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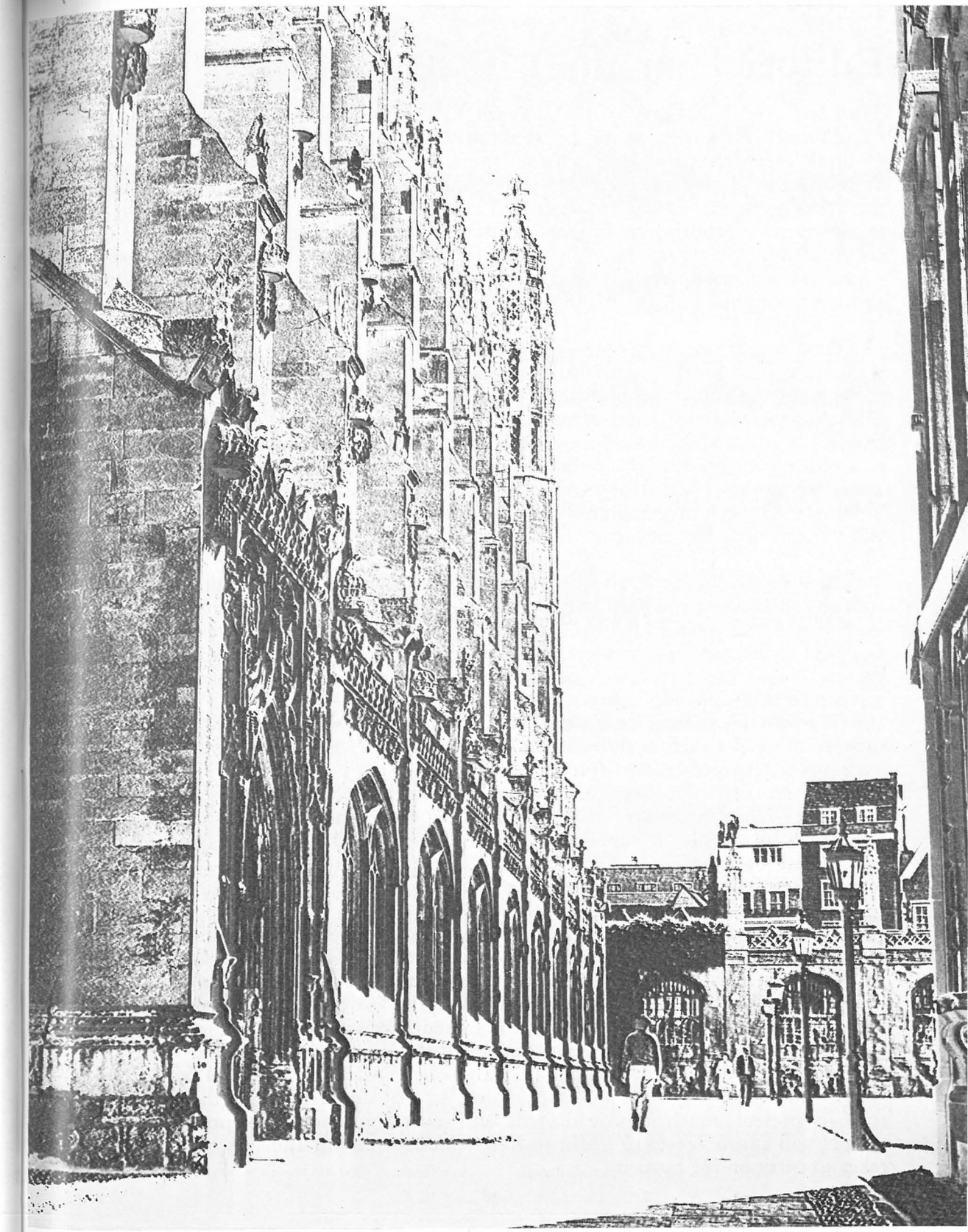
Frontispiece: Photograph *by Alan Parkinson*
Cover: "Hair"; Ludwig van Beethoven, 200 years old this year and Jimi Hendrix, a more recent musical phenomenon
by Peter Cunningham

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



Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense . . .

Editorial

TIME for a few hosannas to be sung for that hard working bunch, the J.C.R. Committee. It is due in no small part to the retiring Committee that the programme of disciplinary relaxation and reform within the college has been so successful. St John's can rarely have been such a pleasant place to live in as it is now, though the liberality of the rules is now so much a part and parcel of our lives here that it is sometimes difficult to credit that it could ever have been different. But five or six years ago, apparently, people still had to wear gowns on the streets after dusk! Bureaucracy, it need hardly be said, is wearing and unglamorous, but here it seems to have triumphed in making authority flexible, and in making life a little brighter.

* * *

And praise, too—why not?—for the sportsmen of the college. The Soccer XI went from triumph to triumph in both league and cup, while the Rugby XV had stirring runs of success in both their competitions, arousing near-fanatical support from huge sections of the college. Sport is one aspect of college life which it has not been very fashionable to harp on recently. This was a reaction against the traditional "heartiness" of the sportsmen: which has, by and large, died out. Sport has never ceased, true enough, to be an important part of college life, but hitherto it has been important only to a minority—now it seems that the intellectual and the sporting sides of life are not mutually exclusive.

* * *

At a recent luncheon attended by, amongst others, various dignitaries of the college and university, a toast was proposed—"Solidarity with the people of Greece in their struggle against tyranny and oppression". There was no dissent: but one wonders if this were not, in effect, mere self-righteousness on the part of the people present. This was a protest which involved no sacrifice, not even any effort, and was aimed to no practical effect.

Theodorakis is free: and it is surely due more to pressures put on the Junta by the *type* of events such as those at the Garden House Hotel last term, than to any toastings at respectable luncheon parties.

The request, of course, is for those dignitaries who were present—among them an ex-Home Secretary—to put their public voice where their private one was, and come out openly in support of the unfortunates who were detained by the police after those events. Their protest did require both effort and—if they are to be pilloried, as seems likely—sacrifice as well. K. C. B. H.

EAGLES come and Eagles go, but every so often even the Senior Editor has to write a book or deliver a course of lectures. Reluctantly Mr Brogan was forced by pressure of work to resign his editorship after the last issue. The task is an unenviable one; the Senior Editor has to maintain the continuity of the magazine, do a lot of unglamorous negotiation, and then fade into the background while the Junior Editors dictate the content of each issue. All this Hugh did with good grace. But he also goaded and encouraged, so that under his aegis the magazine took its present, much improved form, and several generations of undergraduate editors will affirm *The Eagle's* debt to him. Meanwhile, Mr Linehan nobly undertakes to carry on the burden . . .

The Wordsworth Bi-Centenary

To mark the bi-centenary of the birth of William Wordsworth (B.A. 1791), a poetry reading was held in the Combination Room on Saturday, 18 April 1970, followed by luncheon in Hall. There were present
Chancellor, various Heads of Houses, principal Officers of the University, Trustees of Dove Cottage, members of the Faculty of English, Fellows of the College, and undergraduates reading English.

Below we reproduce the Master's opening address, and the texts of the readings and of the Toast of Wordsworth, which was proposed by Mr Boys Smith.

"The Evangelist St John my patron was:" Whatever may have been the shortcomings of Wordsworth's "patron", as a College at least we have not been unmindful of the most illustrious of our sons. On 22 April 1950 the Centenary of Wordsworth's death was marked by the assembly in this Combination Room of a distinguished company to do honour to his memory. The Master, Mr Benians, spoke on Wordsworth's life in College; there were readings from Wordsworth's poems by two undergraduates, and after lunch the Toast of Wordsworth was proposed by G. M. Trevelyan, the Master of Trinity. Our celebration of the bi-centenary of Wordsworth's birth is to follow the same pattern, even to the point of our having, and being so fortunate as to have, John Wilders, now Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, and Peter Croft, now Rector of Washington, with us once again as readers and commentators on the poems. After lunch Mr Boys Smith will propose the Toast of William Wordsworth joined with that of the Dove Cottage Trustees on whose behalf Dr Mary Moorman will reply. The thought may possibly occur to some of you that centenary and bi-centenary celebrations have come in rather close succession—but such is the price of longevity among the famous, and not many of us here today are likely to be able to pay such tribute to Wordsworth again!

May I at the outset offer a few brief reflections on Wordsworth's place in history and on his own sense of history? In 1950 G. M. Trevelyan commented—and it was fitting that it was a Master of Trinity who should do so—on how in virtually a generation John's had produced three such men as Wilberforce, Castlereagh and Wordsworth. It was remarkable in more senses than one. There was the near coincidence in time, and there was the actual and seemingly unpropitious time. In Adam Smith's "The Wealth of Nations", published in 1776 (the year in which Wilberforce graduated), there was one index entry for Oxford, which read "Professorships, Sinecures at" and, perhaps fortunately, none for Cambridge; while Wordsworth at John's —as Leslie Stephen observed[1]—enjoyed whatever advantages could be derived from the neglect of his teachers. Perhaps we should ponder more upon them!

Of the three Johnians I have mentioned, two have a clearly defined place in history—Castlereagh as peacemaker at Vienna and Wilberforce with his death-bed "nunc dimittis" as he learned of the crowning of a lifetime's labours with the passage of the bill to abolish slavery through the House of Commons. But Wordsworth's is less easy to determine. That is not, I think, merely because he was a poet, but rather because he was a poet whose influence ran deep rather than clear. Historians in the past, to take one illustration, have followed Newman in declaring the romantics and especially Wordsworth and Scott to be part cause of the Oxford Movement, though I notice that the Regius Professor in his recently published classic on *The Victorian Church* comments judiciously that "like the link of Renaissance with Reformation, this link is easier to feel than to define."[2] Then there are problems posed by Wordsworth's changing views. As he passed from turbulent youth to tranquil age, the young man who had rejoiced in the blissful revolutionary dawn in Paris became the

opponent of reform at home and so joined the company of Hazlitt's political wanderers who, having missed the road to Utopia, alighted upon it at Old Sarum. Is this to be explained in personal terms—in the context of a poet who long survived his own genius —or in a broader historical perspective? Arnold Toynbee in a characteristically far-ranging discussion of the inter-relationship of spiritual and material achievement in human history from Hellenic and Syrian to early Victorian times, inclines towards the latter, observing that "the portentous spectacle of the eclipse that overtook Wordsworth's muse" has to be attributed chiefly to environmental factors. Had Byron or Shelley or Keats lived on to the same ripe old age they, too, he reflects, might have found "the spiritual climate of a Victorian England adverse to their poetic genius."[3]

For my own part, however, I feel as always uneasy when confronted with such generalized hypotheses advanced as explanations of intellectual and especially poetic behaviour. Wordsworth had his own sense of history. He foresaw the coming of a critical, scientific approach to the study of it—and he regretted it, giving poetic expression to his misgivings about likely consequences of "severe research."

> "Those old credulities, to nature dear
> Shall they no longer bloom upon this stock
> Of History, stript naked as a rock
> Upon a dry desert?"[4]

But how much he has conveyed of life in this College nearly two centuries ago in a few impressionistic lines! And did he not sum up the great themes of Venetian history in the later medieval world in two of his oft-quoted lines:—

> "Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee;
> And was the safeguard of the West:"

How much, too, he imparted the temper of revolutionary France! I wonder sometimes, perhaps someone here can tell me later, what happened to the fragment of the Bastille he picked up and put in his pocket with ambivalent feelings in November 1791. Perhaps the Dove Cottage Trustees have it among their relics? All I know is the whereabouts of the key to the Bastille—it was presented by the Marquis de La Fayette, that man of many gestures, to George Washington with the result that you have to go to Mount Vernon to see it! But especially would I like to recall how Wordsworth, returning from the quiet of "the gliding Loire" to Paris "the fierce Metropolis", heard on 29 October 1792—that is to say in the uneasy interlude between the September Massacres and the First Terror—from the shrill cries of the hawkers bawling "denunciation of the crimes of Maximilien Robespierre" under the arcades of the Orleans Palace, and learned from them of that critical incident, that "huge mistake" when Robespierre in the Assembly had dared

> "The man who had an ill surmise of him
> To bring his charge in openness; whereat
> A dead pause ensued, and no one stirred,
> In silence of all present from his seat
> Louvet walked single through the avenue
> And took his station in the Tribune, saying,
> 'I, Robespierre, accuse thee.' Well is known
> The inglorious issue of that charge, and how
> He, who had launched the startling thunderbolt,
> The one bold man, whose voice the attack had
> Was left without a follower . . ."[5] [sounded,

How much one would give for such poetic record to some equally telling episode in the Russian Revolution! Nor was it, of course, merely record. Wordsworth, the poet of nature and of country solitudes, understood—as contemporary and sympathetic Whig politicians, mistaking with characteristic insularity a movement which was to destroy the old order in Europe for (in the words of Professor A. V. Dicey) "a secondhand copy of the glorious but almost conservative revolution of 1688", did not—the portentous nature of what he was witnessing. When in Paris—

> "I saw the Revolutionary Power
> Toss like a ship at anchor, rocked by storms."[6]

And is it not to the credit of his heart at least that he was so greatly drawn to that most gifted, attractive and also doomed of the revolutionary parties—the Gironde, so much so indeed that he felt he should "have made common cause with some who perished . ?"

What Wordsworth learned from his French experiences gave him an understanding of the national aspirations of other peoples, best reflected in his Tract on the Convention of Cintra, which made Professor Dicey in his book on *The Statesmanship of Wordsworth* claim that Wordsworth anticipated the principles of nationality enunciated by Mazzini some twenty years. It is a large claim which

I approached with some scepticism but at least consideration of it left me with the conviction that the great English poet we have gathered to honour today had insights which poets rarely possess and of a kind to forge a link between him and our own time. John Stuart Mill[7] (who admired "the extreme comprehensive and philosophic spirit which is in him") when told that Lockhart had said that Wordsworth would have been an admirable country attorney, observed that a man who could have been Wordsworth or a country attorney could certainly have been anything else which circumstances had led him to desire to be. Very fortunately for us he desired to be Wordsworth! And as such we honour his memory.

1 In his biography of Wordsworth in the *D.N.B.*
2 Owen Chadwick, Vol. i, p. 174.
3 *The Study of History*, Vol. VII, p. 708.
4 *Memories of a Tour in Italy* 1837.
5 *The Prelude*, Book Tenth.
6 *The Prelude*, Book Ninth.
7 *Letters*, 2 Vols. Vol. i, p. 10.

* * *

A. (John Wilders). Before we read here twenty years ago, Master, your predecessor, Mr Benians, had spoken about the College in Wordsworth's time, about his academic career, his friends and schoolfellows up here with him. I remember especially one of his comments, made with that gentle penetration so typical of him that even as undergraduates we had our sense of it. "Cambridge", he said, "might have done much worse for him had it tried to do more." It is a very modest claim—that if it did him little good, it did him even less harm. It may even be a shade too modest, but this is not the occasion to dispute it. We are here to celebrate Wordsworth, not Cambridge. And the evidence is very easy to get at. There are, for example, some important pieces of it in the booklet in your hands, and there is much more in the poem from which they are taken, in those Books of *The Prelude* which describe his time here:—idle talks in the morning, walks in the afternoon, riding, the river, very striking garments, and hair powdered till it looked frosty; suppers, wine—getting a little drunk in Milton's rooms at Christ's, so that he was late for chapel—compulsory attendance at chapel, which he called "irreverent mockery". The Fellows were in part an irritation, and in part a source of entertainment. Their ways and manners, he wrote, were noted with "playful zeal of fancy"—

> Men unscour'd, grotesque
> In Character, trick'd out like aged trees.

It was not favourable comment, but the edge is taken off its hostility when we remember that Wordsworth was very fond of old trees, and that in his poetry human beings often take on the semblance of trees and rocks and stones, loom out of the landscape, and then melt back into it—as we shall remind you in a moment. One of his closest friends in Cambridge was an ash tree that stood in the College grounds, by the brook that runs through our new buildings. Its exact place was traced by Mr Boys Smith in 1950, among the records of his Senior Bursary. And we mention this the more readily, because his later studies of the hedgehog in the Master's garden have achieved so wide a reputation—but they suggest too narrow a view of his interest in the Fauna and Flora of the College.

There is one in particular of Wordsworth's comments on his time here which strikes home to me personally. And not only to me, for it describes so well what Cambridge has meant to so many, before and since his time:

> a privileged world
> Within a world, a midway residence
> With all its intervenient imagery,
> Far better, than to have been bolted forth,
> Thrust out abruptly into Fortune's way
> Among the conflicts of substantial life.

B. (Peter Croft). That is what Cambridge has been for many of us—"a midway residence." But for him, the approach of "mortal business and substantial life" cast a longish shadow before him, and largely through his own conduct here. I recall another of Mr Benians' gentle verdicts: "For a Hawkshead boy of his ability, Wordsworth's Cambridge career was an exceptional one." From Mr Benians, this was a stern comment. What it meant was that this career had been an exceptionally bad one. Hawkshead was a good school, a "place of excellence" in its day. To have been there, at that time, opened up prospects beyond being an undergraduate. Of the three men who came up from the school together in 1787, Wordsworth was the only one who did not become

a Fellow of his College. Of the five who came up in the next year, three became Fellows. And all three of those who came up in 1789 became Fellows. Wordsworth's failure to do the same was the more conspicuous because his uncle was already a Fellow, and because it was clearly the family intention that his nephew—an orphan with no other prospects—should follow in the uncle's footsteps. That he did not do so was by choice, not through lack of ability. The choice was not an easy one, nor was Wordsworth the kind of young man to make such choices lightly and easily. One of the very few poems which he wrote while he was here is concerned with it. His personal dilemma is fused with his description of a sunset seen, as he said later, "during a solitary walk on the banks of the Cam."

A.

(Here was quoted: "Lines written while sailing in a boat at evening". 1789).

A. When Wordsworth turned away from a Fellowship for the sake of poetry, he was taking a great risk, and he well knew it. He was giving up a small certainty for the sake of something much greater, but very uncertain. The doubts about the rightness of that irretrievable choice, about his own powers, about the way of life to which he had committed himself, were not resolved in the little poem we have just read. They haunted him for many years, and the struggle against them, towards a secure happiness of spirit, was the creative force of some of his best poetry. And the poetry was the means by which the happiness was secured. This ebb and flow of doubt and resolution is very vividly present in one of his most characteristic poems, which he himself called "Resolution and Independence", after the moral lesson which ends it, but which was always known in his own family as "The Leechgatherer", after the providential and almost uncanny apparition which evoked the moral lesson. Later readers have sided with the family rather than with Wordsworth himself. By agreeing to call the poem "The Leechgatherer" they have expressed their sense that it is the eerie apparition rather than the moral that remains in the memory and the imagination.

B. The incident over which this imaginative colouring was thrown, and within which Wordsworth's personal doubts were resolved, was a simple one—a chance meeting with an old man near Dove Cottage in the autumn of 1800. We are able to measure the extent of the imaginative transformation by a lucky accident. The meeting with the old man was described at the time by Wordsworth's sister, Dorothy—one of the powerful influences that entered his life after he left Cambridge. This is what she wrote in her *Journal*:

"When Wm. and I returned from accompanying Jones, we met an old man almost double. He had on a coat, thrown over his shoulders, above his waist-coat and coat. Under this he carried a bundle, and had an apron on and a nightcap. His face was interesting. He had dark eyes and a long nose. John, who afterwards met him at Wythburn, took him for a Jew. He was of Scotch parents, but had been born in the army. He had had a wife, and 'a good woman, and it pleased God to bless us with ten children'. All these were dead but one, of whom he had not heard for many years, a sailor. His trade was to gather leeches, but leeches are scarce, and he had not strength for it. He lived by begging, and was making his way to Carlisle, where he should buy a few godly books to sell. He said leeches were very scarce, partly owing to this dry season, but many years they have been scarce—he supposed it owing to their being much sought after, that they did not breed fast, and were of slow growth. Leeches were formerly 2s. 6d. a 100; they are now 30s. He had been hurt in driving a cart, his leg broke, his body driven over, his skull fractured. He felt no pain till he recovered from his first insensibility. It was then late in the evening, when the light was just going away."

("The Leechgatherer" was the poem in which Wordsworth described the experience two years later.)

A. Poetry at its most Wordsworthian, its most original and inimitable! And however it may strike the reader, it was almost exactly what he himself had set out to do. This transformation of a chance encounter, this imaginative—indeed fictional working on it—for after all, it is clear from Dorothy's account that the old Man was not leeching when they met him—the pond, the bare landscape, the stirring about in the pool are all imaginary, not real:—all this is what he

deliberately set out to do, as he had explained in one of the Prefaces with which he sought to defend himself against the worst of contemporary misunderstandings:

"The principal object"—he wrote—"proposed in these poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of the language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect."

B. But it's a very dangerous kind of poetry. It walks on a knife-edge between success and failure, between the ordinariness of the experience and the language, and the imaginative transformation of it. And to many of the reviewers of the time, accustomed to less humble themes and more elaborate language, it seemed that it had fallen down into bathos. This is the kind of criticism which he encountered from them:

"Their peculiarities of diction alone, are enough to render them ridiculous; but the author before us seems anxious to court this literary martyrdom by a device still more infallible—we mean, that of connecting his most lofty, tender, or impassioned conceptions, with objects and incidents, which the greater part of his readers will probably persist in thinking low, silly, or uninteresting. It is possible enough, we allow, that the sight of a friend's spade, or a sparrow's nest, or a man gathering leeches, might really have suggested to a mind like his a train of powerful impressions and interesting reflections; but it is certain, that to most minds, such associations will always appear forced, strained and unnatural; and that the composition in which it is attempted to exhibit them, will always have the air of parody, or ludicrous and affected singularity."

A. But there's no doubt who won in the end. It was Wordsworth. Here we are, reading from him, and quoting from criticisms of him by Francis, Lord Jeffrey—which is more than Lord Jeffrey's Oxford College will ever do for *him* by way of celebrating centenaries in their Combination Room. Yet it was in one respect right as a prophecy Wordsworth has always been open to parody. Most of it more friendly than hostile, like "The White Knight's Song" in *Alice through the Looking Glass*. With "The Leechgatherer" still in your minds, you will have no doubt what Lewis Carroll was up to:—

I'll tell thee everything I can:
There's little to relate.
I saw an aged aged man,
A-sitting on a gate.
"Who are you, aged man?" I said.
"And how is it you live?"
And his answer trickled through my head
Like water through a sieve.

A. Fair, even kindly parody. And it must be admitted—though with all the caution due to the occasion—that Wordsworth sometimes wrote below his best. And at his worst, he was almost his own best parodist. This awkward aspect of his work was picked up in another kindly parody, by J. K. Stephen, once President of the Union—it was published in *The Granta* in 1891—the very year when the Dove Cottage Trust came into being. It is in imitation of one of the best-known of the great political sonnets, Wordsworth's lament for the subjugation of Venice and Switzerland by Napoleon[1].

B. But it has always been easy to make fun of Wordsworth at his worst. Perhaps that is why his purely literary reputation has often been a little unsteady—why, indeed, he has often appealed to men, rather than to literary men. He himself would not have had it otherwise. In his calmer moods he cared little for merely literary reputation. His sister Dorothy once wrote of the fate of his poetry: "I am sure it will be very long before the poems have an extensive sale. Nay, it will not be while he is alive to know it. God be thanked, William has no mortifications on this head, and I may safely say that those who are connected with him have not an atom of that species of disappointment. We have too rooted a confidence in the purity of his intentions, and the power with which they are executed. His writings will live, will comfort the afflicted, and animate the happy to purer happiness, when we, and our little cares, are all forgotten."

A. And that is very much what happened—earlier than Dorothy foresaw. Of the many tributes to Wordsworth's power in comforting afflicted minds, here is just one, by John Stuart Mill. In his *Autobiography*, he tells how, round about 1828, he had sunk into

a deep depression. Convinced in the full logic of Utilitarian theory that the world ought to be, and could be in many ways reformed, he was nevertheless haunted by the idea that in this reformed world, men might after all not be happy. Then he goes on:

"What made Wordsworth's poems a medicine for my state of mind, was that they expressed not mere outward beauty, but states of feeling, and thought coloured by feeling, under the excitement of beauty. They seemed to be the very culture of the feelings, which I was in quest of. In them I seemed to draw from a source of inward joy, of sympathetic and imaginative pleasure, which could be shared in by all human beings, which had no connection with struggle or imperfection, but would be made richer by every improvement in the physical or social condition of mankind. From them I seemed to learn what would be the perennial sources of happiness when all the greater evils of life shall have been removed. And I felt myself at once better and happier as I came under their influence."

B. Wordsworth certainly hoped that his poetry would embody the experience of all human beings, and that it would encourage them into much happiness. But his view of the nature of experience was less simple. Human life, as he always saw it, was part of the universe, part of Nature itself, and so inevitably subject to vicissitudes of conflicting elements. In one of his most splendid passages of prose—and he wrote prose almost as good as his verse—he speaks of the thoughts and feelings which should be the subject of Poetry:

"But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these; with the operations of the elements, and the appearances of the visible universe; with storm and sunshine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, fear and sorrow."

This intermingling of human life with Nature was one of his most characteristic perceptions, and it led him to a view of things perhaps more stormy than Mill's—though optimistic in the end. This is splendidly expressed in one of his best political sonnets, addressed to the Negro leader, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who had resisted Napoleon's edict re-establishing slavery in Dominique, and who was then imprisoned in Paris—whether alive or dead, Wordsworth did not know when he addressed him thus:—

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men! . . . .

A. Perhaps one of the aspects of Wordsworth's poetry which made it a "medicine" for Mill's state of mind—and for the state of mind of anyone whose work lies in abstract and academic pursuits—is this ample recognition that pure reason is hardly enough for humanity—that passion and imagination are as necessary as thought itself. For the fate of those who live in the bare world of thought alone, he has a line of terrifying prophecy:—

Lost in a gloom of uninspired research—

It is from *The Excursion*, and may I be allowed to say that in the course of my own lengthening experience of university life—though not here—I have indeed seen some who were lost in his way, in gloomy and uninspired research. Better than this emptiness, Wordsworth thought, to indulge in some glimpses of belief, even of superstition, not firmly held, perhaps, but enjoyed for a moment, for their light and warmth, and for the traces they leave on the spirit. We shall end with an example of this momentary "suspension of disbelief".

> The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
> Little we see of Nature that is ours;
> We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
> This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
> The winds that will be howling at all hours,
> And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
> For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
> It moves us not; Great God! I'd rather be
> A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the Sea;
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

1 See *The Eagle*, 1950, Vol. LIV, No. 237, p. 91.

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Dr Wilders and Mr Croft have recalled for us Wordsworth's undergraduate years and how he deliberately turned away from the safe career that lay open to him for the sake of a greater ambition, greater but far less secure—the ambition to be a poet. *The Prelude* preserves for us records of feelings and scenes from those years, records which, as so often with Wordsworth, are also the poetry of the years when his destiny was fulfilled. One such record is of the ash tree in the Backs he used to visit, crossing over the river by our Old Bridge.

> All winter long, whenever free to take
> My choice, did I at night frequent our Groves
> And tributary walks, the last, and oft
> The only one, who had been lingering there
> Through hours of silence, till the Porter's Bell,
> A punctual follower on the stroke of nine,
> Rang with its blunt unceremonious voice,
> Inexorable summons. Lofty Elms,
> Inviting shades of opportune recess,
> Did give composure to a neighbourhood
> Unpeaceful in itself. A single Tree
> There was, no doubt yet standing there, an Ash
> With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely wreath'd;
> Up from the ground and almost to the top
> The trunk and master branches everywhere
> Were green with ivy; and the lightsome twigs
> And outer spray profusely tipp'd with seeds
> That hung in yellow tassels and festoons,
> Moving or still, a Favourite trimm'd out
> By Winter for himself, as if in pride,
> And with outlandish grace. Oft have I stood
> Foot-bound, uplooking at this lovely Tree
> Beneath a frosty moon. The hemisphere
> Of magic fiction, verse of mine perhaps
> May never tread; but scarcely Spenser's self
> Could have more tranquil visions in his youth,
> More bright appearances could scarcely see
> Of human Forms and superhuman Powers,
> Than I beheld, standing on winter nights
> Alone, beneath this fairy work of earth.

I can claim only two qualifications for the privilege given me of proposing this toast. Both are personal, and it happens that in this Hall they are linked. Of all writers, Wordsworth moves me most—moves and enlightens. And circumstances have decreed that through most of my life I have played a part in this Society, of which I, and not only I, regard Wordsworth's as the greatest name. What is it that moves so much, and in moving enlightens? It would be too bold to attempt an answer, and in some degree each of us must find his own. The more we explore, the richer the variety we find, even though what we find is always recognizably his. Metrically alone he has remarkable range and great craftsmanship. With supreme simplicity he combines the deepest feeling. Yet he is the author too of verse of great splendour, and a master of the form and intricacies of the sonnet. And all this, when it came (and it did not come very early, as poets go), came all at once, as it were at the first trial. But if I do not attempt an answer, may I, in few words, refer to three things, out of many more, that Wordsworth gives us?

There is his wonderful observation. In listening just now to *The Leechgatherer*, we saw again—and "saw" is here the word—the running hare:

> on the moors
> The hare is running races in her mirth;
> And with her feet she from the plashy earth
> Raises a mist; that, glittering in the sun,
> Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

Or the stars above the mountain's edge that caught the boy's attention in the twilight:

> Many a time,
> At evening, when the stars had just begun
> To move along the edges of the hills,
> Rising or setting, would he stand alone.

Or the sound and sight of mountain streams:

> The stars of midnight shall be dear
> To her; and she shall lean her ear
> In many a secret place
> Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
> And beauty born of murmuring sound
> Shall pass into her face.

This power of observation is the product of Wordsworth's open secret, his integrity, his veracity, of vision. He tells of what he sees, and sees what is, with no conventional clothing to obscure it. This is the secret too of his simplicity. And the directness of sensation in Wordsworth is not only of the eye; it is hardly less of the ear; indeed it can be of all the senses in unity, which then gives the moment its magic, the scene its intense individuality.

Then there is the great experience, "of aspect more sublime", call it mystical or what you will, of which Wordsworth is supremely the poet, supremely because it was the master light of all his seeing, with him with startling power in his boyhood and, if rather differently, yet more profoundly, in his maturity. This is not the moment to quote from the great

passages. But in reading Wordsworth we are never wholly out of hearing of this central experience.

> Hence in a season of calm weather
> Though inland far we be,
> Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither,
> Can in a moment travel thither,
> And see the Children sport upon the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

And then—and it must be lastly—there is Wordsworth's humanity. The poet of Nature and the poet of Man are not two, nor are Man and Nature two. The central experience, awakened often in contact with Nature, is the disclosure of Man's greatness, his grandeur, his depths and his scope, and so of Nature's too, even while this same experience gives him cause and feeling to

> lament
> What man has made of man.

Where shall we find humanity more poignant than in the profound simplicities of *Michael*, *The Brothers*, *The Idiot Boy*, *The Ruined Cottage*—which Mr Jonathan Wordworth has recently been expounding to us?

These are no more than glimpses. Those who read, and re-read, Wordsworth know how much richer is the full prospect. His poetry is inseparably associated with the Cumberland and Westmorland where his boyhood, most of his maturity, and his old age were spent; but his life, and therefore what underlies his poetry, embraced too the Cambridge of his undergraduate days and the London and the revolutionary France of his troubled years. In them all we can take him to our hearts.

We thought that, in commemorating the bicentenary, we should do something more. We knew how much the Trustees of Dove Cottage, the Wordsworth Memorial established in 1891, have done for Wordsworthians. They have done it from personal devotion and with small resources. We knew too the responsibilities that now rest upon them for the care of the great collection of Wordsworth manuscripts entrusted to them since the Memorial was established. Dove Cottage has become the centre of Wordsworth studies, in his own country and in the house that was the home of William, Dorothy, and Mary through much of his most creative period. With the Trustees' consent, and jointly with them, we decided to raise a fund which, in our judgement, will make their resources more nearly match their deserts and their responsibilities. You have in your hands the document we are issuing. In all this—in the plan and in its execution—we are deeply indebted to our own distinguished Wordsworthian, Mr Davies.

It is a pleasure to have some of the Trustees with us, amongst them Dr Mary Moorman, their Treasurer and Secretary and Wordsworth's biographer. We are all delighted that in a moment she is to speak to us; and, as we listen to her, we shall all be remembering that when, twenty years ago, we drank the toast I am about to propose to you, it was her father, Dr Trevelyan, who then proposed it.

And now, Master, and our guests, here in the Hall which Wordsworth knew as an undergraduate and beneath the portrait on the wall painted forty years afterwards at Rydal Mount, I give you the toast

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

A Letter

Is *The Eagle* a College magazine? This may sound a very provocative question, but quite a substantial number of Junior Members think that *The Eagle* is far from fulfilling its function as a proper College magazine, especially in (dis)proportion to its very extravagant appearance, print, shiny paper, etc. It is very doubtful whether the majority of "subscribers" after daring to lay their hands on such a neat piece of publication and finding out to their great relief that the last issue was not entirely written, like the cover, in Chinese, are satisfied with

the quality of both the selection and content of the articles in it. The articles are hardly conducive to a lively exchange of ideas and to a challenging intellectual arena of topical discussions with direct bearing on college life.

A number of factors are responsible for these faults:—

1. Almost everybody agrees that *The Eagle* tries to be too much at the same time: Old Boys' magazine, inter-don information journal, college chronicle, anthology—in short: Readers Indigest.
2. The predominance* of Senior Members on the editorial committee ensures *The Eagle's* conservative, "respectable", and esoteric character. One example: The printer refused to print one contribution, because it was supposedly obscene, whereupon the committee should have instantly terminated their contract with him.
3. The predominance of lengthy articles of doubtful general interest by Senior Members, which is mainly responsible for *The Eagle's* lack of contributions from Junior Members.

From the first point one immediate conclusion should be drawn, i.e. of splitting the magazine into at least two: one, an Old Boys' magazine, which should continue under the name *Eagle* and give ample space to all nostalgic feelings, perhaps continuing the "Old School" magazine style with personal pictures and unconnected articles. The other should be a thoroughly up-to-date magazine, cheaper due to a less extravagant make-up. But it could still retain a high standard, and even appear more often. The current yearly expense of £500 from the Amalgamated Club Fees on *The Eagle* (an item not much publicized) could be made free for such a new magazine, thus making it independent of College funds or donations. This magazine may not even use the full amount of £500, thus freeing some for other projects.

The second point shows the urgency of the need for a different type of editorial committee, at least predominantly consisting of Junior Members. This of course should not mean that Senior Members would be excluded from submitting their articles, but it would ensure that contributions from Junior Members of all shades of opinion are given a maximum consideration.

As for point three: once the Junior Members feel that it is their magazine, they will have more interest in sending their own writings and make the notorious lack of Junior contributions a thing of the past. It will very probably raise the standard and the present image of a magazine with an esoteric and very often forcedly humorous character will turn into one which does not shun controversy in order to keep up a dull respectability and boring decorum, but will be nearer to the pulse of the college.

A. FARMER
J. STOPES-ROE
G. ENSSLIN

* The Editorial Committee consists of five Junior Members, and but a single Senior Member: the Treasurer takes no part in editorial business—Ed.

The Editors have to express their great regret at the late appearance of the present number. This is due solely to the want of articles forwarded to them for insertion. They desire to urge upon subscribers that they should send their contributions earlier, and so save the editors the task of having to write the larger portion of the number. (From *The Eagle*, 1870).

"*The Eagle* that men do lives after them . . . ." [Senior Ed.—his only intervention].

1

night, summer, we listened
and held our hands in our eyes,
                our hands
pushing aside veils of too
motherly concern

(mattered into mind
by some law
          unknowable,
debris
left by plages and dinosaurs . . . .

  listening

  as they sang with the freedom
  of grasping
the soft night
in rhythmic hands of feeling

2

  black,
  black is the soft night

and
    (did Pilate ever ask what is love)?
      complex
of reactions: woman, shaped and
tuned

by that body

unafraid . . . .

  soft night
  on a stoop,
          a narrow
          nowhere
                city
                street, stained
with cars,
but a refuge into which the open windows
  could flee

3

listening

throbbing

wishing
      to go to the underside (beneath
      words, quiet
      and naked,

to the underside
where
      there are no apparent
      necessities,
      where white can be
                evil . . . .

succeeding

only in abstracting
ourselves
      (rhythms throbbing
            expounding
            exploding
            culling resolve out
of anguish,
          hope out of darkness . . . .

our thoughts then
revolving: speech is sin,
                turn
          me inside
          out,

          and let the babbling echo
          endlessly within

          you take the silence

4

children of an animalism,
unprophetic,
unwilling to be martyred:
                and

she whispered, come
            dance
            with
            me—we'll dance
a beginning,
peace
      without end (though not

the tension of the
      stars
          a different world
in which mere appearance
and
    the incomprehensible
    acts
        of husks in an eternal
        gray autumn

        have
all (and the locked front doors

been cast out

and only
        hold my hand . . . .

5

kiss me, kiss me, it is me—
all that has come before
has not passed away, but
into a sympathy, in our eyes,
look closely at what I am

(occasionally we heard
the river noises,
            the singers
were leaving the long street
an abandoned shell on its back

she remembered her mother
washing her as a little girl
and saying open wide

                she smiled

6

rhythms
movement

a sort
of gaity
in and out
that was like
the universe
          expanding and contracting
          and perhaps
                it doesn't—

for a sadness
a coldness
the stone
eating
      into the flesh of her well-
      shaped
          thigh . . . .

and nods:
yes, to go now, yes before we stretch
our silence to the breaking
point,
      tired muscles collapsing
      in a rush
            our leaving was only
            the dissolution
            of an

overtone
yet arm in arm up
the sleep-stilled street
I thought in almost dreaming:

sit beside me, the water
is warm,
      our children will be
beautiful

Working Summer In New York
(for Connie)

JOHN ELSBERG

Those Were The Days

THIS year, for the first time since 1914, the College, has held a Ball: and, if we may say so without blowing our own trumpets, it *was* a Ball. Nothing could be quite so beautiful as Hall, the panel ledges smothered in flowers, and Lady Margaret herself almost framed in green. Well done, the College garden!

Then the sitting-out places—the Master's garden a mass of wee lights, all the paths in Chapel Court lit up, and an amazing labyrinth of tents. Everyone lost his or her way once or twice, and strayed into a jolly panelled place, which turned out to be the Combination Room staircase.

And that brings me to supper and the Combination Room. Not being a gastronomist, I can't produce any expert opinion on the former, though it *was* most good, but the Room itself—well, it just was the Room. There was a mist of candle light and voices, and I thought that old Sam Parr's smile grew even broader.

As to the dance itself, of course a dance is really a matter of partners, so I may have been peculiarly lucky. But the indispensable adjuncts were entirely A1: the wonderful man Newman and his myrmidons kept us going so strong that at half-past six or so, after the last extra and Mr Stearn's operations, there were still 250 out of 300 starters to cope with the last jump "Auld Lang Syne" *jazzed*.

The floor had its defects: the parquet panels gaped at times, but it had all the qualities of ice in perfect order just before a big thaw. As a partner of mine remarked, expressively though without entire originality, she could have danced till doomsday; I fancy she said, "Like billy oh!"

So that was the College dance, and we have got to thank Mrs Masters and everybody that worked for its success. As for the Committee I don't know quite who they were, but the Laws (with and without an "e") and Alldred made themselves infernal nuisances for weeks before, so I think they must have worked hard. The Master's Sam Browne was an utter delight: and Mr Armitage appeared to think that his life depended on everyone having partners: if it did he saved it.

After the ceremony I myself drank beer in the Buttery. And so to bed.

From *The Eagle*, 1920.

My Friend The Gangster

WILLI "Pastrami" Siercewicz was careful never to eat salami or bologna: for he relished his Chicago underworld nickname, bestowed, it was said, by none other than "Bugs" Moran. Pastrami looked the part of the 30's gangster he was, too. Big, red nose, pickled in bootleg whisky: pock-marked scarface: rough, immigrant voice on its voyage through the sandpaper throat, gluey adenoids, finally filtered through fat cigars.

Al Capone once called him "a little man with a big mouth". Once only: that afternoon, fifteen Capone henchmen lay dead or dying near the entrance to a West side pool hall. The "mouth" part was metaphoric, anyway: the organ never fully opened—gangsters speak sideways, teeth clenched on cigar. But "little", yes. A volley of machine gun fire five feet seven inches from the ground would do Pastrami little harm.

Central Chicago was his: Pastrami territory stretched twenty blocks to the north and west of the Greyhound bus station. He brooked no other operator, and had the men and machine guns to back him. He brewed bootleg whisky, the best in town, of course: and where else did he brew it but, with unique style, in the cellars of the Chicago central police station? The police paid him protection money in the meantime.

He had his private army of 30 mobsters keeping the city in a state of terror: not one Chicago bank had they left untouched, not one speak-easy but paid its dues. The Mayor of Chicago and the Senators of Illinois never made a decision without first consulting Pastrami. He had on his desk a photograph of the ironic ceremony when the Mayor had presented him with the freedom of the city. Like presenting Onassis with his own shipping company.

No social occasion, no party, could be of the first rank unless Pastrami graced it with his presence: Chicago debutantes yearned—and queued up—to be his molls.

For one thing more than anything he yearned—for a film to be made of his exploits, starring . . . . Rod Steiger? . . . . Paul Newman? . . . . You've guessed it by now, if the Onassis metaphor hadn't given it away: it was all a little too much to be true, seeing as you'd never heard the name before. Ah, Willi! Who carries a pistol in a shoulder holster, but only because he's scared of the Panthers. Willi! Fighter against communism, who threw buckets of water over Moratorium-day marchers. Willi! Who fails to fiddle his tax returns, and quietly votes the law-and-order ticket. With a fondness for *all* Italian meats—"garlic face", did he but know it, to his workmates. That nose? Pickled in brine like a boxer's. Face? On railings, one drunk, staggery night.

Ah, Willi! Your voice a-wheeze, your nose a-drip, your molls the whores you pay.

But you may yet end up with a machine gun bullet in your tum.

K. C. B. HUTCHESON

"never never"

the fairy in the bedroom
gulping gin
curses her laddered tights
shes on a night shift now—
and captain hook crouched in a chair
sinks needles in his tattooed arm
and conjures visions
in his nightmare dreams
of crocodiles on rotting rivers—
peter pan creeps out to sell
some snaps he took of tinkerbell

here they sit
they dont go out much any more
waiting alert
in case the children should return.

CHARLES REID-DICK

A Diversion For A Sunday Afternoon

EAST of the river Leine in Niedersachsen, September is always winter or summer. Never autumn. The weather is as uncompromising as the landscape, a landscape of hundreds of square miles of flat forest land, where the trees reach high and straight, never bending but inclined perhaps five degrees, making a concise suggestion of a bow towards the gentler terrains of Westphalen under the pressure of the strong-willed east-north-easterly winds which court the woods the whole year. The tweed effect of the greenery and bitter-brown trunks of the trees is complemented by the gentle variations, violet and purple, of the heather, which clings for life to the exposed roots and digs into every patch of shallow surface-soil.

This September was summer, so although nothing in the forest changed materially, the whole was enhanced, as even the dirtiest industrial town will be, by the sunshine which lit the scene under a sky of the softest blue, where every hint of cloud was promptly chased away like an offending child by the gusts of wind. Roads which in a winter September would be devoid of even forestry vehicles came alive as hundreds of immigrants beetled their way through the shaded passages at a regular speed, as if they thought themselves to be the various blood corpuscles of a living organism rushing around the body.

Many of these corpuscles had been making a Sunday excursion to view the East-West border north-east of Braunschweig where it halves a small village, separating in one stroke brother from brother and friend from friend. Many were young, and though they felt saddened by what they saw, could not have given a precise explanation why. They had felt intimidated by the border guards in their high outpost towers, and they had watched through their powerful binoculars as the mounted machine guns swivelled to cover every piece of the border's no-man's-land. They had looked, as if at a famous monument, and now they were coming away.

In the forests fifty miles from the border rumbled the Panzer of the Federal Army, at present engaged on a NATO exercise which had attracted wide publicity in the press. Outside the practice range people parked on the grass shoulders of the roads and peered through the trees in the hope of catching sight of the manoevering tanks. Still the Landstrassen carried a constant stream of traffic with another aim in view. For not everyone was interested in present-day tanks, and not everyone was using the route as a return from the border.

One particular area of this vast forest is the object of modern day pilgrimages: journeys of sentimental memories or of curiosity. On this summer September Sunday a crowd of individuals re-lived their personal past. Each man passed the blank perimeter wall with its single black-lettered word: Denkstatte. Along gravel paths each man walked through rolling mounds of heather-covered earth.

He re-lives part of his life. Singly. With no companions now. A blast of wind makes him tighten his muffler round his scrawny throat. The wind is not so cold now, as it once was; and now he has a muffler. On and on. Deeper into the past—to the dead. From death back to life: he moves aside, pressed out of the path-way by a young couple with a push-chair. What right have they here? What do they know about it? About death of any sort. But only the living remain. All who remain live. The dead only live in photographs and in the mind; yes, the mind. The mind of an old, tired man with a muffler.

Londontown Troupers

REGENT Street: three blindmen, one
Plays an accordion, the other
A saxophone. Slow, narcotic music.

The third holds out a cup.
Stinking, tobacco-stained hands.
For every coin he imagines a feminine,

Drooping wrist, anaemic, smooth.
He thrusts out his cup amid the reeling,
Horrified pedestrian faces.

London 1969

Outside
The Kaiserstallung

TRAFFIC replaces the bomber's drone,
Deep similar corrosion, insanity
Accumulating over the years
When once in the fireball
Eyes took on a quick drought.

Nürnberg 1969

Dance of the Hobgoblin

AMONG white, garden urns ladies
Dangle from thin wrists
Brilliant bracelets. Epidemics
Hidden in the house but glamour
Must have a drama that rings
Over their fingers blaze like fireflies.

Under moonlight the hobgoblin dances
In the rooster's feathers,
Crows in the eagle's beak:
What savages shall we collect?
To lead in chains through
The towns: lacquer, liquor for the gaudy show.

America 1967

Lines To A Sleeping Guitarist

BALD occupant of the small shade,
That inching incline while
Sun's descant prospers as
Silence, what rush rouses
Your apple to bob and boil?

Not departure dirge for the sun's
Declination but spread cobbles
Head-high with melody, visitors
Arrive! Singer, pinched by
Sweet-tooth and drug diet,

Sleeper, enforce a generous mouth's
Swill or secretly is your song
Pillow and suffocation while
Venice moon-like pulls the
Tides against her fleets,

Her croon dragging out of sea and
Flesh willing catastrophic
Tears that last distress pulls
Bells from the belfry and
Boys desirous of red robes drown?

Venice 1969

R. ANDERSON

The Baptistry Busts By Pisano

I CAME upon you like a child
Discovering mushrooms; poisonous,
Pale college of your moistures
Evaporating yet; severe kindred,
Their beauty admits no antidote.
Tell me, when you worked did
You stand in slippers, boots,
Or did you stumble on bare
Feet across the cold floor?

Pisa 1969

The Senility
Of The Spanish Protector

THE Roman Viceroy has not returned,
The aqueduct boasts no trumpeter
But the stones shoulder water.
Iron, clattering, medieval shoes
Disappear though cobblestones
Did not fall out to hinder
Other traffic, a heavier artillery;
Shouldering the usual beef.

Given sway over the stones and
Masons, tomb and dungeons,
Stucco erasures, the Protector
Inspects by night the palace
Statues, sees Goliath upon
Every platter, Clytemnestra
Holds the fork, every loose stone
Sings out in a secret pocket.

Madrid 1970

To Her Lodger

Oh Mr Spilsby, you are unfair—I came
To dust the mantelpiece, and find you
Hanging in a noose behind the door.
So sudden, such a break in your routine—
You have no right to give me such a scare.
I never trusted you; that hook was meant
For coats, not nooses, Mr Spilsby.

It is so rude to give no warning.
Your habits, so predictable, had led me
To a false impression. You always caught
The half-past-nine, and were in bed
By ten-o-clock. So neat, so punctual,
I always thought, and so considerate.
Oh Mr Spilsby, deception is not sweet.

You dangle from the coat hook, and slowly
Circulate. Your eyes accuse—it is unfair;
The merest hint would have sufficed.
Cruel, cruel. Oh tell me why,
Why you missed the half-past-nine,
And took a journey somewhere else.
This room—the photograph of mother, the vase,
These chairs—it could not hold your life:
An explosion has occurred, the stars
Have punctuated holes inside your eyes.
And from vast emptiness you stare at me.
Oh tell me where you went, for I, too,
Have wanderlust. You left without
A message, and I must fill a vacancy.
Oh give me reason Mr Spilsby.
Oh let me kiss your dangling feet.

CHARLES BOYLE

Once he was young, strong: one of the best of them. Time kills or ages. He is old and alive. Wouldn't death have been easier? You can't recover from suffering like that, it marks you out. It seizes and possesses your brain, yourself; and you cannot escape it. Dreams are a man's worst enemy. Death finds you asleep if it did not search you out alive.

But life is now. He looks up and his attention is caught by the moving vehicles in the distance: these are the armoured cars! No, no, only Beetles. Being brought to himself is too cruel. "Now" is to be escaped. Death would have been best. This, this show, this farce of procreants and push-chairs is obscenity incarnate—all well-fed, comfortable, young. This is worse than the place ever was before. Before was honest filth and suffering, disease and death. Now is hypocrisy of sentiment, mass sadism of the onlookers. These are more hopeless enemies than there ever were before. Move him to tears. Tears of childlike, simple, selfish anger. They cannot share my suffering. I shall not let them. I am alone and untouchable. I spit on their modern idea of a Belsen cemetery. The old Belsen was better. It was truth and everyone there suffered. No one gaped on like here.

Yes, the old place was better.

IAN THORPE

Reviews

BOOKS

The Eagle *is anxious to review books by members of the College, whether resident or not: but cannot engage to do so unless copies of such works are sent to the Editor on their publication.*

George Watson, *The Study of Literature.* Allen Lane. The Penguin Press. 229 Pages. 42s.

Mr Watson's book is an extended advocacy of what he conceives the proper study of literature to be, and what some of the aberrations that pass for such a study are, which is delivered to us under two sub-titles—"The Theory of Criticism" and "Other Disciplines". Drawing upon his immense knowledge simply of what has been, and is being, written Mr Watson confidently assures us that historicism has displaced in recent years the analytical method of criticism that spread from T. S. Eliot and I. A. Richards which has been prominent since the 1920's, especially in Cambridge. By "historicism" he means criticism that derives its authority for understanding a work of literature less from a personal experience of the work than from a collaborative effort to render its social and cultural context by historical means. This is represented as the return from a passing fashion to a correct and established tradition; but involved in Mr Watson's placing of the analytical movement is a misrepresentation, an overstatement—for surely "a campaign . . . to annul the sense of the past in literary studies" cannot be attributed to Eliot with his repeated exhortations, almost to obsessiveness,

to "gain a sense of the past"? The Cambridge School, the New Criticism of the U.S.A., these are in a sense Mr Watson's enemies in the first section of the book; but what is admirable is that he has no axe to grind, and the most consistent feature of the book is its relaxed reasonableness of tone. Unfortunately this has the effect of robbing the work of a sense of urgency for Mr Watson does not convey any sense of pressure against what he advocates. Instead of joining real battle with the Cambridge School, he proceeds by framing some of their shared attitudes in his own words and then disposing of them. He attacks the idea that we might study literature because it has insights to offer us, because it offers to make us more conscious about what is both individual and common in the experience of living; apparently it offers us no such thing, it offers us only excellence. As evidence he adduces Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress": "The real excellence of the poem lies in the unflagging accomplishment by which a commonplace situation of latin and renaissance poetry is revealed anew, pitilessly, accurately, and utterly without sentiment, in the historical situation of a mid seventeenth century in which such a literary form was all but exhausted." If this is the poem's excellence then it is surely available only to scholars. If literary studies amounts to the expansion of these hints only then it cannot convey the importance to a reader and to a civilization of this or any poem, for this historical account fails utterly to regard the significance of the thing felt when it is read as a poem not as a historical example. The only study that will yield us that sort of significance is a critical account of a direct response to the poem: and if a poem's excellence lies outside what it can say to a reader, poetry is merely an intellectual pastime for scholars.

But Mr Watson goes on to say that the function of the critic is "to show what there is to be seen", and that this is best done by reference to historical and biographical evidence—otherwise we are only too likely to be betrayed into a wilful misreading based upon personal considerations. The repeated insistence that is central to the book is that often we can only know the meaning of a poem after a study of contemporary attitudes, social history, and state of the language: that the urge to exclaim in a discussion of one of his plays "But Shakespeare *can't* have thought that" originates in, and can be verified from, a knowledge of Elizabethan "thought". But surely it is clear that such an urge would come from reading the play, as does our verification—Shakespeare's written words are our precise evidence and a sensitive critical response to them is to be believed against any general notions of contemporary thought. It is the precision and individual authenticity of literature that can lend authority to our notions of the past more fruitfully than the other way round. And if we do require further elucidation upon a poem the sort of help we will get from a continued reading of other work by the same author—staying among precise related evidence—is likely to be more valuable than a search into prospective genealogies etc. When Mr Watson points to "the massive and incontestable triumphs of historical criticism" such as genre-identification, and talks of much work still to be done, he is revealing that his interest in the study of literature is the settling of fact, as it were to close the matter, rather than with the life of past literature in the present. It is all very well to be told that one of the Canterbury Tales is a beast-fable; but if a beast-fable is only an intellectual concept to us, as it is likely to be, then we will not genuinely be able to respond to the poem as a beast-fable in any but a distanced academic way. Re-interpretation of literature for each age, for each major shift of sensibility, happens willy-nilly—the triumphs of historical criticism do not seem to have settled that.

Mr Watson's strength in this book does not lie in his investigation into what the reading and digestion of literature is like, but rather in his exposition of what he terms its "formal properties". He has good sections on verse and prose; and a very good one on metaphor, in which he exposes as false that idea that the language of literature is untruthful because it proceeds by metaphor, as opposed to a truthful literal language. He demonstrates that the latter is a false concept and that "scientific" language is constantly using metaphor although the usage is unconscious. Mr Watson's strengths and vast reserves of information are best displayed in the second half of the book, which is a survey of present formal relations between the study of literature and linguistics, psychoanalysis, sociology and the history of ideas, and a forecast of possible future collaboration. He has an admirable chapter on sociology in which he finds that class terminology is too crude to describe what is dealt with in the nineteenth-century novel, and that the practice of the novel is radically opposed to an anatomy of relationships in society in class terms. It is surprising, however, to find that Mr Watson perceives the failings of current linguistics to treat of works of literature as wholes, yet finds of all his related disciplines the history of ideas to be the most congenial. Certainly ideas exist in poetry and they are important: the charge against the historian of ideas must be that rarely is he sufficient of a critic to decide when an idea finds significant expression and when it doesn't. To discuss an idea in a poem can only be to discuss the poetry. As Mr Watson himself says poems are not versified ideas (except in rare cases, as Pope's "Essay on Man"); so to unclothe a poem and extract its essential idea is a wilful and distorting process. The reader who responds fully to what the poem is and upon that experience seeks to construct a rationale of its ideas is the one who will be able to contribute to the collaboration between literary studies and the history of ideas.

It is this avoidance of a direct contact with literature, the historical rather than the critical organisation of significance, which allows him to says "Poetry may be excellent without being true", which makes Mr Watson's book academic in the sense that it does not show one how to read better, it does not return one to literature as a living stimulation with a renewed understanding of its availability, but rather to the study. To be fair this is partly his purpose and he succeeds in elucidating several relevant questions. But what is missing from his criticism is the animating sense (that gives Eliot's criticism its distinctive quality and authority) of the eternal and the temporal in literature, and the eternal and temporal together; of the relation of human nature to changing conditions; understanding the past as the past and its relation to the present. I feel that Mr Watson would accept this as relevant to a rationale for literary studies, and it is one that represents the importance of "the contemporary effects of literature", not the "trivializing emphasis" on those effects that the blurb on his book suggests he is routing. As it is, his book does not compel us to feel the importance of the study of literature but rather to sense the steady devotion of an academic mind to the annotation of "self-validating excellence".

H. R. E.

THEATRE

Antigone for our Times

AMATEUR actors, by definition, are less interested in plays than in playing. Accordingly they seldom attempt the achievement which is or ought to be dearest of all to professionals: that of focussing the audience's

College Intelligence

A RECENT occurrence gave rise to discussion about the true signification of the letters C.B.E.; after some rather unlikely solutions (such as "Commerce begat Empire"), the truth dawned: "Concept before Evidence".

* * *

"It's as well these Wordsworth Centenaries happen only once every twenty years" (attrib. Mr Ken. North, in or near the Kitchen Office, during or not long before W. W's lunch).

* * *

attention on the dramatist's designs to the subordination of all other considerations, and of keeping it focussed. Compliments on such an achievement might indeed disconcert some amateurs ("did you notice how I did the soliloquy?"); so it is with some reluctance that I offer them to the Lady Margaret Players. Yet the compliments have been earned. The company's most recent production (4-7 March, 1970) was, in theatrical terms, the most successful of those I have seen. The producer (Mr David Price) and the performers achieved a fairly uniform standard of competent playing. But it will be remembered chiefly for the discussions provoked by the dramatist. The Players made themselves little more than an intellectual springboard. I am delighted by their seriousness and modesty.

Their production of Anouilh's *Antigone* deserves some description, nevertheless. For one thing, the producer took the performers off the stage onto the floor of the theatre, and made them act in the round. A large platform in the middle, and some suggestive, if unsatisfactory, clothes (Ismene, elegant in blonde curly wig and smart, smart miniskirt was obliged to ruin the effect by compulsory bare feet—no-one was shod in Mr Price's Thebes) helped create an illusion that was chiefly won by cunning grouping and melodramatic lighting (white rods of light plunging through black shadows onto black-clad performers). Like the great Greek tragedies from which it derives, Anouilh's play is performed without an interval, and is short enough to gain the full benefit of the impetus thus created (the gathering tension never being dissipated by a rush for the bar) without wearying the audience. It was decisively assisted by Miss Jill Lewis's passionate Antigone, the very embodiment of a wilful, unreasonable student rebel of today. Her scene with Creon is the heart of the play: she made it the high point of the evening, especially when she hurled her final defiance:

"I want everything of life, I do; and I want it now! I want it total, complete: otherwise I reject it! I will *not* be moderate. I will *not* be satisfied . . . I want to be sure of everything this very day; sure that everything will be as beautiful as when I was a little girl. If not, I want to die!"

Jill Lewis as Antigone (photograph by Lance Taylor)

Miss Lewis genuinely interpreted the character, making it her own: going, as we shall see, beyond the author's intentions to find a communicable meaning, for today, in her part.

Mr Ian Thorpe, as Creon, was over-parted: he spoke his lines clearly and intelligently, but never got into the skin of Anouilh's middle-aged, conscientious tyrant. Mr Dick Francks was an excellent Chorus—unassuming, clear-speaking, intimate. Mr Sean Magee, as the First Guard, made the groundlings laugh and laugh, but during his big scene was unfortunately completely masked by Creon from where this groundling sat. Such is the hazard of theatre in the round.

It remains to try and convey something of the evening's intellectual impact. One must pay one's debts: the Players sent me back to Sophocles, and forced me to think about a myth which the conservatives of *Encounter* have, for their own ends, made suddenly fashionable. To work.

Anouilh's *Antigone* was first performed in occupied Paris, to great acclaim. The Parisians saw Antigone as a Resistance heroine. Yet the Germans did not interfere. It is easy to see why. Creon has all the best lines, all the facts, all the logic. In part this is because the playwright, like so many literary men, cherishes the dream of a cultivated, witty, humane and necessary dictator—that impossibility most convincingly embodied in Bernard Shaw's King Magnus. In part Anouilh was, perhaps, merely being prudent: had Creon been too truthfully a brute, the Nazis would have smelt a rat. And perhaps for this reason, too, Antigone was given no arguments: only self-assertive shouts. Besides, she needed nothing more. She was the spirit of France, demanding liberty or death: certain of the audience's applause.

But today, as Miss Lewis discovered, the tract has a different message. Creon still has his lines, Antigone is still content to shout. The result is that the play looks uncannily like an attack on the Sorbonne students, and an apologia for the authority they attacked in 1968. Hearing Antigone's speech, already quoted, it was impossible not

to remember the slogan, *Soyez realiste—demandez l'impossible*. One was moved. Yet Antigone is no longer certain of applause. Her foe is now more formidable.

Society must make rules to protect itself, says Creon, and they must be obeyed. Life must go on. You, Antigone, neurotic adolescent, by attacking the rules are attacking the very conditions of life, and if you persist you must be destroyed. If your lover, my son, Haemon, sentimentally insists on dying with you, I cannot stop him; but nor can I swerve from my duty as the servant of the State and society. Don't be unreasonable. Marry Haemon, and bring up children for the good of all, the royal succession must be assured . . . He puts his points with great skill and destroys Antigone's case, so that at the end she is forced to admit that she does not know what she is dying for. Her death, which she nevertheless self-indulgently insists on, brings Creon's family down in ruins, Haemon dying for her, his mother, Queen Eurydice, dying of grief for him. Creon responds apathetically. He walks off to a Cabinet meeting, remarking that the work must be done, even if it is dirty work. It is his credo; and at the end of such a logical play one ought to sympathise with him.

But one doesn't. One doesn't even agree with him. In the first place, however tiresome the sillier and rasher student activists of today may be, they have a case against their elders, in many ways a rather good case. So it was disconcerting and unsatisfying to see that case go by default. Anouilh simply never put it: he just planted his flag on the far side of the generation gap (it must seem today) and depicted Antigone as a victim of the death-wish. He thus wronged the young; but as I explored my uneasiness, I found a deeper wrong—a wrong to the myth, to the true Antigone.

What did the daughter of Oedipus die for? I had always supposed it was for something larger than teenage rebellion: for the duty of the individual sometimes, at whatever cost, to do his duty in the teeth of the State. Antigone's story is thus that of Socrates, of Thomas More, of all martyrs for conscience's sake. Sophocles, I was glad to find, took the same view. His Antigone tells Creon:—

"I did not think your edicts strong enough
To overrule the unwritten unalterable laws
Of God and heaven, you being only a man.
They are not of yesterday or to-day, but everlasting,
Though where they came from, none of us can tell.
Guilty of their transgression before God
I cannot be, for any man on earth . . ."

(*Translated by E. F. Watling*).

So she buries her brother, and dies for the deed.

But Antigone is not the protagonist of Sophocles's play. Creon is the central character. Nor is he a cultivated figment. He is a prototype of Oedipus Rex (whose story Sophocles had yet to write). In his first speech he firmly states his creed, which is much like that of Anouilh's king. The good of the State is the supreme law.

"Our country is our life; only when she
Rides safely, have we any friends at all."

Polynices, Antigone's brother, had assailed Thebes with a foreign army. Dead, he must lie unburied, damned, and dishonoured, as a warning to all traitors, and as a token that punishment, like reward does not stop with death. Anyone who tries to bury him is likewise a traitor, and must also die.

But this is to forbid the performance of a religious duty. This is impiety, this is *hubris*—shocking to religious Athenians, attending a sacred dramatic festival. The gods are duly angered, but before acting they warn Creon. Antigone insists on doing her duty by her brother: Creon compounds his impiety by sending her to execution. Haemon warns the king that the Thebans honour Antigone's action and are appalled at her fate; he himself stands out against his father's "wickedness and folly". Creon curses his son's impudence. Finally the blind prophet Tiresias reports the omens which show the gods are angry. For the last time Creon refuses to take advice, and so destruction follows. He has rejected family piety: now his family rejects him. Antigone, Haemon, and Eurydice die by their own hands.

It might seem that a drama so impregnated by the religious assumptions of ancient Greece could have little to say to us today; but of course Antigone still touches our hearts. What she died for was after all eternal, and very simple: the assertion that family love, family duty, are things too deep, too excellent and too sacred to be set aside for mere *raison d'etat*. Creon sneers at this "woman's law"; but the nature of things (which is part of what the Greeks meant by God) is decisively against him. No State shall truly prosper which does not respect woman's law.

It is this message of mercy and restraint which gives the Sophoclean tragedy its profundity and dignity, and which is missing in Anouilh's play. I found myself inventing arguments for Antigone, and arguments for sparing her (one of them, I was glad to find, Sophocles used first). So I cannot in honesty say I rank the work very high. But I can in honesty say that the Lady Margaret Players have never given me a more interesting evening. This is my thank-you letter.

VERCINGETORIX

Antigone
by
Jean Anouilh
Translated by Lewis Galantiere

Chorus, Dick Francks; *Antigone*, Jill Lewis; *Nurse*, Katy Williams; *Ismene*, Judy Underwood; *Eurydice*, Mary Nex; *Haemon*, Michael Shepherd; *Creon*, Ian Thorpe; *Messenger*, Charles Boyle; *Page*, Jeremy Darby; *First Guard*, Sean Magee; *Second Guard*, Richard Beadle; *Third Guard*, David Quinney.
Director, David Price; *Stage Manager*, Steve Cook; *Design*, Nicholas Reynolds, Henry Binns; *Lighting*, Peter Cunningham, Martin Wallis; *Publicity*, Hugh Epstein and the Players; *Music*, John Walker.

Obituaries

PROFESSOR SIR FREDERIC CHARLES BARTLETT

ST JOHN'S College has nurtured a greater number of distinguished psychologists, in proportion to its size, than any other educational establishment in Britain. Sir Frederic Bartlett was the most distinguished of them all, and when he died on 30 September 1969 at the age of 82, full of years and honours, the College lost one who had been among its leading fellows, and British psychology the man to whom more than any other it owes its present world stature. He came to St John's with degrees from London and took first class honours in Part II of the Moral Sciences Tripos in 1914. In the same year C. S. Myers, who was then Director of the Cambridge Psychological Laboratory, took him on as Assistant Director, and when Myers went to London in 1922, Bartlett succeeded him. In 1931 he became the first Professor of Experimental Psychology in Cambridge and a Fellow of St John's. The next year he was elected to the Royal Society. The University of Athens made him an Honorary Ph.D. in 1937. After 1940 honours came thick and fast. He was made C.B.E. in 1941, awarded Baly and Huxley Medals in 1943, honorary degrees were conferred on him by Princeton, Louvain, London, Edinburgh, Oxford and Padua, he was elected to honorary membership of the American National Academy of Sciences and of psychological societies in many countries, he was presented with the Longacre Award of the Aero-Medical Association and the Gold Medal of the International Academy of Aviation and Space Medicine, and was invited to give numerous distinguished lectures. His own comment was: "Once one begins, they all do it", followed by a short but pervasive guffaw.

In 1952, the year in which he retired from his Chair, the Royal Society awarded him a Royal Medal. The citation for this included the statement: "The School which he founded at Cambridge on the beginnings made by Rivers[1] and Myers became under his leadership the dominant school in Britain and one of the most famous and respected in the world." Bartlett regarded this medal as the high point of his career. What, we may ask, had brought him to it?

First and foremost was almost certainly his quality of scientific thought. His early training had been in logic and this, combined with a profound intuitive insight into complex problems, enabled him to see quickly what was important in experimental results, and gave his thinking a constructive character and originality which made him an unusually stimulating teacher and research director. In the discussion classes he held for Part II of the Tripos he would talk for a few minutes upon some topic of current research interest, and would then suddenly pick on one member of the class to say what he or she thought. Bartlett would listen carefully, seize upon anything worthwhile in what the student

had said, enlarge on it and take the discussion on from there. Like many original thinkers, his ideas were not always accurate, but, in the light of subsequent events, they almost invariably seemed to have been on the right lines. He himself once remarked: "You will never say anything sensible if you don't risk saying something foolish", and he was not afraid to act on his belief. Anyone who did research in the Cambridge Laboratory during the years just after the war will remember how Bartlett would burst into the room after a brief knock, introduce a visitor and at once plunge into an account of the research one was doing. The account was often surprising as it seemed to bear little relation to what was actually being done, yet on reflection one came to realise that it was not far from the mark, and was in fact what *ought* to be done—an indication of what could be achieved if the problem was viewed aright. It was an enlivening experience which made it seem urgent to think the problem out more thoroughly, and to get to work with the feeling that one had a sporting chance of proving "The Prof." wrong. What a thrill that would have been!

Coupled with this adventurous quality in his thought was a determination not to get caught up in trivialities. As a colleague once put it: "All the problems Bartlett studied were *real*." His research fell into three periods. During the first, between 1914 and 1939, he was concerned to look at perception and memory under controlled conditions, but to see them more as they occur in real life than is possible with the highly artificial situations commonly used in laboratory studies. These researches are described in his best known book *Remembering* published in 1932. When they appeared they were heavily criticised, and they have not been followed up to the extent they deserve. The reason is that they were far ahead of their time: the ideas they set out anticipated by a quarter-century those to which the general run of experimental psychology is now laboriously making its way.

It is for the second period, from the beginning of the war until his retirement, that Bartlett will be remembered best. It was a time of active development for many types of complex equipment such as anti-aircraft and other gun-laying systems, radar, asdic and ground-to-air control. He quickly saw that effective operation of these could not be secured solely by the selection and training of personnel: the equipment and the methods of operating it needed to be designed with due regard for fundamental human capacities and limitations. This meant studying and analysing the operational skills involved. Bartlett's characteristic contribution was his insistence that it is not enough to look at simple sensory and motor requirements and measure these in isolation. On the one hand, the components of the skill have to be studied without destroying the performance as a whole; and on the other, it is necessary to go beyond the study of achievement to an examination of the way in which it is attained. These were difficult tasks which required new methods for the detailed analysis of complex performance, and the erection of a whole new theoretical structure. The tasks appealed strongly to Bartlett, no doubt in part because of his lifelong interest in the skills of cricket and tennis. He and his colleagues at the Laboratory undertook research for all three Services, and its long-term importance was recognised by the Medical Research Council who established their Applied Psychology Research Unit there in 1944 with K. J. W. Craik[2] as Director. The work continued after the war and was extended by a Unit for Research into Problems of Ageing set up by the Nuffield Foundation in 1946. Research on skill was being actively pursued at the same time on a large scale in America, but it is fair to claim that the Cambridge Laboratory under Bartlett led the world to an extent that no British university department of psychology has done before or since. His best known statement emanating from this period is his Royal Society Ferrier Lecture "Fatigue following highly skilled work" published in 1943[3].

Bartlett's third period of research overlapped the second and continued after his retirement. Both the previous periods had shown the need for studies of thinking and it is therefore not surprising that Bartlett turned his attention in this direction. In 1950 he published a paper outlining a programme of experiments on thinking[4], and in 1956 a book *Thinking: an Experimental and Social Study*. The experiments which were reported examined the processes of thinking as analogous to the skilled sensory-motor performances that he and his colleagues had studied earlier. It opened up an entirely new and promising approach to an area which has hitherto been one of those most elusive of scientific study.

Bartlett's ideas would not, however, have brought him to the position he occupied in British psychology if they had not been backed by the personal qualities needed to make them effective. He was an able negotiator, he fought hard for the kind of psychology he regarded as right, he was a severe but constructive critic, and he had a facility for expressing complex ideas elegantly in simple language without losing their force or talking down to his audience. This last shows especially in his book *The Mind at Work and Play* based on the Royal Institution 1948 Christmas Lectures for Children. He had something of a flair for committee meetings which he treated as though they were cricket matches, disposing his forces to outwit the other side and win the day, although always strictly by fair means—he could be formidable but never devious. In closer view, he was a complex person who combined great kindness with occasional ruthlessness, sensitivity with robust attitudes to life, a rapid mind with the deliberate speech of the west-country, loyalty and trust with difficulty in distinguishing some enemies from friends, a cheerful ease of manner with a touch of sadness. He worked hard, but believed in keeping his work in perspective: each Wednesday morning he claimed that he could accept no engagements because of an important meeting—it was for golf.

Looking back, what was Bartlett's essential achievement? It is, surely, that he guided the main stream of British psychology away from the speculations of the psychoanalysts, and from the assessment of differences between individuals by means of mental tests, towards the task of understanding the broad principles of human capacity and behaviour. Further, he severed the links that had in the earlier years of the century held psychology to philosophy, and established it clearly as one of the biological sciences, close to physiology. Perhaps most important of all in the long run, he suffused those who worked under him at Cambridge with the characteristic outlook of British biology: an outlook which is not concerned with grand theories or panacea principles, but which tries to view things as they are, and to answer in the most direct and simple terms possible the fundamental questions of "What is it?" and of "How does it work, and why?"

A. T. W.

1 W. H. R. Rivers, Fellow, 1902-1922.

2 Fellow 1941-1945.

3 Proceedings of the Royal Society, Series B, Vol. 131, pp. 247-257.

4 Quarterly Journal of Experimental Psychology, Vol. 2, pp. 145-152.

DR W. G. PALMER

William George Palmer, the only son of a Surrey schoolmaster who himself came from Devonshire, was born in Godalming on October 24, 1892. Surrey County Council Scholarships took him to the Royal Grammar School, Guildford, in 1905, and in 1910 to University College London, where the thrilling lectures of Sir William Ramsay, then in his prime, awoke his interest in chemistry and where he also developed the strong liking for field botany which endured throughout his life. His father's friendship with T. E. Page, a former Fellow of St John's but then a housemaster at Charterhouse, caused him to enter St John's in 1910, and in the next year he became a Foundation Scholar, was elected to a Fellowship in 1916 and to a College Lectureship in 1946. In 1916 he was also awarded an Allen Research Scholarship by the University.

The first chemical laboratory in Cambridge was built by St John's for Professor Liveing, in 1853, and at this time was still used for the instruction of candidates for Part I of the Natural Sciences Tripos. R. H. Adie, the lecturer in charge, being in poor health, the students were left largely to their own devices, which suited W.G.'s taste for independent work, and he spent long hours in the laboratory laying the foundation of his superb technical skill. His First in Part I of the Tripos in 1913 was of such even quality that he found it

difficult to decide upon his subject for Part II, but eventually chose Chemistry. Towards the end of the year Adie had to retire finally, and W.G. was asked to complete the lecture course to the Part I students. A still surviving member of that class (F. H. Holden) writes that:—

> "One of my most vivid memories is of attending his debut as a lecturer . . . At that first effort he displayed a style equal to Fenton or Heycock at their best."

These words are true of his long subsequent career as a university teacher, for he had a supreme gift for transmitting to his audience his own intense interest in his subject.

A First in Part II chemistry in 1914 was followed a few weeks later by the same class in the London Final B.Sc. Professor Sir W. J. Pope suggested a stereochemical problem for his initiation into research, but the First Great War had begun. W.G.'s health had never been robust, and he was much perturbed as to his proper course of action; but the Professor, who could see ahead, advised patience, and in a short time the Ministry of Munitions set all available chemists to work. During the war years the University Chemical Laboratory was engaged at high pressure in many fields—among others were high explosives, dyes and mustard gas—but unquestionably the most important contribution made by the Department was the examination of the oils then being imported from Borneo for the first time. It was the success of this investigation which subsequently led to a large gift from the oil companies to the University for the extension of its chemical laboratories and their staff.

In addition to the wartime tasks there was still some college teaching and examining, as well as demonstrating in the University laboratory, and in 1919, W.G. was appointed Additional University Demonstrator, his Lectureship coming in 1926. During this period he organized and ran one of the first courses of practical organic chemistry to be given in the Chemical Laboratory for Part I students, although his personal taste was now for physical chemistry, which had always attracted him.

The phenomena of catalysis, theoretically and technically of great importance, but whose action was still mysterious, demanded elucidation, and Palmer was among the pioneers who laid the foundations of our present views on heterogeneous catalysis. His fourteen papers published in the Proceedings of the Royal Society between 1919 and 1938 are outstanding. For the most part he worked alone, but in two important papers he was assisted by F. H. Constable, in one by R. E. D. Clark, and by his wife in one of the earliest. These papers secured him a London D.Sc. in 1925 and the Cambridge Sc.D. in 1937.

The Second World War again brought directed research, this time into corrosion problems, but after that an increasing proportion of his activities was given to devising and checking experiments for teaching undergraduate classes. Some research was done however, notably on the lower oxyacids of phosphorus, the last paper on this subject appearing in 1968. He came regularly to the laboratory almost until the time of his death, always to work at the bench.

Over twenty years of experience of teaching the subject went into "Experimental Physical Chemistry", published by the C.U. Press in 1941, with its companion "Experimental Inorganic Chemistry" following in 1954. These two books continue to have a major influence on the teaching of these subjects in many countries, as they were translated into several other languages. The pattern of them was unique, practical work being carefully planned with well chosen experiments to illustrate principles, with simple and inexpensive apparatus easy to store and to assemble, so that the whole of a large class could work simultaneously on the same problem. The instructions were so clear and foolproof that demonstrators were scarcely needed, and every step had been carefully checked to ensure that it really "worked"—for in these as in all his undertakings, W.G. was a perfectionist.

Two non-experimental books were produced. "Valency, Chemical and Modern" was written as if by inspiration during the alarming summer of 1942, diverting his thoughts from Rommel's final sweep across North Africa. This was published in 1944 and met with an enthusiastic reception, its author being skilful at expounding difficult ideas with a minimum of mathematical detail. After several reprintings an expanded edition was produced in 1969, to include accounts of

the latest work and theories. "A History of the Concept of Valency to 1930" was the result of a short series of lectures given after his retirement, at the request of the Committee for the History and Philosophy of Science. He also collaborated with E. J. Holmyard of Clifton in revision and rewriting of his well known text books for schools.

Palmer was not gregarious nor anxious to take part in public affairs, but enjoyed two periods on the College Council and was always a keen supporter of full admission of women to the University. His childhood and youth were solitary, his relaxations being cycling, walking and swimming and in Cambridge he became an expert with a punt pole. He also spent much time at his piano and was very friendly with Dr C. B. Rootham, sparring with him over current developments in music. In later years gardening occupied all his leisure but stiffened his fingers, and the piano was neglected for the production of fruit, vegetables, and especially of magnificent sweet peas.

Many generations of Cambridge students will remember him with affection and gratitude, for behind his outward reserve there was much kindliness and willingness to help others. Unquestionably his greatest contribution to Cambridge life was as a teacher, but those of us who also knew him as a close friend know that he had much else to give, and gave it freely throughout his long connection with College and University.

In the summer of 1919 he married Dorothy Muriel King of Girton, also a research chemist, who survives him with a son, daughter and five grandchildren. It was to his great grief that in the last two years of his life he could no longer attend Hall regularly, and his last intelligible words, a few days before his death on November 29, 1969, were a question about the dinner to the Foundation, which was planned for that date and which he had hoped to attend.

H. J. E.

* * *

Professor Constable writes: Palmer was very human as a laboratory worker, and his appreciation of the situation, when an apparatus which he had taken some weeks to make cracked up before the critical observations could be made, was really heartwarming.

College Chronicle

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB

President: DR R. E. ROBINSON
Captain: D. M. NICHOLSON
Match Secretary: B. J. SINGLETON
Fixtures Secretary: T. P. MCGING

This term saw the completion of the best season the Club has enjoyed since 1941-42. On the field the 1st XI won both the League Competition and the Cup; the 2nd XI once again retained the Plate. As a social institution the Club's success would be testified to by thirty-five happy souls who were to be seen lurching from the Wordsworth Room to the J.C.R. Bar on Monday, March 9th.

Sadly neither the 3rd nor the 4th XI's progressed beyond their groups in the Plate, although when the 4th XI reduced one set of opponents to nine men by seemingly fair though unfortunate means there was hope but no fulfilment.

The 2nd XI fared better. After defeating both of their group opponents 3-1, they faced up to Fitzwilliam II, some people's favourites. A mighty struggle which often appeared to be going against us eventually produced a 4-3 victory for St John's. Perhaps our pitch and our referee were of use. In the semi-final Emmanuel II proved unworthy opponents losing 2-7. In the final however the team made hard work of beating Queen's II 2-1, needing a penalty which was saved, but not well enough, to send their supporters away happy, though perhaps not contented.

Oh the 1st XI! Who could forget the final? To get there the team, strengthened by the return of Tom McGing and iron-man Steve Desborough, had to play a few other matches. In the first round they exposed to Caius the dangers of the off-side trap, defeating them 7-1. Then they struggled against Churchill needing the last ten minutes to gain a 2-1 victory and passage to the semi-final. Here Queens' were shown the art of the counter attack; for although they had nine-tenths of the play they lost 2-0.

Without much bother and certainly no planning the 1st XI's tactics had evolved. They would concede possession, but no

goals; then when they felt up to it, they would break away and score a goal. So it was in the final. For sixty minutes St Catharine's played much pretty and often impressive football while St John's chased, harried, tackled and scored four times. For the first the St Catharine's centre-half scored in his own goal (T. P. McGing duly thanked him). For the second Steve Desborough scored a goal which defied belief. In the second half Eric Read added the third, and then came a remarkable goal. The St Catharine's goal-keeper, all danger absent, decided to roll the ball to the edge of the area. In swooped the mercurial McGing, winged feet overcoming ventricosity, to take the ball from the goalie's unbelieving finger-tips and put it in the net. After this the team suffered from excessive superiority and failed to add to their total.

To praise individual qualities is for another, which is a pity; for all the 1st XI showed qualities deserving of praise. Suffice it to mention Eric Read who, when you watched closely, exhibited a fine understanding of this sport and a real appreciation of each moment's needs; and Don Nicholson, the captain, whose qualities as a defender are in the highest class.

Finally the Club would like to pay many thanks to Jim Williams who took care of many needs, and aided and abetted with much cunning and dedication. And also thanks are due to the many inspiring supporters who appeared so regularly.

The officers elected for next year are:—

President: DR R. E. ROBINSON
Captain: P. S. COLLECOTT
Match Secretary: A. C. STEVEN
Fixtures Secretary: T. D. YOUNG

BARRIE SINGLETON

HISTORY SOCIETY

Ruled this year by a triumvirate, the History Society has passed through a period of uneasy quiet. Not until a dictator arose was the lethargy stirred. The result was the Feast of Saint Liberale. Here, in contrast to the inactivity of the previous term, history was preached and practised. With luck this will set the pattern for the Michaelmas Term for which a programme is being planned.

R. G. H.

HOCKEY CLUB

Captain: R. E. M. ROSEVEARE
Secretaries: G. E. HARRISON, J. E. WILSON
2nd XI Captain: C. HANDLEY

The Club has had a good if undistinguished season. As the results show the 1st XI has a respectable record, and finished somewhere to the middle of the league. In fact the situation is better than shown, as this season we played a considerably stronger line-up of opponents than in former years; notably the fixtures against the strong university sides of Sheffield, Leeds and East Anglia.

The revival of the tour (this year to Northern Universities) was a great success and much enjoyed by all who participated both for the hockey and social occasion. Less successful was our appearance in the Cranwell six-a-sides where we were ignominiously defeated by weaker sides. Similarly our Cuppers record leaves much to be desired, with the somewhat dubious consolation that it was the final winners (Emmanuel) who knocked us out in the preliminary round.

Unfortunately, although there was only one freshman in the team, we did not really get settled down till after the start of the Lent Term—after that we only lost one match out of seven (that being a hard fought league game won by a penalty by Emmanuel). To point to these disappointments is not to discredit a good season, and we were pleased to see both J. O'Keeffe and T. R. G. Hill gaining their blues this year; others played for the Wanderers, with P. K. Ayton coming close to playing against Oxford. And with many players returning next year, and at last the makings of a solid forward line before the season starts, we shall look forward to better things then.

The 2nd XI suffered as usual from the inability to field the same team consistently, and this was accentuated by the lack of a regular goalkeeper. In the League we consequently suffered relegation on goal average. Though this perhaps seems unlucky when considering the defeat by Sidney after two of our men had left the field because of an injury, and as three league matches were unplayed because of snow; yet the fact remains that most of our points were gained from walkovers, and the side should more

readily find its feet in the lower division. On the credit side, enthusiasm was never wanting, and when at full strength the team looked most promising; as with the 1st's we look forward to next season, and hope to see a much needed influx of freshman players.

	P.	*W.*	*L.*	*D.*	*F.*	*A.*	*Pts.*
1st XI	26	13	11	2	39	33	
League	10	5	4	1	19	13	11
2nd XI	21	5	11	5	34	55	
League	7	0	5	2	7	26	6

MODERN LANGUAGES SOCIETY

The emphasis in this year's meetings has been on topics with broad literary interest and implications beyond the immediate areas under discussion.

George Watson established this tone with his paper, at the first meeting of the Michaelmas Term, on the history of ideas in literature. Considerable response was elicited by his talk, notably from Dr Timms, and it seemed only fair that the roles should be reversed at the next meeting, when Dr Timms himself read a paper on the English Georgian Poets and the German Expressionists. Always equal to a challenge, George Watson stoutly defended the complacent, rural attitudes of the Georgians as being justified by the substantial preservation of the English life-style after the First World War.

The Easter Term opened with a magnificent (and civilized!) dinner on the occasion of Dr Stern's return from America. The menu and wines were received rapturously, conversation was lengthy and absorbing and a good time was undoubtedly had by all.

Ian Hislop addressed the first "normal" meeting of the term on three Russian writers of the Revolutionary period, Babel, Pasternak and Mandelstam. He outlined very lucidly the difficulty they all apparently had in coming to terms, literary terms, that is, with the violent upheaval going on around them.

Interesting light was thrown on this subject at the last meeting of the term, when Mrs Helen Grant talked about several Spanish poets of the Civil War and after, under the title "Poetry and Commitment". She also demonstrated the inadequacy of most poets to depict adequately the public misery and privation they witnessed as well as the personal response these sufferings evoked. Only a peasant-poet seemed up to the task.

At all the meetings we were very pleased to see members of the Wordsworth Society participating in the discussions and hope that this interchange will continue and increase.

Our thanks go once again to Dr Stern for placing his rooms at our disposal.

R. D. D.

PHILISTINES' SOCIETY

(*Unfortunately it has not been possible to restrict membership*)

At last the College has seen reason and has abolished grace and gowns in the first two halls. (Surely even Third Hall will conform soon!) But despite a term filled with success, we still have more up our sleeves for our autumn campaign. We mean to press, and press hard, for the College to lay outdoor linoleum in place of the uneven paving-stones that could make walking through the courts such a hazard—and which are hardly in tune with the 1970s. Our other demand of this year will probably be implemented next term—the covering of the unhygienic wooden tables in hall with formica—meanwhile we look forward to a more rational eating system in the Kitchen Lane scheme.

Though no-one said anything in our successful symposium entitled "John's in the 70s" it was clear that all were agreed that S.J.C. should without delay remove the few remaining impediments to its becoming the first collegiate Science City. It was also widely felt that the student intake could be improved, e.g., wouldn't arts men be more logical if recruited from scientists?

A visit to Heathrow is being arranged.

D. E. H. T.

RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

The Club during the Lent Term was solely concerned with the Cuppers' competition in which we reached the semi-final. Though we were then conclusively beaten by Selwyn, our performance represented a considerable improvement on last year's. During our Cup run we beat Caius, King's and the favourites for the competition, St Catharine's. The team was urged on throughout by a

large crowd of supporters whose presence gave us all much encouragement and to whom we are all very grateful.

The enthusiasm of the team and supporters was never greater than during the match against St Catharine's, when, despite a tremendous weight disadvantage up-front, we were able to secure enough ball to win comfortably, thanks to a superb performance by our back division. Such results were due to a light but quick pack who fought well particularly in the loose, where we were able to obtain fine possession, and a well-drilled three-quarter line whose variety and slickness of set-moves were reminiscent of a formation dancing team . . . .

Our confidence boundless after such a victory, we disposed of King's in the next round, although our game was not of its usual standard. Against Selwyn all was lost. We were conclusively beaten at forward and were never allowed to display our normal open game, through lack of possession. Selwyn had a heavy, well-drilled pack and managed to dampen the spirit of our forwards; although our cover was quick and efficient, the endless waves of attack brought the inevitable result. In all, Selwyn had an "on" day and dictated the game from start to finish—this in direct contrast with the final, when I am sure we could have beaten either of the sides by a considerable margin. The negative attitude that Cuppers' finals seem to inspire and its personification, Jacko Page, make me even more certain that our determination to win or lose playing attacking rugby was fully justified.

The team owes a great deal to our captain, Steve Calvert, whose iron physique and words of wisdom drove us to the success we obtained. His pre-match lectures may well prove to be the most emotive occasions of a lifetime! Although the distinctive feature of the side was its team-work and general efficiency, special mention must, I feel, be made of our full-back, Paul Barclay, whose contribution was outstanding throughout. His was the strength and directness which made our mid-field threequarter play so dangerous, when, as so often, he was called into the line. His reliability and courage in the more orthodox full-back role was equally valuable to his team-mates. I find it hard to believe that there will be a better full-back in the university next year and I hope that such ability is rewarded.

Despite our failure to win Cuppers', the team went into Europe for the second time in three years: we toured the Bordeaux area and played three matches in various stages of inebriation. We took the Cuppers' squad with the additions from other colleges of Simon Berry, Mike Biggar and Hugh Monro, who both strengthened the side and provided non-stop entertainment. Our hosts were overwhelmingly generous, plying us with the best of French food and wines to more than saturation point. We played in front of huge crowds—or so they seemed to us—whose sympathies were in no way divided, though we were assured "All zee peeple were 'appy" . . . . However, we managed to safeguard the reputation, if not the virtue, of England by winning two of our matches and only narrowly losing the third. We lost 14-9 to Surgères, whose tactics, completely unfamiliar to us all, were the main cause of defeat, despite the fact that we were playing only fourteen men. It was then a great boost to combat similar tactics in the last game against an equally good side, Roche, and emerge victors (14-3). The tour was a great opportunity to see first-hand the variety of technique and tactic of which the French are capable, at all levels of their game. All of us I'm sure, are "better for that".

In all, we had a highly successful and enjoyable tour, remarkable for its wit and good humour, and memorable for a number of reasons; the singing of "Tipperary" by a French Veteran, climaxed by his disappearance under a shower of olives; our proven ability to eat three huge French meals from 2 o'clock in the afternoon onwards; playing a game of rugby from 9.45 **P.M.** to 11.30 p.m. . . . .

It has been a fine season in which much good rugby has been played and friendships generated. The strength of the Club is in the number and enthusiasm of the first year element, which augurs well for the future. The captain has channelled all such strengths and managed to combine a will to win with a general camaraderie throughout the team—it has been fun to play and fun to win. We owe a large debt to Jim Williams who has prepared fine pitches and helped us through many dark hours. We have been continually encouraged, as well as being critically appraised, by a growing number of Senior Members of College, who have enlarged our circle in the bar and enlarged our repertoire of songs on diverse occasions. The presence of the Master among the supporters for the St Catharine's game was particularly appreciated. Perhaps the status of Rugby in the College is in the ascendent—certainly not before time.

J. PARKER

THE SQUASH CLUB

Captain: G. DRAPER
Secretaries:
P. W. GORE, J. CHOYCE

The 1969-70 season has been enjoyable and successful. The net result of the league has been promotion by one division each for the 2nd, 3rd and 4th teams. In the Lent Term, the 1st team regained the place in the First Division which it lost, very closely, at Christmas. The 2nd team has amazed everyone by gaining promotion to the Second Division, on a par with average college first sides! A very creditable performance. The 3rd and 4th teams were steady, and were both promoted at Easter, to Divisions Four and Seven respectively.

The Cuppers team was ably led by M. T. Greenwood, Secretary of the University Club, and included R. A. Jackson, J. Skinner, A. Shaddock, G. Draper. After beating St Catharine's, Trinity and Clare, we lost to the very strong Pembroke side in the semi-final.

A number of matches were played against outside teams. Although we lost more than our fair share, all were close, and enjoyed by the various people involved.

This year has seen a fair crop of talented freshmen, four of whom have played regularly for the 1st and 2nd teams. Next season is expected to be quite as successful as this.

First Team Colours are (re-)awarded to R. A. Jackson, J. Choyce, J. Skinner, A. Shaddock, G. Broad, A. J. Churchill, G. Draper; Second Team Colours to J. M. English, J. Connell, G. S. Markland, A. O. Palmer and C. Howard.

Next year's illustrious captain will be Jonathan Choyce.

G. D.

TABLE TENNIS CLUB

The result of the first round of the Table Tennis Cuppers came just too late for inclusion in the previous issue. St John's beat Clare, 5-4, in a cliff-hanger decided by the last set, only to meet the defending champions in the following round. Although the St Catharine's team won 7-2 many of the sets were much closer than this score might suggest. The St John's team members were J. Taylor, J. English, G. Hewitt and J. Connell.

All the College teams had a satisfactory Lent Term in the League Competition. The college ladder proved popular and produced a few surprising results.

It is hoped that all those who supported the College this season will continue to do so and that they enjoyed it as much as I did.

D. G. MORRISON

College Notes

Appointments and Awards

Dr W. D. Armstrong (B.A. Christ's 1947), Fellow and Domestic Bursar of Churchill College has been appointed Steward.

Mr G. A. Barnard (B.A. 1936), Professor of Mathematics, University of Essex, has been elected President of the Institute of Mathematics and its Application.

Mr C. J. G. Brown (B.A. 1966) has been admitted to the Roll of Solicitors.

Mr J. L. Clark (B.A. 1961) has been appointed Director of the English Language Teaching Centre at Tananarive, Madagascar.

Mr J. R. Cronly-Dillon (B.A. 1957) has been appointed the first Professor of Ophthalmic Optics at the University of Manchester Institute of Science and Technology.

Mr M. L. Crosthwait (B.A. 1938) has been elected Fellow and Bursar of Darwin College.

Mr R. B. Cullen (B.A. 1969) has been appointed Trials Officer for Baywood Chemicals Western Region.

Mr A. H. Curran (Matric. 1969) has been awarded the J. L. S. Allan Memorial Prize for the best thesis for a degree in chemistry or applied chemistry at Strathclyde University.

Mr J. A. Davidson (B.A. 1950) has been appointed Director of Information and Research at the Scottish Conservative and Unionist Central Office.

The Rev. A. H. Denney (B.A. 1950), to be Priest-in-Charge of Lower Shuckburgh with Wolfhamcote and Flecknoe, Diocese of Coventry and to be Deputy Director of Religious Education in the Diocese.

Mr J. A. Dow (B.A. 1939) has been elected President of the Scottish Wine and Spirit Merchants' Benevolent Institution.

Mr J. Fairhurst (B.A. 1947) has been appointed Assistant Director (Administration) of the Estate Management Advisory Service from 1 February 1970.

Sir Vivian Fuchs (B.A. 1929) has been elected an Honorary Fellow of University College.

The Rev. A. P. Hall (B.A. 1953) has been appointed Rector of Birmingham.

Mr A. Harris (B.A. 1967) has been awarded the Travers Smith Scholarship 1969 by the Council of the Law Society.

The Rev. A. C. de P. Hay (B.A. 1932), Chaplain to Dame Allan's School, Newcastle, to be an Honorary Canon of Newcastle Cathedral.

Mr D. M. Heughan (M.Sc. 1952) has been appointed Director and Secretary of the Furniture Development Council and Director of the Furniture Industry Research Association.

Mr H. H. Huxley (B.A. 1939) has been elected to a Senior Leave Fellowship for the academic year 1970-71 by the Canada Council.

Mr M. N. Huxley (B.A. 1965) has been spending the academic year 1969-70 as a Junior Lecturer in Mathematics in the University of Oxford.

Mr R. D. Jessop (Matric. 1967), elected into a Research Fellowship in Social and Political Sciences at Downing College.

The Hon. N. A. M. Mackenzie, C.M.G., Q.C., Hon. Fellow, has been made a Companion of the Order of Canada.

Mr A. M. Mackerras (B.A. 1952) has been appointed Headmaster of Sydney Grammar School, Australia.

Mr D. R. Maguire (B.A. 1943) has been appointed Manager, Projects Division, Refineries Department of B.P. Ltd.

Mr A. R. Mattingly (Matric. 1968) has been awarded a David Richards Travel Scholarship.

Mr W. D. Morton (B.A. 1945) has been appointed Managing Director of G.E.C.-A.E.I. Telecommunications Ltd. of Coventry.

Mr C. W. Oatley (B.A. 1925), Professor of Electrical Engineering and Fellow of Trinity College, has been awarded the Faraday Medal by the Institute of Electrical Engineers.

Dr G. N. Penlington (B.A. 1950) has been appointed Consultant Anaesthetist of the Coventry Hospital Group.

Professor D. H. Pike, Commonwealth Fellow, has been awarded the Ernest Scott Prize 1966/67. (This award, made in 1969, is for the most distinguished work on Australian or New Zealand history during the two year period.)

Mr C. D. Plows (B.A. 1954) has been appointed Consultant Pathologist of the North Birmingham Hospital Group.

Mr R. W. Radford (B.A. 1937) has been appointed Deputy Chairman of the Customs and Excise Board.

Mr P. P. Read (B.A. 1962) has been awarded a Somerset Maugham Award for 1970 by the Society of Authors for his novel entitled *Monk Dawson* published by Secker & Warburg.

Sir Max Rosenheim (B.A. 1929), Hon. Fellow, has been elected an Honorary Fellow of the Royal College of General Practitioners.

Mr P. W. Rowe (B.A. 1950) has been appointed Headmaster of Cranbrook School, Kent.

Mr D. L. Shaw (B.A. 1967) has been awarded a Rayleigh Prize for 1970.

Mr J. S. Sheldon (B.A. 1963) has been appointed Master of the Lower School at Sydney Grammar School, Australia.

Dr A. G. Smith (B.A. 1958), Fellow, has been awarded the Sedgwick Prize for 1970.

Mr C. T. Smith (B.A. St Cath. 1946), Fellow and Tutor, has been appointed Professor of Latin American Studies at Liverpool University.

The Rev. D. J. Strickland (B.A. 1935) has been appointed Canon and Prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral.

Mr F. Wilkinson (B.A. 1950) has been appointed Headmaster of Dame Allan's School, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Mr J. G. Wilmers (B.A. 1941), Q.C., has been appointed Deputy Chairman of Hampshire Quarter Session.

New Year Honours 1970

C.V.O. Mr K. Newis (B.A. 1938), C.B., M.V.O., Director of Management Services, Ministry of Public Buildings & Works.

C.B.E. Dr R. E. Robinson (B.A. 1946), Fellow and Smuts Reader.

C.B.E. Mr J. P. Strudwick (B.A. 1936), Assistant Secretary Board of Inland Revenue.

Fellows

The following have been elected Fellows:

William Denys Armstrong (B.A. Christ's 1947), Steward.

Malcolm Alistair Clarke (B.A. 1964), University Assistant Lecturer in Law.

Stephen William Drury (B.A. 1966).

John Ewan Inglesfield (B.A. 1967).

The Rev. Andrew Alexander Macintosh (B.A. 1961), Assistant Dean.

Alan Gilbert Smith (B.A. 1958), University Lecturer in Geology .

George Nicholas von Tunzelmann (B.A. Canterbury, N.Z. 1964), University Assistant Lecturer in Economics.

Alan Richard White (B.A. Trin. 1966).

Ian White (B.A. 1966).

Re-elected Fellow:

John Albert Raven (B.A. 1963), University Demonstrator in Biology.

Commonwealth Fellow:

Professor Douglas Henry Pike (D.Litt., Adelaide).

Marriage

Dr Richard Nelson Perham (B.A. 1961), Fellow, to Dr Nancy Lane of Girton College—on 22 December 1969, at the Cathedral Church of All Saints, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.

Deaths

Cuthbert Adamson (B.A. 1919), M.B., B.Chir., formerly Honorary Consultant Physician to the Durham Hospital Group, died on 7 February 1970.

The Rev. Frank Wilkinson Argyle (B.A. 1903), formerly Vicar of Cold Harbour, Surrey, died on 20 November 1969.

Ernest Hubert Francis Baldwin (B.A. 1931), former Fellow and Professor of Biochemistry, University College, London, died on 6 December 1969.

John Rowell Blenkinsop (B.A. 1929), sometime Master at the Royal Grammar School, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, died March 1970.

Edward Lewis Davison (B.A. 1921), sometime Professor of English, Hunter College, New York, died on 8 February 1970.

Col. George Stanley Escritt (B.A. 1932) died on 7 January 1970.

Richard Wyatt Hutchinson (B.A. 1921), sometime Lecturer in Classical Archaeology, died on 4 April 1970.

Cyril Francis Allan Keeble (B.A. 1906), formerly Headmaster, Sir John Deane's Grammar School, Northwich, Cheshire, died on 1 April 1970.

Brigadier William Grant Lang-Anderson (Matric. 1922), O.B.E., sometime Chief Engineer, Public Works Department, Peshawar, Pakistan, died on 6 December 1969.

Arthur William Lymbery (B.A. 1900) died on 1 April 1969.

Alastair John Mackrill (B.A. 1960) died on 11 February 1970.

Kenneth Fletcher Nicholson (B.A. 1933), formerly Headmaster of Friends' School, Saffron Walden, died on 21 March 1969.

Cyril Wilfred Shawcross (B.A. 1924), solicitor, died on 14 October 1969.

John Bernard Stanton (B.A. 1939), M.B., B.Chir., Consultant Neurologist to the South Eastern Regional Hospital Board, Scotland, died on 23 March 1970.

The Rev. Gerald Arthur Richard Thursfield (B.A. 1908), sometime Vicar of Sunninghill, died on 6 February 1970.

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