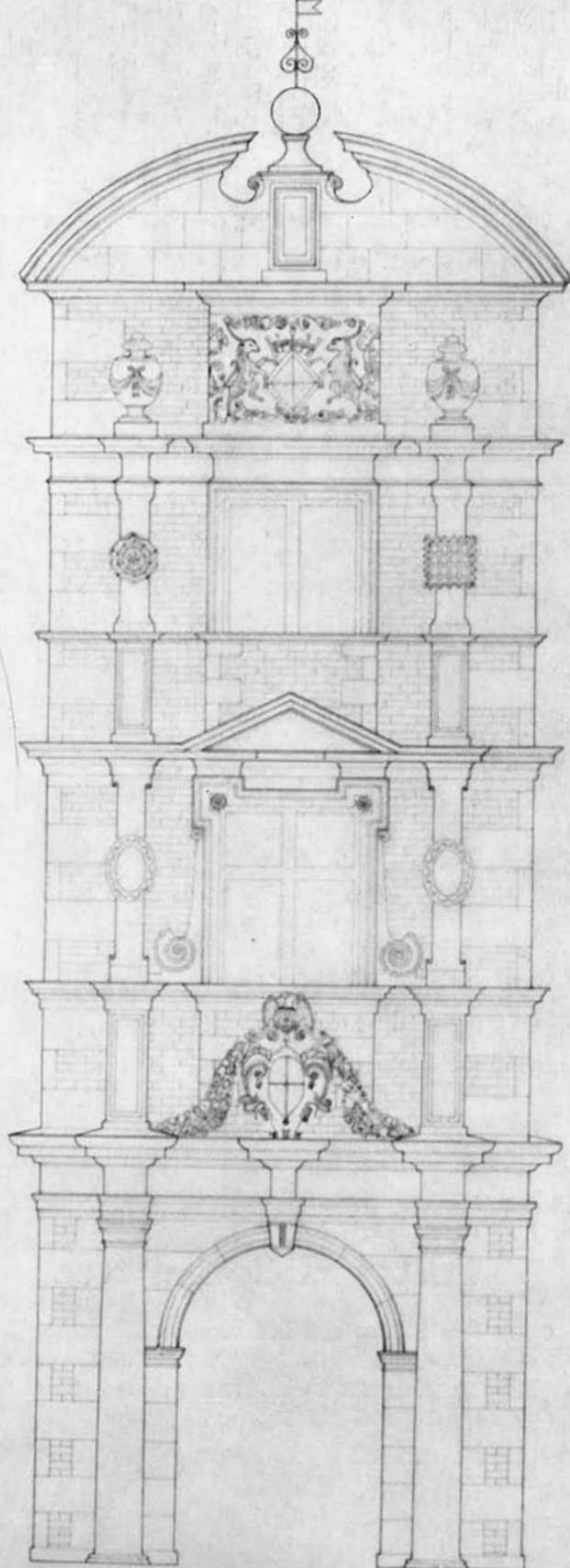


THE EAGLE



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The Eagle

A MAGAZINE SUPPORTED BY MEMBERS OF
ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE
FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

Cover by *Richard Griffith*

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Editorial Committee

MR BROGAN (*Senior Editor*), MR HINSLEY (*Treasurer*), MICHAEL MAJOR and JOHN ARMSTRONG (*Junior Editors*), W. A. KUMAR, STUART HARLING, RICHARD GRIFFITH.

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

The Power of The Press

VETERAN readers of *The Eagle* will suspect a certain savage irony in the title of this editorial; nor will they be wrong. The copies of the last issue that were sent out to the hundreds of junior members of the College included a questionnaire about the magazine: 54 specimens were filled up and returned. The long and interesting article on the JCR questionnaire ended with an invitation for comments from readers: not one was received. And, mortification on mortification, when the completed questionnaires were examined, it emerged that 40 of the respondents believed that *The Eagle* played no significant part in College life. (We comforted ourselves with the reflection that, as one respondent pointed out, this was 'not a proper question'—it was far too ambiguous.) These results might be interpreted as a vote of no-confidence in the present editorial board, were they at all surprising. But in fact *The Eagle* has always had to struggle against the passivity, the indifference of its subscribers; and all College activities are those of minorities. What percentage of Johnians go to Chapel? How many row? It's all of a piece. The only problem is, what do the majority do with their time? The editors of *The Eagle* are not discouraged by the results of their questionnaire; not even much saddened. They do, however, feel even more weary and hopeless than usual as they make the old, old point: that a College magazine is only as good as the College cares to make it, and until more of the undoubted talent in the place chooses to make itself available, *The Eagle* cannot greatly improve.

The last remark should not, by the way, be taken as an admission of inadequacy. We are all geniuses on *The Eagle*, as the brilliant pages we produce convincingly demonstrate. But we cannot do more than our best, in the time available to us. Those who want more must find us new recruits. They would be welcome. And any who, reading these lines, are moved to offer their services, will be welcomed with three times three and the fatted calf.

The Eagle Questionnaire: Results

As stated in the Editorial (from the polemical tone of which the present writer wishes to dissociate himself) the response to the questionnaire was too small to be statistically significant.

But it was useful all the same, and hearty thanks are due to those Johnnians who were willing to do some homework. Their answers are revealing, and will be a valuable guide to future editorial decisions. Several of them were unexpected, but they were all mutually consistent, and as a matter of common, if not statistical, sense they may be taken as indicative of what the junior members of the College think of their magazine. Even if the indications are misleading in some respect, the respondents may reasonably be taken to be *The Eagle's* most interested readers, and the editors therefore feel a special obligation to try and give them what they want. As will be made plain, in several instances this will take some doing. In the meantime, thanks to each of them.

The questionnaire had two purposes. The first and less important was to stimulate readers to a little thought about the magazine and what it could mean to them. Young writers often feel that print is not for them: they believe, mistakenly or not, either that they don't deserve this accolade, or that no-one will think that they do. Often, of course, there is some sound self-knowledge behind this timidity. But, by and large, it does everyone good to receive fair and attentive consideration of his work, and so even a rejection can be a valuable experience: it may, and often does, lead to better luck next time. And occasionally the luck is good the first time round. Print is achieved. To the true writer, this is an intoxicating experience, however often it occurs, and however obscure the magazine where it occurs. Now, in Cambridge terms, *The Eagle* is not very obscure: it is the house journal of the second largest College, and can occasionally attract outside contributors (see the present issue for proof). It has other advantages. It has a large circulation (some 2,000), appears regularly, and has space to spare. It was part of the questionnaire's design to hint, ever so gently, at these palpable facts. The results of the answers to questions 7, 8, 9, and 10 speak for themselves. 16 people had thought of contributing to *The Eagle* (*memo on method: we should have had a question to find out how many actually had contributed*); 13 had thought of contributing to other Cambridge magazines; 5 had sent them material; and 3 (THREE!) had had some of it accepted. Meanwhile *The Eagle* waits.

The primary purpose of the questionnaire was to find out what readers thought of the magazine's performance. Some of the information elicited was presented numerically, some of it verbally.

Numerically: 34 wanted *The Eagle* to appear once a term, 11 twice a year, as at present. Articles about the College were easily the most popular items (read by 49); editorials and general articles came next (45 each). Humour got 42 votes, the College Notes and Chronicle 38 each, Fiction 37. Poetry and reviews lagged, with 29 and 22 votes respectively, sermons got the wooden spoon with 10 (but since *The Eagle* has not printed a sermon since January 1967, this result is scarcely meaningful). 45 readers wanted more photographs; 6 wanted a greater emphasis on original writing, 19 on articles about College affairs, 28 wanted an even balance to be maintained.

Verbally: the following remarks, written mostly in answer to the questions, Are you satisfied with the present format? How could *The Eagle* play a significant part in College life? and Have you any other comments? seemed valuable and representative.

(*Format*): "Better presentation—the contents were more interesting than an initial glance suggested." (1st year).

"I would prefer a shape more like the Christ's College magazine. This just seems to be rather an insignificant size. (PERSONAL PREJUDICE)". (1st year).

"More photographs, and artistic designs, sketches, etc." (1st year).

"Present format quite satisfactory." (1st year).

". . . the odd sporting photograph and examples of varying sides of College life." (2nd year).

"Perhaps something a little less formal—larger format, drawings, advertisements,—coffee table glossy." (2nd year).

"If the format were to change, *The Eagle* would no longer be *The Eagle*." (3rd year).

(*How could The Eagle play a significant part in College life?*): "By appealing more to the common interest of its readers: John's." (3rd year).

"The magazine often appears contrived and its contents incidental or even trivial. It might well seek to make a more constructive attempt to further 'Johnnian' feeling by concentrating on College activity and seeking to obtain many more articles by Old Johnnians." (3rd year).

"By publishing letters to it so that activities in, and criticism of the College could be discussed. This is not possible if published every 6 months but would be if published termly." (3rd year).

"More discussion of College policies, past and present, and of plans for the future. *The Eagle* could provide an ideal platform

for discussion and explanation of how the College is run, and should be run." (Research).

". . . Persuading Senior Members to contribute articles on subjects of controversy in College or University affairs in particular, but also on topics of wider educational or even national interest . . ." (3rd year).

"*The Eagle* is produced by members of the College for other members, and so its impact on College life can scarcely be expected to be breathtakingly significant. However, so long as it does not become too introverted, its continuance in its present form is fully justified in my opinion." (3rd year).

"By including articles about past Johnians (as at present) and also about present Senior members—their careers, beliefs, research, etc." (2nd year).

"One section devoted to the topical side of undergraduate life in the College—a college forum—the William Hickey column for St John's!" (2nd year).

"By appearing more often and making members of the College aware of their connection to a Community and University . . ." (1st year).

". . . by resembling a little less the traditional school magazine." (1st year).

(*Any other comments?*): "As one of the College's elder students, I find the gossip notes at the end interesting. Perhaps some sections (Marriages?) could be made more complete . . ." (Research).

"I found the last issue the most interesting, and best written, in my 3 years at John's . . ." (Research).

"I think John's too big for a pre-subscribed magazine to be of any value. It should be an all-out commercial venture, or not at all . . ." (3rd year).

"It is just one small way that makes you feel this is a community. I enjoy the present *Eagle*, although it could be slightly more representative, if it appeared each term. I don't want a paper every week." (3rd year).

"I should hate to think of College without its own magazine . . ." (3rd year).

". . . I personally welcome the articles on the architecture in recent issues." (2nd year).

"More humour and less formality." (2nd year).

". . . A highly readable and entertaining magazine . . . Could be very useful as an informed and dispassionate organ of comment on College relations, in particular what Senior members think about Junior members." (2nd year).

"Disturbing element of frivolity occasionally apparent." (1st year).

"It's interesting and informative and therefore worthwhile, but life would go on quite nicely without it (as it would without most any other publication)." (1st year—affiliated student).

Comment on these comments is largely unnecessary. We hope to profit from them in future, though the present issue was, inevitably, planned to a great extent before the questionnaire had been analysed. *The Eagle*, it seems, is fairly popular, but there is room for improvement. A collegiate identity must be preserved; and you can't please everyone all the time. Such are some of the obvious reflections; they, and others, will occur to our readers without our prompting.

One point, however, cannot be passed over. Many of the suggestions—above all the notion that *The Eagle* should appear once a term—although obviously attractive, are not feasible on our present budget. Nor can the budget be justifiably increased, since it would mean throwing a financial burden on the shoulders, either of our subscribers or of the College Council, none of whom deserve such a fate. Advertising is the only answer, and it must be advertising for which the editors do not have to sweat. Soliciting half-pages from small tradesmen may be educative; it is more certainly time-consuming and humiliating. Still, if anyone wants to try his genius as our advertising manager, he is welcome. In the meantime, *The Eagle* will continue to appear twice a year; and if ever costs permit—or manna drops from heaven (who knows, all Big Five banks might want to advertise, at £100 a page, simultaneously) it will certainly come out once a term, and dazzle the eye with the brilliance of its art-work. For the moment, it must soldier on as before; and since it won't appear before its readers again until the New Year, it wishes them a glorious May Ball and a Happy Christmas, simultaneously.

The Combination Room and 'D' Day

IN an article on 'The College during the War', printed in *The Eagle* for September 1946¹, the Master, Mr Benians, mentioned amongst sounds and scenes that would linger in the memory 'a vast plan of cliff and down constructed on the floor of the Combination Room (which surely never fulfilled a more unexpected purpose—we were never officially told what it was)'. The event to which he was referring had been known at the time only to a few, and even to them, as Mr Benians wrote, its real nature was not officially disclosed. The time has come when there ought to be a fuller record of what took place, supported if possible by proper documentation. Without such a record, knowledge of an event in the history of the College of more than passing interest might be lost beyond recovery.

Documentary evidence, however, turned out to be unexpectedly elusive. Mr Hinsley kindly prosecuted extensive inquiries; but the official records in which search was made yielded no result. The volume of the material was very large and it was uncertain whether the search should relate to the Army or the Royal Air Force. Knowing that Trinity College too had been involved, I sought the help of Professor C. D. Broad, who was acting as Junior Bursar of Trinity during the period. He very kindly sent me from the Library of Trinity College a copy of the following letter² addressed to the Master of Trinity, Dr G. M. Trevelyan. It is printed here by permission of the Council of Trinity College.

1 Vol. LII, Nos. 231 and 232, pp. 306-9. The article was there reprinted from *The Cambridge Review* for 27 April 1946 (Vol. LXVII, No. 1643, pp. 320-1).

2 Mr A. S. F. Gow refers to this letter in his *Letters from Cambridge 1939-1944* (1945), p. 232, cf. p. 223, and he records the events in Trinity College.

THE COMBINATION ROOM AND 'D' DAY

From: Lt. Gen. G. C. BUCKNALL, C.B., M.C.

DO/9

Main H.Q. 30 Corps,
A.P.O.

England.

10th June, 1944

Dear Master,

You will undoubtedly be glad to hear that the initial stages of the operations which we studied in your College have been carried out entirely according to plan.

The Germans were undoubtedly surprised both by our technique and speed of "build-up"; in consequence our casualties have been unexpectedly light. Moreover as we have seized the initiative, the future holds dramatic possibilities.

The area in which we are operating will probably explain sufficiently why we called our Exercise CONQUEROR!

I hope that one day I will be able to explain fully to you how the plans laid in TRINITY helped to mould the course of history.

You will realise therefore with what pleasure we look back on our stay in your College, and all my officers join me in sending their best wishes to those who made it so enjoyable.

We have a 'stiffish' fight coming, but the 'build up' of our forces proceeds very well.

Yours very sincerely

GERARD BUCKNALL

The Master of Trinity,
Trinity College,
CAMBRIDGE.

Mr Hinsley wrote to Lieut.-General G. C. Bucknall, C.B., M.C., D.L., the writer of the letter, and in reply General Bucknall most generously provided the following Note, which is printed here with his permission.

Note by General G. C. Bucknall on the 'briefing' conference at Cambridge March 1944 for Commanders and Staffs of 30th Corps for the invasion of Normandy.

An outline of the developments leading up to the conference will disclose the scope and complications of 30th Corps tasks for the invasion and may be of some value for the archives.

I personally had been commanding the British 5th Division in Western Italy, when after my friend General Horrocks,

commanding 30th Corps, was severely wounded near Tunis, I was called back to England in January 1944. General Montgomery required me to form and train the new 30th Corps for the jump into Normandy.

For me it was not a new project, as in 1942 I had been ordered by General Paget to study and produce a plan for the invasion. This plan formed the basis of the 1944 proposals developed by General Morgan for General Eisenhower.

By mid-February I had been informed of General Montgomery's plan, and that of 2nd Army, General Dempsey, and I had produced an outline plan for 30th Corps which was agreed.

I see that on 14 February I and the Earl of Lewes, of my Operational Staff, were called to General Montgomery's train at Great Missenden. The General (my old Staff College Instructor!) approved my arrangements, and actually drew for me on paper his personal plan for the defeat of the German armies in N.W. Europe.

I should say here that 30th Corps was to be the right-hand Corps of the British Army, next to the 5th United States Corps. On my left was to be the 1st British Corps (General Crocker).

30th Corps formations were scattered all over South of England, East Anglia, and in Scotland. Corps H.Q. Newmarket. The Corps comprised generally:—

11th Hussars (armoured cars), 7th Armoured Division, 8th Armoured Brigade, 30th Armoured Brigade, 33rd Armoured Brigade, 50th (N) Division, 49th Division, 56th Infantry Brigade, 5th Army Artillery Group, 9th and 10th Beach Groups, elements of 79th Armoured Division (special assault armour).

There was a large Administrative Element, for Supply, Transport, Medical, etc.

Co-operating with 30th Corps were Naval Force 'G', Admiral Cyril Douglas-Pennant, and representatives of Tactical Air Force.

During the spring all formations were engaged on extensive training, and assault exercises were carried out over their training areas, in the West of Scotland, and at Studland (Dorset).

The 'briefing' of these varied formations for their role in the invasion required, therefore, careful thought and preparation.

The site chosen must have adequate facilities in lecture rooms and accommodation, offer sound security, be free from German bombing, and be reasonably accessible.

As a young officer in the First War I had done an extensive

Staff course at Cambridge. My brother, Derek, (Northumberland Fusiliers) and my cousin, Lord Oakshott, had both been at Trinity. I had met Dr Trevelyan.

All my Commanders concerned were convinced that Cambridge offered the best opportunities for our requirements.

The University and College authorities gave us the best and kindest co-operation.

By 23 February preparations for the 'briefing' exercise were in progress.

On 28 March 'Exercise Conqueror', based on a beautifully constructed model of Normandy and its beaches, began. I think the main model study room was at St. John's.

There were also a number of study rooms for all formations³.

The main study covered the assault phase with naval and air co-operation, and merged into developments to follow.

Perhaps, for the better understanding of the scope and complications of the conference at Cambridge, a brief outline of the German opposition confronting 30th Corps at and following the invasion would be appreciated:—

Panzer Lehr Division, 2nd Panzer Division, 2nd S.S. Panzer Division, 9th S.S. Panzer Division, 12th S.S. Panzer Division, and four rather lower grade infantry Divisions, coastal defences, and of course German Air Force (till subdued).

The exercise was complete and had successfully achieved our aims on 31 March.

The extensive and sympathetic assistance and co-operation, and the warm hospitality of the University and College Staffs was deeply appreciated. Indeed, 'Exercise Conqueror' could not have succeeded without this help.

I myself stayed with Dr Trevelyan at Trinity.

We were warmly entertained on several occasions by various Masters.

On 31 March I and my principal Staff Officers were able, very inadequately, with much pleasure to entertain the Masters of Trinity, Corpus, St. John's, King's, Clare, and a number of Dons at Dinner.

Those distinguished guests were kind enough to express appreciation.

15 September 1967

G.C.B.

General Bucknall has since sent the following Post-script to his Note, compiled from his personal notes.

³ Professor C. D. Broad and Mr A. F. S. Gow tell me that the Trinity College Lecture Rooms and the Union Society were used. (J.S.B.S.).

*Post-script***The landing in Normandy**

'D' Day was 6 June. 30 Corps Assault landed as planned early morning.

Westerly gales and heavy seas reduced the beach space available and caused some 12 hours delay in the 'build-up'.

But, in spite of German opposition and night bombing, 30 Corps had won all objectives—Bayeux, St Leger—on 7 June. Casualties 1,000, Prisoners 2,000.

On the Right 1 U.S. Div. had trouble and only advanced 1,000 yds. On the Left 3 Can. Div. was up, although untidy.

In reply to an inquiry as to the relationship between the code-names 'Overlord' and 'Conqueror', General Bucknall writes:

I am not surprised that there is confusion here and there over the large number of 'code-names' which were in use by different Formations around 1944.

Nevertheless, in the cases we are considering the difference is quite clear.

'OVERLORD' was the code-name for the whole operation (sea, air and land) embracing the sea-assault on France and its immediate developments ashore.

'CONQUEROR' was the code-name used only by 30th Corps for the study and briefing of its subordinate Formations at Cambridge, for their coming tasks in 'OVERLORD'.

It can, therefore, now be recorded, on the evidence most kindly provided by General Bucknall himself, that the 'vast plan of cliff and down constructed on the floor of the Combination Room' of St John's, of which Mr Benians wrote in 1946 was the 'beautifully constructed model of Normandy and its beaches', to which General Bucknall refers in his Note; that it was upon this model that 'Exercise Conqueror', the briefing of the Commanders and Staffs of 30th Corps for the invasion of France, was based; and that the period was 28 to 31 March 1944.

I did not myself see the model. My only personal recollection is of a meeting of the College Council at which the Master, Mr Benians, sought the consent of the Council to the use of the Combination Room for an undisclosed purpose of national importance. The consent was quickly given. Questions were not asked. And there was no Minute.

J. S. BOYS SMITH.

Poems**THE YOUNG AUSTRALIAN RIDER, P. G. BURMAN**

PHILIP Burman bought an old five hundred
Side-valve B.S.A. for twenty quid.
Unlicensed as they were, both it and him,
He poker-faced ecstatically rode home
In second gear, one of the two that worked,
And everything that subsequently could be done
To make 'her' powerful and bright, he did:
Inside a year she fled beneath the sun
Symphonically enamelled black and plated chrome.

At eighteen years of age he gave up food,
Beer and all but the casual cigarette
To lay his slim apprentice money out
On extra bits like a special needle jet
For a carb. the makers never knew about.
Gradually the exhaust note waxed more lewd,
Compression soared, he fitted stiffer springs
To keep the valves from lagging at their duties.
The decibels edged up, the neighbours nearly sued,
Hand over fist that breathed-on bike grew wings
Until her peak lay in the naughty nineties.

Evenings after school I'd bolt my meal
And dive around to his place. In the back
Verandah where he slept and dressed he'd have
Her roaring with her back wheel off the floor
Apocalyptically—the noise killed flies—
Her uncased primary chain a singing blur.
His pet Alsatian hid behind a stack
Of extra wheels, and on the mantelpiece
A balsa Heinkel jiggled through imagined skies.

There was a weekend that we took her out
 To Sutherland to sprint the flying mile
 Against a mob of Tiger Hundreds. I
 Sat wild-eyed and saw his style tell,
 Streaming the corners like remembered trails.
 They topped him, nearly all of them, but still
 They stood around and got the story. 'What
 It cost? No bull?' And when we thundered home
 I sat the pillion, following his line
 Through corners with the drag behind my back
 Plucking and fluttering my shirt like sails,
 Dreaming his dreams for him of Avus Track,
 Of Spa, the Ring, the Isle of Man T.T.,
 The Monza Autodromo and the magic words, Grand Prix.

Two years later, on my spine at Ingleburn
 Just after I came back from leave, I thought
 Out piece by piece what must have happened.
 He was older, and the bike was new: I'd seen
 It briefly the year before and heard the things
 He planned to do to it. Another B.S.A.,
 Still a push-rod job but o.h.v. at least:
 One-lung three-fifty. Home-made swinging arm
 Both front and rear, a red-hot shaven head,
 Light piston, special rings—the wild stuff.
 We lost contact. I kept hearing off and on
 How broke he was from racing and improving her.

One Saturday while I practised the Present
 With Bayonet Fixed, a thousand entities
 In bull-ring splendour of precision blaze
 To gladden hearts of all who'd guard our shores,
 He banked through Dunlop Corner at Mount Druitt
 Leading a pack of A.J. 7R's—
 All camshaft jobs, but not a patch on him.
 A fork collapsed. The bike kicked up and paused,
 Her throttle stuck wide open, as he sprawled
 With helpless hours to watch her pitch and toss
 Like some slow-motion diver on a screen
 Before the chain came down across his throat.

I had leave the evening after. Coming down
 The street a neighbour told me at her gate,
 And then another neighbour—they were all
 Ready and willing, full of homilies
 And clucking hindsight. And, I'll give them this,
 Of saneness, too. He was noisy, but they'd liked him—
 'Phil killed himself at Druitt yesterday'.

It's not that I felt nothing. I felt nothingness
 Pluck at the armpits of my loose K.D.'s
 And balsa models jiggled on their shelves
 While soaring roadways hurtled, shoulder high.
 I had one thought before I turned away:

The trouble is with us, we overreach ourselves.

CLIVE JAMES.

THE DAYLIGHT RAID

*Et iam Fama volans, tanti praenuntia luctus,
 Euandrum Euandrique domos et moenia replet,
 quae modo victorem Latio Pallanta ferebat.
 Arcades ad portas ruere et de more vetusto
 Funereas rapuere faces; lucet via longo
 ordine flammaram et late discriminat agros.*

—Aeneid XI

FOR me those great formations still fly on, enskied
 Echeloned and staggered, spaced up and out for crossfire;
 Their condensation trails powdering back
 Like talcum blown from boxes held before electric fans
 Have never wavered, thinned an inch, hung slack
 Or fallen to the dissolution of their million crystals,
 Are still there in their thousand parallels, pages of staves
 On which the dotted flax makes music, minims and quavers
 Of some airy-fairy symphony heard overamplified
 As continual, undifferentiated thunder:
 The indissoluble concatenation of the ages.

This raid is deep beyond all range of escort:
 Our fighters have gone home
 And theirs are running dauntless through the fire-lanes,
 Rolling up from underneath to shoot front on
 In copybook attacks and sprinting past
 The other way, fined down to look at, going fast—
 Long-bodied, factory fresh, nose down with tails cocked
 Tricked out with crosses, [high
 Sharks in the sky,
 Their insubstantial gains are our tremendous losses.

There is no way out of this and no road home.
 Back in the waist the floor fills up with shells
 Until the guns fall silent and the gunners die
 And only pressure-hoses could sort out the mess
 Of blood and iron. Sliced through the head
 The man beside me (I do not know his name
 Or anything about him) jack-knives in his harness,
 Racking his brains over the dialled panels:
 Answering mine, his pedals move without him. [hits:
 Spangled like a swimmer's arm the wings light up with cannon
 Port outer, starboard inner, starboard outer shovel flame.
 How can I burn yet not fall from the battle
 As that one does who sheds a wing and with the power
 Of the motors in the other pushing his weight around
 Cartwheels scattering bits,
 Pinwheels ever lower,
 Like a war boomerang that kills and does not return?

No, I do not go to ground:
 I do not come to earth nor yet come through.
 Coming only to grief,
 I do not die nor yet come home to you.
 The bombs are armed but roost in grips untriggered
 And will never noise abroad their wild relief
 In a tumultuous parade that parallels the aiming run.
 I am not going to get there but cannot be stopped,
 Invulnerable though undefended;
 Flak-jacketed and frozen faced, cold eyed,
 Much wounded I'm immediately mended:
 Flying the deep raid
 In a war long fought and won that for me has not yet ended.

CLIVE JAMES.

Headlong Hall

ANY account of the foundation must begin with the family of ap Headlong, without whose peculiarities this newest of Cambridge Colleges would not exist. Almost exactly 150 years have elapsed since the publication of a definitive account of the family and its ancestral seat, by a scholar and antiquary who preferred to remain anonymous. He was, however, so pleased with his book that he published all his other works as 'by the Author of Headlong Hall'. For uncounted aeons the family had lived in the neighbourhood of Llanberis, it being generally believed that their aboriginal ancestor had escaped from Noah's flood by landing on the top of Snowdon, and that he took his name from his descent as the waters subsided. Be that as it may, no one can put a term to the occupancy of this region by the ap Headlongs. Such a family is designed by Nature to survive, and it was no accident that early in the last century the head of the house, Harry ap Headlong, became interested in modern culture, philosophy, science, the arts, and made Headlong Hall a centre for its votaries, a practice kept up by his descendants. For a time this appeared merely an amiable eccentricity (one among many), and its selective value did not appear until the introduction of death duties.

Income tax never presented a problem. The estate consists almost entirely of mountain farms, inhabited by families admittedly much junior to the ap Headlongs, but still all several thousand years old, and in consequence it forms a community quite inaccessible to the Revenue Authorities. The money income of the ap Headlongs is negligible, the tenants all paying their rents in kind, and mainly in wines and spirits (smuggled, of course). The head of the house has always maintained a fine old tradition of hospitality, punctually consuming the two thousand dozen or so of his annual income every year. As he always insisted on dining before discussing business, any investigator was necessarily left with a rather hazy idea of the state of the books.

But death duties were a different matter, involving a valuation of the estate before it could be finally settled on the heir. They passed into law in the time of the late Cataract ap Headlong, who took advice from his friends including, of course, eminent lawyers and economists, and made a simple will, directing that the entire property should be put up for auction in two lots (1. The Hall. 2. The Estate), and the proceeds be paid to his

son Hurricane. In due course Cataract was gathered to his fathers. The auction was held in Headlong Hall, which was snow-bound at the time. There was, rather naturally, only one bidder, Hurricane ap Headlong, who bought the two lots at one shilling each.

This might be regarded as mere luck, and it was not until the next passage of the property that another selective advantage of the family habits became apparent. Since the time of Harry ap Headlong (the great-great-great-grandfather of the present Harry) it had been the custom for very new Headlong to signalize his possession of the property by extensive improvements. Readers of the old history will remember that Harry himself employed Marmaduke Milestone Esq., the celebrated landscape architect, who wrought considerable devastation with gunpowder. Generation by generation the rambling Hall was transformed into the most advanced taste of the day—Academic Gothic, Pre-Raphaelite Italianate, Edwardian Baroque, Tutankhamenian—and always into a style which was anathema maranatha to the next generation. So whatever happened the Hall never found any buyer other than the heir. This system had the further advantage that the work was always done with borrowed money, so that the lender bore the brunt of inflation, and any spare cash which the Squire might accidentally acquire was promptly mopped up in paying back part of the debt.

The estate fared differently. On the death of Hurricane it was bought as an investment by an insurance company. But as they could never collect any rents (the tenants, of course, continued to pay the ap Headlong in kind, as ever), and as the attempts at administration proved impossibly expensive, they were finally glad to extricate themselves by paying the ap Headlong of the day £10,000 to take it off their hands. Since then the estate has been regarded with superstitious awe by would-be investors, and the auction proceeds as originally planned.

This account of the family finances is necessary to explain why, in spite of all the legislation of the last decades, the estates of the ap Headlong occupy their ancient boundaries, a living proof that if the Little Powers intend a family, an estate, or an institution to persist, they have no difficulty in frustrating any design of politicians or bureaucrats to do away with it.

The same Powers must, however, have intervened directly in the next stage of the story. The Squire was reading his Sunday paper one day (February 25, to be precise), when he found an article about Unexpended Balance of Established Development Value on estates. With the impetuosity which has always characterised the family he applied for planning permission to cover Snowdonia with a vast fun-fair; was refused; applied to

the Minister; refused again; applied for his share of the Unexpended Balance; was awarded £5,000,000.

Needless to say, this caused a serious crisis in the ap Headlong affairs. It had never been any part of the family policy to accumulate money; the income was nearly all in wine, which was drunk within the year (so that in case of accidents there was never anything in the cellar to attract death duties).

Characteristically, the situation began to develop after dinner. As had been the custom of the house time out of mind, the Squire was busily engaged in pushing the bottle around, assisted by a party of friends. Again characteristically, these friends were each eminent in his own field. They included Leyland Milestone, Esq., the landscape architect and planner, a lineal descendant of Marmaduke Milestone; Dr Asterias, the expert on dugong, whose ancestor, a friend and contemporary of Sir Joseph Banks, once nearly caught a mermaid on the foreshore outside Nightmare Abbey; Dr Gaster, the enzymological biochemist, descended from the Reverend Dr Gaster, the celebrated divine; Professor Papertape, the cyberneticist; the Reverend Mr Duckweed; Dr Megalith, the antiquary and archaeologist; Professor Fabliaux, the authority on nineteenth century French social history; and last, but by no means least, a trio whose families had all been closely associated with the ap Headlongs since the days of their respective great-great-great-grandfathers, Mr Escot, Mr Foster and Mr Jenkison. If these three remarkably clear-headed gentlemen had a foible, it was that each held firmly to the views that his forefathers had always held—Mr Escot that the human race was, and is, deteriorating, morally and physically; Mr Foster, that each generation is better than the last, and that the human race will inevitably reach perfection in time; and Mr Jenkison, that nothing is better than the status quo.

SQUIRE HEADLONG (producing a paper). Gentlemen, this is a solemn moment. I have here a draft for £5 million. No ap Headlong has ever held such a thing in his hand before. It is my duty to give you an unusual toast. I shall not propose the health of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I know he is technically responsible, but much though I value his disinterested benevolence I feel that I owe this windfall rather to muddle in his Department.

Gentlemen: off with your heeltaps, charge your glasses. I give you the Commissioners of Inland Revenue.

(Drunk with three times three. The noise subsides).

Gentlemen, I should value your advice about the disposal of this money. I have always followed the custom of my ancestors, and spent all my spare cash (when I have any) on wine. Paper-

tape, how much wine could we buy with this? How long would it last?

PROFESSOR PAPERTAPE. Assuming that you bought nothing but the best, and that we doubled our rate of drinking, at a rough computation it would last 50 years.

THE REV. MR DUCKWEED. Double our rate of drinking! No, no. Nothing in extremes.

MR MILESTONE. Nothing in extremes be damned. But seriously, our friend never stints his hospitality. To double our rate of drinking would be to make a toil of what ought to be a pleasure. I don't think we should try to do it.

DR MEGALITH. The dwarf Perkeo drank the Great Tun dry in just over 4 years, a notable feat, but I'm afraid he didn't survive.

MR ASTERIAS. Yes. Of course. 'Perkeo stieg zum Keller, kam aber nicht zurück', as we used to sing when I was at Heidelberg.

MR ESCOT. There is such a universal tendency for the best-laid human schemes to end in disaster, that our friend would be wise to convert a proportion of his money, say £1 million, into wine. In these degenerate days a rent roll can disappear overnight, and some solid (or rather liquid) insurance against such a catastrophe provides all the comfort a man can hope for.

SQUIRE HEADLONG. This is all sound sense. We will invest £1 million in wine. What shall we do with the other four?

MR JENKISON. Found a new Cambridge College, to maintain in perpetuity those philosophical, scientific and artistic discussions of which you are so fond, and to keep up those fine traditions of hospitality, and that attachment to the products of the vine, which have always distinguished your house.

PROFESSOR FABLIAUX. 'Tous les méchants sont buveurs d'eau
C'est bien prouvé par la déluée', as the
old song has it.

DR MEGALITH. And mighty à propos, too, considering our host's ancestry.

(a long pause, during which the host is seen
to be thinking furiously)

SQUIRE HEADLONG. Jenkison, you're a genius. I'll do it. Asterias, push the bell, will you. (The little old butler appears). Firestick,* send somebody down to Hugh ap Hugh Llwyd and ask for the loan of his helicopter at first light: and telephone to Dr Opimian at Swynford College, present my compliments and say that if he is free I will do myself the honour of breakfasting with him tomorrow.

* It should be remarked that ever since his great-great-grandfather's corkscrew, through friction, became so hot that it ignited a cork, the line of butlers at Headlong Hall had always been called Firestick.

To those not reared among hill farmers, the helicopter may appear far-fetched, than which nothing could be farther from our intention in this plain, unvarnished tale. In fact it is all very natural. When not engaged in the ancestral practice of raising the devil, the family of ap Hugh Llwyd are very successful farmers, equipped with every modern device. The ostensible purpose of the helicopter is to spread fertilisers on rough hill pastures; but it is also useful for dealing with the rent.

As with all the Squire's activities, the action followed the conception with wonderful rapidity. A broad outline plan was mapped out over breakfast with the Vice-Chancellor; a body of eminent persons declared their readiness to sponsor the scheme; University approval was secured; a draft of Statutes was prepared; and the Squire was back at Headlong Hall in time for dinner and business of the evening.

In return for £4,000,000 the Squire had made only one stipulation. He would appoint the first Master, Vice-Master and Bursar and they should choose the remainder of the first generation of Fellows, and take all the necessary steps to establish the College on the usual footing.

The seed which Mr Jenkison had sown had sprung rapidly into vigorous life, but it had not changed its nature in doing so. The Squire had definite ideas in mind in appointing to guide the foundation of his new College three gentlemen whose academic experience was confined to their undergraduate days.

The natural choice of Master was Mr. Jenkison, fitted by ancestry, training and cast of mind to hold the helm steady in the wildest academic storm; of Vice-Master Mr Escot, whose habit of always looking on the black side of every question would prevent the infant foundation from falling into those traps which always lie in wait for the inexperienced. The Bursar was to be Mr Foster, and it will be recalled that his family foible was a staunch conviction that the human race is infinitely perfectable, and that every generation is a marked improvement on its predecessor. With these optimistic views he could be relied on to spend the College's money, and prevent those accumulations of capital so distasteful to the founder.

The Bursar speedily secured a short lease of The Leopard, an ancient hostelry blighted by planning; Squire Headlong filled the cellars with part of his £1 million investment, to ensure that in all the College deliberations truth should prevail, and we first encounter the three friends in Cambridge as they sit in the window of the old first floor coffee room, looking over the narrow and busy street.

MR ESCOT. What a perfect example of the continuous process of deterioration in human affairs is this old inn. It used to be

noted as one of the most comfortable in Cambridge. My grandfather often stayed here, and said it was one of the few places which kept up the standards of his undergraduate days. But it has been struck down.

MR FOSTER. It had become out-of-date. It will be replaced by a better place, to suit modern travellers, with television in every room, and so on.

MR ESCOT (shudders). Exactly.

MR JENKISON. Well, gentlemen, it is time we began our deliberations. We must first, I think, settle a broad policy of recruitment, and decide in a general kind of way the rates at which it is desirable that the numbers of Fellows, research students, and undergraduates should grow. Then we can go on to consider what this involves in detail, and whether it is practicable.

MR ESCOT. Need we have any undergraduates?

MR FOSTER. Of course. Think what a pleasure it is to have them around; think how stimulating discussion with those bright young people can be, and how they liven the place up.

MR ESCOT (looking significantly around the shabby room). I have no doubt that 'the place', as you so aptly call it, needs something doing to it, though I doubt whether your recipe would really 'liven it up'. But your other assertions rest on a fallacy. You confuse undergraduates in general with bright and stimulating undergraduates in particular. I derive no pleasure from having the other sort around.

MR FOSTER. But the human race progresses by handing on accumulated wisdom. If the young are not bright and stimulating it is because they have been wrongly taught. We have a duty to teach them the right way.

MR ESCOT. If you know what it is. But I agree with you that the young have been wrongly taught. They have been nourished by their elders in every kind of horror and violence. They are the victims of the universal degeneration of the human race.

MR FOSTER. Precisely. And that is why it is so essential to propagate civilized values wherever one can. The young are not naturally vicious and violent. Except where wrong teaching, or evil example, have taken deep root, they are naturally gentle and civilized, and welcome a widening experience.

MR ESCOT. They welcome a widening experience with a vengeance. But otherwise you are wrong. Children are naturally intolerant and tribal, and this necessarily involves much thoughtless cruelty. And in every generation the tide of civilisation is ebbing away. More and more children are

growing up intolerant and tribal, and making no attempt to civilize their own offspring.

MR FOSTER. I am not such a fool as to pretend that there is not great scope for improvement in society. There is, and it is our privilege to have a hand in improving it.

MR ESCOT. I am glad that you admit that there is great scope for improvement, or I should have had to disillusion you. There has never been a time when there has been so much violence in British Universities as there is today. As Captain Parradine said of the pirates 'They are but poor ignorant louts, whom we should pity even if we despise;

'For knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll'.*

I do pity. I do not despise. But I will not have you planning this College in ignorance of the facts.

MR FOSTER. You make my point for me. It will be our pleasure, our privilege, to unroll that ample page. But as to your 'facts', I am surprised at you. You are now the one to generalize, and on newspaper reports! I am convinced that the vast majority of undergraduates are already highly civilized, in the sense of being genuinely kindly and tolerant, when they come up. You allow the few to blacken the many.

MR JENKISON. I am not impressed by any of these arguments. If we are to reject the idea of having undergraduates it must be on very different grounds. I think it is our duty to take in a fair cross section of what young people society provides, civilized or not, civilizable or not, and train them for a career.

MR FOSTER } (severally). I do not agree.
MR ESCOT }

MR JENKISON. I didn't suppose that you would. I accept your disagreements as part of the structure of things as they are. What's more, I think they serve a very useful purpose. They enable us to explore the situation thoroughly, look at it in the round, and avoid precipitate action. However, I perceive that we shall not resolve this argument in a single session, and I am not one of those to stay up all night and let mere stamina prevail. I propose that we adjourn to follow the example of Pantagruel and consult the oracle of the bottle. 'The vine' as Fitzgerald translated the immortal Omar 'The vine, which can with logic absolute the two and seventy jarring sects confute'. Not two, you notice, but two and seventy. And I can promise you that the bottle will be no ordinary one. Excuse me a moment.

* If any reader should say 'This is not what Gray wrote', we would reply 'We are aware of it'. It is, however, what Austin Freeman wrote.

Mr Jenkison went down to the cellar, and presently returned with an elongated bottle whose colour and elegantly sloping shoulders alone gave a clue to its origin.

MR FOSTER (looking at it eagerly). But there is no label.

MR JENKISON. It was almost illegible, and crumbled away when I tried to rub it clean. Never mind. It is Schloss Johannisberg 1921.

MR ESCOT and MR FOSTER. What!!

MR JENKISON. Oh, there is no doubt about its origin—I might almost say, about the origin of every grape that went into it, for it is a Trockenbeerenauslese specially made, in that year of years, for the family of Prince Metternich himself—saving, of course, the usual dues to the Pretender to the Austrian Crown. The Prince was a friend of ap Headlong's father, and sent him a present of the wine for his 70th birthday. He never received it. The posts of Europe were scoured in vain. It was assumed it had been stolen. Now we come to the characteristically Headlong bit. You remember the old Victorian wing at the Hall—nice for the ladies in those days, of course, but with all the windows facing north as cold as a vault—small wonder it's been disused for decades. And you'll recall that the small music room under the North Tower is partly hollowed out of the solid rock, and that really *is* as cold as a vault. Well, one of the farm labourers had a child who wanted to learn to play the piano, and the Squire decided, if it could be done up, to give them the piano from the small music room. It wouldn't play: they looked inside, and there was the missing wine, and in perfect condition too. Of course one sees what happened—the ordinary Headlong confusions are remarkable enough. The 70th birthday one must have been quite out of the ordinary. I remember my father telling me about it. He found a sack of sugar in the bath. However, to cut a long story short, our founder and principal benefactor has given us a few bottles, and as this is our first official meeting I think it should be signalized by something special.

(He removes the cork, and triumphantly exhibits the brand)

I'm sure that on this occasion at least you'll both agree with me that there's much to be said for things as they are.

And there, for the time at least, we must leave the officials of the new College—contemplating their heavy responsibilities through a glass bottle, as the schoolboy said*.

* The Compiler of this veridical history can vouch for this one, too. The boy, a contemporary, was asked to complete the quotation 'Now we see through a glass—'.

Escalation

Scene: a room in New Court, St John's, the secret headquarters of the Radical Student Alliance. Time: midnight.

Present: all but one of the leaders of the RSA. They are meeting to plan their next move.

"Who're we waiting for?"

"William. He's reporting on how the situation looks to the militants."

"Here he is now. Shall we get going? Will, you hold the floor."

"Right. As you all know, we're being very successful. In our last operation we smashed up Healey's taxi and scared the living daylights out of him without losing a single man. It's essential to outnumber the enemy, and we were present in overwhelming numbers. The militants reckon that the operation was even more of a success than the attack on the Wilsons, when we scared the living daylights out of Mrs Wilson, but not, as far as we know, out of Harold. Captured documents—"

"Just a moment, Will. Where did you capture those documents?"

"At W. H. Smith's. Hubert swiped a copy of the *Daily Express* when he went to buy his *Varsity* last Saturday."

"Well done, Hubert. What do these documents tell us?"

"They show that the enemy's really hurting. In a statement, Gordon Walker said that he took us 'very seriously'. And now he's been sacked. We're proceeding on the right lines."

"Of course we are. But some of our members say we should start negotiations now."

"Fools."

"Weaklings."

"Liberals."

"That's not all, though. The government's talking very big. They say if we don't stop our campaign we'll alienate public opinion and endanger our objectives."

"What objectives are they thinking of?"

"Oh, increased grants, student power, peace in Vietnam—that sort of thing."

"Why do they talk like that? They're in no position to blackmail us."

"No, Walt don't you see, the enemy talks big because he's cracking. If we just keep up the pressure—or step it up a bit—he'll negotiate on *our* terms."

"That's just what the militants say."

"I'm sorry to keep asking questions, but what terms do we have in mind? We've upped the ante, haven't we?"

"That's right, Walt. Before we start negotiations we want a promise of increased grants, student power, and peace in Vietnam. Originally we were just asking for a review of the proposal to cut the increases by half, but the Government's aggressive obstinacy, by forcing us to adopt militant tactics, naturally stiffened our terms."

"By the way, do you know what they're saying about us now?"

"Just the same lily-livered stuff about the rights of free speech and respect for the person, I suppose?"

"Oh, you've seen it."

"No, it's just they always play the same old broken record, as if they were Jefferson or John Stuart Mill or old phonies like that."

"We're wandering from the point, Dean. The question is, what are we going to do now? Any suggestions? Will?"

"Well, since it seems we're agreed on escalation—"

"Yes, we'll beat them to the ground."

"I think the best thing, to show we really mean business, is to go over to Trinity and beat up the Prince of Wales. That's what the rugger club used to do to arties in the bad old days. We mustn't hesitate to learn from the enemy's strategy and tactics. After all, since we're all here on merit, we can use their methods far more effectively than those cement-headed mud-wallowers."

"Will, that's a brilliant idea."

"Thanks, Lyndon. Shall we go?"

Hedgehog Supplement

The Behaviour of a Master

by the Hedgehog

(The following article, written very small, was pushed under the Editor's door one night. If authentic, it supplies the explanation of the phenomenon reported in the last "Eagle", January 1968.)

THE Natural Historian, when he studies creatures smaller than himself, has the advantage of taking if he wishes a merely passive part, and watching what happens from his superior position; but the observation of giants, like a survey of mountains, demands activity on the part of the investigator; one may be the spectator of small things, one has to be the explorer of enormous ones. On the other hand one is more in control of a small subject, more at liberty to try the effect of acting in different ways upon it. One may, however, with ingenuity, isolate and in a manner manipulate even the hugest creatures, and so subject them to experiments that will elicit their most interesting properties.

On these principles I planned my enquiry into the nature and behaviour of an excellent specimen of the giant species *Homo Sapiens*, which occupies a sizeable lair (or Lodge, to use the correct term) just to the north of my home ground. The district I live in is very much encumbered by the habitations of this species. I mean to write another paper recording their *vacations*—a kind of hibernation three times a year, not common to the race elsewhere. Some explain the difference as one of species, and so (hibernation being a proof of wisdom in us hedgehogs, and a sign of it in other species) regard the ones who inhabit this district as constituting the species *Homo Sapientior*; but in most cases there is little other evidence for this idea.

The species is not nocturnal, and their vision at night is very poor; but it is the best time from the point of view of the observer, for catching a specimen alone, and somewhat at a disadvantage, which is prudent considering their size. To attract the attention of mine, however, and draw it out, I chose a spot in front of its lodge, which is kept artificially bright, to compensate its kind for the deficiency of their senses. As the darkness rose, I would begin. I ran round and round in the illuminated area, where I knew I would be visible to it. When I began, it would leave its

lodge, to which it normally retires at night, and advance towards me, as if fascinated. By repeatedly describing a circle, I induced it to move forwards, with a steady but, for so huge a creature, surprisingly noiseless tread, to a point within my circuit. As I continued in my course unchanged, it grew so bold as to bring itself, by degrees, nearer and nearer to my path. I was thus able—without making it obvious what I was about—to carry out my intention of surveying it pretty closely from all sides. I took the opportunity to pause, and raise my head, whenever I passed it on the leeward side, where it would be least likely to receive notice of my scrutiny by any of its senses. I wanted in particular, by aligning along my snout, to find the angle of elevation of its head, which I succeeded in getting, and from which, knowing the radius of my circle, I have calculated its altitude. It has a stature of no less than eighteen hedgehogs. From my detailed observations I am preparing a set of scale drawings, or *elevations* from various angles; and from the footprints it left, I have its *plan*.

From time to time I would retire behind some shrubs, and continue to watch it unseen. It would linger, sometimes completely motionless, where I had been, until I reappeared. The thought occurred to me, which caused me some amusement at the time, that it was perhaps as inquisitive in watching me as I was in watching it! It appeared that my precautions against alarming or provoking it were not necessary. It all the time showed signs of curiosity, rather than fear or aggression. I had wondered before-hand if it might not take me for a porcupine, and so be apprehensive of my quills, especially if I paused, when it might suppose me to be taking aim; which is one reason why I generally kept on the move. Again I could not be sure, that I had no reason to be apprehensive of *it*.

I sometimes repeated the experiment at different hours of the night, very often with the same result. I could not always draw it out of its lodge, but almost invariably succeeded in bringing it to one of the spy-holes with which the lodge is equipped on every side; where perhaps it did not realise that by the superiority of our various senses at night, I could detect it. My evidence casts doubt on the accepted theory, that members of this species spend the night asleep.

A week after my observations began, there was a sudden change in its behaviour. It had left, either by accident or design, a supply of food near the place where I made my observations. This food, partly to further my investigations, and partly because science, like virtue, is its own reward, I quickly consumed. I lingered for a while, and then, since the creature took no action, retired behind the shrubs. It did not replenish the container,

which counts against the idea that the food was laid out for my benefit, as some of my colleagues have facetiously suggested.

On a few occasions, when I re-emerged and resumed my circuit, I checked that the container was indeed still empty. On succeeding nights, however, I found it as full as before. After the last night on which I ran, I returned secretly for several nights, and found that the food was still laid out, despite my absence. Whatever the reason for its being left there, I count this the most important contribution of my researches to our knowledge of the species. It helps to settle the debated question, what they eat. If I may judge from the specimens I tried, it is a kind of pulp, of which milk is the most recognisable ingredient. I found it tasty and nourishing. Altogether it is on this part of my inquiry that I reflect with the greatest satisfaction.

Once or twice I arose during the light, and secretly spied on the field of my observations. Once I was so fortunate as to discover the creature applying a stick to portions of my nocturnal path, and pacing around it. Had it been a hedgehog, I should have said it was measuring my circle.

I cannot confidently venture any explanation of the creature's behaviour; but it does seem fair to point out the many hints that the actions of this one, and of others of the same kind in the district, are governed largely by curiosity. Such an hypothesis explains some of the peculiarities of human behaviour in this area, though not all of them. The general implication seems to be, that we hedgehogs are not the only species desirous or capable of knowledge.

ERINACEUS EUROPÆUS.

Light Fantastic

WHAT the Master saw out on the lawn
As the evening gave way to the dawn
Was not fish, chalk or fowl,
Rabbit, squirrel or owl,
Kangaroo, tripos, earwig or fawn.

For it danced in a circular way,
Neither sombre nor actually gay,
But methodically, while
In near-Bacchic style
It awaited the following day.

Both the Bursar and Steward were called.
Each declared himself frankly appalled.
'Send for Hinde', one opined,
'I myself wouldn't mind
To be caught by the beast and be mauled.'

Then the cellars were hunted for rats
And the porters wore luminous hats
While the Chaplain sent round
To a preacher renowned
For his skill in exorcising cats.

Several Fellows thought Trinity might
Be connected with starting the fright.
Horrid rumours went round
That a gyp had been found
Who'd been pecked at by Things in the night.

Said a Tutor: 'Now who would suppose
That a College which (anyone knows)
Is in charge of a Prince
Could more horror evince
Than a don with a luminous nose?'

Evil humours were sought in the soil
Where the Thing had enacted its toil.
Fellows feared for their lives,
Even dined with their wives,
Blamed the Paradoxographer Royal.

'Twas not he, though, who danced neath the moon.
Observation discovered too soon
'Twas the soul reincarnate
Of Dr O'Garnett,
Once Reader in Celtic and Rune.

A decanter of claret was found
Almost hid 'neath a bush on the ground,
And a hedgehog, dead drunk,
Dancing reels with a skunk
In a positive riot of sound.

So they formed a Committee to see
What the wisest solution would be;
Which advised, right to dine
Be vouchsafed to the swine
As a Balliol man (reg. 1, iii).

P. A. L.

The Editors,
The Eagle,
St John's College,
Cambridge.

62, Halesowen Road,
Halesowen,
Worcs.
4th March, 1968

Gentlemen,

Was the Master's hedgehog blind, in one eye at least? When three years ago our German girl came in to say there was an 'Eagle' in the garden I did feel some surprise as it wasn't the right date, and the postman usually delivers at the front, but there was in fact an E. Europaeus, banging like a drunk alternately into the left and right kerbs of the concrete with which our paths are lined.

I quickly got a shovel, scooped up the poor old gentleman, and removed him to a shady spot down the garden, but it was obvious both his eyes had gone completely, and soon he was back again tumbling into the paths and banging about in them. He wasn't even able to find a saucer of milk, as the Master's did 'by scent'. I don't know what became of him eventually.

All too probably the Master's ended on the tarmac of Bridge Street.

Yours truly,

JOHN SIBLY.

To the Editors of *The Eagle*.

Gentlemen,

The mention of hedgehogs in your previous issue brings to my mind some verses I cherished in my youth. I trust you will not regret my bringing them to the attention of your other readers.

Researches *a posteriori*
Have incontrovertibly shown
That comparative safety at Oxford
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.

And further exhaustive researches
By Darwin and Huxley and Ball
Have conclusively proved that the hedgehog
Cannot be buggered at all.

Yours sincerely,

H. SYKES BAMBROUGH,
'Brogwood', Cambs.

The School of Pythagoras (Merton Hall)

The School of Pythagoras is a first-floor hall of c. 1200, supported on an undercroft which was originally vaulted. From this period few such buildings survive in the country and it is the oldest domestic building in Cambridgeshire. The major part of this article is devoted firstly to a brief history of Merton Hall and its original estate, and secondly to a description of the actual building in the light of its restoration by St John's. A much fuller history is available in J. M. Gray, 'The School of Pythagoras' (Cambridge Antiquarian Society, 4to Publ., New Series, No. IV, 1932), although his account of the actual building should be ignored. A detailed architectural description and plan are available in 'City of Cambridge' (Royal Commission for Historic Monuments, 1959), II, pp. 377-9, but as a result of discoveries made during restoration this is now incomplete and in part misleading.

SCHOOL OF PYTHAGORAS?

'WHENCE it had its name is uncertain, whether a society of Gentlemen might not meet here, or live in a Pythagorean manner, not unlike a College life: or whether the Mathematicks, Morals, or other Philosophy might not have been held, or taught here in opposition to the General Philosophy of those times, is rather to be taken as possible Conjecture, than to be admitted as certain.' Thus wrote Samuel and Nathaniel Buck, in 1730, on their print of 'The south-west view of Pythagoras's School in Cambridge'. Although they mistakenly believed that Walter de Merton, founder of Merton College, had himself lived there, they were at least more cautious in their conjectures than many others have been. For a short while during the Elizabethan period one or two people were prepared to claim that Pythagoras had given his name to the building by actually teaching there himself. Joseph Kilner, writing about 1790, suggested that such an idea might have arisen because the Undercroft could have led people to imagine 'if not his School at Samos, at least the more cryptick cave in his house at Croton, he shut himself up in.' But then he only knew of the Undercroft by report and from the plan and section of R. West (Plate 1).

Documents in the 13th century refer simply to 'the Stone House' which in the 14th century became known as Merton Hall. It is impossible to demonstrate with any certainty how

Merton Hall did come to be called the School of Pythagoras, but it was very probably along the lines suggested by J. M. Gray. There is no reference to Pythagoras until 1574 when 'Domus Pythagorae' is shown on Richard Lyne's map of Cambridge. This sudden appearance may owe its origins to an earlier claim by John Hewison, Chancellor of the University, that Anaxagoras had taught and been buried in Cambridge. A claim which was readily adopted as ammunition in the 16th century disputes as to whether Oxford or Cambridge could lay claim to the greater antiquity. This became a considerable exercise in lying and was described by Prof. F. W. Maitland as 'the oldest of all the inter-university sports.' John Caius in repeating Hewison's original claim referred, in 1568, to the existence of houses 'quae nomine Anaxagorae appellantur.' Doubtless he was thinking of Merton Hall which even then would have obviously been the oldest house in Cambridge. From this only an easy change to a similar but better known name is required to result in Lyne's 'Domus Pythagorae'. Whatever its true origins may be, the name has remained in common use.

Many people have subsequently speculated, along with the Bucks, as to the nature of the 'School' but the idea appears to be the consequence either of an attempt to rationalize this supposed connection with Pythagoras, or of its links with Merton College. It was not until the 19th century that Merton Hall became involved in the world of education, and then only briefly.

DUNNINGS, MERTON AND ST JOHN'S

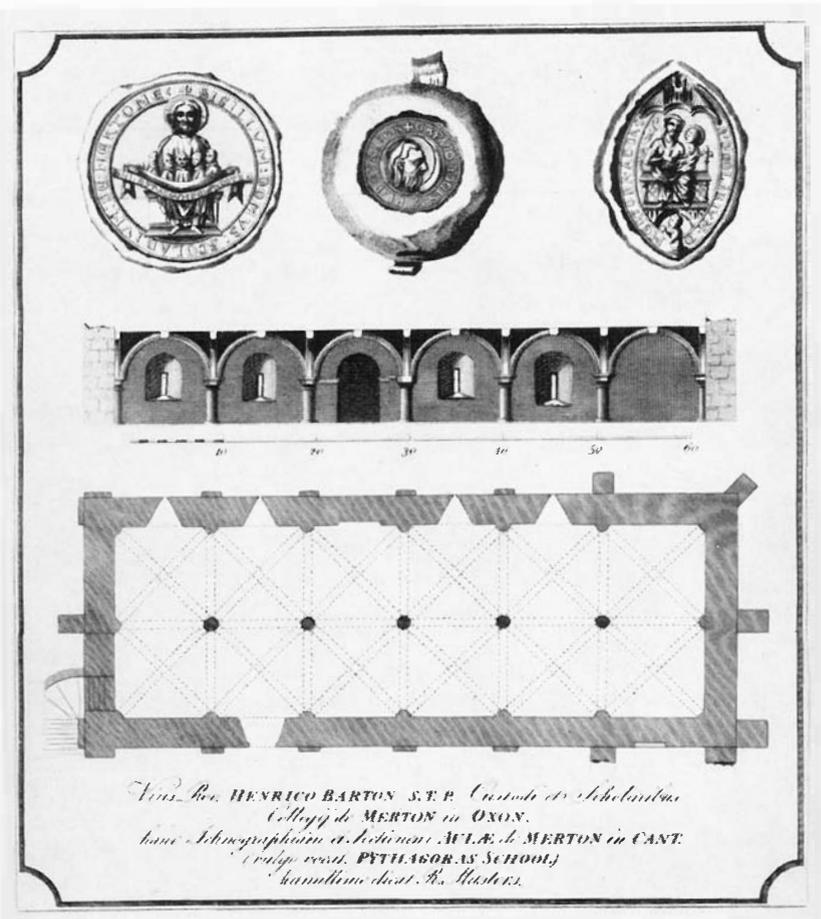
On architectural grounds the old stone house must be attributed to the early years of the 13th century and so it would appear to have been built by a certain Hervey Dunning. The Dunnings were an old Cambridge family and Hervey had been in the fortunate position of being heir to both his wealthy father and his uncle. He claimed knightly rank and in addition to being a large landowner took part in civic life, in 1207 becoming the earliest known Mayor of Cambridge. Thus not only did he have the means to set about building a stone house but he would also no doubt have felt that only such a manor would befit his status.

Hervey died about 1240 and the manor passed to his son Eustace who fell gradually into debt. In 1257 the first of many financial transactions took place with Magister Guy de Castro Bernadi. Eustace's son Richard inherited a hopelessly mortgaged property but despite this continued to raise money on the strength of it. This situation did not go unnoticed by William of Manfield, nephew and heir of John de Castro Bernadi, who had died shortly after succeeding his brother Guy. William took steps to

THE SCHOOL OF PYTHAGORAS (Merton Hall)

ILLUSTRATIONS

FIG. 1



PLAN AND SECTION OF UNDERCROFT BY RICHARD WEST, 1739

FIG. 2



WEST ASPECT OF SCHOOL OF PYTHAGORAS, 1967

FIG. 3



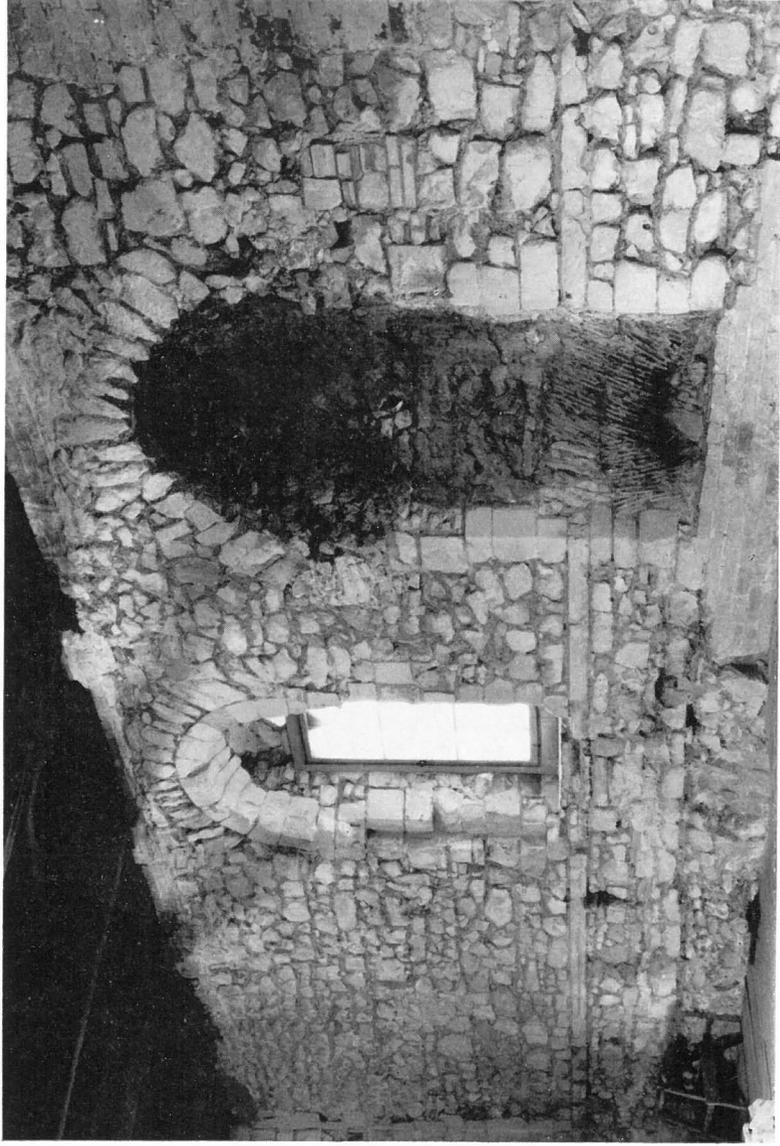
SOUTH ASPECT OF SCHOOL OF PYTHAGORAS, 1967

FIG. 4



NORTH ASPECT OF SCHOOL OF PYTHAGORAS, 1967

FIG. 5



INTERIOR OF HALL: SOUTH WALL, 1967

FIG. 6



INTERIOR OF HALL: NORTH-WEST CORNER, 1967

realise his inheritance. In 1270 he found a buyer for the stone house and estate in Walter de Merton, who required endowments for the College he had recently founded in Oxford. However Richard Dunning sat firm and in order to evict him William of Manfield was forced to bring an action of mort d'ancestor in the King's Bench and to follow it up by levying a distress. Finally in 1271 the stone house was conveyed to Merton College, but it was not until 1278 that all the mortgaged land came finally into their possession, for a total expenditure of £180 or more.

Merton College was to purchase other land around Cambridge but initially their estate appears to have consisted of some 180 acres. Of these only a third were in Cambridge, nearly half were in Grantchester, including a watermill, and the rest were in Chesterton. There were also some additional meadows and various rents and services. Two-crop rotation meant that not all the land could be under cultivation at once. For instance in 1333-34 only 80 acres were actually under seed, whilst other assets were recorded as being ten head of cattle, four pigs and a large number of ducks, geese and poultry. The dovecote and fishponds were important additional sources of food and revenue. Under the control of a succession of bailiffs the estate seems to have required a labour force of about six, with additional help for sowing and reaping. The bailiffs' accounts begin with 1279-80 and demonstrate that farming in Cambridge was never to be a particularly profitable venture for Merton, as for example in 1299-1300 when income amounted to just over £21 with expenditure at close on £18. The house itself was a frequent cause of expenditure and in 1374-75 the entire west end had to be rebuilt and other extensive repairs undertaken at a cost of £32 13s. 4d.

It was not until the reign of Charles I that Merton received official confirmation of the manorial status of Merton Hall. This had not prevented them from assuming full manorial rights from the first years of their ownership, although the earliest surviving court roll is that for 1447-48. Such action did not go uncontested, especially as the Dunnings had not held such courts. Merton based their claim to hold the manorial court on a general grant of Henry III, in 1271, that the College should have immunity from all suits of county, hundred, wapentake and other courts. The manorial court died a natural death with the enfranchisement of the last copyhold tenements in 1867.

The smallness of the income to be derived from farming by a bailiff no doubt accounts for Merton's occasional policy of leasing the manor to various Cambridge notables. However in 1446 Merton was forced to convey it to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Chancellor of the University as an endowment

for Henry VI's new foundation, the Royal College of SS. Mary and Nicholas (now known as King's). In exchange they received the manor of Stretton St Margaret in Wiltshire, but a clause was inserted in the Letters Patent that 'Power is reserved to the House, etc. of Merton to re-enter on the property so surrendered, if they are at any time expelled from the lands at Stretton St Margaret.' Disturbances in Wiltshire led Merton to invoke this re-entry clause in 1462 and, by virtue of an Act of Parliament, they resumed possession of their Cambridge estate.

From this time on Merton pursued a more or less consistent policy of leasing the estate. Many of the tenants had little respect for the property and it had to be specified in a lease of 1502 that pigs were not to be kept in the Undercroft. College bursars presented frequent reports on the disrepair of the house. With the creation of the North Wing by additions in the 16th and 17th centuries (Plate 2) the Hall ceased to be used for domestic purposes. Consequently the old stone house became nothing more than a barn and suffered accordingly. Kilner, writing about 1790, reports the Undercroft as being 'applied to the keeping of cyder, and looked not very much perverted in being so' and the Hall as having 'old and decayed windows, and for the most part stopped up, for the preservation of the corn for which it was then a repository.' Such usage clearly proved too much for the vaulting which had to be removed c. 1800. The Undercroft was then partitioned and in part brought into use with the house, only to be further mutilated in the 20th century by the insertion of a small reinforced-concrete air-raid shelter.

A new use for Merton Hall was found in 1808 when Newton Bosworth opened a 'Boarding-School for Young Gentlemen' known as 'Merton Hall Academy'. This venture clearly met with little success for he vacated the building in 1811 and the academy was not heard of again. The stone house had continued to be used as a granary and was in use as a malting-house when Redfern published a drawing of it in 'Old Cambridge' in 1875. From 1872-74 Merton Hall provided a temporary home for Newnham College, but otherwise it was being let as a private residence until purchased by St John's College some ten years ago. The North Wing was then brought into use as a post-graduate hostel and recently the restoration and conversion of the stone house was undertaken to provide a theatre.

THE STONE HOUSE

Although the external corner buttress (see Plate 3) of this L-shaped building points due south, after the precedent of a building contract of 1374 as followed in the account by the R.C.H.M. the

Hall is described as extending east-west and the Solar Wing as north-south.

The first-floor hall was a popular form of house-plan in England from the late 11th century continuing on into the 14th century. Its advantage over the ground-floor hall was one of increased security; narrow loops would suffice for an undercroft and the upper hall could safely have larger windows. The undercroft was frequently vaulted and access to the hall provided by means of an external staircase. Other common features were a wall-fireplace in the hall and a solar, or private room, for the owner and his family made by dividing off one end of the hall. However during the 13th century a new fashion was to have the solar added as a transverse wing.

The School of Pythagoras belongs to the Transitional Style from Norman to 'Early English' and appears to date to the first years of the 13th century, but in fact stands closer to the first-floor halls of the mid 12th century than to those of the mid 13th. The original stone house was a rectangular block (some 62 ft. by 23 ft.) with the small Solar Wing added transversely to the north some ten or so years later. There is however little evidence for the contemporaneity or otherwise of the Solar Wing and such as there is is somewhat ambiguous, but that it is an additional feature is perhaps the most convincing interpretation. The actual site appears to have been selected in relation to an old artificial watercourse which once ran close to, and parallel with, the south front of the building. Proximity to a navigable watercourse would have considerably lessened the problems of the transportation of building stone. This consisted principally of clunch which is hard chalk that weathers extremely badly if used externally, but is light and easily worked. This might have come from any of a number of quarries from near Cambridge, which have all now been abandoned. For the more important external dressings Barnack stone was used, from the Soke of Peterborough. This hard shelly oolitic limestone was extensively used in East Anglia, but the deposit appears to have been exhausted before the end of the 15th century.

The house was built directly on the natural river-gravel and clay with only the slightest of foundations. This consisted of a trench no wider than the ground-floor walls (about 3 ft.) and about nine inches in depth, filled with rubble and mortar. In one place the wall had been built over an inhumation burial which is no doubt connected with a number of other skeletons found during the excavation for the foundations of the Cripps Building. These would appear to be Romano-British burials, situated just outside the walls of Roman Cambridge. Excava-

tion inside the Undercroft uncovered a scatter of Roman rubbish in the gravel, which consisted mainly of broken pottery but also included a simple brooch and a small whetstone.

The Exterior. The general idea of the original stone house can best be appreciated by approaching it through the Cripps Building. The south side (Plate 3) consists of six bays divided by buttresses which are all of c. 1200 except for the three-stage ones at the west end. The whole west wall and eighteen feet of the south wall had to be rebuilt in 1374-75 as is recorded in the surviving masons' contract. The easternmost bay once contained an original loop (Plate 1) but this was replaced by a doorway in c. 1800. The stone pointed head of this door has been retained during restoration and the insertion of a modern rectangular loop and corresponding rear-arch in the Undercroft. The other loops are all of c. 1200. The third bay was removed c. 1800 when a glazed screen, incorporating a doorway, was inserted (as in Plate 3). This has now been replaced with a similar modern screen. Above this bay is the original chimney buttress, behind the Hall fireplace. A recent discovery is that this buttress contains a second flue which indicates that the missing bay once contained a fireplace for the Undercroft. This is a possible interpretation of the feature visible in West's section (Plate 1); although this has in the past been interpreted as a blocked doorway, it could well be a fireplace with its hood destroyed like that of the Hall to-day. Over the second bay is an original two-light window, but being of clunch it is much weathered. The lights were trefoiled and the tympanum is pierced making a tentative step in the direction of Gothic tracery. On the other side of the chimney buttress has been inserted a completely modern two-light window. This replaces a mid 18th century window and brick patch (as in Plate 3) which itself replaced a rectangular window of two cinquefoiled transomed lights, parts of which were discovered during the removal of this brickwork. The window in the westernmost bay, of two trefoiled lights in a square head belongs to the late 14th century rebuilding. The vertical emphasis of the buttresses is countered by the moulded string which once ran all round the main block. The hipped roof is of the 19th century.

The west face of the Hall, viewed from the garden, is all of 1374-75 as already mentioned but with the lower walling of the north bay removed and replaced by a glazed screen in line with the front of the buttresses (Plate 2). The south bay has just been altered by the insertion of a new window to replace a smaller modern one, and the new brickwork represents the remains of an 18th century opening. The lower storey of the Solar Wing has been completely replaced in the past and the

first-floor window is a replacement for an original loop. Of the rest of the North Wing the part with exposed timber-framing is of the 16th century, which was further extended in the second half of the 17th century.

The east wall of the stone house has been much rebuilt and the string is mostly missing. To the south of the completely new central buttress is a 15th century doorway. The new window to the Hall marks the position of its original doorway, but no traces of this remain externally. The modern loop below is in the place of an original one that has been destroyed in the past. Scarcely anything remains of the external staircase to the Hall apart from a few stones of the arch which would have carried its upper platform. The impost-moulding beside the 15th century doorway indicates another destroyed arch which would have brought the staircase out at a right angle to the wall.

Since the house was built the courtyard to its north has risen some three or four feet, but a well has been excavated to reveal the building down to its original plinth. The second bay of this north wall (Plate 4) contains the original Undercroft doorway; this is another feature that had to be repaired in 1374. The photograph shows a modern door in the first bay which cuts away one side of a blocked 16th century rectangular window. This doorway has been removed and the window restored; after this had been completed the missing half of the sill was discovered being used as a foundation stone for a shed in the garden of the School of Pythagoras. The third bay contains a 15th century window, with a restored label. The missing fourth bay has been used for the addition of a spiral staircase, in an 'oriel', to provide extra access to the Hall. Over the Undercroft doorway is the second original two-light window in an even more dilapidated condition than that on the south. This is particularly unfortunate as it appears to have been considerably more elaborate with its semicircular head (missing) springing from shafted splays with decorated capitals and moulded bases (as inside), but all this has now weathered almost to the point of non-existence.

The Undercroft. When in the Undercroft a certain amount of imagination is required to envisage the original vaulting which was almost completely destroyed c. 1800. However West's section of 1739 (Plate 1) provides a satisfactory illustration of the quadripartite vaulting which was supported on five central columns and corresponding wall shafts and corner-columns. The south-east corner-column is alone completely preserved but the bases of most of the others were uncovered during excavation. 'Shadows' of several of the wall-shafts have survived and in some parts the lines of the vaulting could be preserved during

restoration. The positions of the central columns are to be marked in the floor and the larger of the two surviving bases will be visible. The 1374 masons' contract also included rebuilding the broken vault and differences in the foundation pads of the central columns indicated that repairs had been necessary to three of the five, including the one still visible. The earliest surviving floor discovered during excavation, for there had been a build-up of some eighteen inches inside the Undercroft, consisted of hard mortar laid directly on the natural gravel. This was some nine inches below the level of the bases and thus that of the original floor. From the association of this mortar floor with a small brick oven and a few pottery fragments, it can be dated to the early 16th century. The 1502 lease which specified that the new tenants were not to keep pigs in the Undercroft must presumably mean that the previous tenants had been doing just that. Following the ban on this activity the Undercroft would have had to have been thoroughly mucked out, so removing all earlier evidence, to enable a new floor to be laid. This would satisfactorily explain the depth of this mortar floor.

The Hall. On the inside of the east wall, on the upper floor, are preserved the original door-jambes of the Hall doorway, but the rest of this wall has at some stage been completely rebuilt at this level. Running round the Hall, apart from the rebuilt end walls, is a moulded string which has mostly been destroyed, but which matched that on the exterior. The 1374-75 rebuilding of the west wall and eighteen feet of the south wall is clearly distinguishable from the original fabric by the use of smaller stones in the 14th century. This 14th century work displays a well-defined pattern of holes (blocked) which had contained the timbers required for scaffolding during building. The interiors of the original two-light windows (south wall, Plate 5) have semicircular rear-arches springing from shafted splays with capitals carved with stiff-leaf foliage, although the shafts are missing. In the south wall are the remains of the original fireplace (Plate 5) which has recently been unblocked. It would have originally had a hood of which the corbel-stones are now hacked flush with the wall. There is some evidence for a second fireplace in a setting of stones in the south wall on the very edge of the 14th century rebuild. This may be the eastern side of a fireplace which was destroyed in the rebuilding, but which would have originally served to heat what must have been the Solar, divided off at this end of the Hall. There is no evidence for a partition but this could have been light panelling or simply a curtain. In the north wall at this end is a well-preserved rectangular aumbry (locker or cupboard) (Plate 6). The doorway in this corner gives access to the Solar Wing and the photograph shows the

early doorway as partly blocked with a late 14th century inserted doorway. This 14th century doorway has had to be removed but has been re-used in the Undercroft as the entrance to the Solar Wing. After the removal of this doorway it was discovered that the semicircular arch of the earlier doorway had been plastered and then painted with blue and red lines to simulate masonry. On the hypothesis that the Solar Wing is an addition to the original plan it is possible to explain certain rather anomalous features of this doorway by interpreting it as an original window converted into a door on the construction of the Solar Wing.

The Solar Wing. Inside the Solar there are remains of original loops on both the north and south walls. Also in the south wall is a fine 14th century locker and in the east wall, although blocked by the 16th century additions beyond, is a large original lancet with a semicircular head. It is unfortunate that the first-floor of the Solar Wing has been somewhat over-restored in the past and on the ground-floor alterations have left no original features to be seen. However in the east wall is a 16th century doorway leading into the modern boiler-room.

RESTORATION AND CONVERSION: 1967-68

The restoration of the old stone house was undertaken by St John's with the object of converting the Hall into a theatre. The theatre, seating 144, is equipped with a fixed stage at the west end with dressing-rooms in the Solar Wing. The east end of the Hall has the main staircase with a projection-box above. The main access to this staircase will be through the 15th century doorway in the east wall, leading to a small foyer and cloakrooms. The remaining two-thirds of the Undercroft are taken up by accommodation for the use of members of the College.

Such a radical re-use of the building has of course required a number of additions not in the nature of restoration. It was necessary to insert a reinforced-concrete ground-beam for the support of the reinforced concrete columns required to carry the new floor of the theatre. The staircase and cloakrooms had to be inserted and additional access provided by the spiral staircase in its 'oriel'. New windows for the Hall and Undercroft were obviously essential. The stage has inevitably to mask the character of the west end of the Hall. However, the general policy has remained one of restoration, that is to say an effort to conserve all features as they have been found rather than to attempt the creation of what they might have been. But in restoring a building that has received so much maltreatment in the past, and one that is so badly weathered,

it is not necessarily going to be possible always to achieve complete accuracy in even these aims. One point is, as already mentioned, the modern unavailability of either clunch or Barnack. This has meant that all restoration, as well as the new features, have had to be carried out in Weldon which will at any rate prevent confusion with earlier work.

If St John's had not undertaken the restoration of the School of Pythagoras the building would have been unlikely to have lasted the century. In addition to this over-riding fact a number of positive advantages have been gained during the present work. For the first time during the preparations for restoration all the accumulated plaster, boarding and partitions were removed, thereby permitting a detailed examination to be made of the entire fabric. Furthermore it was possible to excavate inside the Undercroft and so to reveal the column-bases and other early features. It has been possible to restore the floors of both the Undercroft and Hall to approximately their original levels and also to reduce the ground level around the outside of the building. All the features of the stone house which were revealed during the work have been comprehensively photographed and will be described in detail elsewhere. Thus a record has been made of anything that has had to be lost, and there is now sufficient information to allow the School of Pythagoras to be considered alongside any other first-floor hall of the period, instead of continuing to be passed over, with only the occasional reference to its windows and battered condition. Above all there is the pleasure of seeing an old and dilapidated building once more coming into full use.

JAMES GRAHAM-CAMPBELL.

Some books and prints. References have not been given as my historical account was largely drawn from J. M. Gray (op. cit.) where the majority of relevant documents in the Merton archives have been printed. Joseph Kilner's *The School of Pythagoras* (privately printed, c. 1790, but available in the College Library) is very worth consulting, for although much of it is irrelevant, it does contain the Bucks' print of 1730, West's plan and section of 1739, and another print by S. Hooper of 1783. A useful print is the somewhat romanticised south-west view by R. Harraden in *Cantabrigia Depicta* (1809). Redfern's drawing of the north side (1875) is used as the illustration for the brief historical account in the *Victoria County History of Cambridgeshire*, Vol. 3, (1959) pp. 122-3. The *Proceedings of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society*, Vol. XIII (1909) pp. 79-80 contains a brief but misleading description by T. D. Atkinson, illustrated with four

good photographs. Reference has already been made to R.C.H.M. account and plan. For the general background M. Wood's *The English Mediaeval House* (1965) is extremely valuable. The *Eagle* for October, 1962 contains an account of the fishponds, and the discoveries during the construction of the Cripps Building are recorded in the *Eagle*, November, 1964. Plates 2-6 in this issue were taken by Mr L. Jewitt.

Poems

affairs

early Sunday morning has a quiet
in its paper (unopened)
that must be growing old
that must be the primal returning
headlines unseen
personal reference asleep
their generalizing (reminding)
left with the fading
of the thump on the doorstep
it might not be too bad to put
all that responsibility
aside

where children play

I

not vast mountain passes
but a cluttered backyard
our minds are tedious
but if a child can go
and play there what great
discoveries escaping
logic what satisfaction
wanting all to go away
to discover more

II

the small child's pantheism
to my eyes seems
to be the best religion
feeling force and movement
all around never
really understanding
but always unafraid
to know that lurking
everywhere is good
cause to have a deep fear

POEMS

1.30 a.m.

I sit here at my desk
in a 16th century cottage
looking between the curtains:
the quiet seems England's
past—more of the past
than present, shadowy
in a more legitimately
unknown way than back home
lulled by the gentle hum
of the electric heater on the floor
almost accepting the historical
precedent of the cold seeping in
jarred by the rumbling lorry
passing without solace outside

epigram

women are a threat
to an orderly world,
but they may be right

JOHN ELSBERG.

Poems

THIRSTY

DEEP brown, thick,
almost luminous black
and thick like trees

but more gently moved,
like water scooped
in the bowl of your hands,

and just as vain
to try to hold (unless
you drink it quick):

no (on second thoughts)
it's blacker than trees
and thicker than black—

do you mind if I touch
and drink quickly at
the back of your ear?

THANK YOU

SHE used to be brittle; her laugh would snap
Over her eye-tired face, leaving a crack
Of quickly silent shame at having laughed;
And she used to move like a sad giraffe
Sideways away from you, angling her voice
Out of the corner of her grudge's glance.

But you notice her clothes now, and she listens,
Looks at you quietly; her voice croak-whispers
And she coughs; and she often says Thank you
Now too: carpets are nicer than lino.

BEFORE THE BEGINNING

HERE, before the beginning
Of a day, it is colder than evening,
And you notice, crystallising,
What had dissolved in the dusk's softening,
Like just before falling
In love again, eastward-facing.

PETE ATKIN.

Gust of Gomorrah

AN inexpensive blend of snuff suited to undergraduate pockets.

5 parts Smith's Golden Cardinal

4 parts Smith's Carnation

3 parts Smith's Attar of Roses.

The first two are obtainable in jars at 2/9 from Bacon. The last is in 5/- drums only.

The snuff's should be mixed with a spoon in a mustard pot; allowed to dry out for about 5 hours—shaken up well in an empty snuff bottle, and put into a snuff box.

It is trusted that this will delight some young men's noses.

GODFREY TANNER.

Poems

MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT THE BILL AND BUGGER OFF, THE CITY'S SMARTEST RENDEZVOUS

THE Blue Boar is a haven
For the petit bourgeois savage
It's a Trust House—you can trust them
To be good at boiling cabbage.
Le Jardin has a menu
Which is splendid, hot or cold
But the manager's a Gaullist
And you'll have to pay in gold.
There are Indians who'll serve you
With a curry or a sag
'Til the local health inspector
Let's the cat out of the bag.
And you won't find much of interest
In the Turk's Head or its chicken
Where they reached rock bottom years ago
And still they keep on digging.
So you may as well just settle
For a dinner in the College
Though the salt be short of savour
And the company of knowledge.
There girlfriends cannot follow you
And rook you for their fill,
And if you're upper-middle class
Your father foots the bill.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA

'BETTER the devil you don't know
Than the devil you know.'
She said.
And crushing the bird in her hand
She headed purposefully for the bushes.

BERNARD METCALFE.

Reviews

EUGENIDES & CO.

UNABLE to find a stage on which to perform *Romeo and Juliet* the Lady Margaret Players raised their sights and attempted the impossible by dramatising *The Waste Land*. They acted it in the Old Music Room on March 8th, before an invited audience; and next year will perform *Romeo* after all, in the School of Pythagoras. No one can accuse them of timidity.

Nor, after the event, can one wish that they had been more prudent. Probably the enterprise was wrong from beginning to end—the poem is dramatic, but not a play—but if it was to be done, it could have been done very much worse. At first it sounded surprisingly and alarmingly like *Murder In The Cathedral* or *The Family Reunion*—

Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers . . .

but the effect soon passed off, and was probably due to the conjunction of Eliot's verse and women's voices, and not to any hitherto-unsuspected weakness in the poem. (Though for its sake I wish I hadn't been reminded of the housewives of Canterbury.) By the beginning of *The Fire Sermon* all doubts were at an end: the power of this most astonishing work made itself fully felt, and swept cast and audience along to the last encounter with the Fisher-King and shantih shantih shantih. Anything which evokes that power is vindicated. In practice I am grateful to the Players, though in principle I think they have behaved deplorably.

Next to T. S. Eliot, thanks are chiefly due to the devisers and directors of the enterprise, Messrs Ian Hering and Nick Jones. It was they, it is to be presumed, who masterminded the process by which the text of the poem was skilfully turned into scenes and into parts for thirteen players; it was quite certainly they who, by their control of movement and lighting, kept the action flowing along. Pace and change are of course the essentials of all good stage production; but the play of *The Waste Land* needed them to a quite exceptional extent. It could not afford a moment's indecision or slackness. How well the directors knew this was best shewn in the transition from *The Fire Sermon* to *Death by Water*. Darkness came on with a crowd chanting

Burning burning burning burning

It lynched the Phoenician sailor, who, strung up as the Hanged Man (a red flicker suggesting also the martyr's stake and death by fire) died also by water (the lights going blue) in the shortest and loveliest of *The Waste Land's* cantos. But there were many other effective strokes: for example, the three women, sitting on the edge of a table with their backs to the audience, at the beginning of *The Fire Sermon*. They suggested not so much the Rhine daughters of the poem as a group by Henry Moore: surely more appropriate to the Thames than Wagner's pristine mermaids. The table in this scene illustrates another strength of the production: its resourceful use of the commonplace props provided by the Old Music Room's furniture. Though here I ought to pause to compliment Mr Richard Griffith on some very effective masks, which well elicited Eliot's Frazerian themes.

As to interpretation, I would, at certain points, have welcomed a lighter

touch, especially in the bedroom scene between the typist and the young man carbuncular. It would, perhaps, be overstating the case to call *The Waste Land* one of the greatest comic poems of the century, but it is certainly not the most solemn: wit is of its essence. The poet who summed up a scene by parodying Goldsmith was just as much in earnest as when he wrote the elegy for Phlebas, but he was using a different technique. Except for a delicious moment with Mr Eugenides there was no evidence that either producers or players sufficiently understood this point.

It would be absurd to write at any length of the acting. This was a team performance, and could only be judged as such: in other words, in terms of production. Only the part of Tiresias was of sufficient length and prominence to warrant comment. He/she was played by Mr David Price, who has a complete repertoire of stage gestures. I would advise him to lose it as rapidly as possible. The whole body must, of course, be as much at the command of the actor as it has to be at that of the dancer; but if it is only commanded to strike stereotyped attitudes, the gain in expressiveness is minimal. And too much gesticulation distracts an audience from the words, which, especially in poetic drama, are what they most need to concentrate on. Mr Price has a good voice: he could safely have relied on it more.

All in all, however, this enterprise has made me look forward eagerly to *Romeo*. The Lady Margaret Players look well able to meet its challenge, and get the Theatre-in-Pythagoras off to a flying start.

VERCINGETORIX.

THE WASTE LAND

CAST

Tiresias, <i>the blind prophet</i>	David Price
Madame Sosostris, <i>famous clairvoyante</i>	Mary Cubbon
Ferdinand, <i>Prince of Naples</i>	Peter Gill
Mrs Porter, <i>who is perhaps the mother of</i>	Carleen Batstone
Marie, <i>who is also the typist</i>	Angie Cullingford
Sweeney, <i>the small house agent's clerk</i>	David McMullen
Stetson, <i>acquainted with Phlebas</i>	Hugh Epstein
Bill, <i>the barman</i>	Keith Hutcheson
Lou, <i>the woman in the bar</i>	Pippa Sparkes
Phlebas, <i>the Phoenician Sailor</i>	Nick Viney
Mr Eugenides, <i>the one eyed Merchant</i>	Ray Neinstein
Belladonna, <i>the Lady of the Rocks</i>	Hilary Craig
The Man with Three Staves	Oliver Linton
Decor	Richard Griffiths
Music	Ian Hering, David McMullen, David Mitchell, Hugh Epstein
Lighting	Roger Hills, Paul Williams

T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* arranged for dramatic presentation by the Lady Margaret Players, under the direction of Ian Hering and Nick Jones.

THE OTHER BUTLER

Samuel Butler, *Hudibras*, edited by John Wilders (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1967), 105s.

JOHNIANS are used to making their mark in the world. Mr John Wilders, who enjoyed the benefits of reading English in the College under the guidance of Mr Hugh Sykes Davies, graduated from Cambridge in 1950, won a Strathcona Research Studentship, visited Princeton University,

and became a Lecturer in English at the University of Bristol, from which he has recently moved to a Fellowship at Worcester College, Oxford. Such are the distinctions that the academic spirit confers. Meanwhile, he has given birth to a weighty edition of Butler's *Hudibras* (1663-78), the most important English verse satire before Dryden, with a massive introduction and commentary. This is the first edition of the poem since the Cambridge edition of 1905, and it has been produced by the Clarendon Press in the Oxford English Text series in their usual handsome and sober format, adorned with two portrait-plates and bound in what Butler might have called a 'Presbyterian true-blue' binding picked out with gold.

Samuel Butler, who (unlike his nineteenth-century namesake) was not a member of St John's College, was a rather obscure Worcestershire man of Royalist sympathies who, being almost thirty years old at the outbreak of the Civil War in 1642, spent his life in the service of one noble family or another, began to write his poem, in all probability, shortly before the death of Oliver Cromwell in September 1658, published it with some success in three successive parts after the Restoration of 1660, and died of tuberculosis in London in 1680. Mr Wilders in his introduction paints a convincing portrait of this scourge of the Puritans as a gloomy sceptic—most satirists seem to be gloomy men—with a dislike of all shades of enthusiasm, not just the Cromwellian, and a taste for drinking night after night with a fellow-poet John Cleveland, who was a Johnian. John Aubrey carried his coffin to a grave in Covent Garden and wrote his life. It was not a particularly enviable one, though he mostly stayed out of trouble, married a little money, wrote a witty poem 'the first part which took extremely', and died in his bed. Many mid-century Englishmen fared worse. Aubrey makes him sound like a man who was more alone than lonely: 'Satirical wits disoblige whom they converse with; and consequently make to themselves many enemies and few friends; and this was his manner and case.' Probably he did not wish it differently. But anyone who has spent much time in the company of Sir Thomas Browne or John Dryden will recognise a family resemblance with the mind and temperament of Butler. In a troubled age it was an achievement just to survive, and hard to view the antics of the world without scepticism and distaste.

Butler's poem is about what we might now hasten to call the corruption of the Left: a spectacle, as familiar to this century as to that, of the party of progress and change ruined by self-righteousness, spiritual obstinacy and a crass credulity in the face of intellectual novelties. 'The modern saint', Butler wrote in his notebooks, 'that believes himself privileged and above nature, engages himself in the most horrid of all wickednesses, . . . and is so far from repentance that he puts them upon the account of pious duties and good works.' Camus's famous notion that the 'logical crime', or the crime committed from the highest motives and in obedience to an ideological certainty, has been characteristic of the age since Robespierre and the French Revolution evidently calls for some enlargement in the light of seventeenth-century excesses. The fact is that the English went through the fire of ideology first among the European peoples, and forged a tradition of stability in the late seventeenth century out of an early awareness of what crimes an excess of enthusiasm can easily commit. This may be among the reasons why Johnson called *Hudibras* a poem of which a nation may be justly proud. In many ways, it is true, Butler's contempt for science in the second part of his poem has worn less well than his indictment of religious and political extremism in the first. One simply has to accept that it was a prejudice shared by many intelligent humanists, such as Swift and Johnson, both in that century and in the next.

Hudibras is a fat old knight involved in Quixotic adventures; and to say that the story is the weakest thing about the poem is not quite balanced by the reflection that it is also the weakest thing about Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, of which it is in some ways a parody. The portraits of single characters can be devastating, but the adventures which contain them do not hold the interest. They may not have held much of Butler's interest either. Clearly he is not deeply concerned with the eternal question of how a satire is best to be built. The difficulty lies in the fact that satire has no natural form unless it be as a parody of some existing and familiar work. Tragedy often ends with death, comedy with a marriage: but it remains a problem in *Hudibras*, or in Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* nearly twenty years later, or with a modern stage revue, whether satire can ever evolve much beyond its original state as a collection of fine, ridiculous fragments, as in Dryden's gallery of satirical portraits. Pope solved the problem in the *Dunciad*, and Joyce in *Ulysses*, by using Virgil and Homer as architectural frames. Butler seems not to have thought of the mock-heroic as an ordering principle. Perhaps one needs genuinely to admire a form in order to parody it, or at least to parody it at length. The great mock-heroics, like the *Dunciad*, or *Tom Jones*, or *Tristram Shandy*, were the works of men impressed by what they supposed to be the Roman virtues, and contemptuous or derisive of the failure of their own world to live up to them. Butler's view is much more radical and sceptical than that. It is not just Puritanism he thinks silly: he thinks the epic silly too, and heroic action itself open to grave suspicion. Modern historians may not agree with his view, in the opening lines of the poem, that the Civil War was not about anything in particular and that the two sides did not even know what they were fighting for:

When civil fury first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why . . .

The opening of Part II suggests that both war and the epic conventions of war are equally absurd:

But now t'observe romantic method,
Let rusty steel awhile be sheathed,
And all those harsh and rugged sounds
Of bastinadoes, cuts and wounds
Exchanged to love's more gentle style, . . .
To let our reader breathe a while . . .

As a matter of fact, epics seem to Butler to be accountable for much of the trouble. They have romanticised violence to the point of justifying civil disorders:

Certes our authors are to blame;
For to make some well-sounding name
A pattern fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights
(Like those that a whole street do raze
To build a palace in the place).
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, so they can
Make up some fierce, dead-doing man (l. ii. 11f.)

Mr Wilders glosses 'dead-doing' as 'murderous'. He is not an editor to mince matters. I hope his edition is much read, as it deserves to be. Johnians who are protected by the wise policy of the tutors against direct experience of stupidity will find much in it to instruct them concerning the harsh world beyond their gates.

GEORGE WATSON.

PLATO PLAIN

Plato, Popper and Politics. Some Contributions to a Modern Controversy. Edited by Renford Bambrough. W. Heffer and Sons, Ltd., Cambridge. viii and 219 pages. 35s.

ALL who are seriously interested in political thought—whatever is understood by that phrase—must be interested in Plato. To state this is to state a truism, but one which too many will not recognize as such. Plato is to the political tradition of the West much what the Bible is to western ethics but who reads the Bible today? Only the declining band of Christians. To rescue Plato from the fate of the great black-bound sacred compendium is, then, a worthwhile task, since we clearly cannot dispense with political theory; and the West therefore owes a debt of gratitude to those writers whose controversial rage has helped to keep Plato present, alive and exciting to readers during the past thirty years. The College of St John the Evangelist, that notable if eccentric Platonist, may well be proud that one of its members, Mr Bambrough, has not only contributed valuably to the controversy, but has, in the present volume, brought some of its principal documents together. He has thus made them readily accessible, both to the expert and to the beginner. Each will be grateful.

Not that it is possible to endorse his publisher's opinion that the book will serve 'as an introduction to the debate for those who are about to read those books for the first time', meaning the books of Professor Sir Karl Popper and of his critics and supporters; still less, of course, will it serve those who are about to read Plato himself. A knowledge of the *Republic*, of *The Open Society and its Enemies*, and (for reasons that will soon be clear) of at least the outlines of ancient Greek and modern European history is absolutely essential, as a bare minimum, to those who would profit from this book; and the more they know, to start with, of modern philosophy and of the other dialogues of Plato, the more they will learn. But when all is said, the amount of pre-requisite knowledge is small. The audience to which *Plato, Popper and Politics* (hereinafter referred to as 3P) may be recommended is correspondingly large.

A summary of the contents will best indicate the value of the book. It opens with an essay by Mr Bambrough as *amicus curiae*. He gives a dispassionate account of what divides and what unites the Platonic controversialists that, allowing for what seems to me a major omission (touched on below), ought to be acceptable to both. There follow, in chronological order, twelve essays published between 1938 and 1961, from which some of the principal themes of the controversy may be gleaned. These essays fall into two clearly-defined groups, Before Popper and After Popper. BP are R. F. A. Hoerlé, making a disquieting because detailed comparison of the Hitlerian state with the Utopia of the *Republic*; H. B. Acton defending Plato against the consequent charge of Fascism; G. R. Morrow impressively sustaining the claim, based on a reading of the *Laws*, that Plato is the originator of the theory of mixed governments, that is of constitutionalism; and the late Professor G. C. Field demolishing the anti-Platonic case as presented by Mr Richard Crossman and others. AP are two reviews of the *Open Society*, (published in 1945) by Professor Ryle (disappointing, this) and Professor Plamenatz respectively; a characteristic essay by Bertrand Russell ('That Plato's Republic should have been admired, on its political side, by decent people, is perhaps the most astonishing example of literary snobbery in all history'); a spirited counter-attack by Eric Unger; Mr Bambrough's notable essay on Plato's political analogies; a formidable philosophical critique of Popper's categories, by Stanley H. Rosen; an unsatisfactory attempt to sum up the controversy by Hans Meyerhoff; and Professor Popper's own 'Reply

to a Critic', in which he takes Professor Levinson, who in 1953, wrote *In Defence of Plato*, shakes him, and leaves him for dead.

It is a good selection. One could wish that, instead of Ryle, Mr Bambrough had included the review by Richard Robinson to which Popper frequently alludes, and which sounds like an important contribution; and surely the Russell essay ought to precede the Unger piece, which discusses it? The articles are reproduced photographically from the books and journals where they were first published, so one cannot legitimately complain of the book's odd appearance; but the look of the prefatory pages, including the list of contents, is needlessly ugly. Again, it would be idle to ask for an index to a book of this nature, but could not Mr Bambrough, in 1968, have done more towards furnishing a guide to further reading than referring us to *In Defence of Plato's* bibliography and to Professor Harold Cherniss's *Plato, 1950-57*? However, these are small complaints, which do nothing to mar the real utility of the collection; and both publishers and editor are to be congratulated on the system they have adopted by which scholars will be equally able to refer to the pagination of the present volume and to that of the original articles.

As to the larger issues presented by 3P, an historian must notice, first the profile of the controversy itself. It began in the mid-thirties, when, to the consternation of all good Platonists, states had arisen in Europe which bore a hateful but striking resemblance to the Utopia depicted by the philosopher in his *Republic*. Clearly this resemblance had to be investigated and accounted for; the tone of anguish which runs through several of the commentaries arises from the pain that men felt in having in any way to relate the divine Plato to the infernal Hitler.

It proved possible to defend Plato against the grosser charges: he could not, in fact, be used to defend Nazism. Hitler and Mussolini were clearly not Platonic guardians or philosopher-kings. For one thing they lacked that certain knowledge of the good which, in Plato's eyes, alone justified any and all of the guardians' actions in advance. But the peril and then the victory of liberal democracy in the second World War did not soften the attitude of democrats towards Plato. They had crushed the fascists; they next proceeded, led by Professor Popper, to crush the great forerunners. Plato's crimes against the open society—his view that rulers might legitimately lie to the world, his insistence on censorship, his acceptance of slavery, his alleged racialism and militarism—were to be denounced and condemned decisively, in a sort of Nuremberg trial. This phase lasted until the late fifties, when doubts arose—and have since grown huge—about the all-sufficiency of the liberal democratic answer. In England Mr Bambrough began to urge the wisdom that lay behind the exaggerations of Plato's analogies; in America Professor Rosen proved that all societies are to some extent closed, not open: are based, that is to say, in Popper's own sense of the word, on magic—on assumptions that cannot be proved—and not on the results of free, scientific enquiry. We are no longer so ready to condescend to Plato's satire on democracy. He held that it led direct to tyranny, the worst of all forms of human government. He is not necessarily right; but who, looking now across the Atlantic to the greatest of modern democracies, dare say that he is necessarily wrong?

A subordinate theme, also clearly evident in this collection, is the development of philosophical fashion. I am not competent to pronounce on this, but may venture the remark that Professor Rosen's strictures on Popper's conclusions are based on other strictures on logical empiricism, the dominant contemporary mode of English-language philosophy. The rise and fall of political attitudes seems to be roughly paralleled by the

rise and fall of philosophical approaches. It would be interesting to explore the connection—for a connection there must be. The phenomenon to be understood is a phase of cultural history which, by analogy, might throw light on other phases. We are confronted with a sacred text in the interpretation of which certain learned and intelligent men have been palpably influenced by the political and intellectual currents of their time. It would be valuable to know what, precisely, drove them to investigate the text; how they related their professional and their political concerns; and what part they and their studies played in the society of their day. In short, a full-scale account of the Platonic controversy might tell us a great deal about an important aspect of modern history. It is to be hoped that one day it will be written.*

3P is more satisfying with regard to modern than to ancient history. The reason is curious. As to modern history, the essays here printed are, in a sense, original pieces of evidence. But they are not, of course, intended as contributions to historical knowledge of any kind. And this leads to the glaring omission, alluded to earlier, in Mr Bambrough's account of the controversy.

He observes (p. 10, p. 11) that 'The first attack of modern critics is directed against Plato's concrete proposals for the organisation of society. The critics recoil in democratic horror from the censorship proposals, from the cold-blooded justification of lying propaganda, from the control of breeding, which treats man as a mere animal. They are incensed at the autocratic principles on which Plato organises his ideal community . . .' And, 'There is a second and much more formidable attack to be met, an attack which does not confine itself to criticising this or that political measure or institution, but which strikes at the root of Plato's whole conception of man and society.'

The defence against the first charge, which Mr Bambrough allows, is that, given Plato's philosophical doctrines, above all the contention that there is a science of virtue like the science of mathematics, which the guardians of his Republic know, 'the concrete proposals are not only defensible but inescapable.' There is, he thinks, no sufficient defence against the second charge, which is that there is no such science of virtue. Plato may, if he chooses, pass his time in speculation about an unattainable Utopia; or he may persuade himself that it is attainable, that his programme should be acted upon. The verdict is inexorable: he 'either does not or will not see that his central political principle is either true and trivial or important and false.' (p. 13). There may be a science of virtue, but men will never attain it. Plato ought not to write as if they could.

So far, so good; but it does not seem to me that this two-pronged formulation covers all the ground. Surely there is a third prong, which involves the very nature of political thought itself.

It is easy to see why Mr Bambrough neglects this prong. For one thing, he is not an historian; for another, the excessive heat of Plato's enemies obscures their light. Yet it remains possible to hold that Popper, skewered by the first prong, which finds out his weak spot, an unwillingness to discuss Plato in Platonic terms, is still alive and kicking, because Plato, not he, is skewered by the other two prongs.

* When it is, let us hope that it takes some account of the related controversies about Hegel and Marx—especially the former. Both names crop up from time to time in 3P, but neither, and especially not Hegel, has been completely rescued from the serious misrepresentations launched by Popper. As Plamenatz remarks, 'English scholars . . . care so much less for the reputations of German than of Greek philosophers.' (p. 140).

For, as Sir Karl observes (pp. 331-2) no-one has yet shown him to be wrong in his contention that Plato, both in the *Republic* and the *Laws*, recommended states which would have condemned Socrates, more rigidly than Athens itself, to exile, imprisonment, or death. Socrates, be it recalled, died for the ideal of a just balance between the claims of society and the claims of the individual mind and conscience. The *Crito* makes it plain that he accepted, in the fullest sense, his obligations as an Athenian citizen. The *Apology*, the *Phaedo*, and Xenophon—everything, in short, which we know about the historic Socrates—makes it plain that he also insisted on his human right to think and speak freely, about politics, conduct and religion. Such a man would not have lasted long in the Platonic Utopias. His intelligence and his irony would soon threaten the dissolution of their institutions, and he would have been eliminated more swiftly than he was from his own city.

Various comments could be made on this point; but the relevant one is simple. *How did Plato, the Master's principal follower, ever come to devise so unSocratic a state as the Republic?* Are we content to ascribe it to his inexorable reasoning from his central contention, the infallibility of the ruling guardians? Is it not more plausible to suppose that Plato thought of the guardians first, and tried to prove their necessity afterwards? Briefly, no answer has yet been made to the contention that Plato was an autocrat by temperament, a conservative by upbringing, and anti-liberal, anti-democratic on principle because of the excesses of the Athenian *demos*, which led to the Peloponnesian War, the tyranny of the Thirty, and the death of Socrates. It is not necessary, even, to accept the authenticity of the Seventh Letter, to hold that the profoundly reactionary teachings of the Platonic writings must have a primary relationship, not to the evolution of Greek philosophy, but to the evolution of Greek society. A. B. Winspear, in 1940, wrote a long, learned and brilliant book, to show, in detail, how Plato's *Republic* reflected the interests of his class. It is scarcely alluded to in 3P, yet one does not have to accept Winspear *in toto* to feel that he has got hold of the right end of the stick. Politics figure more prominently in Plato's writings than in those of any other philosopher of comparable stature. (The difference in intellectual interests between him and Aristotle, for example, is very marked.) Why is this? And is it likely that Plato, alone of humanity, was clear of the habit of formulating his conclusions first, and then finding the arguments for them? If not, then we must conclude that Popper is right on the all-important point: we must convict Plato of being an enemy of freedom. He was not base, he was not corrupt, he was not insincere, he believed his own reasoning, he was as often right as wrong, he wrote like an angel. But, as Popper has again and again pointed out, all this merely makes him more dangerous to the beliefs of his opponents.

I should like Mr Bambrough to have found an essayist to consider this aspect of the matter, for it is fundamental. If Plato is not a disinterested political philosopher, who is? May it not be that most works of political philosophy that are worth reading are, at bottom, tracts? Is there not a tendency for all political philosophers to seek, not the impartial truth of their professions, but victory for the views imposed on them, as if they were lesser men, by circumstances? If not, how do they evolve their political doctrines? For my part, I think they write their books backwards, beginning with their positive recommendations for their fellow-citizens.

This article has wandered far from the book it reviews. I hope Mr Bambrough will take such waywardness as a tribute to the stimulating character of his compilation.

D. H. V. BROGAN.

College Chronicle

THE ADAMS SOCIETY

After a year of lying dormant, the Society has sprung to life again this year with a lively programme of five evening meetings. These have been gratifyingly well attended; one must make special mention of Dr D. W. Sciama's enigmatically-titled talk on 'The anti-Michelson-Morley Experiment', which attracted an audience of about eighty people. Encouraged by this, we hope this summer to revive some of our traditional social activities, including Part I of the Fifteenth Triennial Dinner, and a cricket match with our longstanding rivals from next door, the Trinity Mathematical Society. Meanwhile, next year's programme is being arranged; we hope our members will find it as interesting and enjoyable as this year's. Finally, the writer would like to express his gratitude to Dr Smithies for his continued support of the Society.

P. T. J.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB

LENT TERM 1968

President: DR R. E. ROBINSON*Captain:* N. HOUGHTON*Match Secretary:* J. L. FOYLE*Fixture Secretary:* N. M. VINEY

As usual, the Lent Term heralded the challenge of Cuppers and the Plate Competition.

The 1st XI enjoyed a successful run in friendly matches prior to a difficult Round 1 Cuppers tie against Churchill. This tie proved to be a dour struggle indeed. The first meeting of the sides took place at home on a morass of a pitch. The College pulled back an early Churchill goal to lead 2—1 with fifteen minutes remaining. But, in turn, Churchill restored the balance with an equaliser six minutes from time; extra-time produced no further score. The first replay at Churchill was also drawn after extra-time, neither side scoring. The second replay, again at Churchill, saw the deadlock broken. Churchill took the lead with twenty minutes remaining and extended it to 2—0 after an unfortunate penalty decision six minutes from time.

The Plate Competition however produced a more satisfactory conclusion. Both the 2nd XI and 3rd XI won their respective league groups to qualify for the quarter-finals. Here the 3rd XI met an accomplished Fitzwilliam II but only in the last fifteen minutes did Fitzwilliam pull clear to win 4—1. The 2nd XI won a laboured victory over St Cats. II, 2—1 in extra-time, to earn a semi-final tie against Christ's II. This semi-final produced a football match of the highest quality. With Christ's holding a narrowly deserved 1—0 lead fifteen minutes from time, our chances appeared to be receding, but the persistence of the St John's men was at last rewarded and their superiority in the latter stages of the game was justly reflected in the winning margin of 3—1.

The final was played against Fitzwilliam II. The College was in front by 1—0 at half time, this goal being the result of an unfortunate defensive blunder by our opponents. However, it was left until the second half before the College produced its true form. Fitzwilliam were swept aside by 3—0.

This was the third year of the Plate Competition in its present form and it was the third year in succession that the Competition resulted in triumph for the College. The G.A.C. has agreed to present a trophy, for perpetual competition, in honour of this achievement.

Mention must also be made of two further triumphs for the Club. At the end of term L.M.B.C. and the Hockey Club each challenged the Club to a Rugby match. Both, of course, were vanquished; L.M.B.C. by 24—14 and the Hockey Club by 9—6. Both games were most enjoyable and we thank our opponents for participating.

The following officers were elected for season 1968-69.

President: DR R. E. ROBINSON

Captain: J. L. FOYLE

Match Secretary: D. M. NICHOLSON

Fixture Secretary: S. H. DESBOROUGH

J. L. F.

CRUISING CLUB

The Cruising Club was troubled last term by high winds and cold water at Graffham, which resulted in the cancellation of most of the scheduled league matches. With three weeks of term left most of the boats were moved to the more sheltered waters of the river at St. Ives, where the cancelled matches were sailed. The College team found itself rather outclassed on some occasions by the experts of League I, but put up a good

fight. It is probable that in future years most sailing in the Lent Term will be at St. Ives, so that bad weather has less effect on the programme.

J. C. H.

RUGBY UNION FOOTBALL CLUB

LENT TERM

As Mr Scott, our President, said at the nearly disastrous Annual Dinner, held towards the end of the term, 'the club has little to congratulate itself upon'. This understatement covers a variety of past sins in a term which becomes in retrospect a sad saga of injury and indifference involving a 'Cuppers' run which never broke into a trot and leading to (in the parlance of the game) several 'prize jacks'.

Mike Mavor has had the doubtful distinction of never leading the side on the field of play in his year of office owing to a persistent knee injury, while Nick Martin and Frank Collyer both failed to make the Fitzwilliam game which saw the end of Cuppers chances for yet another year. The general apathy can probably be traced to the present college tendency towards 'frightening' sportsmen the moment they arrive so that studies are performed from fear rather than love and any time spent practising for a team game is regarded as time away from books rather than as useful recreation. 'All work and no play makes Jack a very dull boy indeed!' What is even more worrying is that the 'work fear' disease is highly contagious, while for those able to resist its advances sport is ruined by the non-appearance of colleagues who have succumbed.

The argument above is not for all rugger players to train or play every afternoon, but for a situation to arise where it is possible on set afternoons to get all possible players on to the field. Without this we might as well merely run a social side and forget trying to play the game seriously.

As to the actual games, two warm-up matches before Cuppers were fairly promising although again played with key players absent. King's, in the first round of Cuppers, were scrappily dispatched, while after leading a strong Fitzwilliam side, who were favourites on the day, by 9 points to nil at half-time, through three fine penalties from the much used boot of Derick Lyon, the latter side pulled themselves together, Jordan's kicking doing the damage, and ran out winners by 19 points to 9.

Martin Rogers was elected Captain for next season with Steve Cook as Match Secretary and Steve Calvert as Fixtures Secretary, and with congratulations we wish them all the best for a successful season.

F. E. C.

SQUASH CLUB

Captain: A. K. BRUCE LOCKHART*Secretary:* H. G. JONES

This has not been a very successful season for the Squash Club, there being a lack of good players, especially among the Freshmen. The performance in the league was particularly poor, the First Team coming bottom of the First Division in the Michaelmas Term, and coming near to demotion from the Second Division this term. In Cuppers we managed to defeat Selwyn 4—1 in the first round but were then put out by Pembroke. In Club matches, however, we were much more successful, winning six out of the twelve matches we played during the year.

The other teams in the league have had a much more successful year, both the Second and Fourth teams gaining their promotion to the Fourth and Seventh Divisions respectively, the Third Team only just missing promotion to the Sixth Division in both terms.

The following played for the first team: A. K. Bruce Lockhart, H. G. Jones, M. C. James, G. Broad, J. Skinner, N. M. Viney and A. J. Churchill.

H. G. J.

THE SWIMMING CLUB

Captain: R. MITCHELL*Secretary:* N. SPENCER-CHAPMAN

Last year, after a successful term, the Water Polo Team finished second to Magdalene in the Third Division of the Water Polo League and was unlucky to have been beaten only on goal average.

This term the main events have been the Freestyle and Medley Relay Cuppers and the Water Polo Cuppers. In these races, we were exposed to the cold blast of general university competition. In the freestyle relay in which we were represented by Pete Shepherd, George Clark, Nick Spencer-Chapman, and Tony Cowen, we nevertheless put up a good performance to finish 10th in 2 mins. 26.6 secs.

In the medley relay with Nick Spencer-Chapman swimming backstroke; Bob Mitchell, breast; Pete Shepherd, butterfly and Tony Cowen, freestyle, we were 13th in 2 mins. 59.9 secs. The system is that all the colleges are timed in the heats, and the fastest five go forward to the final. So we failed to make that.

Despite losing 6—2 to the powerful Christ's team in Cuppers, the Water Polo was perhaps the most encouraging. We faced our opponents, who had two Water Polo Half-Blues with enthusiasm tempered with caution and only a suspicion of apprehension. Our goals were scored by Tony Cowen and there were half-a-dozen other occasions when the Christ's goal was lucky to come through unscathed. In addition to the five mentioned in connection with the relays, Nick Forwood, Martin Agass and Robin Holmes played against Christ's.

Finally, there were two friendly matches. Combined with Magdalene we beat Peterhouse 4—1 in an enjoyable match, and with Sidney Sussex we defeated Queens' II 2—0. A match against Sidney Sussex was cancelled when it was found that half the team was rowing in the Lents.

Next term it is hoped to arrange some more friendly games. We shall also be competing in the official Intercollegiate Gala held at the Parkside Pool.

R. M.

TABLE TENNIS CLUB

Captain: G. I. WALTERS*Secretary:* N. J. KINGSTON. *Fixtures Secretary:* G. DEAN

The Club has, on the whole had a very successful season. Although, at the time of writing final League tables have not been received, two of our five teams are sure of promotion and in all probability top their divisions. The First Team has won its way back into the First Division after being automatically relegated because no teams at all were entered in the League last year. Their only defeat was the close 5—4 reversal at the hands of Sidney Sussex early in the season. Apart from that they have collected maximum points without really being troubled. The Second Team is to be congratulated on its hundred per cent record which has rarely been endangered. The Third Team has more than held its own with many convincing victories to its credit. The Fourth Team is perhaps the most improved side in the Club this season and it looks as if its members' enthusiasm may well have earned them promotion. After a somewhat shaky start to the season the Fifth Team has made an excellent recovery and won all its matches this term.

The all-round improvement which the Club has shown this season was reflected in the performance of the Cuppers team. After disposing of Queens' and Peterhouse in the first two rounds they then defeated a strong Emmanuel side in an exciting match.

In the semi-final they played Christ's—probably the strongest side in the Competition. After being 3—1 down they pulled back to level the match at 4—4 but were edged out by the narrowest of margins in the last game of the evening.

As an experiment a College Tournament was held this term for the first time. The handicapping system provided many interesting matches and the event will certainly be repeated in the future.

The Club is now in a position to look forward to next season with some confidence, having a number of experienced players to provide a solid basis for the new teams.

N. J. K.

College Notes

Fellows

Elected May 1968

MICHAEL EDGEWORTH MCINTYRE (Trinity College) for research in Applied Mathematics.

DONALD MCNICOL, for research in Psychology.

LESLIE THOMAS LITTLE, for research in Radio Astronomy.

MICHAEL GEORGE CLARK, for research in Physical Chemistry.

Honours

New Year Honours, 1968

Knight Bachelor: BRYNMOR JONES (Ph.D. 1933), Vice-Chancellor, University of Hull.

C.M.G.: PERCY CRADOCK (B.A. 1948), Counsellor and Head of Chancery, Office of the British Charge d'Affaires, Peking.

The President of the Italian Republic has conferred the title of Grande Ufficiale of the Order of Merit upon H. A. GENT (B.A. 1927), for services to industry as Managing Director of Glaxo Laboratories, Italy.

University of Cambridge Appointments

Dr G. L. WILLIAMS (B.A. 1933), formerly Fellow, Fellow of Jesus College, has been elected Rouse Ball Professor of English Law from October 1968, when his present professorship will come to an end.

Dr W. O. CHADWICK (B.A. 1939), Honorary Fellow, Master of Selwyn College, has been appointed Regius Professor of Modern History from October 1968.

Mr R. C. BAKER (B.A. 1962), Fellow, has been appointed a University Demonstrator in Engineering, from 1 January 1968.

Academic Appointments

Mr D. G. FAGAN (B.A. 1959), M.B., B.Chir., has been appointed Lecturer in Pathology, University of Dundee.

Mr A. M. BERRETT (B.A. 1962) has been appointed Lecturer in the Centre of West African Studies, University of Birmingham.

Dr D. A. HOPWOOD (B.A. 1954), formerly Fellow, has been appointed John Innes Professor of Genetics in the University of East Anglia.

Prizes

The Franklin Burr Prize of the National Geographic Society, U.S.A., has been awarded to Dr M. M. MILLER (Ph.D. 1957).

Church Appointments

The Rev. D. W. GOULD (B.A. 1959), curate of St Leonard, Bridgnorth, to be rector of Acton Burnell, with Pitchforth, Shropshire.

The Rev. E. J. MILLER (B.A. 1948), formerly a C.M.S. missionary in the Church of South India, to be priest in charge of Wootton Courtenay, Minehead.

The Rev. K. E. NELSON (B.A. 1893), vicar of St Peter's, Little Aden, Diocese of Sudan, to be rector of Crayke with Brandsby and Yearsley, Yorkshire.

The Rev. K. N. SUTTON (B.A., from Jesus, 1958), formerly Chaplain, has been appointed a member of the staff of the Bishop Tucker Theological College, Mukono, Uganda.

Legal Appointments

Professor G. L. WILLIAMS (B.A. 1933), formerly Fellow, and Mr M. J. MUSTILL (B.A. 1954) have been appointed Queen's Counsel.

Other Appointments

Dr J. M. HILL (Ph.D. 1949) has been appointed Chairman of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority.

Dr B. M. W. TRAPNELL (B.A. 1945), headmaster of Denstone College, Staffordshire, has been appointed headmaster of Oundle School, Peterborough.

Brigadier P. F. CLAXTON (B.A. 1936) has been appointed Transport Officer-in-Chief (Army) with the rank of Major-General.

Professor P. N. S. MANSERGH, Fellow, has been appointed Editor-in-chief of the India Office Records on the Transfer of Power in India.

Retirements

The Rev. D. M. SALE (B.A. 1924), vicar of Holy Trinity, Southwell.

Honorary Degrees

The Rt. Rev. FRANCIS HAMILTON MONCRIEFF (B.A. 1927), Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway, D.D. Glasgow.

RUDOLF PEIERLS (M.A. 1936), Wykeham Professor of Physics, Oxford, D.Sc. Birmingham.

FRED HOYLE (M.A. 1940), Fellow, D.Sc. University of East Anglia.

MAXWELL HERMAN ALEXANDER NEWMAN (B.A. 1921), formerly Fellow, D.Sc. University of Hull.

Marriages

PETER MICHAEL JAMES BURTT-JONES (B.A. 1965) to Caroline Elisabeth Dickson, daughter of Mr C. C. Dickson; at St Bartholomew's Church, Kirby Muxloe, on 12 August 1967.

LEWIS CHARLES INGRAM (B.A. 1966) to Veronica Ann Doggett; in Great St Mary's Church, Cambridge, on 6 April 1968.

RICHARD ANTHONY BRAND (B.A. 1967) to Lesley Margaret Hunt, of Milton Road, Cambridge; on 20 April 1968, at St Andrew's, Chesterton.

Deaths

FLOWER STEPHEN SPACKMAN (B.A. 1921), formerly principal of the Indian Residential School at Alert Bay, British Columbia, and a Canon Emeritus of Chester Cathedral, died December 1967, aged 77.

WALTER KENNETH WILLS (B.A. 1894), formerly surgeon captain, R.N.V.R., died at Wembley 6 January 1968, aged 97.

SIMON NISSIM (B.A. 1915), of the Middle Temple, barrister at law, died 2 February 1968, aged 78.

HENRY LYN HARRIS (B.A. 1914), headmaster of St Christopher School, Letchworth, from 1925 to 1954, died at Houghton, Huntingdonshire, 9 March 1968, aged 75.

ERNEST BRISTOW (B.A. 1897), for 20 years Consul General at Isfahan, Persia, died at Eastbourne 9 March 1968, aged 94.

CECIL HEYGATE VERNON (B.A. 1914), F.R.C.S., Edinburgh, died at Bournemouth 10 March 1968, aged 75.

RICHARD HOLLIDAY POTT (B.A. 1933), O.B.E., Member of the London Stock Exchange, died 6 February 1968, aged 58.

AUSTIN RIMMINGTON EVERY (B.A. 1915) died at Tunbridge Wells April 1968, aged 75.

HAROLD WOLFE COWEN (B.A. 1928), medical practitioner, died at Hornsey, London 3 April, 1968, aged 61.

KENNETH PETER ALLPRESS (B.A. 1940, as K. P. Press), died in Libya 24 March 1968, aged 51.

BEAUMONT ALBANY FETHERSTON-DILKE (B.A. 1896, as B. A. Percival), M.R.C.S. and a member of the Royal College of Physicians, died 11 January 1968, aged 92.