinner and supper with them. I have many obligations to the *great* Mr Romaine, who has often invited me and my companions to his house, where we often meet by 8 in the morn. O how sweetly does he pray with us teach and exort us. every word that comes from his mouth ought to be writ in letters of gold. may the Lord write them in letters of gold upon our hearts.

Mr [Marlane's] kindness to us allso must not be pass'd over in scilence who gave me a card to admitt me and any I brought with me into His own pew to hear the gospel while thousands have been denyed the meanest place in the chapel. but who has not been kind [] Jesus and all his family are kind to us. and surely his [] is better than life itself. what favour is better [than the] favour of the Lord? is the friendship of the world beyond [] his friendship? no, no. give me Xt and I will [] ten thousand worlds. for he is all, more than all. But O wonder of wonders how came I to enjoy his friendship. for I know when he look'd upon me I was blacker than hell and deserv'd it more than any that are there or ever will be there. O that I could therefore prase and love my God who hath loved me with an everlasting love, and made himself a curse that I might be blessed. But here I must end for I have not time to write half I have got to say.

Therefore my dear sister I must subscribe myself
yours in the most endearing bonds
Rowld. Hill

Mrs Powys desires to be remember'd in love to you, she has bought the china for Miss Cley, who I hope is well. Remember me to my Brother, and all the children of God with us. all my Brother's Xtian friends desire to be remember'd to him. I have heard good news from Hawkstone How Bety and Roger are converted and many others about. Mr Romaine tells me that in this place also, many daly are added to the Church such as shall be sav'd. I wou'd have wrote this over again had I time.
pray for me a poor Hell deserving sinner.

¹ Mr Palmer was also a friend of Mr Berridge of Everton, who lived at Grantchester and was a considerable influence on Hill, who rode to Berridge's chapel each Sunday to attend his ministry, and galloped back in time for the college chapel service.

II

I ask my dear Sister a thousand pardons for not answering her kind letter long before this. all the last week almost every moment of my time was taken up in preparing for my degree, which being now over I'm more at leisure to write.

I have been much in the furnace since I have been here, much good has been done both in the town and University. they suppose me to be at the bottom of it all—this causes me many enemies—but my consolation is that *the Lord is King*. my kind tutor¹ still as much my friend as ever, is very anxious for my continuing sometime longer in Coll: to this the Master² at first agreed, upon which I have written home for leave. but since this he seems sorry for what he has granted, and tho' he does not accuse me of any fresh disobedience upon the old score abt conventicling, but I am to stay in College, he insists upon my promising *never to make any more converts in the university*, or never going into any house in the town even to relieve the [] piteus: but that I must give all my alms into the hands of others to dispense for me—these terms being utterly against my conscience I told him I never cou'd consent to, and that as this was by no means against any law of God or man I wd. sooner leave the univ: than stay upon such terms. my kind Tutor, having heard of our *squabble*, has been to the master, and tells me he has brought him a *peg lower*, and hopes that all things will be amicably settl'd. my only prayer to God is that it may be settl'd as will be most to his own glory and that I may still continue always to be possessed of that greatest of blessings *a conscience void of offence*—we have 8 gownsmen now at the university that are serious, and we have the most sanguine expectations that their numbers are increasing. Mr Unwin one of the number is a minister, preaches with the greatest power and success, abt 5 miles hence this makes a sad disturbance: the clergy all around are terribly clamerous; for all the bees are flown out of their hives and they have nothing to preach to but a few old formal drons that are left behind.

I rejoice wth you that you are got out of the hearing of poor parson Prachet and can enjoy the comfort of an unmixd Gospel.

I hear from Mr Whitefield³ that dear and faithful Lady Huntingdon³ is ill at London. how greatly must Sion mourn at her departure! when you write again tell me particularly how she does. her fidelity to me makes me, if I know my own heart, love and honour her more than ever—

I suppose Lady Glenorchy is now in town. may I be permitted to send her my most Xian respects? my prayer to God for her is that she may be successor to Lady Huntingdon yea if possible out—Huntingdon Lady Huntingdon.

Having another letter to write, excuse the hastiness of this and permit me to conclude wth sincerist

love to B' and S' T - y as also to y'self
from their unworthy B'

Rowld Hill

Camb: monday eve

-
- 1 Thomas Frampton, "rather fat, a great sporter and much of a gentleman and fonder of sporting and Newmarket than of books and his college." (Cole). He was a fellow from 1751-1771.
 - 2 William Samuel Powell. Fellow 1740-63, Master 1765-75, Vice-Chancellor 1765-66. He introduced college examinations, and instituted an annual examination in one of the Gospels or the Acts. He was particularly keen on keeping up the strength of the College choir, and never failed to appear for 6 a.m. chapel.
 - 3 Lady Huntingdon was converted to the cause of Methodism by her sister-in-law, Lady Margaret Hartings. She knew the Wesley brothers well, and was often visited by them at Donington Park. She appointed George Whitefield her chaplain on his return from America in 1748, but her efforts to reconcile him with the Wesleys were in vain. She protected clergymen suspected of Methodism by appointing them as her chaplains; William Romaine, Henry Venn and Rowland Hill all achieved this distinction.

III

very dear Sister

Camb: Frid eve

I am asham'd that I have been so long in writing, but I thought you wd like to hear from me best when all things were settl'd. this made me wait till after the reception of my fathers letter wh. came to hand yesterday—I send it you enclosed that you may the better see the Goodness of the Lord to me in all my trials—

The delivery I met wth from the masters *clutches* was attended wth mercies equally as great. instead of sending for me to give my determinate answer, he comminon'd my tutor to treat wth me, and to tell me that I might stay provided I wd not disturb the town by public conventicles and give him a promise not to teach in the Univ: any doctrine contrary to the 39 articles—to the former I answer'd I had no intention of doing so as I had told him before. and 'tho I cd. safely give him a promise to be faithful to the latter in the [gross] but if he me'nt that I sd. not talk abt religion to the Gownsmen, as I suppos'd he did, I wd make no such promise. but if he me'nt no more than the words implied, witht any prevarication or intent to triumph over me for making such concessions, I cd. do it wth all my heart. I desir'd my tutor to tell the Master wth what limitations I made

such a promise and requested him to be witness between us all wch was accepted. in this last treaty never a word was mention'd abt my visiting the sick and imprison'd, dispersing the *Methodistical Books*, and frequenting houses *suspected of Methodism* or in short of being entirely free to do just what I pleas'd. I now plainly perceiv'd that he only wanted to draw his head out of the halter as handsomely as he cou'd—I thought proper to give him that much abt the articles that he may learn *not to give himself such airs for the future*—I trust our articles of Capitulation are honourable. the town and Univ: by dint of conquest, are entirely surrender'd to my *Episcopal Jurisdiction*. a *prelate*, blessed be God, I am still my only Grief is that for the present I am in a great measure an *unpreaching prelate* However this thro' mercy will soon be remedied. my remarkably kind tutor tells me he has not the least doubt but I may be ordain'd next May; and that he is sure he can procure me a curacy. and how wonderfully is this order'd! tis well the Government is upon Jesus's shoulders. tho my rebellious heart thought very hard of so many seemingly cross providencies in the summer. the other day Mr Unwin was presented wth a valuable living wch will soon remove him from his little curacy about 5 miles from Camb: he has been very faithful and abundantly bless'd. the rector is a remarkably candid man and seems desirous to have another curate out of the same *nest* as the former—perhaps providence bids me expect this to be the lot of my inheritance but this as yet is quite uncertain—may God make us passive, and direct as shall be most to his own Glory.

Praise God for the addition of another gownsman, a fellow-commoner to our company. I trust he is sincere tho as yet but tender. Sweet appearances give us hopes of others. we doubt not but the Lord will ever keep us going on from conquering to conquer providing we are but *Honest* and *alive*.

We have a good baptist minister in the town *exceedingly alive* and of late *amazingly bless'd*. some gownsmen at times have been under convictions by his preaching. at another part of the town the Lord has rain'd up another to preach and 'tho despicable on account of [adverse] circumstances has that dignity from heaven wch makes him a great blessing—so that between methodism and Baptism cambridge has a sad time of it.

I must apply diligently for the Brs. Blessing that no just offence may be given. in the mean time get all the prayers you can for me. that when my time shall come I may be made an able minister of the new testament not of the *letter* but of the spirit. I desire a heart totally given up to God's service. I then know that however weak I may be in myself God's power

shall be manifested in me—I long to see myself *nothing* and *Xt all* to learn by experience that glorious song *Worthy is the Lamb*.

at present my time is much taken up in making and writing sermons for some of our idle parsons who to save trouble will preach what is given them. at present we have two of that stamp and we fear not but we shall get more into the same plan—thus till I am ordain'd I'll preach by proxy. who knows what a blessing this may be to preacher and hearers?

for this reason excuse haste etc of this from

yr poor unworthy Br Rf Hill

dearest love to Br & Sr

Lady Huntin—n that faithful soul

Lady G - - y the [Ds] etc. etc.

P.S. I hope my dear Br will still seek out to purchase a living tis better to have two strings to ones bow.

IV

My very dear sister

Camb Tuesday eve

I thank you for yr letter I thought it long in coming—all things continue to give me the safest assurance of an entrance into the ministry by next May—my heart trembles at the thought of my admission into such an important office. I see in myself nothing but sin, ignorance, and blindness: utterly unqualified for so great an employ. if ever I s.d make an able minister of the new testament I see that I must be first wholly given up.—I see it requires much grace simply to follow the lamb wheresoever he goeth, to forget self, love of ease etc, to scorn contempt and every cross, and give all up to the Glory of God.—I fear much lest my treacherous heart s.d learn me to dissemble. I know that a faithless trimming minister cannot but be a curse instead of a blessing to the church of Christ—pray for me that Jesus's love may ever constrain me to be faithful unto death.

I am Glad to hear *the Head* is so much better—I see she has got a chapel at Hampsted—What zeal for God perpetually, 19 attends her! Had I twenty bodies I cd like to have of them to run abt for her. 'tho I have a most hearty love for her I cd be almost unkind enough to wish her one most dreadful ill. I cd almost wish she were immortal. for we have the greatest reason to fear when she is gone we shall not meet wth. such another. but the Lord Grant that *Lady Huntingdon may never die while Lady G — n — y lives!* The Lord be prais'd for the conversion of poor Miss Dicken. a letter receiv'd today from my Br confirms the acct. wch. sais she is violently persecuted and that my Lord is ready to go mad about it. O when shall

the happy day come that will give us to rejoice over the conversion of our dearest parents—

Tho my dear and kind Sr Tudway mention'd her not writing to me yet as I never write to her we are but even. the reason why I don't write to her is that you know *both you Sisters are of the same religion* one writing does as well as twenty.

I am much employ'd in preparing for the 13th this besides what is to be done in the *methodistical way* wch you know must be attended to, takes up the whole of my time. let this be the reason why you hear so hastily from

Yr poorest tho' affect. Br

Rd Hill

Love to Br & Sr Tudway
Love to all that love Xt.
do persuade Mr Venn to make
Camb: in his way to the North.

V

My dear Sister

I mean this as a note by the bye, that there may be nothing in the other but what may be shown if it be thought proper. however at times unbelief may overcome me, I am well persuaded that all is for the best. I trust I am contented to suffer any hardships for the cause of Xt if dear Lady G: is willing to accept me, and if my parents will give their consent glad sd. I be to serve her in the Gospel. food and raiment is all that I expect. I sd. then see what [] doors might open and how I sd. be receiv'd and sd. be able to determine abt receiving ordination in Scotland, being certain of this that it is in the power of no Br. to stop the work of the conversion of sinners, and as all arises simply from the power of him that is omnipotent no matter if unordain'd by man, I know that he has power to put honour independent of mans honour on whomsoever he pleases. persecution promotes popularity and destroys bigotry a thousand times more than does prunella and I am sure it has done so most abundantly in these parts. all here cry shame on my persecuters and love for my sufferings—

Has my dear dear Br forgotten what past Mr Groves tell him to call it not obstinacy but if he pleases a misguided conscience—let me however think otherwise.

My letter is wanted

R Hill

pray pray for right direction

The Flame of Baverstock

Chapter 1

TEMPESTUOUS Flame Baverstock stormed like a hurricane into the library of the Hall. Her five glorious feet of red hair trailed behind her. Anger smouldered in her passionate green eyes.

"Marry Sullivan Shulebred" she cried "Never!"

Her eccentric father, the twenty-third Earl, momentarily lifted his head out of the coal scuttle. Old blue eyes, as passionate as hers, crossed swords with her glances beneath frosty old eyebrows.

"You will do as I think good for the sake of the Baverstock name and fortune!" he roared.

"Tyrant!"

Her lovely shoulders shaking with sobs, the forest fire of Baverstock fled to her chamber.

Chapter 2

"Dang thee, gurt bull!" cursed Giles Clumperbun. It was one o'clock in the morning. A pallid moon peered out from behind thick clouds. It witnessed a scene of primordial strength and passion. Frustrated in his mad desire for the fair white body o' the young lady of the Hall, for she wot not of his love, though of a nature stormy enough e'en to match his, he was wrestling with his bull, Ditchcombe Warrior III, who, merely anxious to resume his bullish slumbers, wrestled but half-heartedly.

"I'll master thee, hear'st thou!" snarled Clumperbun. His huge muscles glistened in the moonlight. Great beads of sweat bedewed the ground. Presently the beast's vast head touched the bottom of the bull-pen. Ditchcombe Warrior III admitted defeat.

"Ah, would thou wert but Mistress Flame!" lusted the farming giant. Barely pausing to bestow a loving kiss on the animal's horns, he strode out into the night. A cloudburst thundered, and he soon got rather wet.

Chapter 3

Riding two stallions at once, as was her custom, Flame Baverstock was first, as ever, at the fences and the kill.

"What a filly, egad!" sighed Sir Joscelyn Ditch, the MFH, as he handed her the brush.

"And sayst thou, Miss Flame, when will be your wedding day?"

The lovely girl lashed his wrinkled old face with the brush.

"My odious papa sets it for this day fortnight!"

Sir Joscelyn passed a wrinkled old tongue over his chops.

"Fortunate Sullivan Shulebred!" he sighed inwardly.

But the Flame of Baverstock had thrown her lovely self into a nearby quagmire. To forget, while breasting the mud for a while, the fate ahead.

Chapter 4

"Weally, Amanda, why need I marry the wench?" inquired Sullivan Shulebred, as he toyed with a lipstick.

"Because, my love, your mother, who was exiled from all decent society on account of her mad, incestuous frolic all those years ago, ah me, now ardently burns to regain her reputation, and proposes to clamber back o'er the Baverstock back!" snapped his mother, Amanda D'Overtsbotty, who had but just buried her fifth husband.

"But I am sure that my friends, being the clientele of me, a vastly modish society photographer, who makes £100,000 a year, and is received everywhere, are much smarter than the mouldy old Baverstocks!" riposted little Sullivan.

"The Baverstocks are Blood" bayed Amanda furiously.

"And this girl—what a name—Frame!" sighed little Sullivan.

"FLAME!" chortled the woman. Really, what she had to endure!

But at least the Baverstocks were in her clutches. They were mortgaged to the hilt—and in debt too!

Chapter 5

"Here so be as Missy Flame do have dropped her first colt" quavered the retired coachman.

Giles Clumperbun strode through the night to the bull pen.

Ditchcombe Warrior III heard him coming in his sleep, and stirred unhappily.

With an impetuous motion of the hand, Flame Shulebred strangled her newborn infant and her husband in one fell grasp. Leaping through the first floor window she ran twenty miles without a pause. Then she stopped on the top of Brinkley Mountain. What it was to be free again!

A new day dawned on the last of the Baverstocks!

LETITIA HUNNYMAN.

Welcome to John's

Dear Fellow-member,

Welcome to St John's College, Cambridge. In case you do not meet either us or any of our colleagues during your stay here, to ask us about points on which you need guidance, we thought you might like a copy of the latest edition of our printed Notes. These are revised from time to time to bring them in step with developments in other fields. Though it is expected that members of the College will keep to them they are in no sense to be regarded as rules.

Hoping you enjoy your stay, we are

Yours,

G. C. L. B*^RTR*M

(Senior Tutor)

S. W. SYK*S

(President of the J.C.R.)

St John's College is a Community, founded in 1511. Like all ancient communities, it has a number of customs which have proved, over the years, to be necessary. The University also (another community, founded even earlier) has customs which the Colleges have to keep. The College is a large community, containing a Master, Fellows, Graduate and Undergraduate students, some of whom you will probably get to know. The Fellows are, as you may notice if you eat in Hall, representative of all the stages of life. They may include your Tutor, Director of Studies, and Supervisors, as well as those of other people. The College being a community, you may happen to meet on occasion other fellows than your Tutor, Director of Studies, and Supervisors.

Membership of the College

The accommodation of the College, both for sleeping and eating, is limited, and the Council (the College's policy-making body) have to plan in advance the likely demand for the facilities offered. Regrettably, therefore, they have had to restrict the full use of bedrooms, Hall, etc. to those who have applied for and obtained admission to membership of the College in the normal way. This applies to the facilities available to Senior members as well as Junior members.

Rooms

Though members of the College are encouraged to adapt their rooms to their personal tastes and preferences, experience has shown that major structural alterations, say in the arrangement of walls, doors, and windows, results in weakening of the fabric of the College, with consequent discomfort and even danger to everyone; besides giving difficulty to future occupants of the rooms who may have different preferences again. In the interest therefore of all members of the College, future as well as present, students are asked to consult the Dean before making any such alterations, and are in any case recommended to act only with the advice of a recognised architect or professional builder.

The Dean

The job of the Dean is to assist Junior Members in cases of practical disagreement as to what is in accordance with the College Statutes, and the best interests of all its members.

Academical Dress

A few people may still like to wear gowns on formal occasions, as was once the practice in the University generally. The majority, however, will probably choose the alternative of a printed card (obtainable from your Tutor) pinned to the lapel or pullover-front, and showing name, subject, year, and buttery number.

The Buttery, despite its name, also supplies other kinds of groceries, as well as tobacco, drink, and paperbacks. It is hoped to introduce slot machines and a self-service system.

Lady Guests may be invited to dine in Hall, except on two Fridays in every term, which will be announced.

A Nursing Sister is in attendance during Full Term to take charge of cases of all kinds involving the lady guests of members of the College.

Dancing in the rooms of Junior members of the College causes too much disturbance to others. Dancing in the rooms of Senior members is less disturbing, partly because there are fewer of them.

The Library

The College Library can only continue to make books available to members of the College if its stocks are not gradually depleted. Junior members are therefore requested to return all books they borrow from the Library, so that they may be used again by others. Senior Members (as at the University Library) are permitted to keep the books they borrow.

The College and the Law

A very few people have from time to time used their rooms in College as bases for drug-peddling, unlicensed betting-shops, warehouses for receiving stolen goods, etc. While the College itself tries to interfere as little as possible in the activities of Junior and Senior members alike, it is obvious that both should refrain from actions that may attract the attention of the Police, and so cause inconvenience or embarrassment to everyone concerned. Though the College Statutes do not specifically discourage such behaviour, the Law of the land is actually rather strict on the matter.

Toilet Facilities are available in First Court, Chapel Court, North Court, New Court, and throughout the Cripps Building. In the interests of hygiene, people who are on College premises at the time are asked to use them.

IAN WHITE.

The Burnaby Girl

A Fragment

THE coolness spread everywhere. Coming from the innermost leaves of the trees, it swept down onto the shadowed pavements, and moved firmly over the rolled lawns. Refreshed and glistening from its brush with the sprinklers, it slapped up against the white wooden boards of the houses, which were still hot from the midday sun. There it died. But inside it found life again, and emerged from nothing to reach each quiet wall, where once again it pushed against the prickly, agitating heat.

It took us sixty tired and dirty hours to reach this street. Montreal—Calgary by Greyhound is a fact which should stay on timetables; even coca-cola loses its sparkle on such a journey. But as Mr Wilkinson's car drew up to No. 3050 the bumpy world of the Greyhound was already far behind us. Kids suddenly appeared, determined to scatter some noise around. Pat Wilkinson heaved one of them up and deposited her on a panting black Labrador that had caught up with the rabble;

"This is my daughter, I got another one somewhere. Say hi to Len and Peter, Karen."

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
Put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Endlessly energetic children ran around everywhere, pushing, laughing and chanting at Peter, who was at a complete loss.

"Go play in the traffic," Patrick yelled, and humped our suitcases into the house, where it turned out that we had the whole of the basement to ourselves, kitchen, bathroom, bedroom and a few other rooms besides. It was cool everywhere. I lay on a bed while Peter fought a short battle with the shower; how safe one always felt in the depths of other people's houses. The inevitable changes of routine made the home comforts fresher, and the security of a home was lent the edge of novelty by the lack of associations in the furniture, the cutlery, the squeak of the doors. It was fun to make up case histories for everything; one saw none of the worry that lies between the bricks of every home. It was play without work.

Brushed and clean we went upstairs to the huge dinner; the aroma had already hurried us out of our tiredness. Mrs Wilkinson proudly rushed through with dish after dish, deftly avoiding their youngest, Campbell, who was swinging on a contraption in

the doorway and shying wildly at his mother's legs. He had a chest like a bulldog and the same sort of attitude towards life. Through the politeness that always attends these first meals with unknown hosts we tried to find out something about Patrick's work.

"Here we are", he said, flashing a card which read "Campbell-Mack supplies"; but what he supplied was lost, as his sharp twang dropped to a mumble.

"Money's getting tight" he muttered, but it was hard to believe. Then Mrs Wilkinson came to the rescue with something about oil rigs and wire cable, trucks and poker; and that was it.

"Dad had it real good, you know," Patrick said, crunching on a chicken bone. "And he always said that life wasn't a bowl of cherries." They both seemed to be younger than half of one of us.

"Stampede's on at the moment," Mrs Wilkinson told us. "Town goes real squirly—the cops are so busy they don't have time to blow their nose. You'll have to get out and see what goes on." She was about to elaborate when suddenly a horrified look stretched across her face. Danny, the black Labrador, had just slunk in the door, and clearly didn't want to be seen.

"Not another cat, Danny?" Oh no—Danny, whose, which one?" But Patrick in his delight shouted down his protesting wife;

"Played, Danny, boy, you rough 'em; go get 'em, Danny; you bring me back a Siamese"; and a huge laugh split the room.

In the same breath Patrick decided to take us down the river in a couple of days. He spent the next day chortling over the holes in his inflatable dinghy.

"Scotch tape, faith and spit," he said, as the hoover continued its unequal task. Finally he went away to get dressed for the great occasion, and came back shivering in a pair of grease-covered shorts.

"Right, team, grab a handle." And the great procession began with the self-appointed Livingstone at its head. Eventually we reached the river, and Peter flung the craft into the shallows. With a roar Patrick flung his lengthy hulk onto the broken rubber carcass; soon a tangled combination of limp rubber and flesh reappeared further downstream. Not in the least disturbed, Patrick triumphantly held aloft a mangled fishing float which he had unearthed as his nose bumped its way along the river bed.

"Hurry up and join the party before the captain drowns," he shouted. So we beat our way along the purgatorial five miles,

inexpressibly cold, yet unfailingly amused by this great cavorting clown.

It was good to be able to observe, to let other people make the effects. The humour and the enjoyment was falling into a set pattern; what was the point of upsetting it? We were guests in every sense of the word. The Wilkinsons governed our laughter as much as our food; the energy of the Stampede would be meted out to us in comfortable doses, as was the raucous excitement of the kids. We had our feather bed, and it seemed that nothing would tip us off it. I think I have a horizontal mind, a mind that seldom investigates ritual, decorum and manners. It just lies down and sleeps at most opportunities. It is all very well to seek objectivity and knowledge through observation, but the sacrifice is considerable. The damage accrues with the benefits, and there comes a time when one tires of regarding the party from the cold side of the window, and wishes that the sweat, the swift and agonizing stabs of perfume, the crashing noise, the tantalizing spider strokes of lace and taffeta were closer. It then seems a sin against life to lie down and regard the eddies of what might appear to be an alien race, for waste and lassitude then cap all the waves, and one is tempted to sink; one must swim, either calmly with the mad waves to the safety of the shore, or endlessly against them, on and on, until the darkness and hostility give way to brightness. If only one could balance the winds, wisdom would settle on the waves, and the water would be calm.

The din was enormous as a car pulled up outside. Females of all ages poured into the house, yattering to the furniture about how lovely the Rockies were, and how was everyone, and no, they weren't tired. There was little point in trying to contribute to the shrieking conversation, so I grabbed a suitcase and disappeared. I was followed downstairs by a dark-haired girl who seemed quiet and shy now that she had left the orchestra; her name was Susanne.

Upstairs Pete was looking terrified and puzzled, but "Burnaby broads" was all he got out of Patrick, whose smile was like an open piano. Slowly the story emerged; Betty-Jean had travelled through from Vancouver with Susanne's prolific family. At that point Patrick dropped his glass, and muttered. Susanne's balding father whipped round, and said;

"I got a female wife, two female cats, a female dog, three female daughters—and you think you got problems." Amidst the laughter and the drinks the chaos slowly began to sort itself out. So Betty-Jean was blonde.

"In deference to Susanne's mother," Patrick shouted from a corner, "I have been forced to fix up alternative accommodation

for you guys. You'll be sleeping over at the Mannings'." But I was talking to Susanne, and barely heard him. She was poised and alert, and expected rational answers, which shook me. It was almost as if there was a correct answer to her every question, and instead of sending her up sky high I concentrated fiercely to try to find the magic words. And through this tight, knotted conversation there rang the fresh voice of someone else; a Burnaby girl by the name of Betty-Jean. It was like the echo of a village bell, clear and resonant, but striking back across the air at irregular intervals.

So that night we took the two girls out. I wonder what they had said to each other while they were changing. In any case, having walked down 4th Street alongside Susanne, talking about all that mattered in the world, I was suddenly hand in hand with B.J., making a complete fool of myself, and talking to anyone within earshot about anything that didn't matter.

"Where's the main drag?" B.J. asked.

"Let's see if that onsticoble knows," I said.

"That what?"

"Cop," but she was onto it before I'd finished, and gave me that look which was to become so familiar; her half-turned face lit up with a small smile that stayed with her for the rest of the night. I thought of the girls I'd met to whom one had to repeat almost everything. What form the remark took was irrelevant; the second time over it was always inane or inept. They were so frightened they were being made a fool of. And inevitably the tones of the repeat performance became more sarky as the evening progressed.

"Excuse me, sir, can you say where the street dance is?"

"No street dance tonight, lady. Try tomorrow, corner of 8th and 3rd."

"Oh but officer, everyone said there was one now, and everybody's here, so why not?"

"Not tonight, lady. Sunday night? Nah."

Sunday night: open cars were shrieking round corners crammed with well oiled young men who were trying to cajole anything with a skirt to join their joyride; hands were jammed on horns, and steering wheels were left to straighten up themselves. Sunday night, the night before the stampede; in their Western outfits even weaklings became heroes, drawing their minds easily over the brief hundred years of their country's history. The Stampede; the very name beat out a rhythm of licence, carnival and uproar.

"Seeing as there isn't one, can we start one?" The officer had no answer, and left.

"What a neat guy."

I was still outside myself. It was ludicrous to be walking along benches, shouting at the unmet, laughing just for the sake of it. I was still subdued, and B.J. felt it. She rushed along even faster, bursting everything into a kaleidoscope. I began to feel like a dog in a pack, bursting through the thickets, warming to the scent, driven mad by the ascending howl. Suddenly we reached a football park. It was bobbing with a multitude, and somewhere on the precipitous grandstand there was music. We pushed our way through and danced. Even now we were adjusting to each other's rhythm, using the trivia of speech to fit into each other's pattern and way of thinking. The memory of that night is almost like a portentous dream, disordered, important, imperative; warm soup, hot hands, glances that bounced back into one's eyes wherever one looked. But when I put my arm round her, the furry, shapeless sweater crumpled into a young firmness.

"I want to make love, Len, but I won't. My principles are all muddled. Here I am, just waiting."

"Upbringing, principle, fear—it's made a bit of a mess of you, hasn't it. So you've decided not to do anything until you're married. What if someone comes along; the decision seems watery then, doesn't it? But they go away, and you realize that up to a certain indefinable time you just bang into people, and very few of them leave so much as a bruise." We walked on, away from the blare onto the quiet, cool streets. B.J. took off her shoes. The pavements were hard; we could not believe that such things still affected us, and she kept them off in defiance.

We discussed everything. We made up trite maxims for life, as if we were its sole legislators; "whenever your troubles seem to crash into enormity, just push yourself away up in the air, and see how small you are." But we felt bigger than the whole earth just then. In the squares of light we could have trampled on the steeples until they had fallen like grass, and crushed the houses with our heels until they crumpled with no more noise than beaten snow. Her face was young and very peaceful. But sometimes the wonder would break out; her thoughts struggled visibly within herself, and her eyes and lips would narrow slightly in the silence. Yet when I interrupted that half smile would come again, and a sigh of relief would ease the tension away.

There was a sudden squeal; B.J. had a splinter in her foot. I carried her for a few yards, off balance with laughter, lurching under her unexpected weight, and then collapsed onto the pavement in a pool of neon light. For some minutes the hard foot refused to give up the splinter, but when it was out we ran

on, and passed a fruit shop. Why it was open at that time of night, I do not know, but we went quietly in, almost fearing that we were trespassing on someone else's little piece of history. There was a wizened old Indian behind the counter. Time no longer stood still for him, but his many years could only smile at our bright joy. We ate the plums and peaches leaning over the Mission Bridge, and pretended that a bleary light upriver was the moon; it was easy to believe.

"This is the sort of thing you could never learn from books," B.J. said.

"What?"

"That plums and peaches taste better when you're leaning over the Mission Bridge."

At home we kissed for a long time. I saw the change of light through her eyes, felt the change of temperature through her body, and went to bed at dawn.

We had talked much, and even worried a little. But somehow the serious moments, in which we talked of all the inescapably normal things which tend to get shoved down one's throat as problems, were not in the least memorable. What mattered was that we spoke our thoughts, and reached agreement in every fibre of our being. It was the brief question of unselfish interest, the small flutter of hands, the telegram of a look, that remained, breaking down all irony, all cynicism, and recharging life with the sense of infinitely compressed beauty.

The next day belonged to the Stampede. The wild activities that had been boiling up for some time received official recognition at eight o'clock on Monday morning, and the Parade was on. It made gluttons of us all. At first one's eyes leapt around, unwilling to miss the smallest dash of colour; one soaked in the noise from the rocking holiday crowds and the garish bands. Streamers wound themselves round everyone, and stetsons were hurled irretrievably into the air. But as line after line went by, even the cameras became tired, and the films surfeited. But B.J. loved it all, and hardly looked away from the happy columns, which marched through the streets and into the distance as steadily as sand falls through an hour-glass.

From then on time had none of the circular sense that governs the year and the day. I suppose that the planets continued on their elliptical course, but time in Calgary became irregular to the point of despair, and thundered on with the noise of the Stampede until it was all of a sudden the hour of departure.

And so they left . . . I brought B.J. back on the last night quite exhausted. She asked for a glass of milk, muttered a few bright words of farewell, and then was asleep. The inert body on the sofa already seemed to have passed into another

world, beyond recovery. Its regular breathing betokened a return to an old routine, where discovery and excitement were not wanted. All the feeling was one way now; it no longer bounced back with renewed worth and meaning. It was worse to stand there than to go, so I broke across the shaft of light from the street light, and walked away to sleep.

I had a strange dream that night, terrible in its clarity. I was travelling on a Greyhound bus to Burnaby; the name was on the driver's back. Except for Peter's blonde head at the front, the bus was empty. Coolness spread everywhere. It swept out of the grills by the windows, and moved firmly up and down the centre of the bus. "Do not open the windows, do not open the windows," the driver kept on saying.

Suddenly I was in B.J.'s house. It was so small. The rooms were tiny, and the narrow connecting passageways pulled them together. I could not escape from the deep tired workman's calm of Mr Runcie, the man with dirty fingernails, nor from the cloying naiveness of his wife, who never stopped smiling. B.J. wasn't there.

I was walking through Stanley Park with Alison, who said she was B.J.'s sister. I took her hand. I kept looking at her, sideways, but she went on and on about Vancouver and Burnaby. Suddenly she turned her head and smiled, and I saw it wasn't B.J.

Then I saw myself. I felt myself up in the air over Simon Frazer University, but I could see my outward form down on the rough concrete quadrangles, running after a girl who kept on looking over her shoulder, opening her eyes wide, and giving a little half smile. She ran through an open door and dived into a swimming pool. I could see and feel my legs running up to the door, which slammed almost to, and the rough cast walls leaned over. Through the crack there seemed to be hundreds of people swimming and shouting. But up above I saw the girl running again. She stopped, and pointed. From above it looked like a desolate theatre, with a huge abstract mural on one wall. But I felt my breath getting shorter as I ran up to it. It was thronged with people, sitting crushed together, all watching the mural, which was galvanized into a moving pageant of live actors. The girl stood alone on the stage, which was lit by the blue glare of street lamps. Her back was turned, and she was eating a peach. Suddenly she turned her head, opened her eyes wide, and gave a little half smile.

When I woke I had breakfast at the Mannings, and went straight over to the Wilkinsons' house, which was very quiet. There was nobody there. My head was still muddled from the dream, and I expected B.J. to walk in at any moment. But in the sitting room there remained the unchanged relics of our

meeting; the blue carpet, the empty glass of milk, the eskimo prints. So the end had come. She had returned to mould time in her way, and I remained to complete the schedule of my trip. The rounded incident was clear and complete.

I returned to that room as evening set in. I looked out of the window; suddenly the pavements emptied, and the trees grew colourless. It seemed that in this room, the heart of the house, conversation would miss its mark and die unwanted in the corners. I felt half a person. The moon flitted across the sun, eclipsing it completely. It hesitated, and seemed to smile, glancing brightly back at the sombre earth. Then the planets swung on in their balanced way, and the earth looked to the sun again. But behind its shining face there was, according to the law, darkness, and there the moon cast its mocking gleam, as it span in the far distance of the unreachable.

MICHAEL MAVOR.

The Falkland Islands Today

“God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine . . .”

THESE are the first four lines of Rudyard Kipling's "Recession", the poem which he published in *The Times* in 1897 to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign. To-day, 70 years after these words were written, there is little, whether of palm or pine, that is left to us of our former Colonial Empire. One of the few Colonies that does still remain is the Falkland Islands; and it is probably the least known and in some ways the most remarkable of our possessions.

The Falkland Islands lie in the South Atlantic, some 7,000 miles distant from Britain, not far from Cape Horn, and only 300 miles from the nearest point in South America:—Patagonia, which forms part of the Argentine. Stanley, the capital, is on approximately the same latitude South as London is North of the Equator; but owing to the absence of the Gulf Stream and to its proximity to the cold Antarctic, the climate is by no means the same as that of southern England.

The colony has an area of roughly 4,500 square miles (rather more than 3,000,000 acres, comparable in size to Northern Ireland). It consists of two main islands, East and West Falkland, each some 60-70 miles long and 20-60 miles across, and heavily indented; together with a whole archipelago of about 200 smaller islands ranging in size from a few acres to 5,000 or 6,000 acres, some of which are very fertile and have a high carrying capacity in terms of the number of sheep per acre.

The total population of the Colony, men, women and children, is only a little over 2,000, virtually all of whom are of British stock. According to the latest (1962) Census, 1,733 of the people were born in the Falkland Islands and 338 in the United Kingdom. There is no native or indigenous population whatever, apart from the offspring of the earlier British settlers, who came in after we resumed settlement of the Islands in 1833.

Approximately half the people live in the Capital, Stanley, the only town—if indeed a place with not more than 1,000 inhabitants deserves to be described as such—while the other half are scattered thinly (one to every 4 square miles) in small farming settlements over the Camp, which is the name by which the country outside Stanley is usually known.

The Falkland Islands has a Governor, a Chief Secretary, and an Executive and Legislative Council, in fact all the external paraphernalia of a Crown Colony. Since there is a majority of unofficial members in both Councils, the Colony is virtually self-governing, subject to certain reserve powers of the Governor in his capacity as representative of the Crown: all for a total population of less than 2,100.

What then do the Falkland Islands do to earn a living—and in general it is a good living in terms of financial return? The answer to this is contained in the one word, wool. Apart from a small amount of skins and hides, the entire productive capacity of the Colony is geared to the production of wool, which is grown on some 600,000 sheep, and which brings in an annual return of about £1,000,000 when sold upon the British market, though a substantial hole is made in this sum when allowance is made for freight and other selling charges. It follows that the prosperity of the Colony depends greatly upon what is happening to the world price of wool. Falkland Islands' wool is of good quality and fetches on average a rather better price than most New Zealand crossbred wool. In terms of quantity the supply is small—a mere 2,000 tons a year, as compared with over one million tons from the main wool exporting countries. An attempt a few years ago to establish a freezing plant in East Falkland ended in failure, and there is no export of meat, the carcasses of most slaughtered sheep being left to rot on the Camp. The Islands import practically everything they need from the United Kingdom, to a total value of about £500,000 a year.

Virtually all the land is owned freehold by a very small number of companies and individuals, with one concern alone, the Falkland Islands Company, owning 6 farms which take up 46 per cent of the whole area under sheep. With the exception of the smaller islands, the farms are large, the biggest being 400,000 acres, while 12 out of the 32 farms are over 100,000 acres each; and a very extensive system of farming is practised, more of the nature of ranching than of the sheep farming to be found in many other parts of the world. Taking the Colony as a whole, there is an average of one sheep to a little less than five acres. In recent years however, some of the farmers have been experimenting successfully with more intensive methods, with a view to improving the quality of the pastures, which had been deteriorating owing to many years of uncontrolled grazing. In one important respect, the yield of wool per sheep, there has been substantial improvement due to better breeding, with the result that the same quantity of wool is produced by a smaller number of sheep.

Financially, the Colony stands, and always has stood, very much on its own feet. Over the years it has been able to balance its budget from its own resources, without needing, unlike so many other colonies, to be subsidized by the British taxpayer; although latterly it has received a small annual subvention from the Colonial Development and Welfare Fund for capital purposes, such as the replacement of two small sea planes, and a ship, for internal communications within the Islands. It has never borrowed money and there is no public debt.

Since the days of Dr Johnson, who can only have been speaking from hearsay, since he himself never visited the Falkland Islands, the climate has found many detractors. But it is not as bad as it is often painted. The prevalence of strong winds is undeniable, and when they come from the Antarctic South they are unpleasantly cold; but while the summers are not as warm as in England, the winters rather surprisingly are less severe. Rain is fairly frequent but usually light, and snow rarely lies for more than a day or two. Having recently spent five weeks in the Colony, making a survey of its economy, I can testify that there were more sunny than dull or wet days in that period (March-April, 1967) including two or three days of almost complete calm. When the sun shines, the sea sparkles and becomes a deep Mediterranean blue, and the coastal scenery, with its combination of sea and hills, especially in West Falkland, resembles some of the Scottish Highlands at their finest. The air is clear and invigorating; and all in all it is a very healthy place.

The standard of living is high, one indication of this is to be found in the fact that there are more motor vehicles per head of population than in any other country in the world, including the United States. About one third of the 930 motor vehicles are land-rovers, or jeeps and another third motor cycles—this despite the fact that with the exception of the township of Stanley there are no roads; and travelling over the Camp is very rough going, above all in winter when even the land-rover is liable to get bogged down; though what these cars can accomplish in traversing the peaty moors and the creeks and ditches in which the country abounds, has to be experienced to be believed.

The general impression left on a visitor, especially one who like myself has been able to spend an appreciable time on the Camp, is that of prosperity, judging by standards of housing, clothing, food, and the appearance of the children. Men and women alike are a sturdy, self-reliant and very versatile body of people, indeed these are qualities which in a measure are imposed upon them by the circumstances of their lives. A small community of only a little over 2,000 people cannot maintain much

in the way of specialised services: with the result that from the Governor downwards the Falkland Islands deserve the title of the "do-it-yourself Colony".

The Islanders have a strong feeling of loyalty and allegiance to Britain, which is "home" as much for those who were born and bred in the Islands, as it is for those who come out from the United Kingdom to work on short contracts and return when their contract is completed.

Like all other places the Falkland Islands has its problems which are not easy to resolve. Above all there is the isolation and remoteness from the mother country; there is no aeroplane service to the Colony, and owing to regrettable political difficulties with the Argentine, passengers to and from the United Kingdom have to use Montevideo in Uruguay as their port of call, which involves traversing the South Atlantic for 1,000 miles in a small steamer that sails twelve times a year in either direction. A whole month (and it may be more) is a long time to wait before an answer, even to an air mail letter, can be received. If it were possible to establish air communication, say with Punta Arenas in Southern Chile, which is only 500 miles distant from Stanley, this feeling of isolation, of being cut off from the outside world, would be very much reduced.

One disturbing feature is that in recent years there has been a continuous though still moderate flow of emigration, particularly to New Zealand, of Falkland Islanders who have come to realise that better educational and other facilities and opportunities, as well as many of the modern amenities of life not available in the Colony, are to be found elsewhere; and this does raise the question of the long term viability of the Colony in its present form. On the other hand, the numbers involved are still very small, and it would require only a slight increase in the existing level of immigration from the United Kingdom or other parts of the Commonwealth to redress the balance.

The Falkland Islanders, I repeat, are a prosperous community, based on a thriving industry; and life in the Colony has its own attractions which have a strong appeal to many of those who earn their living there.

C. W. GUILLEBAUD.

Book Review

Flannelled Fool by T. C. Worsley.

Books about the public school system have never been in short supply. *Flannelled Fool* is perhaps unique in bridging the gap between objective comment and subjective experience. Within the framework of detached analysis T. C. Worsley attempts to relate the circumstances of his own retarded mental and emotional growth to the peculiar conditions of a formative life spent at Marlborough, St John's College Cambridge, and finally in a teaching post at the anonymously titled "College". Other factors are dwelt upon, notably the influence of his father, an eccentric Welsh dean, but the emphasis falls squarely upon Worsley's experiences at the "College", which forms a paradigm for all arguments against the public school system.

Worsley exposes his own personality and motives to the harshest possible light in order to establish the truth. The "College" we must accept as no worse, and certainly no better than, other public schools of the Twenties. It is left to the reader to determine an objective balance. The opening sections of the book are a prelude to the central argument and concern the conspiracy of silence which prevented Worsley from discovering the implications of his 'false innocence', later to manifest itself as homosexuality. This tendency, together with his natural attributes as a sportsman, nurtured him in the self-protective net of a male society which measured merit in Spartan terms and enabled him to pass through a university career virtually untouched by the prevailing intellectual climate.

His installation as a junior master at the "College" brought him under the influence of Tallboys, a senior master of liberal leanings, who introduced Worsley to literature and ultimately to his real potentiality. He then began a massive programme of self education which imbued him with a radical zeal and brought him up against the bulwarks of the old order. The tale of his four years at the "College" is one of skirmishes fought out in an atmosphere of prejudice, malice, and fear—in effect a determination to maintain the status quo at all cost. The central figures appear almost as caricatures—Hoffman, the paranoid sadist and spokesman for the old order, Malin the headmaster, an epitome of diplomatic compromise. The central issues, too, are classic examples of progressive thought struggling under the Philistian yoke, such as Worsley's attempt to inaugurate a literary society, seen by the old order as the first stirrings of subversive activity, and the confiscation of *Sons and Lovers* from one of his pupils as a book likely to deprave and corrupt.

Yet *Flannelled Fool* remains more about Worsley than an attack on an institution. Painstakingly he examines his own conscience at all turns and finds himself wanting. He interprets much of his reforming zeal as the result of what he quaintly terms his own 'moral priggishness' which rushed him into situations where an objective approach might have brought a more useful solution. And then there is the disastrous effect of the 'fatal pattern', a trait which he claims to have inherited from his father and leads him to abandon his efforts at the "College" just when victory over the old order is in sight.

The three closing episodes of the book form an epilogue and relate Worsley's encounter with a juvenile homosexual, his stormy relationship with Kurt Haan, the founder of Gordonstoun, and his frustrating career

in the wartime R.A.F. These incidents neatly reflect the main facets of Worsley's personality—his homosexuality, moral priggishness, and temperamental distrust of authority and tradition. It matters little that many of the issues at stake are battles which have now been relegated to history; in fact many of them, and particularly those concerned with the public school system, are not as dead and buried as one might suppose. The disturbing impression left by *Flannelled Fool* is the crushing effect of a system on one man's development. Worsley's achievement, albeit a small one, is to emphasize the necessity of questioning the values of any given institution and tradition, and at the same time to relate these questions to a study of personal motives and temperament.

ROGER NOKES.

College Chronicle

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB

Captain: N. HOUGHTON. *Match Secretary:* J. L. FOYLE

Fixture Secretary: N. VINEY

The Club did not distinguish itself in the League Programme. By mid-term all three elevens were strong candidates for relegation from their respective divisions.

The 1st XI coupled an ability to create scoring chances with a frustrating disability when trying to convert the chances into goals. As a result the first three matches of the League Programme were lost. Fortunately the side staged a fine recovery and the next three matches yielded eleven goals and six points and although the last two matches of the term were lost narrowly, the spectre of relegation had been warded off. One League fixture remains to be played in the Lent Term.

The 2nd XI and 3rd XI were both hampered by injuries and a disturbing number of people who were not available. The 2nd XI took the pitch for their last league match knowing that a win or draw was required to keep them in Division II. A tense battle ensued but the College won through with three goals late in the match. Unfortunately the 3rd XI could not complete a hat-trick of escapes. Requiring to win the last match they managed only a draw and so were relegated.

The Club congratulates E. J. Read on being selected for the match v. Oxford, after playing regularly for the University throughout the term. We look forward with confidence to the Cuppers and Plate Competitions in the Lent Term.

J. L. F.

BADMINTON CLUB

Captain: N. J. KINGSTON

Secretary: P. H. BUXENDALE. *Fixture Secretary:* N. W. DAVIES

The Club consists of seventeen members, including only five freshmen, so we are no longer able to run a third team in the University Badminton League. The first team plays in Division One, and the second team has been promoted to the Third Division. Performances this season have been disappointing to date. The first team has won only one of its four matches, five members of last year's team having left or stopped playing.

The second team has not yet managed to win a match, and we fear they may shortly return to the Fourth Division. In addition we have had an enjoyable social match with Homerton Teachers' Training College.

N. J. K.

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB

President: THE MASTER. *Senior Treasurer:* COLONEL K. N. WYLIE

Captain: S. G. F. SPACKMAN. *Vice-Captain:* H. G. COSH

Secretary: R. C. R. BERTRAM

Junior Treasurer: N. J. SMITH

Secretary C.U.B.C.: M. E. K. GRAHAM

MICHAELMAS TERM 1966

The year started in a most encouraging manner with the return not only of six members of last year's very successful Henley crew, but also of seven members of the Second May Boat. It was decided that this should be a year of consolidation, rather than one of further innovations. It was decided that we should persevere with compact blades, but that the rig would be varied to suit the crew and the style.

Light Fours: The Henley Visitor's Four with S. D. Sharp in place of M. A. Sweeney was again coached by A. C. Twinn and W. S. Hutton, and soon established themselves as co-favourites to win the event, the other favourites being 1st & 3rd Trinity. In fact the only exciting race was against 1st & 3rd in the final when the winning margin was $1\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. This was the third successive year in which we have won this event.

<i>Crew:</i> Bow S. D. Sharp (Steers)	Beat: Fitzwilliam
2 D. F. Earl	St Catharine's
3 R. D. Yarrow	1st & 3rd Trinity
<i>Str.</i> M. E. K. Graham	

Clinker Fours: What should have been a very good crew turned out to be rather a disappointment. With two first May Colours aboard they were favourites from the start, but were easily beaten (by 10 seconds) in the first round by Corpus, who eventually dead-heated with 1st & 3rd in the final. The crew undoubtedly found the severe rig they were using too much to cope with in a heavy clinker four.

<i>Crew:</i> Bow A. J. S. White
2 S. G. F. Spackman
3 H. G. Cosh
<i>Str.</i> N. J. Smith
<i>Cox</i> P. J. Charlton

Fairbairn Cup: After a rather chaotic start the crew began to make good progress under the coaching of K. C. Holmes and Colonel Wylie. In fact with many of our most accomplished oarsmen in Trials the crew did very well indeed to finish second to Pembroke by 2 seconds: an improvement of one place over last year. The First Crew were awarded the "crock-pots". The Second Boat was coached by D. Hopkins of Selwyn, and A. J. S. White, and although not possessed of a great deal of individual talent rowed very well as a crew, and raced well to maintain their position as 21st on the river.

1st Boat	2nd Boat
Bow J. D. Rootham	Bow G. H. D. Darwall
2 R. C. R. Bertram	2 D. W. Stevenson
3 S. N. Bridge	3 M. W. Rich
4 M. J. Leach	4 I. M. Dalziel
5 A. F. Pryor	5 R. Gore
6 C. H. Collis	6 S. K. Whybrow
7 P. D. Simpson	7 P. J. Mayne
Str. N. J. Smith	Str. V. E. Ashby
Cox L. C. Ingram	Cox B. E. Cleghorn

3rd Boat	Medics Boat
Bow J. P. Fitch	Bow G. P. M. Clark
2 J. S. Titford	2 D. A. Curnock
3 R. N. Nunn	3 E. Krayem
4 C. M. Hood	4 T. J. Dennis
5 J. D. Millington	5 R. S. Holmes
6 A. C. Page	6 M. J. Hanwell
7 M. J. Williams	7 G. K. Knowles
Str. D. K. Lawrence	Str. I. S. Sanders
Cox R. Endsor	Cox S. J. Warrington

Purchas Boat	Novices' Boat
Bow R. S. Wilmott	Bow J. Q. Rahtz
2 P. A. Batchelor	2 M. W. Woodcock
3 D. N. Hancock	3 N. Spencer Chapman
4 A. G. Parker	4 R. P. T. Hills
5 J. B. Dick	5 G. B. D. McIntosh
6 J. M. Banfield	6 P. J. Henessy
7 D. Hart	7 A. C. Pine
Str. P. W. Denison-Edson	Str. B. J. Bence
Cox D. J. Walmsley	Cox J. W. T. Meakin

Clare Novices' Regatta: The Fairbairn Novices' crew were coached by W. H. Guest and entered for this event. They won the event (the second time the Club has won this event in the last four years) with a considerable amount of ease.

Trial Eights: There were no Trial Eights' Races as such this year, but the two Trial Boats had a series of dabbles against the Tideway Scullers. The Club was represented by M. E. K. Graham, R. D. Yarrow, D. F. Earl, and S. D. Sharp. A. J. S.

White and H. G. Cosh survived until the final axing, when it was too late for them to join the Fairbairn Crew.

Almond and Worlidge Pairs: A Club Regatta, rowed in tubs over a short course by the Boathouse, was organised for the end of term. After an hilarious afternoon's rowing (and drinking) the event was won by M. J. Leach and R. Gore.

LENT TERM 1967

After an excellent start under A. C. Twinn the crew failed to respond to the coaching of M. E. K. Graham, Dr Charles Sergel and L. V. Bevan. This may have been due to a somewhat complacent attitude throughout the Boat: we were Head of the River and we all failed to consider that we could and might be displaced. As a result we failed to make the best use of our time on the river, and suffered accordingly in the races. On the first night we had a good start and took a length off Pembroke by Grassy, but after that faded badly, and were bumped at 32 at the Railway Bridge. In view of the first night's performance it was decided that drastic measures were called for, and N. J. Smith was moved from Stroke to 4, and replaced by S. G. F. Spackman. On the second and third days we were rapidly bumped by Trinity and Queens' respectively. On the last night we fared slightly better, but only managed to hold off Fitzwilliam until Morley's Holt—one hundred yards from the finish.

The 2nd Boat met with little success, but the 3rd raced well, and were our most successful crew in the Lents.

1st Boat	2nd Boat
Bow P. J. Mayne	Bow J. D. Rootham
2 R. C. R. Bertram	2 R. J. Kennett
3 P. D. Simpson	3 R. Gore
4 N. J. Smith*	4 W. H. Guest
5 A. F. Pryor	5 S. N. Bridge
6 C. H. Collis	6 M. J. Leach
7 A. J. S. White	7 J. A. Davies
Str. S. G. F. Spackman*	Str. A. F. Wallis
Cox J. W. T. Meakin	Cox B. E. Cleghorn

3rd Boat	4th Boat
Bow M. W. Rich	Bow T. J. Dennis
2 I. S. Sanders	2 R. L. Toase
3 D. P. Sturge	3 J. D. Millington
4 V. E. Ashby	4 R. P. T. Hills
5 G. B. D. McIntosh	5 J. Q. Rahtz
6 S. K. Whybrow	6 M. W. Woodcock
7 G. H. D. Darwall	7 G. K. Knowles
Str. I. M. Dalziel	Str. B. J. Bence
Cox R. F. Park	Cox C. E. Dumas

Purchas Boat

Bow D. Hart
 2 J. S. Titford
 3 D. P. Rock
 4 P. A. Batchelor
 5 J. B. Dick
 6 P. W. Denison-Edson
 7 M. J. Williams
Str. J. M. Banfield
Cox D. J. Walmsley

Bedford Head of the River Race: Colonel Wylie took on a very spirited crew after the Lents and very quickly had them working harder, moving faster, and much happier. By the time they raced, they were hardly recognisable as the Lent crew, and did very creditably to finish 5th.

Reading Head of the River: Colonel Wylie continued to produce further improvement in the crew. As is now usual, the crew had an outing at Reading on Friday afternoon, before the race on Saturday. In the race, once again rowed in very fast conditions, they finished a rather disappointing 24th after an exciting race. The crews at both Bedford and Reading were the same as the Lent crew.

Boat Race: Oxford gained their third successive win. Cambridge started badly on the Middlesex station, and quickly lost the advantage of the first bend, but hung on gamely until Hammersmith, when Oxford had the advantage of the long Surrey bend, and drew away rapidly.

L.M.B.C. was represented in the Blue Boat by R. D. Yarrow and D. F. Earl.

Goldie beat Isis by $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths. L.M.B.C. was represented by S. D. Sharp.

EASTER TERM 1967

The decision of the C.U.B.C. President, L. M. Henderson, to keep the Blue Boat together for Henley deprived us of two of our most experienced oarsmen. Even so we were able to assemble a strong crew. Unfortunately the coaching was a little disorganised, because the coaches were not informed about the Boat's progress, and consequently did not appreciate what was most needed.

On the first night of the Races we rowed over without making any impression on 1st & 3rd, who started and remained Head. On the second, third and final nights we were bumped successively by Pembroke, Queens' and Fitzwilliam.

The Second May Boat was again the great success of the Mays, and the saving grace of the Club. Coached very ably by K. C. Holmes, Colonel Wylie and R. I. L. Howland, and driven

fanatically by R. C. R. Bertram at stroke they astounded everyone by starting very high on the River for a second boat and finishing three places higher. What a great pity they could not manage the fourth bump for their oars. Before the Mays the Second Boat won the Lysander Cup for Junior VIIIs at the Cambridge Regatta.

The Third May Boat were coached by T. J. Dennis and S. G. F. Spackman, went up one place, rowed over twice and succumbed to Churchill's First Boat (in the process of climbing from the depths) on the last night.

1st Boat

Bow P. J. Mayne
 2 N. J. Smith
 3 A. F. Pryor
 4 C. H. Collis
 5 H. G. Cosh
 6 S. D. Sharp
 7 A. J. S. White
Str. M. E. K. Graham
Cox J. D. Nichol

2nd Boat

Bow J. D. Rootham
 2 S. K. Whybrow
 3 R. Gore
 4 M. J. Leach
 5 P. D. Simpson
 6 A. F. Wallis
 7 J. A. Davies
Str. R. C. R. Bertram
Cox J. W. T. Meakin

3rd Boat

Bow G. B. D. McIntosh
 2 B. J. Bence
 3 K. Lewis
 4 D. P. Sturge
 5 S. N. Bridge
 6 W. H. Guest
 7 G. H. D. Darwall
Str. I. M. Dalziel
Cox B. E. Cleghorn

4th Boat (Purchas)

Bow D. Hart
 2 P. A. Batchelor
 3 D. N. Hancock
 4 R. L. Toase
 5 J. B. Dick
 6 P. W. Denison-Edson
 7 M. J. Williams
Str. J. M. Banfield
Cox D. J. Walmsley

Medics

Bow G. P. M. Clark
 2 R. J. Badcock
 3 C. A. J. Brightman
 4 I. C. Steen
 5 N. J. Spencer Chapman
 6 G. W. Hall
 7 J. D. Millington
Str. G. K. Knowles
Cox R. C. A. Ward

The Quacks

Bow V. L. Sharman
 2 D. A. Curnock
 3 R. J. R. Dunstan
 4 D. W. Stevenson
 5 P. Davey
 6 I. Hawarth
 7 G. W. Hatton-Ellis
Str. R. C. Redman
Cox D. K. Lawrence

B.A.s

Bow M. C. H. Wright
 2 R. M. K. Gray
 3 R. C. Spencer
 4 L. C. Ingram
 5 M. A. Carson
 6 J. T. Campen
 7 N. W. Macfadyen
Str. W. M. Stobbs
Cox J. O. Hiles

Force de Frappe

Bow D. G. Gregory-Smith
 2 T. S. Neudoerffer
 3 D. Jones
 4 L. T. Little
 5 J. B. Hutchison
 6 A. G. Cowen
 7 P. C. Wraight
Str. A. C. Pine
Cox D. R. de Lacey

<i>Al Mansour</i>		<i>Jim Baxter Memorial Boat</i>	
Bow A. Carter		Bow B. G. Cossey	
2 T. J. Dennis		2 J. L. Foyle	
3 P. J. Henessy		3 D. J. O'Meara	
4 J. Q. Rahtz		4 A. J. Gould	
5 G. W. A. Chadwick		5 M. J. Samuel	
6 N. J. Braithwaite		6 W. R. Coulton	
7 E. J. P. Browne		7 W. C. Blyth	
Str. E. Krayem		Str. D. Austen	
Cox S. A. Nokes		Cox I. S. Fleming	

Sink Unit

Bow N. J. Lerner
2 S. Davies
3 C. M. Hood
4 C. J. Nicholson
5 P. A. Droar
6 T. J. Lissauer
7 R. Wilson
Str. J. C. Downing
Cox G. M. Roberts

Marlow: After the Mays it was decided that H. G. Cosh and N. J. Smith should be dropped in favour of J. A. Davies and R. C. R. Bertram. However, it was felt that it was unfair to deprive the Second Boat of a chance of winning Junior Eights at Marlow, so the crew was not disbanded until after Marlow. This proved to be the right decision, for the Second Boat rowed magnificently, and only lost to St Catharine's 1st Boat after a dead heat in the final. A four, consisting of A. F. Pryor, S. D. Sharp, A. J. S. White and M. E. K. Graham entered the Town Fours event, but were beaten by Vesta, not surprisingly, as the Four was only together for two days before the Regatta, and were uncoached.

Henley: Dr Raymond Owen coached us once again, and in the 10 days before the Regatta started welded the Eight into a good crew, as well as coaching the Visitors and Wyfold Fours. We entered the Eight in the Thames Cup rather than the Ladies' Plate for two reasons: firstly, the Ladies' was open to foreign competition for the first time, and we felt that we might fare better in a different event, and secondly, after a disappointing year it was thought to be a good plan to get away from college competition if possible. We were unfortunate to draw such a fast crew as Molesey in the first round, and we lost to them by $1\frac{3}{4}$ lengths. Molesey were only defeated in the semi-final by the eventual winners, Cornell.

After easily despatching British Royal Naval College, Dartmouth in the eliminating round the Visitors Four were beaten by $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths by Trinity College, Dublin. The Wyfold Four,

although rather better than most L.M.B.C. Wyfold Fours, lost in the first round to King's College, Cambridge.

<i>Thames' Cup VIII</i>		<i>Visitors IV</i>	
Bow P. J. Mayne		Bow A. F. Pryor	
2 R. C. R. Bertram		2 S. D. Sharp (Steerer)	
3 A. F. Pryor		3 A. J. S. White	
4 C. H. Collis		Str. M. E. K. Graham	
5 J. A. Davies			
6 S. D. Sharp			
7 A. J. S. White			
Str. M. E. K. Graham			
Cox J. D. Nichol			
Average Weight—12.8			
Spare men: N. J. Smith			
M. J. Leach			

Wyfold Four

Bow P. J. Mayne (Steerer)
2 C. H. Collis
3 J. A. Davies
Str. R. C. R. Bertram

Once again it is the pleasant duty of the Captain to thank the Coaches for their time and trouble, the members of the College for their support, and particularly to thank Roger Silk, the boat man for his patient and thorough work throughout the year.

S. G. F. S.

THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The only meeting of the Easter Term was the Annual Dinner, a lavish extravaganza of "bene coctus ovis" and the occasion of some very disturbing classical debauchery. Dr G. S. Kirk (Trinity Hall) and Dr G. E. R. Lloyd (King's) were our guests from outside the college. After the meal and speeches, the Society adjourned to the Presidents' rooms for the customary beer session.

This term there have been four meetings. Dr David Frost delivered a very stimulating paper entitled "Antony and Cleopatra: Shakespeare as Historian". A packed audience gathered to hear Prof. Tanner on "Matrilineal Succession in Early Greece and Rome", his talk covering many primitive societies besides. Later in the term, Dr D. V. Crawford (Girton) spoke to us on land distribution in Egypt under the Ptolemies, as revealed from discoveries of papyri. Finally, at a joint meeting with Girton Classical Society, we read Plautus' play "The Rope", after fortifying ourselves with wine laid on for the purpose. The societies showed great versatility in their choice of accents for the parts, and we look forward with eager anticipation to a similar performance next year. Our thanks are due to Mr J. A. Crook for the use of his rooms.

D. R.

CRICKET CLUB 1967

President: J. G. W. DAVIES, O.B.E., M.A.*Captain:* D. C. K. JONES*Match Secretary:* D. BARNES*Fixture Secretary:* M. B. MAVOR**Results:**

Played 16. Won 4. Lost 6. Drawn 5. Abandoned 1.

At first sight, a disappointing season. This was indeed the general feeling in the side, due in part to our early exit from Cuppers (which we won last year) at the hands of an efficient if not very exciting St Catharine's side. Too many players turned in below-par performances, some on the few occasions on which they graced us with their presence. The pitches were not as true and hard as usual, and there was a noticeable lack of team spirit.

Enough, however, of the gloomier side. In fact a closer analysis of our results points to an irritating season. Three of our defeats were suffered in the last week of term, when we could not bowl out good sides on good wickets having set up large totals ourselves. The other three defeats were no disgrace, the 83 run deficit in the Old Johnnians' game being perhaps the worst. Of the five draws, four found us in decidedly the stronger position, while the fifth was nicely and finely balanced at the close of play. We also had two good wins over the Gentlemen of Suffolk (3 wkts.) and the Buccaneers (5 wkts.), two club sides who do not like to be beaten. The season was not thus as black as the results might paint.

Next summer promises better things, as we have the nucleus of a strong side. Several players are potential, if not actual Crusaders and above standard, notably A. K. Bruce Lockhart, who had an average of 66.85, ending the season with scores of 83, 110 n.o., 90 and 46. Generally our batting in 1967 was unfortunately brittle, due to a lack of application and concentration. Several players are, however, due to "come good" in 1968. The bowling this year lacked penetration, but at times the freshman opening attack looked decidedly useful. The spinners tended to be a shade wayward; sufficient comment to note that the first three in the averages were slow bowlers. Our fielding lacked the bite of a keen side, with the exception of F. E. Collyer, who, when not presiding behind the wicket, was outstanding at cover.

It leaves me only to thank David Jones and David Barnes for their efforts in 1967, and hope that 1968 will be once again our Cuppers year, with all the resultant success and enthusiasm it engenders.

*Officers for 1968**Captain:* A. C. C. BURTT-JONES*Match Secretary:* R. B. CULLEN*Fixture Secretary:* R. A. JACKSON

A. C. C. B.-J.

Leading Cricket Averages—Summer 1967*Batting. Qual. 3 completed innings*

Name	Innings	Not Out	Highest Score	Total Runs	Average
Bruce Lockhart, A. K. ...	9	2	110*	468	66.85
James, M. C. ...	3	0	47	91	30.34
Mavor, M. B. ...	12	4	54	230	28.75
Bosworth, R. ...	11	1	60*	264	26.40
Burt-Jones, A. C. C. ...	10	1	64*	211	23.45
Cullen, R. B. ...	6	2	28	86	21.50

Bowling. Qual. 40 overs bowled

Name	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wkts.	Average
Burt-Jones, A. C. C. ...	67	6	264	19	13.89
Baron, F. S. ...	105	16	370	18	20.55
Bruce Lockhart, A. K. ...	71	6	289	14	20.64
Viney, N. M. ...	101.5	22	360	16	22.50
Barker, R. E. ...	49	7	178	7	25.43
Jackson, R. A. ...	116	18	381	14	27.22

CRUISING CLUB

Captain: C. J. NICHOLSON

The Cruising Club is now in its second season at Graffham Water, and the initial difficulties have now been overcome to permit full utilisation of the excellent facilities. A Firefly dinghy was acquired by the College for the Easter Term, and has given good service to members. During October and November there was regular racing and tuition two or three times each week, with more informal sailing at weekends.

Cuppers was sailed in May, and the team consisted of Peter Reid, John Hakes, Neil Lerner, David Lowe, Chris Nicholson and Peter Shepherd. The team beat Downing and Trinity Hall, but were defeated by Caius, the eventual winners.

J. C. H.

HARE AND HOUNDS

Captain: E. DAVID*Secretary:* P. L. GRAINGER

Last year was rather undistinguished for the Club, teams of six scoring members having to be chosen of necessity from only five regular runners. We managed to avoid relegation from League

Division One, but our low position means that all our races this year are against 3 instead of 2 other colleges. In each of the three road relays—the St Edmund Hall, Selwyn and Hyde Park—we came about halfway down the final list.

This year, up to the time of writing, we have been considerably more successful, having nine regular runners headed by the excellent Robert Hirst and Phil Thomas, both freshmen. We have scored maximum points in both league matches so far and are top of League Division One. This won't last of course, since nobody is likely to beat Clare this year, but with luck we may beat Queens' and finish second in the league. In Cuppers we *did* come second, exceeding our greatest expectations and beating Queens'. Only Clare, with their permanent fixture Tony Ashton, managed to beat us, and even then by only 9 points out of 127. Next year, provided at least one or perhaps two good freshmen turn up, I think John's should be able to beat allcomers.

At the time of writing most of the members are running against Oxford for the University, and I must mention the bad luck of Robert Hirst, who has just failed to be chosen for the 1st Varsity Team and get a blue in his first year.

I hope the next set of Club Notes bears out the promise of this year's freshmen.

P. L. G.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This term's activities have been concerned with being as unorthodox and as unacademic as is possible within the confines of a College Society. Sweet history, however, was still the thread throughout. The one meeting this term—"Songs of Slaughter"—was intent not so much on singing or reciting revolutionary, reactionary, slaughterous, violent, uncharitable and good songs, poems, tirades, invective and pious platitudes of men of good will everywhere, as on producing the fervour that lay behind such odd excursions into music and historical literature. It was indeed, a veritable essay into empirical historical analysis. Some measure of success was in evidence after the meeting had ended. Rubicund faces and bulging revolutionary eyes predominated. This was historical accuracy, ethos, ambrance, etc. . . (for more of this sentence see J. Hackenbacker "Historical Technical Phrases" (2nd ed.) Berlin, 1932, 30s.).

Such, however, is the tenor of these troublous times, that we assume the air of the conditional. Next meeting? God willing—God knows. A delineation of O.A.S. tactics? A

deep South trial re-enacted? Murder of minority groups? Whatever the subject may the seminal tenets of enlightened hedonism prevail !!!

C. P. B.

HOCKEY CLUB

Captain: M. C. JAMES

Match Secretary: P. MUNN. *Fixtures Secretary:* J. DOWNING

The Hockey Club has had a successful season against college teams this term, but its performance against club teams has been poor. The 1st and 2nd XI's have won 5, lost 3, drawn 0, and won 4, lost 3, drawn 4 respectively against college teams, and won 1, lost 5, drawn 0 and won 0, lost 3, drawn 0 against clubs. Some talented freshmen have come up, including J. O'Keeffe, who is playing for the University, and T. Hill, who plays for the Wanderers. However there is a lack of enthusiasm in the Club which resulted in the cancelling of the 2nd XI away fixtures against Cranwell and Southgate.

In the 1st Round of 1st XI Cuppers we had a disappointing 1-0 win over Clare in which, in spite of enormous territorial advantage, the forwards lacked cohesion and were only able to score once. The end came early in the 2nd Round when we lost 7-0 to a strong St Catharine's side which contained four of the University forward line. St Catharine's went on to win the tournament. The 2nd XI reached the semi-final of Cuppers. We were given a walk over in the 1st Round after drawing 1-1 with Christ's 2nd XI. In the 2nd Round we drew 0-0 with Jesus 2nd XI after extra time, and in the replay just won 2-1 in extra time after a hard fought game. In the semi-final we lost 4-1 against St Catharine's 2nd XI after another good game.

The 1st XI hope to finish in the top half of Division I next term when most of the league games are played. The 2nd XI hope to be promoted to Division II.

P. M.

THE LAW SOCIETY

President: M. J. LONG

Secretary: P. J. MOSSOP. *Junior Treasurer:* P. W. TAYLOR

The Michaelmas Term, 1967, saw a promising start to the Society's year, in spite of one potential disaster. This occurred when, the Recorder of Cambridge having agreed to brief the Society on the cases to be heard on the second day of Quarter Sessions, the criminal fraternity of Cambridge turned against us, pleaded guilty in every case, and brought it about that, for

the first time in living memory, the Quarter Sessions were concluded in one day. However, with the pragmatism that distinguishes the lawyers of this world, Mr Griffiths (the Recorder) used this state of affairs to give the Society a most practical exercise in the art of sentencing.

The term also saw a talk by Mr L. Bonsall on the functioning of a large firm of London solicitors, and the prospects of articles therein; an informal Sherry Evening; and, finally, a Moot in Tort, arranged by M. J. Nestor. This Moot, in which Messrs Gill and Mossop appeared for the Appellants, and Messrs Houghton and Downing for the Respondents, was heard by a strong Court of Appeal, comprising Mr Hugh Griffiths, Mr Kenneth Scott and Mr Anthony Harris. In spite of a vigorous dissenting judgment by Scott, M. R., tutors will be delighted to hear that it was held that a tutor cannot be held liable for negligent misstatements given to his pupils, at least as regards matters extraneous to his normal duties. They should, however, be warned that what the Master of the Rolls said yesterday, the world says tomorrow; in which case tutors whose pupils are likely to compose Britain's next Ryder Cup-winning team are recommended to commence evening classes on the maintenance of pre-war Austin 7's at the earliest possible opportunity.

M. J. L.

LAWN TENNIS CLUB

President: DR G. E. DANIEL*Captain:* G. BROAD. *Secretary:* P. R. THORNTON

After last year's promotion to the 2nd Division of the league the 1st VI had hopes of finally retaining 1st Division status. But this was not to be, defeat by Christ's and marginally by Fitzwilliam lost us that privilege by one place.

The team contained no individual stars but was uniformly strong with a powerful, experienced and almost unbeaten 1st pair in Berkshire and Kenyon, and our league victories against Emmanuel, Corpus, Pembroke and St Catharine's were certainly convincing.

A number of traditional weekend "friendlies" were washed out by rain this year, but we were glad to warm up at the beginning of the season against Delreja's VI, and the Bar Council match ended in a spirited draw. Our only mixed event took place in May Week with the University Women's Team.

Cuppers saw us enter the 2nd Round via Sidney Sussex but Clare with some good University players were too strong for us.

We look forward to new blood in the 1st VI, the possibility of league promotion and, above all, good weather.

The 1st VI consisted of Frank Berkshire, Graham Broad, Paul Kenyon, Franz Stork, Peter Thornton and Peter Webb.

P. R. T.

MODERN LANGUAGES SOCIETY

After a term of lying fallow, owing to exams, the Modern Languages Society has sprung to life again this term with an informal talk given by Mr van Delden of Henieken's Breweries Ltd. on aspects of life in Holland. Mr Delden's kindness in bringing along a whole caseful of booklets, pamphlets, leaflets and maps was well rewarded in the size of the audience which attended, and his impeccable English was a lesson in itself for all aspiring modern linguists!

M. J. C.

MUSICAL SOCIETY

President and Musical Director: MR GUEST*Senior Treasurer:* PROF. BARRÈRE*Secretary:* J. S. EADES

During the last two terms, the Society has tended to concentrate on smaller-scale works, though more ambitious plans are afoot for the Lent Term, including a concert in the Chapel. In the May Concert, Mr Guest directed a performance of Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll" in the version for thirteen instruments, as well as part songs by Delius and Bartok, performed by the Chapel Choir. The Concert opened with Malcolm Arnold's Quintet for brass, and closed with a lively performance of Spohr's Nonet.

In December, the Annual Senior Combination Room Concert comprised fine performances of Dvorak's "Dumky" Trio (by the De Freville Trio) and of a Loeillet trio-sonata (by Messrs Harrison, Woolf, Stobie and Cleobury). Three Schubert part songs were smoothly sung by a group of Choral Students conducted by Stephen Cleobury and accompanied by David Parry, who was also the athletic pianist in Poulenc's Sextuor, a difficult work full of interesting sonorities in the wind parts, scored and otherwise.

Smoking Concerts have included the usual wide range of works, from horn trios by a teacher of Berlioz to Beethoven's Sonata Op. 110 and songs by Gershwin and Bernstein. The College Orchestra still survives under the baton of David Parry, while the College Chorus this year is conducted by Stephen Cleobury.

Junior Committee Members elected and co-opted:—
 P. A. KNAPP (*Junior Treasurer*), D. H. PARRY (*Librarian*), J. S.
 EADES (*Hon. Sec.*), S. J. CLEOBURY, J. O. LINTON.

RUGBY UNION FOOTBALL CLUB

Michaelmas Term, 1967

President: MR K. SCOTT

Captain: M. B. MAVOR

Hon. Match Secretary: F. E. COLLYER

Hon. Fixture Secretary: I. G. C. DURIE

To begin on a high note, we must congratulate Derrick Lyon, Nick Martin, and Stuart Onyett on playing for the University against Oxford, and also Mike Mavor who enjoyed a highly successful term, mainly with the University side. We look forward to their return for Cuppers.

As for the College side in the League programme this term, there is less room for congratulation. A basic lack of punch and experience, and, in the early stages, an absence of team spirit, led, eventually, to the side having to "come good" in the last game of the term to avoid relegation. In this match, against Pembroke, we started poorly and were soon six points down. Then both skill and spirit merged to produce a tremendous fight-back which swept us to a 14-6 win. To find some consolation, and perhaps to point a reason for bad results, in a largely disappointing term, we must notice the unusually high number of freshmen we were forced to blood in the first fifteen. Yet, this is only to blame lack of experience, not lack of skill or endeavour, while the fact that the senior members rarely struck top form cannot be overlooked when excuses are being sought. It is enough to point out, when arguing the ill-reflection of the results as compared with the merits of the side, that the two top teams in the league were held to within five points by the College side.

The fact that the side did achieve an easily discernible team spirit in the latter part of the term was due, it was said, to the fact that a larger percentage appeared for a drink in the buttery—a moral for the future, perhaps?

Churchill hooked well, Wheatly and Owen battled incessantly, Parker, Dempsey and Durie—and occasionally Fitzpatrick—did a great deal of work in the back row, while Cook added some much needed punch. Collyer's kicking improved as the term wore on but he gave only rare glimpses of early season promise.

The second fifteen suffered from a paucity of members in the College willing and able to play rugby. We must thank Dick Cullen for his efforts in picking up the pieces of a team that was only a team in the paper sense of the word, and all those who responded to a last minute call to play. Our thanks, too, to Mike Polack for his assiduous handling of the Cygnets.

SWIMMING CLUB

Captain: R. MITCHELL

Secretary: G. P. M. CLARK

After a lapse of several years St John's entered a Water Polo Team in the Winter League last year. Despite hard-fought matches, we were only able to win one. This year has shown a change in fortunes, and we are now in a very useful position for winning the division with one match to go. We began with a 2-2 draw against a strong Magdalene team. Noteworthy in this match was the swimming with the ball of Nick Spencer Chapman, from his position of back. The score against Fitzwilliam was 7-0, and was significant in that it was the first match played with forward Tony Cowan, a metallurgist research student. He introduced himself with a goal from the half-way-line. Nevertheless, the match was not as one-sided as the score would suggest, and the opponents were shut out by some able goalkeeping from Nick Goodwood in both deep and shallow ends. Sidney Sussex were beaten 4-1, all the goals being scored by Tony Cowan, who had a very fine game. Sidney's danger man was successfully controlled by Colin Hedges and George Clark in alternate quarters. The fourth match against Fitzwilliam was won 4-2. In the absence of Tony Cowan, Pete Shepherd spearheaded the attack in this rougher match. We have high hopes of winning the last match, and with it, our division.

Last Summer Term, St John's competed for the second time in the Intercollegiate Gala. Entering a swimmer for every event, we did well to come 9th, about half-way down, and only one point behind two teams at seventh equal. Next term we have the Water Polo and Relay Cuppers and hope very much for an influx of freshmen to give greater depth in years.

R. M.

TABLE TENNIS CLUB

Captain: G. I. WALTERS

Secretary: N. J. KINGSTON. *Fixture Secretary:* G. DEAN

The College Table Tennis Club has re-formed this year after an interlude of one season. The attendance at the two pre-match

practices was so encouraging that it was decided to enter five teams in the College League. Fortunately this early enthusiasm has been maintained, and the results so far have been very good. The First Team have only lost one match—a narrow 5-4 defeat at the hands of Sidney Sussex. The Second Team are undefeated to date, with a number of decisive victories to their credit. The Third and Fourth teams each occupy a high position in their respective divisions, and consistently return good results. The Fifth Team, after a promising start, has not shown its best form recently, but perhaps they will enjoy better luck during the second half of the season.

The Club holds an official practice in the games pavilion every Sunday afternoon, but members can use club facilities on any evening when there is no home match. Next term the Club will hold a singles and doubles tournament when the league programme has been completed. This is by way of an experiment and it is hoped as many people as possible will enter to ensure its success.

N. J. K.

A MEMO TO OLD JOHNIANS

The College May Ball will be held on the evening of Tuesday, June 11th, 1968. (Dancing 10 p.m.—6 a.m.)

Applications from Old Johnians will receive equal preference with those from resident members of College over other applications until April 1st, by which time most of our 900 double tickets will have been sold.

Further information and application forms will be available from early February and may be obtained from the May Ball Tickets Secretary,

*M. J. Williams, Esq.,
7, Madingley Road,
Cambridge.*

College Notes

Erratum

By an oversight, the obituary of J. S. Bezzant in the last issue of *The Eagle* was unattributed. The author was Keith Sutton.

Birthdays Honours, 1967

C.B.E. W. A. DARLINGTON (B.A. 1912), dramatic critic, *Daily Telegraph*.

J. J. FOGGON (Matric. 1941), Lieutenant Commander, Royal Navy, has been appointed M.B.E. (Military Division) for distinguished services in Malaysian operations.

University of Cambridge Appointments

B. H. FARMER, Fellow, to be Reader in South Asian Geography.
G. L. WILLIAMS, formerly Fellow, to be Rouse Ball Professor of English Law, from 1 October 1968.

G. A. REID, Fellow, to be a University Lecturer in Mathematics.

G. W. OSBALDISTON to be University Lecturer in Veterinary Clinical studies.

J. C. GITTINS to be Senior Assistant in Research in Engineering.

J. STEWART to be University Demonstrator in Genetics.

N. F. FULLER to be Assistant in Research in Economics.

E. BRAUN to be Lecturer in Russian.

D. WINSOR to be Assistant Secretary and Assistant Manager of the American branch of the Cambridge University Press.

Fellowships

Mr J. C. BRAMBLE (B.A. 1965) has been elected a Fellow of Peterhouse.

Mr HROTHGAR J. HABAKKUK (B.A. 1936), Chichele Professor of Economic History in the University of Oxford, and Fellow of All Souls', has been elected Principal of Jesus College, Oxford.

Appointments

Mr R. H. ORTON (B.A. 1964), Mus.B., has been appointed Lecturer in Music in the University of York.

Mr D. LOCKWOOD (M.A. 1960), Fellow, University Lecturer in Economics, has been appointed Professor of Sociology in the University of Essex.

Mr B. W. HARVEY (B.A. 1957) has been appointed Lecturer in Law in the University of Belfast.

Mr R. T. ANSTEY (B.A. 1950) has been appointed Professor of History in the University of Kent.

Mr A. C. DUNHAM (B.A. 1959) has been appointed Lecturer in Geology in the University of Manchester.

Dr B. A. CROSS (B.A. 1949) has been appointed Professor of Anatomy in the University of Bristol.

Scholastic Appointments

Mr A. J. MALTBY (B.A. 1950), a housemaster at Pocklington School, has been appointed headmaster of Trent College, Nottingham, from August 1968.

Mr EDWARD STAMP (B.A. 1950), Professor of Accountancy in Victoria University, Wellington, New Zealand, to be Professor of Accounting and Business in the University of Edinburgh.

Non-academic appointments

Mr J. ST J. ROTHAM (B.A. 1932) will resign his appointment as an Assistant to the Governors of the Bank of England at the end of July 1967 to become a Director of Lazard Brothers and Company.

Mr G. K. GREENWOOD (B.A. 1949), assistant Education Officer in Dorset, has been appointed Director of Education, Westmorland.

Mr M. E. RICHARDSON (B.A. 1963) has been appointed Mid-Derbyshire Area Principal for Adult Education.

Mr Z. A. SILBERTSON (B.A. 1943, from Jesus College), Fellow, University Lecturer in Economics, has been appointed a part-time member of the British Steel Corporation.

Mr K. R. THOMSON (B.A. 1947) has been appointed Chairman of Times Newspapers Ltd.

Cambridge Awards

Adams Prize: ROGER PENROSE (Ph.D. 1957), formerly Fellow. Sir Albert Howard Travel Exhibition: J. M. BAYLISS SMITH (B.A. 1967).

Brancusi Travel Fund Grant: B. R. A. WATERS (B.A. 1966).

Burney Studentship: P. A. LYNN (B.A. 1964).

Rapson Fund Grant: L. S. COUSINS (B.A. 1965).

Anthony Wilkin Studentship: J. K. HART (B.A. 1964).

Rebecca Flower Squire grant: J. CARR (B.A. 1965).
Joseph Hodges Choate Memorial Fellowship, at Harvard:
S. G. F. SPACKMAN (B.A. 1966).

Awards

Mr M. R. HODGES (B.A. 1966) has been awarded a Thouron Scholarship to the University of Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

Dr FREDERICK SANGER (B.A. 1939), Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, has been elected to the American National Academy of Sciences.

Professor H. A. HARRIS, Fellow, Emeritus Professor of Anatomy, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.

A Royal Society Medal has been awarded to Sir JOSEPH B. HUTCHINSON, Fellow, Drapers Professor of Agriculture.

Church Appointments

The Rev. PAUL FISK (B.A. 1960), curate of St Nicholas, Wrentham, Suffolk, to be rector of Copdock with Washbrook and Belstead, Suffolk.

The Very Rev. G. E. MARTINEAU (B.A. 1926) has resigned the office of Dean of Edinburgh, will but continue as rector of St Columba by the Castle, Edinburgh.

The Rev. J. D. CHALLIS (B.A. 1938), vicar of Holy Trinity, Chesterfield to be vicar of St Philip, Penn Fields, Staffordshire.

The Rev. J. NOURSE (B.A. 1943), Minor Canon of St George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, to be vicar of Amesbury, Wiltshire, and officiating chaplain to the Royal Air Force, Boscombe Down.

Marriages

The Rev. DOUGLAS WALTER HAND (B.A. 1959) to Hazel Hand, daughter of E. F. Hand, of Bridgnorth, Shropshire—on 22 April 1967, at St Leonard's Church, Bridgnorth.

JAMES ALFRED JOHN CUTTS (B.A. 1965) to Karem Lemos, graduate in music of Berkeley University—on 22 April 1967, in South Hollywood Presbyterian Church, Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.

MICHAEL LEO HAYGARTH DOYLE (B.A. 1963) to Barbara Sillence, daughter of F. Sillence, of Royston—on 25 March 1967, at Royston Congregational Church.

ROBERT GORDON STANBURY (B.A. 1965) to Meredith Brook Hampshire, daughter of Wing Commander J. B. Hampshire, of Canberra, Australia—on 13 May 1967, at St Peter's, Vere Street, London.

JOHN COLLIER (B.A. 1965) to Gillian Mary Perrott, daughter of Reginald Perrott, of Danbury, Essex—on 20 May 1967, at Danbury Parish Church.

ANDREW JOHN HONEYBONE (B.A. 1965) to Patricia Rowena Bray, daughter of the late J. W. Bray, a student nurse at Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge—on 1 July 1967, at St Paul's Church, Cambridge.

ANTHONY JOHN RAYNER (B.A. 1965) to Patricia Kester, daughter of J. L. Kester, of Great Shelford—on 1 July 1967, at Trumpington Church.

ALAN NEVILLE SPINNEY (B.A. 1954) to Elizabeth Todd, daughter of Oliver Stuart Todd—on 1 July 1967, at St John's Church, Bury, Sussex.

ROGER CECIL BAKER, Fellow, to Elizabeth Mary Seymour Brown, daughter of F. S. Brown, of Bexleyheath.

JAMES EDWARD HASLAM-JONES (B.A. 1966) to Judith Ann Valentine Wall, daughter of W. D. Wall, of Duxford—on 12 August 1967, at Friends' Meeting House, Cambridge.

ADRIAN HERBERT LEE PADFIELD (B.A. 1963) to Daphne Elizabeth Doel, daughter of William H. Doel, of Panama—on 19 August 1967, at St Luke's, Bournemouth.

BARRY CHARLES DEREK BROWN (B.A. 1967) to Jennifer Mary Wild—on 5 August 1967, at St Giles, Ashstead, Surrey.

ROBIN CHARLES EVERARD DEVENISH (B.A. 1964) to Maureen Lesley Cox—on 6 September 1967, at St Elizabeth's Church, Richmond.

JOHN WYN OWEN (B.A. 1964) to Elizabeth Ann Macfarlane, daughter of W. Macfarlane, of Bangor—on 1 April 1967, at Princes Road Presbyterian Church, Bangor.

SIMON ANTONY BISSET PEARCE (B.A. 1965) to Jill Powell, daughter of W. C. Powell, of Longstowe—on 7 October 1967, at St Mary the Virgin, Longstowe.

DAVID COLIN KIRBY JONES (B.A. 1964) to Constance Ellen Hazell—on 11 August 1967, at Trinity Methodist Church, Wolverhampton.

Deaths

HARRY RICHARD RAGG (B.A. 1911), Bishop of Calgary, Alberta Canada, from 1943 to 1951, died 15 August 1967, aged 78.

CHARLES MURRAY MURRAY-AYNSLEY (B.A. 1919), Knight Bachelor, formerly Chief Justice of Singapore, died 31 August 1967, aged 73.

REGINALD OWEN STREET, formerly Fellow (B.A. 1911), Professor Emeritus of Mathematics in the Royal Technical College, Glasgow, died at Sheffield 24 August 1967, aged 77.

ERIC JOHN BAXTER WILLEY (Ph.D. 1926), a scientist of wide interests, died at Penzance 7 August 1967, aged 66.

WILLIAM EDWARD BOYES (B.A. 1934), a Barnet solicitor, died in hospital 16 August 1967, aged 54.

JEREMY FRANCIS CLARKE (B.A. 1966) died 3 September 1967 at Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford, after a road accident, aged 22. His father, grand-father, great grand-father, and great great grand-father have all been members of the College.

Sir JOHN COCKCROFT (B.A. 1924), Honorary Fellow, Master of Churchill College, died suddenly 18 September 1967, aged 70.

HENRY THOMAS HERBERT PIAGGIO (B.A. 1906), Professor Emeritus of Mathematics in the University of Nottingham, died at Nottingham 25 June 1967, aged 83.

OSWALD FRANCIS DIVER (B.A. 1897), actuary, died 24 June 1967, aged 91.

EDWARD CRADDOCK RATCLIFF (B.A. 1920), Fellow, Regius Professor of Divinity, Emeritus, died in his College rooms 30 June 1967, aged 70.

ALFRED MOSS WALMSLET (B.A. 1906), Canon Emeritus of Colombo, died at Cheltenham 3 July 1967, aged 86.

ROBERT STOWELL PHILLIPS (B.A. 1923), clerk in Holy Orders, died 18 July 1967, aged 74.

PHILIP HENRY NORRIS NUGENT VYVYAN (Matric. 1900), O.B.E., M.C., Lieutenant-Colonel, Royal Army Service Corps, died in hospital 16 July 1967, aged 85.

ERIC FINNIS JOHNSON (B.A. 1921), formerly Port Commissioner at Calcutta and Port Engineer, Vizagapatam, Madras, died in hospital at Midhurst 20 July 1967, aged 71.

HERBERT WHEWELL (B.A. 1909), Canon Emeritus of Manchester Cathedral, formerly rector of Ashton under Lyme, died at Evington, Leicester 9 July 1967, aged 79.

GEORGE WILLIAM SILK (B.A. 1920), rector of Nigel, Transvaal, South Africa from 1958 to 1962, died at Benoni, Transvaal 12 January 1966, aged 70.

NORWOOD RUSSELL HANSON (Ph.D. 1956), formerly Fellow and University Lecturer in the Philosophy of Science, Professor of Philosophy, Yale, was killed in an accident while flying his aeroplane, April 1967, aged 44.

MAURICE JOHN HARKER (B.A. 1923), medical practitioner, died at his home, Ynysias, Borth, Cardiganshire, 13 May 1967, aged 68.

HARRY NORMAN GREEN (M.A. 1934), Professor of Experimental Pathology and Cancer Research, University of Leeds, sometime University Demonstrator in Pathology at Cambridge, died 16 May 1967, aged 64.

KENNETH CHARLES STUART (B.A. 1934), formerly headmaster of the Grammar School, Maldon, died at Godmanchester 26 May 1967, aged 54.

PAUL JAMES THORPE (Matric. 1965) was drowned in the Mill Pool, Cambridge, 8 May 1967, aged 20.

ALBERT VICTOR MURRAY (B.D. 1945), formerly of Magdalen College, Oxford, President of Cheshunt College, Cambridge, from 1945 to 1959, died at Grassingham, Skipton, Yorkshire, 10 June 1967, aged 76.

VERNON HERBERT BLACKMAN (B.A. 1895), sometime Fellow, Emeritus Professor of Plant Physiology in the Imperial College, University of London, died 1 October 1967, aged 95.

ARTHUR CRAVEN (B.A. 1939), modern languages master at St Peter's School, York, died 10 September 1967, aged 50.

THOMAS HAROLD WALTON (B.A. 1898), vicar of Preston Candover with Nutley, Basingstoke, from 1917 to 1947, died at Winchester 23 June 1967, aged 90.

KEITH FRASER (B.A. 1925), of Angmering on Sea, died 31 October 1967, aged 63.

OSWALD ARTHUR TROWELL (B.A. 1929), formerly Fellow, a senior member of the scientific staff of the Radio-biological Research unit at Harwell, died 17 November 1967, aged 58.

JOHN WYCLIFFE LINNELL (B.A. 1902), F.R.C.P., a benefactor of the College, died at Pavenham, Bedfordshire, 2 December 1967, aged 89. Two of his brothers were members of the College.