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

Editorial

I DON'T really like editorials. Look at the national papers; some sit on the fence, trying to protect the danger spots with 'Asquithian liberalism', others defiantly wave their red (or blue) flags at the bull on the other side of the fence. The first posture infuriates friend and foe alike, the second encourages most of the readers but enrages the rest. Probably I shall be caught between these two in my own assertion that the College is many different people: nobody can speak for them all.

Yet this is something that many have failed to realise and it may explain why some people have lost any sense of identity with the College. Somebody is still trying to speak for them, even to act for them. Once the College was an end in itself; it prepared the student for life with a capital L., rather than attempting to train him for a workaday world. The aim should not be to 'produce' a certain type of person but to give all the liberty to develop their own personality and independence. The College should purely be the means to a very diverse series of ends—as diverse as the number of people within its walls. As a community we can provide for all tastes and beliefs. And in this community involvement is the vital thing—activity and interest: whether in the Monday Club or the Left Lunch, the 1st XI or Von Ennslin's Flying Circus, these are far superior to passive acceptance of the grindstone. But within this community there should be freedom for the individual; the social code should be built round the text 'respect thy neighbour'—only if you respect his privacy and his liberty can you really be part of the community. When this respect is abused or neglected, acts become anti-social, disruptive of the community—it is only then that they should be subject to discipline. And in disciplinary matters the concept of 'in loco parentis' should, I feel, be abolished. As an ideal of help to those who are troubled mentally or spiritually it is valuable—as a model of the relationship of senior and junior members it should be abandoned. For once the code of 'respect thy neighbour' is followed then personal responsibility should govern most people's behaviour. But this responsibility can only be built up in practice; like freedom it cannot exist *in vacuo*—it must be exercised. Now we are more conscious of just how fragile freedom is—a century of violence has shown the threats, physical and mental. But I think that it is something the College could and should preserve; freedom of thought and freedom of the individual. With this achieved people will be able to respect wholeheartedly a College which they do not feel excludes them.

It is always said that an Englishman's home is his castle. This is now doubtful but it is an ideal that could be realised in Cambridge—as castles were, so our rooms should be. Just so long as we all remember that many castles here have thin walls.

R.G.H.

On 9 November 1970 *The Times* carried the announcement of Dr Robinson's appointment as Beit Professor of Commonwealth History at Oxford from next October. Once bitten, twice shy, Robbie will therefore move to Balliol, and St John's is to lose its *doctor conceptualis*. It is a sad loss for this College, to which he has contributed so much during the last twenty-odd years—a real bereavement. Johnians—and the inhabitants of Third Court in particular—may possibly sleep sounder at night

in future; but their waking hours will certainly be that much duller. We wish him well, nonetheless, for he still has thousands of runs in him and is eminently qualified to be a neighbour of that other Trinity College, where, doubtless, he will discover just as many indications as he did here of the Absurdity of It All.

P.A.L.

SS. Richard Gwyn and Philip Howard

ON 15 October, forty men and women who died in the religious persecutions in England and Wales between 1535 and 1679 were inscribed in the 'catalogue of saints' of the Roman Catholic Church with their predecessors St John Fisher and St Thomas More, canonised in 1935 and 1936. They were chosen from 314 martyrs of the period because of their popularity or because they represented a certain type of person who died for his faith. Among these forty martyrs were two Johnians, Richard Gwyn (or White) and Philip Howard.

St Richard Gwyn was born about 1537 at Llanidloes, Montgomeryshire. He went first to Oxford, then moved to Cambridge. There is some dispute as to which college he attended. One of the two contemporary accounts of Gwyn's life stated that he was a member of St John's College. 'He made choice of St John's College, whence he lived by the charity of the college and chiefly of Dr Bullock, then head of the household, his very good benefactor.' A Latin life by Bridgewater, published five years after Gwyn's death, says simply that he went to Cambridge. Venn and Cooper identify the martyr with Richard White (B.A. 1574) of Christ's College, but give no evidence. Gwyn had to leave Cambridge in 1562 for lack of funds. This date for leaving Cambridge would strengthen the case for St John's College, because Dr George Bullock, his benefactor, was dismissed from the college about this time for his religious views.

Gwyn returned to Wales and opened a school at Overton. At first, he attended Protestant services in Overton Church. In a poem written during his later imprisonment, Gwyn described a typical Protestant service.

In place of an altar, a miserable trestle,
In place of Christ, there's bread,
In place of a priest, a withered cobbler,
Crooking his lips to eat it.

Gwyn soon stopped attending these services. Under pressure from the bishop of Chester, he returned on one occasion, but, falling dangerously ill soon after, he resolved never to attend another Protestant service. His persistent 'recusancy' was an offence against the existing laws.

In June 1580, the Privy Council issued letters to all bishops, directing them to take renewed action against all 'recusants', particularly against schoolmasters. They were believed to be responsible for the progress of Catholicism, since they were engaged in teaching children. In July, Gwyn was captured and put into the Wrexham gaol, beginning a long incarceration which ended after four years in his execution.

Gwyn was taken from gaol on one occasion and forced to attend a church service. By shaking his chains, he succeeded in making enough noise to drown the preacher's

harangue. He was put into the town stocks and kept there all day 'vexed by a rabble of ministers'. One of these ministers, who had a very red nose, began arguing with Gwyn, claiming that he had received the keys as much as St Peter had. Gwyn replied, 'There is this difference, Sir, that whereas Peter received the keys of the kingdom of heaven, the keys you have received are obviously those of the local pub!' He was indicted for 'having insolently and impiously interrupted a minister,' and returned to prison.

A series of trials followed, ending in October 1584, when Gwyn was sentenced to death. 'Richard Gwyn shall be hanged half dead, and so be cut down alive, his members cast into the fire, his body ripped unto the breast, his bowels likewise thrown into the fire, his head cut off, his body parted into four quarters. Finally, head and quarters to be set up where it shall please the Queen. And so the Lord have mercy on him.' To which Gwyn, undaunted, replied, 'What is all this? Is it more than one death?' So died Richard Gwyn on October 15, 1584.

St Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, can claim no glorious martyrdom like Gwyn. He died in his cell after almost eleven years of imprisonment in the Tower of London. A contemporary, the famous Jesuit, Cornelius a Lapide, wrote that Howard 'died in durance a glorious confessor, yea, a martyr.' Several others who had died in prison were rejected by the committee which selected the Forty Martyrs in 1886, on the ground that it was not clear that they had died as the direct result of their imprisonment.

Howard was born on 28 June, 1557, the son of Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk. He became a member of St John's College in 1572. A letter from his tutor, George Laughton, gives a glimpse of Philip's life at Cambridge. 'Every day I hear the Earl of Surrey read from Plato or Demosthenes some passage which he has before studied with diligence for the greater part of an hour. After we have done this he takes in hand some Italian or French volume, in which when he has spent as much time as he likes, he ceases reading. After dinner he takes up authors, as his pleasure may be, and when he feels satisfied with reading, he lays aside his books and takes to amusements and games'. On one occasion, Philip disguised himself as a clergyman and mounted the pulpit in a country town, where he preached with such effect that the congregation declared they had never heard a better sermon.

The year before Philip came to Cambridge, his father was executed for high treason resulting from certain vague negotiations with Mary, Queen of Scots. In his last letter to his son, the Duke wrote, 'Beware the Court'. Ignoring his father's words, Philip presented himself to Queen Elizabeth and soon became a court favourite.

In 1582 his wife read a book on the dangers of schism and was so frightened that she was secretly reconciled to the Roman Church. Philip followed soon afterwards, profoundly moved by the trial of St Edmund Campion. Philip attempted to go into voluntary exile in 1585, but was captured as he was crossing the Channel. He was returned to London and placed in the Tower. The chief charges brought against him were his reconciliation to the Roman Church and his attempt to leave the kingdom without permission. He was committed to prison at the Queen's pleasure, remaining until his death on 19 October, 1595. The words carved by Philip on the walls of his cell are the best commentary on his life. 'Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc saeculo, tanto plus gloriae cum Christo in futuro'. (The more affliction for Christ in this world, so much more glory with Christ in the future).

KENNETH SNIPES

Letter to the Editor

NEW HOUSE FARM
LAUGHTON
near LEWES
30 August 1970

To the Editor of *The Eagle*

Sir,

The third paragraph of your Editorial for June 1970 contains a plea in mitigation (or is it meant to be in justification?) of the offences committed against persons and property at the Garden House hotel earlier this year. As a former policeman, I must object to the implication, *a sinistro*, that the expression of political views to the terror of the public is justifiable in this country. The offspring of violence is violence, and the child always seeks to outstrip his parent. Yesterday's knuckledusters become today's bullets and tomorrow's explosives.

Your use of the word 'sacrifice' is most questionable. A visitor to Greece who publishes views critical of the Greek government may be performing a holy action; to take part in a riot in Britain and risk being 'pilloried' (another inappropriate word) under the humane English law contains very little element of sacrifice.

May I therefore record, by way of counterp admiration of my former colleagues of the British police in their magnificent handling of unlawful assemblies in recent years. They have made it possible for intolerant youth to protest and demonstrate without interference from those who are merely intolerant of intolerance, and, thanks to the police, students (ghastly word) have been given breathing space to understand that we have proceeded far enough for the present with the breaking down of our dogmatisms and that it is now time for us all, in the national interest, to build things up again. To the man who prefers ideals to cynicisms, construction to disruption, and who places the respect of the public above popularity, the police service offers (as well as a decent living wage) an avenue to practical human relationships which will complement in later life the abstractions of university research, thus providing, *in toto*, a satisfying and purposeful existence.

We have been urged at our typewriters that now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party. What party, I do not know; but now indeed is the time.

Yours truly,

R. BREFFIT
B.A. 1923

The Senior Editor is sorry that the June editorial offended Mr Breffit. As he read it (it was written not by him but by the Junior Editor), it was concerned less with the Garden House Affair than with the raising of the Greek issue at a domestic occasion—the Wordsworth Lunch—by a guest of the College; and, as such, it struck him as fair comment. But he takes Mr Breffit's point, and he shares Mr Breffit's admiration for the British police.

Is St John's Christianity Christian?

My credentials are small and my competence of judgement may well be called into question. Neither theologian nor 'active Christian', my criticisms will probably be called unqualified and superficial by the people concerned. My only justification is that I shall argue as a fellow Christian, however unbelievable and presumptuous this may sound to many. In any case, I have made certain observations of what generally poses as Christianity in this college, which I feel compelled to express here.

If one looks at the present national and international theological scene one is amazed, how immune and indifferent St John's Christianity is to what I consider to be an exciting departure from the old orthodoxy. How far this is due to the theological teaching in this college, I cannot judge, though I have some suspicions. This change can best be outlined by three of its essential features: modern revolutionary theology, Christian-Marxist dialogue, and Third World analysis.

First, in my discussions with Christians in this college, I have discovered that the ideas of modern theology, even commonplaces such as Rudolf Bultmann's central idea of demythologisation have failed to breach what I must call a rigid and unimaginative traditionalism. It is not realised, how much fruitless discussion could be spared, what possibilities this set of new ideas offers to a church dying of consumption. By looking at the Bible as a *mythological* source of truth no irreverence is implied, only a historical fact stated. The language of the Bible is different from ours, because the modes of expression are different; we shall always have to interpret, to demythologise, which does not mean to devalue (foolish attempts to translate the Bible into 'modern English' do all the harm in this direction), but would spare us all the sterile discussions about the literal content of the Bible, e.g. about the Immaculate Conception, the Resurrection, the Ascension or Life after Death. Discussions of this sort always remain on an esoteric plane, because insistence on the literal truth enforces a certain mystical and metaphorical language which stands totally isolated from present day social and historical reality.

A good object of study on this point is 'Really', a Christian publication with a St John's editor, which appeared this summer, but vanished as quickly as it came. The leading article ends with the sentence: 'We must be crucified in order that we be resurrected.' This is just that type of language, which by merely reiterating a Christian mystery, fails to give the least clue of what it means in terms of 1970, of relevance to the present. It is basically a tautological language, which means only itself and does not communicate anything outside or beyond itself. One is tempted to deduce the formula that the more one proclaims oneself a Christian and uses Christian language, the less one fulfills what must be the Christian objective: transcendence, reaching beyond the *status quo*. Another article in the same issue of 'Really' is much more courageous than the above mentioned in the attempt to relate Christianity to modern reality. But the uncommon character of such an attempt is shown by the extreme naiveté of argument and the monstrous assumption at the end: 'If Christians are to be found within modern capitalism today, it is because such a system approximates most closely to God's plan for society in our modern age.' Really!

This naturally leads to the second feature, the Christian-Marxist dialogue, for such

a sentence shows complete neglect of its existence. Although the common roots are quite apparent, traditionally Christianity and Marxism have fought each other. This recent dialogue has revealed much common ground. The French Communist philosopher Roger Garaudy has pointed to the similarities in concepts of Transcendence and Subjectivity while invalidating the Christian prejudices and misunderstandings of Marxist Materialism. The German philosopher Ernst Bloch has brought the two respective principles of Hope together citing the Renaissance Iconoclasts and Social Utopians as examples. The traditional concept of Sin has been challenged: Sin should not mean that one does something one should not do, but *fails* to do something one *should* do.

Linked with this dialogue is the third feature, a thorough assessment and analysis of the Third World, of the causes of its poverty, and of our relationship towards it. Oxfam, street collections, charity of any sort have been proven a helpless gesture implying a wrong and patronising attitude. State-financed development aid and private investments are slowly being recognised as subtle forms of exploitation which flow into the pockets of neo-colonialist forms of government suppressing real social and economic change. The World Council of Churches has already realised this and consequently helps to finance guerilla movements whose aims are the violent overthrow of suppressive regimes. Fancy St John's holding a referendum on whether JCR money should thus be spent. The Christian Union would certainly vote against it. In a discussion with an undergraduate theologian I once suggested confiscation of all U.S. capital in Latin America, at which he was shocked and despite my explanations continued to call it 'stealing' and against God's commandment.

No, St John's Christian community is a cosy corner sheltered and protected from all these controversies and challenges to the orthodoxy of Christian beliefs. Its political conservatism and reaction, most noticeable in College politics, is a direct result of this protection, for who wants to exchange a cosy place in the system for a draughty one of considered polit

gressive change, such as the abolition of Guest Hours, is a reminder of the incredible sexual repression preached by the church in the past, which has no backing whatsoever in the Bible, and what is worse, it is a sign of the obedience and prostitution to authority, which ever since Emperor Constantine has separated the church from her proper function.

The inward-looking attitude of St John's Christianity, its failure to communicate to anything outside itself, which has been traced to its linguistic isolation, its failure to demythologise, in fact paralyses any attempts to experiment with new forms of Christian expression. For example, no attempts have been made to change the very inflexible structure of the High Church service and replace it by a form of worship open to any experiment which relates the Bible to the specific character of our society. Certainly nothing would be lost by it, and something might be gained.

Unless it reviews its activities and changes its course St John's Christianity should stop and think whether it deserves tl

ally in current theological dispute, its reluctance to link itself with forces which radically call our system of society and international relationships into question, or rather its fierce opposition to those forces, find no justification or basis anywhere in the Bible.

Jeremiah would certainly lament in these times.

Living in Provence ('Recule un peu')

ACTUALLY, the title is rather misleading; anyone can *live* in Provence without the slightest help from this writer or anybody else. Perhaps 'Survival' would be a better word, even if it is rather strong. Any Englishman, and any Englishman who moreover has spent three years in Cambridge (I hesitate to specify further by saying three years in St John's), is at an immediate disadvantage when he disembarks at Marseille with the intention of settling in Provence, and this humble *thèse* is submitted in the earnest hope of mitigating this disadvantage just a little.

Firstly, however cosmopolitan one may consider oneself to be, it must be recognised that the people of Provence have seen them *all*—rampaging Romans, grasping Greeks, pillaging Phoenicians, blundering Lady Blessingtons, inaccurate Americans—and they have a healthy disrespect for each and every one of them. They are 'Provincial' in the best sense of the word, and this is why both English Cosmopolitan and Cambridge Provincial (in the worst sense of the word), tend to flounder so disastrously.

Secondly, if one intends to settle in Provence, rather than just rape and pillage one's way through, there is one vast barrier immediately encountered—the French bureaucracy, which has reached the peak of its development in the area. Do not imagine that it can be evaded. It eats into one's lines of communication like so many determined termites.

I should therefore like to offer tentative solutions to these two disadvantages. First of all, how to simulate the Provençal spirit, and secondly, how to come to terms with the bureaucracy.

Becoming Provençal is, on the more obvious level, a question of mastering the language. This is by no means as simple as you were led to believe by generations of teachers of French at school (or, for that matter, in the Modern Languages Faculty). You must consign your grammar, however painfully it was learnt, to the fire. (The 'painfully' bit presumes that you went to a Public School, where grammar is taught by the twin techniques of drill and flagellation). And you must abandon that natty little red vocabulary book misleadingly entitled 'Aides-mémoire.'

The reason for this rather drastic measure of intellectual castration is simple. Your average Provençal, and for that matter your average Frenchman, ceased to converse in the language *you* learnt sometime soon after the Tennis Court Oath.¹ If you fail to discard your present vocabulary and grammar, you will find the young women of Provence singularly unresponsive; discussion of the finer points of your aunt's pen is not likely to elicit a great deal of reaction from any girl, unless she should be studying Freudian psychology at the Fac', in which case you do not really need to speak at all.

Learning the language again is not so hard. In fact, a small book has recently appeared in this country which tells you All You Need To Know. (*A Coarser French Course*, by A. M. Hudson, London, 1970. 8 shillings). The title is misleading. This

book is excellent, and knowledge thereof will prove to be the linguistic Mac West needed to overcome the second Great Obstacle. (I refer you particularly to pages 88–92, headed 'Abuse', which will at least enable you to get from the station to your house relatively unharmed). Having mastered this little gem of a book, you can proceed.

Unfortunately there is no little book available on the techniques of dealing with the bureaucracy in Provence. (A cursory glance at the *Code Napoléon* may, however, show you what you are *not* up against). Sadly, many of the lessons can only be learnt the hard way. But some hints may help.

It is important to realise that Provence is *not* France. (The rest of France however, contrary to what Parisians may tell you, *is* France). Hence the relative cooperation of the customs official at Calais, or even as far south as Lyons, is not to be found, for example, at Marignane. Your average Provençal bureaucrat, be he C.R.S. or simple douanier, is a well-tempered (steel, not outlook) blend of Spike Milligan and Sacher-Masoch. In England of course, he is either one or the other—never both. The same is true of the rest of France.

Let me give you an example of this. If you are going to stay for more than three months, you will need to procure a little document known as the 'Permit de Séjour'. Now in order to obtain this document you need passport, passport photographs (between three and fifteen—the exact number depends on the mood of the man at the Commissariat de Police), a fifteen (or thirty) franc stamp, a warm regard for your fellow man, several days free time, and the patience of a Prometheus. (I was going to say the patience of a Saint, but the fate of Prometheus seems more appropriate to the situation).

Now this list of necessities seems plausible, if not exactly beneficial to those of us with blood-pressure problems. But there is a catch. On your passport you need your date of entry into France. Now apart from the fact that date stamps for passports seem to be made by blind mutilés de guerre, and will quite frequently produce the date of entry as 43rd March 1872, Brindisi (if you happened to enter via Boulogne), there is another problem raised by the curious attitude of the passport officials of Provence. They are, without exception, Corsicans. This, apart from the fact that they are inclined to believe that you are the reserves of Sir John Colborne's 52nd on the way to Quatre-bras, has serious implications for you. Corsicans are born with a congenital dislike of passports—they flinch at the sight of them, they shake and quiver. My dealings with the Corsican passport official at Marseille-Marignane were as follows:

I (hesitantly): 'My passport'.

Corsican:

I (gushing): 'I'm terribly sorry to bother you Sir, but I wonder whether you would stamp my passport for me. You see, I need it for my permit de . . .)' (Voice dies away).

Corsican: 'Delembalangfunf'.

I (firmly): 'Do you want to see my passport?'

Corsican: 'Why? Do you think I have never seen one before?'

My passport never got stamped. I never got my permit de séjour. But, and this is the moral to be learnt on your way to Provence, one of my friends has a father who works in the Commissariat de Police. (Salle 5 actually). I bought this gentleman several pastis. He smoked several of my cigarettes. I did not need a permit.

¹ 'Tu me dailles le pistil'.—addressed to the King. This expression can produce violent results. Cf. *The Coming of the French Revolution*, Lefebvre.

This is really what Provençal bureaucracy is all about. But you will have to go through all this rigmarole yourself before you meet the policeman. Hence 'recule un peu'. And I should add that I am on my way back to Provence forever, in August.

Important last hint: NEVER open a bank account in Provence. If you do you will find that, as a foreigner, you can withdraw money *from* the bank, but you can never put any money *into* your account. Overdrafts are practically a hanging offence in Provence. Oh yes, and the British Consulate in Marseille is not open on Saturdays.

TONY WILLIAMS

A Dust Street

AN interminable dust street with squat, mud hovels on one side round a piece of land which was neither a square nor a blitzed slum; on the other side, where he was stepping amongst the festering trappings of humanity, were shattered husks of houses. Leaning shutters bore cracks and paint and 'El Fatah' posters. Humps of crumbled rubble lay pushed against the walls: more dust supply in a dust-saturated world.

A dozen or so kids played guerillas. One fat boy with sores wore a black eye-patch and was tied with bits of string to a drain pipe which drained dust from nowhere to nowhere. The others pranced around the drain pipe shouting and waving sticks, eyes gleaming, youthful bodies glorying in an innocent exhibition of adult guilt. They wore paper hats and shouted, cheered and sweated at him as he approached.

A soldier with an angry moustache cycled up from the other way. The kids scattered, squealing, into holes and alleyways, clambering through vacant windows and over the rubbish. Dayan and the drain pipe were left, one grinning shyly and the other coughing up reserves of shit. The soldier ripped down the barricades of sticks and kicked a coca cola bottle from one heap of dirt to another.

Prince Charles, you should bring your anti-shit speech here! His feet slithered in sweat.

Another corner, and another. Long lines of social creatures selling melons filled with dusty water to another line of social creatures who wanted melons filled with dusty water. Some were trying to sell to people who were trying to find cheap melons: that was more human. Those who wanted no melons at all were ignored. Those who wanted them but could not buy them sometimes got a pitcher of dirty water or a melon husk or a centime or two thrown at them. That was human.

One tiny alley. A blind beggar sitting by a door was being teased by a diminutive man with a black shirt. A cat, scrounging by, was whisked up by her tail and launched at the beggar's face. She scratched and spat and yelled out hate and pain. The beggar's face ran with blood and strips of flesh. The chair convulsed and hurled the beggar in the gutter. The cat was still clinging to his eye sockets with her claws; her tail was screwed up by the Arab in the shirt. It finished. Someone picked up the wretch and put him back on his chair. Someone else kicked the cat away, and the man in the shirt went off to buy a melon. People stopped laughing. That was human too.

He reached the end of the street and walked away.

ANDREW DUFF

The Making of Desmond Hackett

'ENGLAND will beat Rumania tomorrow and ensure that they storm forward to the next round as leaders of their group'. The tone is unmistakable: the confident assertion, the blind partisanship, the brash manner in which defeat for England is never considered—all this is familiar to connoisseurs of Desmond Hackett, chief sports writer of the *Daily Express*; it is not an example of vintage Hackett (some would put it down as early work, whereas it is in fact late-middle-Hackett) but it was written just before last year's World Cup Finals, a most significant period in the development of this consummate artist. True devotees of Hackett will recall that in 1966 he insisted that England would win the World Cup and they duly obliged. What confidence we all felt, then, when in 1970 he again predicted an English issue beyond reasonable doubt, making the competition a mere formality for the chests-out glory boys of Guadalajara' (as Hackett christened Sir Alf's squad). As we all know, he was sadly wrong; but England's spineless exit from the World Cup was to have at least one good effect, for it proved to be Hackett's cathartic experience—he left Mexico a sadder and a wiser man, and although within a few weeks the pristine egocentric ebullience had returned, the memory of his Mexican nightmare left a scar on his writing for a good while.

But defeat was quite out of the question as England, 'in no mood for stalemates', scraped a 1-0 win over Rumania, a hard game which gave rise to some fine Hackettian alliteration: 'Wright . . . and Lee ended the game with savage souvenirs of sickening bruises'. Even Hackett could not have been totally pleased with England's performance; however, excuse was forthcoming: Ball, Peters and Banks 'did not reach their normal heights of excellence. So if England can win . . . with three men below normal form, then with eleven good men and true, I leave the rest of the world to tremble'. A typical sentiment: this *is* vintage Hackett. If the rest of the world trembled, it showed remarkable restraint by concealing its trepidation. With 'the ruffians of Rumania' disposed of, 'the Brilliants of Brazil' were next in line. Hackett was confident, but the task ahead was a daunting one, and he aired his most mellifluous rhetoric the day before the match to instil this confidence into *Express* readers. The dispatch (6/6/70), arguably one of the finest single pieces of prose in our language, is maligned by eclectic quo

'England will go out at high noon on Sunday and beat Brazil'. The imagery he draws from several fields: Brazil's defence 'is more lace-curtained than iron-curtained!'; Peters, Hurst and Charlton are 'the three Soccer wise men'. (Geoffrey Green of *The Times* is the thinking man's Hackett, and his work displays more erudition, such as the classical and historical imagery which Hackett, even avoids. Compare Hackett's often crude metaphors with this, from Green's Cup Final Replay report: 'There was some vicious tackling. Boadicea might have been on parade with the knives on her chariot wheels. There were moments when the football was as raw as uncooked meat'; or again, from the same report, this unbelievable closing sentence: 'Leeds, like Sisyphus, have pushed three boulders almost to the top of three mountains and are now left to see them all back in the dark of the valley' (Even Hackett could not follow that!) Hackett's use of alliteration is exquisite—'Any team with more resolution than Czechoslovakia could have burst the bright buoyant

balloon of Brazil'. The final two paragraphs sum up the whole and at the same time show that the writer's soul, although that of a fierce partisan, is full of humanity and consideration for the vanquished: 'When this momentous game is over, and the Soccer fans take over the city, the battle cry will be Eng-land, Eng-land. My only hope is that in the process of an England victory the magic of Brazil . . . will be neither dulled nor destroyed'.

Alas! poor Desmond. Wrong again. Monday, 8 June, saw Hackett a subdued man; it was not so much that 'the peacock players of Brazil' had won but that England had lost. They had played 'proudly' for a while, but a Jairzinho goal 'in typical cobra style' and 'the agony of Astle' in missing a sitter made his earlier worries about the effect of an England win on Brazil's morale gratuitous, and his elevated words sadly flat. He reflected later that it was a game 'of many jewelled moments', and anyway, all was not lost. England managed their second goal, in three games to beat Czechoslovakia, and they crept, rather than stormed, forward to meet West Germany, only to lose 3-2 in extra time.

Hackett greeted the defeat more in sorrow than in anger. It has always been one of his limitations that he bases his predictions on past glories and remembers with advantage; now he could best show his feeling of desolation by a simple contrast: 'A game we should have won handsomely became the grim reverse picture of the joyous World Cup Final with West Germany in 1966 . . . Today, instead of tears of joy, the tears England shed were from men with broken hearts. Men numbed with grief who suddenly realised that their six weeks of hardship against heat, altitude and homesickness had been wasted—stupidly thrown away'. It was the 'self-destruction of England'. The patriot's dream had gone beyond recall.

Hackett sturdily swallowed his disappointment and reported the remaining games, when he observed, 'perhaps there is the chastening thought that England could well have beaten Brazil, had they taken many easy chances. They should certainly have beaten West Germany'. Still harping on the old theme, but the seeds of redemption are there: 'England will' has become 'England should have'. Then, on Tuesday, 23 June, the truth of his salvation dawned. Tony Jacklin had just salvaged some English pride with his victory in the U.S. Open, and this distracted Desmond from 'the too obvious fact that England flopped . . . because they stuck to the Soccer of 1966 and all that'. Stunning awareness—as Lear's realisation that he was not ague-proof marked his catharsis, so, with Hackett, the realisation that England are not defeat-proof heralded the purging of his soul. In all his earlier eulogies, he had failed to consider some very strong reasons why England could go down; Hackett had ta'en too little care of this. His 'joie d'Angleterre' had been stripped off (at least temporarily), but what stature he gained in losing it. England's defeat was the making of Desmond Hackett. His parting words on that gloomy day were remarkable for their dignity and restraint; he does not indulge in restraint; he does not indulge in bitterness, or remind us that England's surrendering of the Cup is personal to himself. The prose is balanced and noble: 'I was not impressed when, after the Final, a panel of world coaches said England were at least second best. That's nonsense. England finished eighth. Our final total of four points from four games, four goals for, and four against, illustrates the lack of courage. England went out prepared to overcome altitude and humidity. In the end they destroyed themselves with apathy and timidity'. Indeed they did, Desmond. But their suicide was your coming of age.

SEAN MAGEE

Some Personal Reminiscences of Alfred Marshall

MY MOTHER's brother, Alfred Marshall, affected drastically the educational careers of my twin brother and myself. When we were seventeen and had been three years at school at Repton, Marshall seems to have put us through some sort of intelligence test, though I have no memory of this at all. The upshot was that he reported that we were clearly deriving little benefit from our school education, and he strongly recommended that we be taken away from Repton and sent to a provincial university for a couple of years before coming up to Cambridge. His advice was followed and we studied at Manchester University from 1907 to 1909, where I divided my time and my interests more or less equally between Economics under Professor S. J. Chapman, and Modern Languages. It was also as a direct result of Marshall's intervention that my brother and I became members of St John's College. Both my father and my grandfather (Henry Lea Guillebaud) had gone to Trinity College, and the latter had been a mathematical Fellow there; so we wanted to continue the family tradition. But Uncle Alfred was insistent that we should be entered for his own College, St John's; and there was no gainsaying him.¹

We came into residence in October 1909, when Marshall was sixty-seven years of age. This was the year following his voluntary retirement from the Professorship of Political Economy; so I never heard him lecture. Keynes has described in his *Memoirs* how unsystematic his lectures were; and Ernest Benians, who later became Master of St John's, told me that he had never known anyone who laughed so frequently during the delivery of his own lectures, but yet was so patently deficient in a sense of humour. It was Benians also who gave me the account of a remarkable academic gathering at which he had been present when a young and newly elected Fellow. The then Master, Dr Charles Taylor, had held that office for twenty-five years when suddenly, very late in life, (in 1907), he got married. The Fellows met in their ancient and beautiful Combination Room to agree on the wedding present that they would give to their Master. The first to speak was J. E. B. Mayor, Professor of Latin—a very learned and somewhat eccentric individual. He held forth for three quarters of an hour on the matrimonial history of previous Masters of the College. He was followed by Herbert Foxwell, a Professor of Economics at the University of London, but who lived in Cambridge and had rooms in College. Foxwell's discourse, which lasted for about three quarters of an hour, was devoted to a discussion of furniture, and of the relative merits of Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton, concerning which he appeared to be very knowledgeable. The third speaker on this occasion was Alfred Marshall, who put in a strong plea for silver as the most appropriate form of gift. But alas, silver and the bimetallic controversy were inextricably associated in Marshall's mind, and the lure of bimetallism proved irresistible; he contributed yet another forty-five minutes'

Alfred Marshall (1842-1924) was educated at Merchant Taylor's School, and St John's College, Cambridge, where he read Mathematics. In 1865 he was Second Wrangler, and in the same year was elected to a Fellowship at St John's. He became Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge in 1884, and held this Chair until he resigned in 1908. Marshall was unquestionably the outstanding British economist of his time; and he could rank with his great predecessors in the economic field: Adam Smith, Ricardo, and John Stuart Mill.

¹ I would add that, in retrospect, we had no cause to regret the results.

worth of largely irrelevant matter to the discussion. When he sat down, the meeting came to an end; and the exhausted members of the Governing Body returned to their rooms, having made no progress whatever towards the choice of a wedding present for their Master. Eventually it was furniture that won the day, in the form of a Louis XV commode which was bought at a cost of £171—quite a respectable price for the year 1908.

From time to time my brother and I were invited to a meal at Balliol Croft, the home of Alfred and Mary Marshall. On such occasions Aunt Mary used to say: 'Now you boys, you must talk as much as possible; it's very bad for your uncle if he talks during the meal as it gives him indigestion'. But making conversation with Uncle Alfred was not without its hazards. And that it was not his nephews only who had to be careful what they said is borne out by the following extract from the autobiography of William Rothenstein, who in 1908 was engaged in painting the portrait of Marshall which now hangs in the Hall at St John's College, and of which there is a copy in the Marshall Library:

'About this time I was asked to paint a portrait of Professor Alfred Marshall who was retiring from the Chair of Political Economy at Cambridge. Marshall, I was told, had a broad outlook on economic subjects, but on other subjects his views were angular, his opinions all corners. In talking with Marshall one had to be circumspect. For everything one said he took literally and met with the full weight of his pedantry the most casual remarks. I tried to speak cautiously, to be conciliatory; but in vain—not a gleam of humour lightened his talk. Fortunately he also took sitting seriously, for he was a vain man and vain men make the best sitters. Hence I regard vanity as both the most useful and harmless of human weaknesses'. (*Men and Memories*, ii. 130).

A propos of the portrait, Mary Marshall told me that Alfred himself did not like it, partly, I gather, because he considered that it did not do proper justice to his brow. My own chief objection to it was that it depicts a man who looks weary and depressed, and the eyes in particular are quite lifeless; but it was the sparkle in his eyes which was the outstanding characteristic of Marshall's face—it was a quite unforgettable feature of his countenance in any moment of animation.

As Rothenstein and others who knew him have observed, Marshall was lacking in a sense of humour; and this was especially marked where any kind of moral issue was involved. On one occasion my brother and I were dining at Balliol Croft, and I, mindful of my aunt's admonitions, sought to enliven the conversation with an account of a recent incident in which I had been concerned.

There existed at that time a University Social Discussion Society (it came to an end with the First World War), within which there was a smaller body, consisting of some of the more active members of the Society, and known as the Social Discussion Circle. A condition of membership of the Circle was an undertaking to produce a paper at some stage in the member's University career, to be read to a meeting of the Circle. I had become secretary of the Circle, and found like many another in a similar position that there could be a wide gap between an undertaking and its performance. At the end of a frustrating period of unsuccessful endeavours to extract papers, I proposed at a meeting of the Circle that any member who, after being approached by the secretary and given adequate notice, failed to fulfil his obligation to produce a paper, should be required to resign from the Circle. This motion was negatived by the unanimous vote of all the other members present. I then altered the motion, in the sense that the requirement should be made to apply to all those elected in future to

membership of the Circle, but not to the existing members; whereupon the motion was carried unanimously. Alfred Marshall, like Queen Victoria in a different context, was 'not amused'. He put the worst possible construction on the morals and motives of (to use his own words) 'people who were willing to impose on subsequent generations burdens which they themselves found too heavy to bear'. When he had finished his diatribe, my brother rashly remarked: 'But it is only human nature, isn't it?' I looked rather apprehensively at Marshall to see how he would react to this. He said nothing for a moment, but was clearly gathering all his forces for an explosion—and out it came: 'BRUTE NATURE!!!' There was no more to be said on that subject! My brother was effectively pulverised; while for my part I decided that in future I would have to exercise still greater caution in the choice of appropriate subjects for conversation at the Marshallian dinner table.

But episodes such as the one just cited should not be regarded as at all typical of Marshall's hospitality. Callow undergraduate nephews, in common with prattling portrait painters, should surely be set on one side as special cases. From my own experience and my personal knowledge on many occasions, Marshall was a most pleasant and delightful host; he was a very entertaining conversationalist, and courtesy itself to his guests. After my marriage in 1918, while still living in London, my wife and I stayed a number of times with the Marshalls at Balliol Croft; and my wife has only the pleasantest and most happy and affectionate memories of Alfred Marshall for his invariable kindness, and his charm of manner to her.

My personal relations with my economist uncle, from the time that I came up to Cambridge in 1909 until I went away in 1915 to the war-time Civil Service, were not always very easy. He disapproved profoundly if he thought he saw any indication of my having wider interests in life than the only one by which he himself was actuated—the furtherance of Economics as a branch of knowledge to be used in the service of mankind. This applied particularly after I had taken my Degree and was writing a dissertation for a Fellowship at St John's. I can still remember the mixture of horror and disgust which overcame him when he happened to observe one day that my shirt, tie, and socks harmonised with the colour of the suit that I was wearing. For him that was tantamount to something little short of moral turpitude, and he let me know what he felt about it in no uncertain terms.

All the while the friendly and beneficent personality of my Aunt Mary Marshall contributed sweetness and light, and smoothed my path for me, in so far as she was able.

None of the minor quirks and eccentricities of Alfred Marshall, such as I have recalled in these few pages, detracted at all from the immense regard and respect that I had for him. In his presence one was overwhelmingly conscious of the sheer force of his intellect: his was a truly great mind, and over and above all his intellectual qualities, he was infinitely kind and most generous.

In conclusion, I would add that my memories of Marshall, in his technical capacity as an economist, are very scanty. In his later years he became increasingly frail, and he was anxious to conserve all his remaining strength for his writing. Hence I was actively discouraged both by him and by my aunt from discussing economic questions with him—not that much discouragement was needed; for I was too newly-fledged an economist, and stood too much in awe of Marshall, to risk engaging the Grand Old Man of Economics in his own field.

C. W. GUILLEBAUD

Reviews

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.

Henry Pelling, *Britain and the Second World War*. Fontana History of War and Society. Paper 10s.

Dr Pelling's book is the first of a series whose intention is to present war in all its aspects, breaking down 'the dividing walls beloved of specialists'. To a certain extent this is done, and well done. The administrative, strategic and political interaction of the war years is clearly depicted. This relationship ranged from the paradoxical to the vital. That Churchill should have come to power as result of the expedition to Narvik, an expedition, that, according to Samuel Hoare, 'failed because of his meddling' demonstrates both these aspects. It was vital that Churchill become Prime Minister and the failure of Narvik demanded a scapegoat. That the public got the 'wrong' one is only another indication of the gap between government and governed that Dr Pelling demonstrates. The Ministry of Information was often to blame. Their slogan 'Your courage, Your cheerfulness, Your resolution will bring Us the war' did great harm. The bombing of London which Harold Nicolson prophesied would break the spirit of the people aroused them to the extent of signing petitions to stop the war, and Sir Harold Scott confessed to great relief when Buckingham Palace was bombed in September 1940 while the royal family was in residence. Though most people stood up bravely to their trials, they showed little enthusiasm for winning the war. They would only be back to the situation of the 1930's; they foresaw a period when 'money will be tight and jobs scarce'. They had little enthusiasm for the war, and Dr Pelling's book has little enthusiasm for them, except *en masse*. None of the atmosphere of war has been captured; it is only of the London politicians that we get personal insights. Maybe the Second World War produced no Wilfred Owen, yet the poems of Keith Douglas, or Richard Hillary's superb *Last Enemy* could

have been used to tell us of war from the soldier's point of view. Similarly the individual citizen is submerged by his economic and social role. Harold Nicolson wrote in his reflections on Manchester for his diary in November 1940: 'there is no Benedictine. Hitler's blockade is beginning to grip the provinces'. Mass Observation recorded that 'a neighbour who lives alone and is rather timid opened the door last night to man in a gas mask. She was so frightened that her knees shook for half an hour after his visit.' These experiences are the war of the people; they are the experiences that Dr Pelling does not record.

Though the individual may be neglected the effects of the war on society are carefully studied. Here Dr Pelling is concerned to play down the significance of the Second World War which 'in spite of the shocks of 1940 . . . made much less of an impact on the British mind than the First World War'. Many of the changes historians have pointed to can be explained, he feels, by the steady development of the British economy. In an advanced economy, relatively full employment and a high degree of social security are usually to be found. The shock Labour victory of 1945 is, with hindsight, minimised. There had been a steady swing to Labour from 1942 and Dr Pelling refers to the inevitability of Labour becoming the majority party 'sooner or later', even if war had not intervened.

In that election a Labour candidate said 'great questions . . . and complicated stories . . . seem terribly far away in the streets and factories'. My final verdict echoes these words. There is too much of the 'abstract questions' and 'complicated stories', vital though these are to the history of the Second World War, too little of the streets and their people. R.G.H.

Charles Avery, *Florentine Renaissance Sculpture*.

John Murray, 1970. 35s. (paperback 20s.) WHICH corresponds with which it is difficult to say, but the simultaneous publication of this book in hard and paper back may reflect its avowed intention to be useful both to students of art history and to 'those visitors to Florence whose curiosity is not satisfied by the standard guide books'. In this I imagine it will succeed. The book is well informed on the historical background and the biography of the many

sculptors mentioned, and well able to aid the appreciation of the works it discusses; in particular its illumination of technical problems is helpful. The treatment, though not heavy, is always soundly academic. What most impresses is the way in which the author is able to approach well-trodden subjects with freshness, contributing an excellent chapter on Michelangelo. He does however have a tendency to make categorically statements which are controversial, not only in his introductory history with its rigidly monocausal view of the origin of the Renaissance, but also on his own subject where, in the light of the Slade lectures, he seems occasionally to disagree with other authorities. But the student may be aware of this, and the curious visitor to Florence not care. The book is well illustrated and conveniently indexed for sightseers. D.E.H.T.

T. A. Ratcliffe, *The Child and Reality*. London. George Allen & Unwin Ltd. 1970. 40s.

THESE twelve lectures, delivered to a variety of audiences in recent years, contain material of importance both to those employed professionally in the field of mental health and to the layman alike. A lecture style suits the exposition of a professional 'philosophy' (a personal note: I do not think Dr Ratcliffe need use apologetic inverted commas for so many phrases) and the constant reference to his own experiences and techniques ensures an easy bridge between widely various aspects of child and family care.

'Mental health', he says in his lecture *Specific Aspects of Health Education*, 'is about real people; and maturity and good citizenship do not consist in reaching some theoretical level of perfection. The aim must be to help each individual to make as good an adjustment as his potential and circumstances will allow; and to take it confidently and in the way most suitable for him.' Administration of mental health, in like manner, is also about real people; it is about close teamwork among psychiatrists, psychiatric social workers, the family welfare service, probation officers and residential workers—and includes awareness of problems facing administrators. Above all, he stresses the importance of relationship therapy, 'the impact of one human being on another, handled with the special skills and experience with which the psychiatric social worker is trained'

—and not only in the quiet of the clinic but also 'in the client's home, on the doorstep, with the door half-closed against us, or on the street corner'.

The last lecture published here, given to a National Association for Mental Health conference in 1949, is in every sense of the word prophetic. It is a statement of need and a call to action. Working with clear insight from his own experience, Dr Ratcliffe outlines a community care service and a psychiatric approach to social (which are also personal) problems and, most importantly, by the recommendation that all relevant branches of the social services be deployed together in the cause of mental health, he foreshadows the Local Authorities Social Services Act of 1970.

RICHARD PENTNEY

H. H. Huxley, *Corolla Camenae*. University of Victoria Press, 1969.

AN anthology of latin verse claimed to be probably the first of its kind in comprehensiveness of quantitative and qualitative metres from a Canadian press raises the question of the purpose of verse-writing. It is both imitation of the classics as a means of education in language and style, and also emulation in its own right (the 'caviare' of the preface), parody and friendly reminiscence (as in the hymn to Punch on its 120th birthday, that brings to mind *Veni Sancte Spiritus* by 'mollis quod est durius, mulces quod est nolens etc.'). One or two poems would possibly have been apter to other metres: that on page 31 looks well suited to elegiacs, and on page 55 'The dog, considered a sagacious beast' to, say, Horatian hexameters—for what in classical elegy has quite the geniality and crustiness combined of A. P. Herbert? There are a few poems that do not quite 'come off' as pieces in themselves, such as 'Christmas Eve 1943', and 'Paene Puella Puer', so occasional that it does not really deserve its lyric setting. Horace seems again consumed with jealousy of Telephus (here for obvious reasons called Pyrrhus): but surely the real Horace, our Horace, would not have sounded so unamusingly annoyed about long hair (if we may take a hint from Odes 2-5 he perhaps even had a sneaking failing for it). Many of these versions however such as those on pages 15, 29 and 51



What she said not

These corridors have grown unclean.
This portal reeks of all I thought
To be once. Reeks and overpowers
The instincts that have made me turn
To come here. This stone underfoot
Reminds me of an age ago,
My foot stuck here as if imprint
Would hold forever, never freeing
And I could never free my ears
From sounds so deadly from outside me,
Sounds of people plotting softly,
Sounds of forced, uneasy laughter,
Sounds of feet marching to music,
Sounds of heads and axes falling.
The time is late and has unholy
Grown with darkness in my absence.
I have slept a hundred years for
Thinking too long over nothing.
I must waken now to see how
Corridors can empty stand here
Where the warden's feet have trodden
And the feet of greater men still.

The air is grown thick with praying.
The arms upon the walls seem rusty
As if to say that she had passed here
Whom I follow like a ghost alone
Across courtyards and greens that beckon
Down and up at me. I stare upon
Them, fixated by the things that I have wanted
And that I have lost. In losing
Think I on all that she said
When at the last her life was easy
But more I think on what she said not.

CAIUS MARTIUS

Facing page Lynne Atkinson as the Queen in *Cymbeline*.

Love Abounding

flesh bounces
notice
next time

the walking
world
is not

rigid
it
bounces

JOHN ELSBERG

Epilogue to a Short Story

I lie listening . . .
A full hour-glass of hopes
Flinch.

The glass glistening?
Like its lines hard and soft
Blood in me tripping.

. . . I know why.
An ash-tray of thoughts dim
Out of my head.

The smoke dry.
Like nostalgia it curls
Twisted
But not dead.

GRAHAM HARWOOD

Persistent Dreams

The rat
in his hutch
between
tenements

dreams
in
the now
primal

recesses
of his
genes
of times

of rampant
rat
affluence,
of Zion

covered
perfectly
with
plague.

JOHN ELSBERG

Urchin

Pool in the rocks,
Lady of my life,
I have had such young
Anticipation of you: I have lived
Confident of your richness, sure of
Uncovering your secrets which hide
Each other, your beauty
More subtly disposed
Than water.

Here I have touched your surface, and now
I have fumbled to all of your depths—
I have broken your promise and therefore have failed
And my hands are insulted and chilled.
Heavily I shall turn to the massive sea
And calmly you will watch me drown.

STEVE BRIAULT

the heart horse

clouds hang like shadows of the hills
and afternoon is taking its time.
she tells me how she rides
with the wind through the fields
corn lashing on bare wet legs—
and shutting her ebony eyes
throws back her head—
ah then you could ride away forever
she sighs

i try to speak protestingly—
but she's too good
and my words spin off like wind
as the carpets gallop.

CHARLES REID-DICK

Fantasy on a Wooden Chair

great granny
is the static muser

while children
scythe around her legs
she murmurs breathlessly
'si triste, la mort'
and sighs

the matriarchal wooden chair
is almost always occupied

a crack down its side
makes it creak
in time to her thoughts
and the children stare
at wrinkles that successfully
laid siege around her sunken eyes

helplessly she shivers
as some kitchen steam
escapes to her room
and the Breton mourning dress
that is green with age
settles into another hundred folds

'si triste, la mort,' she murmurs
as the children slide around her
gazing at the bunned white hair
that shines . . .

VIVIAN BAZALGETTE

arouse a mingled pleasure and envy that is the best justification of verse-writing.

The book is nicely produced: apart from a couple of misprints the only oddities that strike the eye are firstly occasional gaps in word-spacing, of which it is hard to see the rationale except that quite often they occur after punctuation marks; and that the conventional capitals at line beginnings have been abolished except on pages 41, 59 and 65 alone. DAVID PINTO

JOURNAL OF AN AMATEUR DRAMATIC CRITIC

26 November. The Editor wants my comments on the Lady Margaret Players' *Cymbeline* by 30 November. Since the performances begin on 1 December, I shall have to follow the usual professional practice, and write most of my piece beforehand—if not all of it. I must read the play, from end to end (which I have never been able to do before), first in English, and then in French. This second reading is necessary to discover what it is all about, when the flourishes of wit and imagination, and the pervasive neo-euphuism is out of the way.

27 November. I have read the play in English. It has a good claim to be considered his worst: no mean claim. ('Never blotted . . . would he had!') There are so many strands, in so many shades, saved from so many and so disparate sources—Boccaccio, Holinshed, earlier plays of his own and other people's—they even talk of Tasso. Like a ball of odd bits of wool in an old-fashioned work-basket, to match odds and ends of darning. Indeed the whole thing looks like old-fashioned darning, but with even weirder patches of invisible mending, for he knew his job by that time.

The characters strike me as clots or nasty: some are both. What's worse, they reinforce the impression of patchwork. None of them becomes central, a focus of dramatic or any other kind of interest. They go round and round, like a stage-army.

As for the language, there are some fine pieces of floral poetry—like scraps of old curtain worked into the darning, and I suppose it is nice to hear that Imogen's veins were 'azure'. A word he took to late in life—fortunately! It occurs only once more, in *The*

Tempest, more literally of the sky. And apart from these floral decorations, what highfalutin twaddle, such as this!—

When shall I hear all through? This fierce
abridgement

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.

This seems to be one way of saying: 'I'd like to hear a fuller account of all this. Your drastically shortened version suggests all kinds of details which might be richly interesting'. It is one of those comments that applies very nearly to the play from which it comes.

28 November. Finished the French translation. Stripped of imagery and bombast, the play looks even worse. The central incident—if it is that—of a bet by a young husband on his wife's physical fidelity is a tasteless device. Boccaccio manages it better. He at least makes it emerge from frayed tempers, not from frigid boasting. The characters are not characterised effectively by their own speeches. We have to be told what they are. 'That queen, who has just gone off the stage, is a very bad woman'—'That young man, though a prince, is a proper clot'. This isn't the way he had done such things in his better days.

30 November. A pause for reflection. So far, the prospect is gloomy, but with him you can never tell. He understood drama and the essence of dramatic illusion so well that you can't go by the score. The actual performance is the only test. There may, after all, be fine things here, even if only fine failures, prophetic experiments. And if so, they'll show up in this production. For I take it that there won't be the usual Stratford producers' gimmickry. We shan't have our Christ-figure, wearing a big silver cross: *Cymbeline* won't punch anyone in the belly, to make him a student at Chicago, and the Roman ambassador won't be all in black, symbolising an oil-slick off Milford Haven refinery, from an Italian tanker. We shall see and hear the play, and the problem of manipulating so much space in so little room should provide its own entertainments.

2 December. It was a very fair showing, and though my opinion of the play was confirmed, it was by its having been given its chance, and

lifted, wherever ascent was possible, to display its better moments clearly. The direction was fully as direct and honest as I had hoped. No reference was made to the curious coincidence that on the opening day there had been national publicity for the Oil Companies' anti-pollution research unit at Milford Haven, and for a report which bears the Companies as spotless as Imogen. The cutting had been well done, and the performance brought within manageable time, but only at the cost of a cracking pace, a little too evenly sustained in the earlier part. To décor, lighting and grouping, Ian Thorpe had given much rewarding care. Many moments were really beautiful—the bedroom scene, the dream—a very awkward corner neatly turned—and above all the battle, where the audience, otherwise sensible, met with a sad defeat, and actually laughed at a fine piece of formalisation.

The actors could hardly have done better, granted that none of them are allowed enough room to establish themselves—or if they are, as soon as we know them, they are swept off for another stream of pageantry altogether. Richard Beadle made a revelation of his hands, and did for Iachimo all that could be done. Nicholas Reynolds gave a subtly underplayed Cloten, which went a long way to make my anticipations wrong. I was so sorry for Cymbeline himself, and the awful stuff he has to say, that I thought he deserved a crown. Both of our main guests were more than welcome. Miss Allen's Imogen was strong when it came to bringing out the real touches of human feeling in the part, but occasionally at the cost of the versification, and Miss Atkinson made the Queen quite an attractive bitch, with a nice twist to her mouth—I hope that it goes back safely after the run is over. Sean Magee and his little lot had the most difficult time of it, and the nobility only managed to peep out from under the savagery. All the minor characters worked hard and loyally, and knew their lines. Keith Hutcheson's *ad lib*—'Whoops! Madam'—as he dropped a crucial jewel was in the style of Kempe himself.

The lighting was far better than in any other production I have seen here, and had some triumphant moments. At times it might have been still more active, to make up for the long static tableaux on the stage, but whenever it was in motion, it was very good indeed. The

set was simple, practicable, and well designed to show off the lighting on that wall at the back. It is, after all, by a handsome margin, the best wall in Cambridge, and handsomely rewards being shown off. Indeed if anything could have reconciled me to the play, it would have been that lovely wall. Regarded as a game of imaginative squash played against that particular court, the play amounted to something, after all. The production was so good that I shall never contaminate its memory by watching another, against other backwalls.

H.S.D.

CYMBELINE

A Lord of Cymbeline's Court, Keith Barron; *A Second Lord of Cymbeline's Court*, Tony Fullwood; *Queen, wife to Cymbeline*, Lynne Atkinson; *Posthumus Leonatus, husband to Imogen*, William Mather; *Imogen, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen*, Mary Allen; *Cymbeline, king of Britain*, David Quinney; *Pisanio, servant to Posthumus*, Keith Hutcheson; *Cloten, son to the Queen by a former husband*, Nicholas Reynolds; *Helen, a lady attending on Imogen*, Helen Crouch; *Philario, an Italian, friend to Posthumus*, David Murphy; *Iachimo, an Italian, friend to Philario*, Richard Beadle; *Cornelius, a physician and soothsayer*, Angus Goudie; *Caius Lucius, general of the Roman forces*, Chris Judson; *Belarius, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan*, Sean Magee; *Guiderius, son to Cymbeline, disguised under the name of Polydore*, Charles Callis; *Arviragus, son to Cymbeline, disguised under the name of Cadwal*, Arnold Skelton; *A Roman Captain*, Roger Kirby.

In the dream:

Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, Dick Francks; *Mother to Posthumus*, Helen Crouch; *Jupiter*, Jerry Swainson.

Stage Manager, Jerry Swainson; *Stage Assistant*, Steve Hobbs; *Lighting Manager*, Michael Brookes; *Lighting Assistant*, Robin Masefield; *Costumes designed and made by* Janet Isherwood; *Set painted by* Nicholas Reynolds, Julian Burgess; *Poster design*, Steve Davis; *Make-up*, Mary Morgan; *Business Manager*, David Griffiths; *House Managers*, Dave Layton, Richard King, John Connell.
Director, Ian Thorpe.

College Chronicle

BADMINTON CLUB

Captain: R. G. HARDING

Secretary: J. L. NUTT

Treasurer: J. S. HALLIDAY

The College Leagues having been telescoped, we now have a team in both the First and the Second divisions: an unexpected promotion for the Seconds. But at the time of writing they have won their only match and should carry on in that vein. The First team have so far balanced wins and losses, and with a high proportion of experienced players, including two members of the Cockerels: John Nutt and Graham Harding, as First pair, we should finish reasonably well up in the League.

Next year, however, may be rather difficult unless team members take up academic pursuits, for many are now in their third year. But as usual we hope that next year will produce a collection of stars. It might.

R.G.H.

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB

1969-1970

President: THE MASTER

Senior Treasurer: COL. K. N. WYLIE

Captain: J. M. RHODES

Vice-Captain: A. J. ADAMS

Secretary: R. J. P. AIKENS

MICHAELMAS TERM

Light and Clinker Races

The Light Four beat Christ's easily in the first heat, but unfortunately lost to a strong Jesus crew in the second round; the eventual winners were Clare.

The first Clinker Four raced Clare, St Catharine's and 1st and 3rd 'B' in successive heats, being down in every race by up to 5 seconds by the half-way mark, but rowing through up the final straight to win each heat. In the final against 1st and 3rd 'A', L.M.B.C. was again down, by 2 seconds, when a drifting

cabin cruiser stopped the race: in the re-row L.M.B.C., yet again, were down by 3 seconds at the halfway, but once more managed to pull their fingers out up the last straight and won by 5 seconds.

The Light Four and First Clinker Four also raced in the Fours' Head of the Thames, but neither was successful.

Sculling Races

J. M. Rhodes and N. J. Odom represented the club in the Colquhouns without success—J. M. Rhodes losing to C. J. Dalley of Queens' in a re-row after a dead-heat.

There were no club entries for the Bushe-Fox Freshmans' Sculls—a sad reflection on the intake of freshmen!

Fairbairns

The 1st VIII went up two places to fifth and the 2nd VIII held their position as one of the top college second eights. Only 3 crews entered—the 3rd was the Medics, who went up several places and were awarded crock-pots.

Light IV		First Clinker IV	
Bow	A. J. Adams	Bow	J. H. Lees
2	J. M. Rhodes (Steers)	2	F. D. J. Danstan
3	R. J. P. Aikens	3	B. W. Jacobs
Str.	N. V. Bevan	Str.	J. O. P. Sweeney
Coaches		Coach	
A. C. Twinn		Col. K. N. Wylie	
E. G. Cooper			
1st Boat		2nd Boat	
Bow	J. H. Lees	Bow	N. Curtis
2	R. A. Bramley	2	W. H. R. Bertam
3	B. W. Jacobs	3	N. J. Odom
4	J. O. P. Sweeney	4	S. Johnson
5	J. W. Gillams	5	A. M. Tonge
6	F. D. J. Dunstan	6	G. S. Markland
7	R. J. P. Aikens	7	W. J. D. Scandrett
Str.	A. J. Adams	Str.	S. J. Pickford
Cox	E. Yates	Cox	J. F. Durack
Coaches		Coaches	
J. M. Rhodes		J. M. Rhodes	
R. Silk		R. J. P. Aikens	
N. V. Bevan			
E. G. Cooper			

3rd (Medic) Boat
 Bow R. J. Eason
 2 J. Taylor
 3 J. M. Stuart
 4 M. J. B. Agass
 5 A. B. N. Gill
 6 A. Gordon
 7 J. C. Catford
 Str. D. J. Deacon
 Cox I. G. Galbraith

Coach
 N. J. Odom

The Club also entered a number of crews in the Emmanuel Regatta and three novice crews in the Clare Novice Regatta—all without success.

Trial Eights

The Club was represented by J. M. Rhodes and P. H. S. Braidwood, and almost by B. W. Jacobs, who was dropped from the Trial Squad when it was cut from 24 down to 16.

LENT TERM

Lent Bumps

The 1st VIII were unlucky on the first night, being bumped by Pembroke in the Plough Reach while they had an overlap of a foot or two on Queens' and were going in for the kill. On the Friday, after an easy row-over on the second day they were again chasing Queens' and only just managed to bump them 200 yards from the finish; another row-over on the Saturday left them in their starting position of 6th. The other club boats performed creditably but were unable to hold their positions.

There were 5 Club entries.

1st Boat
 Bow J. H. Lees
 2 N. J. Odom
 3 B. W. Jacobs
 4 F. D. J. Dunstan
 5 J. W. Gillams
 6 P. H. S. Braidwood
 7 R. J. P. Aikens
 Str. J. O. P. Sweeney
 Cox E. Yates

Coaches
 N. V. Bevan
 E. G. Cooper
 S. D. Sharp

2nd Boat
 Bow J. M. Stuart
 2 P. J. Stacey
 3 J. C. Catford
 4 S. K. R. Johnson
 5 A. M. Tonge
 6 M. Fabianski
 7 R. N. Curtis
 Str. W. H. R. Bertram
 Cox J. F. Durack

Coaches
 L. V. Bevan
 A. J. Adams
 R. J. P. Aikens
 R. Silk
 R. A. Cutting

3rd Boat (Coaches)
 Bow T. B. le M. Holland
 2 G. S. Markland
 3 F. R. J. Hinde
 4 R. G. Groves
 5 N. J. Harding
 6 A. J. Adams
 7 W. J. D. Scandrett
 Str. S. J. Pickford
 Cox A. E. Skelton

Coach
 J. D. Nichol

Head of the River Races

The first VIII moved up several places in the Bedford Head finishing 3rd behind Jesus (by only 3 seconds) and Goldie; the second VIII went up several places. The first VIII also rowed at Reading and finished 15th out of 150 or so with A. J. Adams valiantly substituting for P. H. S. Braidwood (absent in Africa).

Oxford v Cambridge

J. M. Rhodes represented Lady Margaret in the Goldie Crew, beating Isis by nearly a minute.

MAY TERM

May Bumps

The first VIII managed to get within two feet of Jesus on the first night but somehow couldn't finish them off and ended half a length down: this left them easy prey for Clare (who made four bumps) on the second night. The third night was a mediocre row-over while Clare bumped Queens' (who had been bumped by Jesus on the second night). But the crew partially redeemed themselves by making a spectacular bump on Queens' on the last night, overtaking them up the Plough Reach before actually hitting them on Ditton corner.

The second VIII remained the highest college second boat on the river.

Of the Gentlemen's boats, the 6th (Fellows') and 9th (Anonymous) looked most like getting their oars, but both were foiled at the crucial moments by crabs.

Eleven crews entered.

1st Boat
 Bow A. J. Adams
 2 F. D. J. Dunstan
 3 J. H. Lees
 4 J. O. P. Sweeney
 5 N. V. Bevan
 6 P. H. S. Braidwood
 7 R. J. P. Aikens
 Str. J. M. Rhodes
 Cox E. Yates

Coaches
 A. F. Twinn
 E. G. Cooper, Esq.
 D. F. Earl, Esq.
 R. J. Silk, Esq.
 M. E. K. Graham, Esq.
 J. Parker, Esq.

2nd Boat
 Bow R. N. Curtis
 2 J. M. Stuart
 3 W. J. D. Scandrett
 4 M. Fabianski
 5 J. C. Catford
 6 N. J. Odom
 7 B. W. Jacobs
 Str. W. H. R. Bertram
 Cox J. F. Durack

Coaches
 L. V. Bevan
 R. A. Cutting
 Col. K. N. Wylie

3rd Boat 'Big P'
 Bow M. Hill
 2 R. Morgan
 3 M. Agass
 4 P. Stacey
 5 A. Tonge
 6 D. J. Deacon
 7 R. Groves
 Str. G. Markland
 Cox I. G. Galbraith

Coaches
 J. M. Rhodes
 F. D. J. Dunstan
 P. A. Droar, Esq.

Other events

The first and second VIIIs rowed in Nottingham Regatta, but were defeated more by conditions than anything else, used as they were to the smooth waters of the Cam.

The 1st VIII came 3rd in the Head of the Cam (Fitzwilliam won) and were beaten (again by Fitzwilliam) in the Senior Eights Final at Cambridge Regatta.

In the Magdalene Pair Oars P. H. S. Braidwood and J. M. Rhodes reached the final but were beaten by C. J. Dalley and D. Cruttenden (both from the Blue Boat).

The first two eights also rowed unsuccessfully at Marlow Regatta—the first VIII being beaten by Leander in Grand Eights.

L.M.B.C. I represented Cambridge in Penant VIIIs at the British Universities' Championships and beat crews from Oxford and London to win the event—one of only two Cambridge crews to win at the Championships.

Henley

The first VIII was drawn against the University of London in the first heat of the Ladies' Plate and were unable to match U.L.'s extremely fast start; U.L. reached the final where they were beaten by the Dutch crew Aegir.

Stern Four of the VIII entered the Visitors' Cup and were drawn against St Mary's Hospital who had beaten them at Marlow, but L.M.B.C. fought hard and won by nearly two lengths. On the second day, however, they lost to Fitzwilliam who went on to win the event.

Bow Four, coxed by A. E. Skelton, were unfortunate enough to be drawn against London Rowing Club in the Britannia Cup and were beaten in the qualifying heats. The London Crew (with ex-L.M.B.C. man D. P. Sturge at three) were the eventual winners of the Britannia Cup.

Long Vac.

Various L.M.B.C. men won another 6 events rowing for their local crews during the summer and P. H. S. Braidwood represented Ireland in the Home International—beating Scotland and Wales.

J.O.P.S.
 W.H.R.B.

CRICKET 1970

President: MR J. G. W. DAVIES

Captain: G. M. T. HOWE

Match Secretary: G. E. HARRISON

Fixtures Secretary: G. R. G. KEEBLE

Last summer was rather hot—as you no doubt remember—and college cricketers took full advantage of the sunshine, once it had come to stay. Before, however, in the last damp, dismal days of April the 1st XI managed to lose to St Catharine's on a technicality and so took no further part in Cuppers, to lose Guy Markland who collapsed and returned only once all season, and to get very wet against Christ's. From then on, no further rain fell from dazzling blue skies and no further defeats were incurred.

Though the fast, hard wickets encountered gave little help to any but pace bowlers, all available wickets were captured on seven occasions. This was both due to generally safe fielding and catching and to our bowlers' overall tenacity and stamina. Certain of their own peculiar attributes were also used to good effect: Geoff Howe's cunning (the dreaded late-swinging full toss), Dave Russell's accuracy (9-38 against West Norfolk C.C.) and Graham Harwood's controlled (?) ferocity, once he was pointed in the right direction. Spin bowlers came into their own on only one occasion when the wicket crumbled almost to a powder and two of our off-spinners managed to catch or bowl out the majority of the opposition by themselves. Apart from Guy Markland, who did not recover sufficiently to reproduce his performances of previous seasons, the most unfortunate bowler was Jeff Cash. He came frustratingly close to claiming wickets on so many occasions during his relatively small number of overs, and the present writer wholly deserved the bruises he suffered in vain attempts to stump such carefully prepared victims.

The side's batting too was capable and reliable, even exciting at times, set respectable totals and achieved most of those set by its opponents. Seldom, though, was the real depth of talent fully tested. Because of the trueness of the wickets, the overall security of technique and often the weaknesses of opposition attacks, players designated to go in below number five had few chances to display their ability. Many of those capable of scoring half-centuries—as the averages show—though some more slowly than others, were simply left in the pavilion to envy those out in the middle. Once or twice, notably against Queens', the whole side was called upon and was equal to the challenge. Dave Barnes' performance at this, his second run-making emergence from the Cavendish Laboratory was invaluable with one wicket left standing. Other interest was aroused by Dave Burton's M.C.C. tie and his attempts to hit a ball further with a cricket bat than he could with a golf club. Speculation too was rife on the question of the frequency with which Eric Read's cricket socks were changed during the term.

Highlights of the season were obviously Dave Russell's rare nine wickets against West Norfolk, Julian English's five wickets and Eric Read's five catches and five wickets against Gentlemen of Suffolk and a second wicket partnership of 256 between the mercurial Giles Keeble (113) and David Quinney (141) against a rather staid Buccaneers side. Our Captain, Geoff Howe ('we play it hard from where I come from, lad') helped to dismiss Sidney Sussex for only 37 with 8 for 17, in a match which nearly was not completed as both sides subsided into laughter at the sight of a trouserless Sidney fielder whose flannels had ripped from ankle to waist as he bent merely to pick up the ball.

Thanks must go to Jim Williams for his expertly prepared pitches, to his tireless mother for her superb teas and the efforts of our two more or less regular umpires Bob Fuller and Tim Young. Who will forget peering into a cloud of pipe smoke to discern the approach of a bowler at Tim's end, or listening to Bob's stirring relation of his epic conversation on the new L.B.W. rule with none other than Billy Griffith?

All in all, a well knit team evolved, able to work efficiently to beat most opponents, while accommodating good and bad performances from individuals, and—most important of all—able to enjoy its cricket. Played 13. Won 8. Drawn 3. Lost 1. Abandoned 1.

<i>Batting Averages</i>	<i>Inns.</i>	<i>N.O.</i>	<i>Total</i>	<i>H.S.</i>	<i>Av.</i>
G. E. Harrison ..	10	3	305	68*	43.57
D. H. Quinney ..	11	2	380	141	42.2
R. A. Jackson ..	7	4	121	37	30.25
D. G. Burton ..	9	2	207	50	29.57
J. H. Parker ..	8	2	146	44	24.33
G. R. G. Keeble ..	9	1	190	113	23.75
L. P. Tomlinson ..	9	—	155	50	17.22
J. M. English ..	4	—	40	33	10.00

<i>Bowling Averages</i>	<i>O.</i>	<i>M.</i>	<i>R.</i>	<i>W.</i>	<i>Av.</i>
D. P. Russell ..	65.2	18	161	19	8.47
G. M. T. Howe ..	136.1	24	328	27	12.15
G. I. Harwood ..	91.5	20	233	15	15.33
J. M. English ..	70	14	228	12	19.00
E. J. Read ..	107.5	19	338	17	19.87
J. Cash ..	46	9	113	5	22.6
G. R. G. Keeble ..	37	8	118	4	29.5
D. J. Barnes ..	27	7	75	2	37.5

D. H. QUINNEY, *Secretary*

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB

President: DR R. E. ROBINSON

Captain: P. S. COLLECOTT

Match Secretary: A. C. STEVEN

Fixture Secretary: T. D. YOUNG

The season opened with a tidal wave of enthusiasm for soccer and the results of the fresher's trials augured favourably for the chances of this year's combination to emulate their illustrious predecessors in making a clean sweep of inter-college trophies. At one stage, that traditional organ of university prejudice, 'Varsity', speculated at a set of eight Johnian teams from a personnel of over a hundred players, and as events have turned out, this estimate has proved not to be too far on the inflationary side. For the first time we have a fifth team participating in the League programme, in addition to Saturday performances by 'Johnnies', 'Chappies' and the 'Flying Circus'.

At the time of writing, the 1st XI seems almost certain to retain the Division I Championship; the 2nd XI are highly placed in the Second Division; the 3rd XI are turning in highly creditable performances on their league against

opposition which is invariably of the status of 1st or 2nd XIs from their respective colleges. In the Fourth Division no opponents can treat the challenge of John's 4th or 5th XIs with impunity, although the latter side only entered the league competition halfway through the term on the eclipse of Jesus III.

The 1st XI started quietly in the league competition, defeating the newly promoted Fitzwilliam at home by 2-1, this goal against us being the last to be conceded for four matches in the course of which Selwyn, Pembroke, Downing and Christ's succumbed to the tune of 9-0, 7-0, 3-0 and 2-0 respectively. A considerably weakened team then held St Catharine's to a 2-2 draw, before emphatically re-asserting itself with an authoritative 7-0 victory over a disappointing Queens' team.

Meanwhile, under the enthusiastic captaincy of Jeff 'Chopper' Farn, the 2nd XI were accomplishing great things in their league programme, and in the seven matches played so far, they have been defeated only once—at the hands of Trinity I in a high scoring match by 4-6, and have relinquished only two other points, being held to a draw by both Churchill I and Trinity Hall I. Playing against opposition which is almost exclusively the 1st XIs of other colleges, it would be very difficult to exaggerate the credit of this record.

On the other hand, the Thirds under the skillful direction of master tactician Mick Spilsbury have found the going in Division III somewhat tricky and their present haul of points is a poor indication of their undeniable ability, and although it would appear at this time that the possibility of relegation cannot be dismissed, there is great confidence throughout the club that they will prove equal to the challenge.

In Division IV the 4th and 5th XIs have been playing well and with no little success, the high point in their season so far must be recognised to have been their titanic struggle in a Johnian Derby which ended with honours even, each side having converted three of their chances.

No small part of the current success of the 1st XI can be attributed to the return to the fold of T. McGing from the lofty heights of the 'Blue' squad, a move which has added weight, both literal and figurative, to the attack. The other principal goalscorer has been 'find-of-the-season', Dave Russell, a lapsed cricketer. In

midfield, the understanding between and ascendancy acquired by R. Nicholson, S. Sugden and B. Clyne improves with every match, and the 'thin red line' of P. Collecott, J. Davies, J. Cash and G. Harrison consistently proves to be the most difficult defence to penetrate in college soccer, backed up by the familiar figure of T. Young in goal. The experience of veteran winger Steven is an important factor on stabilising what is essentially a young and sometimes overly exuberant combination.

At present the arrangements are being finalised for a tour of Ireland in the first week of January, when fixtures have been arranged against University College Dublin, Queens' Belfast, the University of Ulster at Coleraine and against the Liverpool Ramblers on return to this country. It is hoped this experience will be an invaluable preparation for the Cuppers campaign next term.

For the first time, there will be a St John's six-a-side competition at the end of this term with participation by Selwyn, St Catharine's and the St John's Rugby Club.

The entire club wish to record a very sincere and well earned vote of thanks to the groundsman, Mr Jim Williams, for his obliging assistance and his superlative pitches.

A. C. STEVEN

THE RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

President: MR SCOTT

Captain: D. M. WILSON

Match Secretary: S. J. F. HOBBS

Fixtures Secretary: D. G. BURTON

1st XV: Played 12. Won 6. Lost 6.

2nd XV: Played 10. Won 5. Lost 5.

Once again the season started well with the 1st XV winning their first four league matches. Training sessions, although few and far between, proved valuable early on, and because the club had been strengthened by an intake of some keen and some talented freshmen the sides looked set for a season of creditable results. We were however unable to call on the services of Paul Barclay, Dave Fryatt and Nige Waskett for many of the matches on account of their selection for the Varsity and LX club sides, and on the services of many other players due to injury.

The first four games were won convincingly. The pack worked hard for possession and the

backs occasionally rewarded them for their hard work. There was however an obvious lack of line-out ability, although the art of spoiling soon matured. Lack of penetration and enterprise in the backs has been our main failure, and we were not able to capitalise on the good ball the pack produced on a number of occasions. After the promising start, hopes were set on the league title but such aspirations are the right of the football club, as we realised after going down badly to Trinity. This defeat was all the more disheartening in view of the fact that many Johnnians had made the journey to the Trinity sports field to lend their vociferous support only to be let down. After this defeat the team only produced the football it was capable of late into the second-halves of each game and it seemed towards the end of the term that the first sixty minutes were only being played in anticipation of the late rally that would automatically follow.

Perhaps the highlight of the term was our visit to Lowestoft and Yarmouth. Only five regular 1st XV members played or rather were included in the side of whom two played in their normal positions and the remaining three would have preferred to have been given a crutch rather than a ball; the rest of the team consisted of gallant members of the second, Cygnets and Bums XVs and one gallant member of the football team, who celebrated his first try in rugby by an indulgence in some acrobatic antics that would only be seen by rugby players on a Saturday evening if they had nothing better to do at 10.15 p.m. than sit in front of a television set. Mr McGing was censured and was asked not to score again. He obeyed with consummate ease.

The second XV, now promoted to the third division, had more fixtures than last year. The spirit of the side was enthusiastically maintained by the captain Mike Lawton, who has the ability to bring players from long retirements onto the field of play, and the ability to persuade some members of the Cygnets to take rugby on a slightly more serious basis. He was thus able to field fifteen players at all times despite the numerous injuries; an achievement which can only be fully appreciated if one studies the numbers of cancellations of 2nd XV matches other colleges have to make.

S. J. F. HOBBS

TABLE TENNIS CLUB

At the beginning of term a meeting was held for all those interested in playing for the College in the University League. A small number of Freshmen came and with eight players from previous years we were able to enter five teams for the Inter-College League.

Unfortunately the first team are still only in the second division and an increase in standard is needed to gain promotion. Results so far for all the teams indicate a general improvement in form though teams could be more successful given practice.

It is hoped that a new table-tennis Table will be available next term. W. R. PEACHEY

HOCKEY CLUB

Captain: R. J. NEWMAN
Team Secretary: C. HANDLEY
Fixtures Secretary: D. LAYTON

Cuppers champions at last! Nobody believed we could do it, but today (30 November) the College Hockey team overcame St Catharine's in a thoroughly entertaining and hard-fought final.

Throughout the competition we have always seemed to raise our game at the right time, and today the whole team played magnificently, beating a St Cats team, packed with Blues and Wanderers, by one goal to nil.

Right from the start Johns attacked, with inside-forwards Mike Eaton and Giles Keeble combining imaginatively with centre-forward Richard Hadley to force their way through the opposition defence.

We didn't have it all our way though. St Catharine's always looked dangerous, and it took some courageous play by Steve Barton and Chris 'Chopper' Handley to keep them out.

At half-time the score was nil-all, with honours about even. In the second half, however, Johns began to take a grip on the game, with tireless Bob Roseveare, John O'Keeffe and Clive Cooke controlling the midfield. O'Keeffe in particular (surely the best player in the university?) gave some beautiful distribution up the left wing to Peter Bowden, whose stag-like gallops to the corner-post split the defence in two.

It was from the right wing that the inevitable goal finally came. James Wilson raced into the circle and smashed the ball at England 'keeper Barker, who could only partially smother the shot, and the ball rolled over the line.

A tremendous victory, for a team that is not founded on brilliant individual talent, but which has always shown enough courage, determination and teamwork to finally take the Cup. R.J.N.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The Society began the year with a stimulating paper read by Professor W. K. C. Guthrie on 'Man as Microcosm', in which he described the idea of man as a model of an ordered universe and extended the discussion to the modern issue of the individual's relationship to the State. Later in the term Mr M. H. Crawford explained the inner workings of Roman politics to a small and select group, and a rather larger number of members assembled for a showing of slides about Greek archaeology. The Easter term's activities consisted of the Annual Dinner.

At the first meeting of the Michaelmas Term an enthusiastic gathering heard Professor D. L. Page, Master of Jesus College, read a paper on Herodotus; a lively and entertaining evening ensued. At a later meeting Dr J. Chadwick explained some of the intricate work on the Pylos tablets in which he is engaged.

S. J. GALLICO

LONG VAC CRICKET

'Write a report about *what?*' I asked incredulously, 'but I only played in two matches and I can't remember anything about those!' 'Great', he said, 'just the man. Tell us a few tales. You know, a bit of Neville Cardus'.

I can't do that, but I'll tell you all I can still remember. When I was diverted to the pavilion to play my first match for that grand team, the St John's Long Vacation Cricket Team I was on my way to the University Library. I don't suppose you'll believe that, but I really was. I didn't make it of course—the lure of the willow was an apple I couldn't resist biting, and besides, Dr Linehan's press-gang at the Queen's

Road gate was obviously not going to be put off with any remark about wanting to work on such a sunny afternoon.

We lost that match against Sidney Sussex, and pretty sore about it we were, for they looked even less like cricket players than we did. But that was a dull afternoon, compared to the scene a week later, when a Junior Members' eleven faced the Fellows' eleven.

It was tense—it was certain to be tense—from the moment the captains met: the cool but wary Linehan eyeing the quietly confident Cash with a look whose venom was only partly hidden by that oh so casually held pipe. The Fellows were fielding a strong team, so strong in fact that they turned away the Dean, Mr Bambrough, who unforgivably arrived late. But with the Dean of Chapel an early bowler, and Dr Robinson smouldering in best Freddie Trueman fashion, it was bound to be a close thing.

Cash played his trump card, and sent in Graham Harrison, top of the season's averages, as an opening bat intent on tiring the more mature performers. But it was not to be, for Graham went for a mighty lofted four off the first ball and was solidly caught at square leg. The innings never went well. I thought my moment of history making had come when I hit a boundary off a loose ball from the most feared bowler. But fiery Robbie took one withering look at me from about fifty yards away, bore down on the wicket like a rush-hour taxi, and almost quartered the wicket-keeper with what a few seconds ago had been my wicket. The tail wagged, however, with Graham Harding (who had been dragged from a tennis court to play, and who, with all respect, handled his bat as if he hadn't noticed the move) excelling everyone to hit a massive six over mid-wicket.

A couple of good knocks in the Fellows' batting took them dangerously close before they were all out two runs short of our total. Dr Linehan left the field muttering that Cash had cheated in copying Geoff Howe's method of captaincy (known to be not untruthless), but as usual all was resolved in the bar.

Long Vac Cricket?—well, I may not have impressed the selectors, but it did keep me out of the U.L. on a sunny afternoon, so it did me some good. IAN THORPE

LADY MARGARET PLAYERS

For the fourth time in as many years the Lady Margaret Players have organised a workshop for people interested in this informal approach to the theatre. In previous years the experiment has tended to fail after a few weeks as the novelty of the affair disappears and as other commitments increase. If the level of active involvement and interest is not spread evenly between all the participants the whole object of the exercise, to learn about drama from a communal approach, can easily be frustrated by the dominance of a theatrical clique. However, this year's workshop has been a success, partly because of its separation in organisational terms from the Lady Margaret Players' production of 'Cymbeline'.

Any project, however communal it may be in its execution, needs to be planned and organised by an individual at its inception. Keith Hutcheson has provided the impetus and the continuity from which much has grown. He has worked to combine the new faces which appear in the School of Pythagoras every Thursday with the regular stalwarts, and has progressed through improvisations of movement and speech to the examination of the work of some of our contemporary playwrights. The stress has now moved, as it should, away from the organiser to the body of the group, which promises to thrive in its involvement in this stimulating approach to the many and complex problems of the theatre.

IAN THORPE

MODERN LANGUAGES SOCIETY

Two meetings have been held this term—both marked by good speakers, lively discussions and plenty of good wine. Plans are already well under way for an Austrian-style dinner at the beginning of February, under the auspices of Dr Wagner, to whom the society is grateful in many ways. Thanks are also due to Dr Stern for the use of his rooms, to the guest speakers, and to senior and junior members for their interest and participation, which make this sort of society worthwhile.

J.B.S.C.

LAWN TENNIS CLUB

Captain: R. B. GRAY
Secretary: J. G. H. STOKES

If the survival of old colours (only two remained from the previous season) be thought the gauge to a team's likely success, one had little reason to expect such a fine season.

In fact, only one defeat was suffered at the hands of college opposition—against Downing in the semi-finals of Cuppers.

Marginally relegated the previous season, the 1st VI took the Second Division with ease, winning all their matches and conceding only three rubbers overall out of 36. Only once was the team extended, by Caius. Confidence gained in the League sustained a very effective challenge in Cuppers. Nemesis came against Downing: although victory against a College that could draw upon four Blues and several Grasshoppers inter al. was never in prospect, the margin of defeat (5-3) might have been smaller: however one of the bottom three singles was dropped. Andrew Shaddock performed notably to take Mendoza to two long sets.

In club matches consistently good tennis was not always played: knowledge of local conditions; i.e. the prevailing 'Wild West Wind' (Shelley), was not always sufficient to counter a certain lack of application. Nevertheless only against the Bar L.T.C. was the result not in the balance right to the end. On the distaff side, enjoyable afternoons were spent in the company of teams from Homerton and Girton. In travels beyond Cambridge a humbling pre-term defeat was inflicted by University College School and a resounding victory gained against St Edmund Hall, Oxford.

Of individual players mention must be made of Alan Graham (styled by 'Varsity' as the best bearded player in the University), Graham Broad (who did his best to maintain the team's sartorial standards) and Andrew Shaddock (undefeated in League doubles [again] and singles).

The 2nd VI performed creditably, losing their first fixture only and gaining promotion (one believes) to the 3rd division.

With the majority of the 1st team 'pool' remaining this year, prospects for next season are good.

R.B.G.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

After two relatively lean years, this year's crop of Freshmen Cross-Country Runners has been a very good one. After losing our three Blues at the end of last season, the arrival on the scene of Dave Cordrey, Martin Hore and Steve Briault (amongst others) was a source of some relief and has meant that St John's is once again among the top half-dozen colleges in Cross-Country Running. Despite an early setback, our performances so far this season have been quite pleasing, the College team standing fourth at present in Division I and having recently finished third in Cuppers.

However, this is a very good season for Cross-Country Running at Cambridge generally and many other colleges have found themselves in a stronger position than last year—this has accentuated our by now traditional weakness in 'middle field' runners, and it also explains why, despite a record turnout for the first League Race, we were beaten into fourth place; many of our runners being squeezed out of the scoring groups.

Injuries too have prevented us from fielding a team at full strength, but more important in this respect is the waning of early season enthusiasm once the mud starts to thicken. We still have two League Races as well as the relays during the Lent Term, and anyone in two minds about running this season is urged to put in some training two or three times a week between now and Easter. If you do, you'll find the mud between here and Coton doesn't feel half as heavy.

Runners this season: S. Briault, C. W. Callis, D. Cordrey, D. Dearnaley, M. Haggard, P. Hastings, M. Hore, P. Lees, A. Mattingly, P. Morton, R. Palmstrom, R. Parker, D. Trotman, D. Turnbull.

A.M.

WORDSWORTH SOCIETY

If you think that the 'common pursuit' has anything to do with members of the opposite sex, then you need not read on; but those who recognised the significance of the phrase are most probably the sort of people who were at the Society's meetings, and so need not read on either. But for those of you who recognise the significant phrase and were not there, or for those who do not recognise the significant phrase and are still reading on, and especially for those who were there but do not recognise the significant phrase, I shall now reveal the nature of the Society's recent activities.

That was verbiage—but the papers read recently to us were certainly not. Last year Mr Bambrugh cleared our minds with a very valuable paper on the 'Definition of Tragedy and the Tragedy of Definitions' demonstrating the nature of word-use and the application of the family resemblance theory to the understanding of tragedy and the tragic. Dr Anne Barton provided another extremely illuminating paper. This was on 'Shakespeare's Sense of an Ending in Twelfth Night and As You Like It' and it provided both an insight into particular plays, and a consideration of comedy in general.

Finally, I am sure the members of the Society will never forget the Dinner held in Mr Hugh Sykes Davies' honour this term. Retiring as Director of Studies in English after 35 years, it is quite obvious that Mr Davies is very warmly remembered by past generations of English students to judge by the superb presentation that was made. It is often difficult to say exactly what one wants to say, but I think the significance of the response was that many, many past pupils wanted to say a very large 'thank you' to Mr Davies.

K. L. BARRON

College Notes

Appointments and Awards

MR R. A. L. ANDERSON was a member of an expedition to Iceland to produce an up-to-date map of the glacier, Koldukvislarjokull and its neighbouring lakes and rivers.

MR A. B. ATKINSON (B.A. Churchill 1966) Fellow, has been appointed Professor of Economics at the University of Essex.

MR J. J. BATCH (Matric. 1968) has been awarded the H. E. Woodman Prize.

Mr R. C. BELL (B.A. 1970) has been appointed to the Joseph Hodges Choate Memorial Fellowship at Harvard University for 1970/71.

Dr G. C. L. BERTRAM (B.A. 1932), Fellow and Senior Tutor, has been elected joint Honorary General Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society.

Mr J. L. BIELBY (B.A. 1966) has been appointed organist at Wakefield Cathedral and director of music at Silcoates School.

Mr R. H. BISHOP (B.A. 1966) is now with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company and will sing a leading role in 'La Belle Helene'.

Prof. G. E. BLACKMAN (B.A. 1925) formerly Sibthorpe Professor of Rural Economy at Oxford, has been elected to an emiratus fellowship at St John's College, Oxford.

The Rev. J. S. BOYS SMITH (B.A. 1922), Fellow and formerly Master of the College, was given the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Law at a Congregation of the Senate on 11 June 1970.

Sir JOHN ANSON BRIGHTMAN, Q.C. (B.A. 1932) has been appointed a Judge of the High Court and assigned to the Chancery Division.

Mr C. F. CARTER (B.A. 1944) Vice-Chancellor of the University of Lancaster, has been elected a Fellow of the British Academy.

Mr T. M. CHALMERS (M.A. *Downing* 1966) Fellow, has been re-appointed Dean of the Post-graduate Medical School.

Mr C. J. CONSTABLE (B.A. 1957) has been appointed to a Chair of Management at the Cranfield School of Management.

Mr C. B. COX (Ph.D. 1958) has been appointed Reader in Zoology at the University of London (Kings College).

Mr J. A. CROOK (B.A. 1947) Fellow, Tutor and Praelector, has been elected a Fellow of the British Academy.

Mr A. K. CROSTON (B.A. 1940) has been elected a Fellow of St Edmund's House.

J. W. DA CUNHA (B.A. 1943) has been appointed a County Court Judge.

Mr K. EMSLEY (B.A. 1966) has been appointed to establish a department of law at the Sunderland Polytechnic College.

Mr B. H. FARMER (B.A. 1937) President, has been appointed a governor of the School of Oriental and African Studies at London University.

Professor G. E. FOGG (Ph.D. 1943) has been appointed Professor and Head of the Department of Marine Biology at the University College of North Wales, Bangor.

Dr R. G. GIBSON (B.A. 1932) C.B.E., has been re-elected Chairman of the Council of the British Medical Association and awarded the Gold Medal of the Association for distinguished merit.

Professor S. GILL (B.A. 1947) Professor of Computing Science at Imperial College, London, has been appointed full time Chairman of Software Sciences Holdings Ltd.

Mr J. W. GITTINS (B.A. 1961) has been appointed organist to Blackpool Parish Church.

Professor R. M. GOODY (B.A. 1942) former Fellow, has been elected a member of the U.S. National Academy of Sciences.

Dr T. A. I. GRILLO (B.A. 1957) is now Editor-in-Chief of the Nigerian Journal of Sciences.

Mr R. I. GUINNESS (B.A. 1962) has been appointed senior assistant personnel manager at the Guinness Park Royal Brewery.

Mr J. C. HALL (B.A. 1948) Fellow and Tutor, has been appointed a Justice of Peace for the City of Cambridge.

Mr J. S. HALLIDAY (Matric. 1968) has been awarded the Institution of Electrical Engineers Prize.

Dr T. R. HARRISON (B.A. 1964) Fellow, has been appointed lecturer in Philosophy at Bristol University.

Mr P. HAZEL (Ph.D. 1970) has been appointed Computer Officer in the Computer Laboratory.

Dr R. HENSTOCK (B.A. 1944) has been appointed Professor of Mathematics in the new University of Ulster.

Mr I. C. HILL (B.A. 1928) has been appointed Chief Executive of Illingworth, Morris and Co., Ltd., Saltaire, Bradford.

Mr R. D. HIRST (B.A. 1970) has been awarded a Wace Medal.

Sir WILLIAM HODGE (B.A. 1925), formerly Master of Pembroke College, has been elected into an honorary Fellowship at that College.

Mr H. D. JOCELYN (B.A. 1957) Professor of Classics, Sydney University, has been awarded The Commonwealth Study Grant for 1971 by the Institute of Classical Studies, London.

Mr R. S. JOHNSTONE (B.A. 1939) Q.C., Sheriff of Roxburgh and Selkirk, has been elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates.

Dr M. G. KENDALL (B.A. 1929) Fellow of the London Graduate School of Business Studies, has been elected a Fellow of the British Academy.

Dr J. D. KUIPERS (B.A. 1938) has been elected President of the Economic and Social Committee of the European Communities.

Mr W. K. KUMAR (B.A. 1967) has been elected to a Harold Samuel Studentship for 1970.

Mr P. F. LEHMANN (B.A. 1970) has been awarded the Sir Albert Howard Travel Exhibition 1970.

Mr R. J. LOEWE (B.A. 1942) has been appointed Reader in Hebrew at the University of London (University College).

Mr G. R. LORD (B.A. 1967) has been admitted to the Roll of Solicitors.

Mr J. W. LOVERIDGE (B.A. 1946) was elected Conservative Member of Parliament for the Hornchurch constituency at the General Election 1970.

Professor P. N. S. MANSENGH, O.B.E., Litt.D., (Ph.D. *inc.* 1936) Master, has been appointed Lady Ardilaun Lecturer at Alexandra College, Dublin, for 1970.

Mr A. D. D. MCCALLUM (B.A. 1937) has been appointed Headmaster of Strathallan School.

Mr J. J. MCCUTCHEON (B.A. 1962) has been appointed Associate Professor in the Department of Actuarial and Business Mathematics at the University of Manitoba, Canada.

Mr D. G. MORGAN (M.A. 1950) Fellow, has been elected to the office of Proctor for the year 1970/71.

Mr W. B. MORRELL (B.A. 1934) Managing Director of Westminster Press Limited, has been elected Chairman of the Press Association for the year 1970/71.

Mr D. L. MOSS (B.A. 1965) has been appointed lecturer in Mathematics at Manchester University.

Mr K. NEWIS (B.A. 1938) C.B., C.V.O., M.V.O. has been appointed Under Secretary in the Scottish Development Department (St Andrew's House, Edinburgh) responsible for Housing and Associated Services in Scotland.

Dr E. E. POCHIN (B.A. 1931) has been appointed a member of the National Radiological Protection Board.

Mr A. QUADRIO-CURZIO (Matric. 1962) has been appointed Professor of Economics at the University of Bologna.

The Rev. J. R. G. RAGG (B.A. 1938) has been appointed Canon Residentiary of Portsmouth Cathedral.

Mr M. E. RICHARDSON (B.A. 1963) has been appointed assistant regional director for the Northern Region of the Open University.

Dr R. E. ROBINSON, C.B.E. (B.A. 1946) Fellow, has been appointed to the Beit Professorship of the History of the British Commonwealth from 1 October 1971.

Mr D. P. ROCK (B.A. 1967) has been appointed a member of the graduate staff of the Centre of Latin-American Studies.

Mr R. A. M. SMITH (B.A. 1966) was an unsuccessful Liberal Candidate for the South Antrim constituency at the General Election 1970.

Mr A. G. STANSFELD (B.A. 1938) has been appointed Reader in Histopathology at St Bartholomew's Hospital Medical College.

Mr S. J. TAMBIAH (M.A. 1964) former Fellow, has been appointed a Fellow of Kings College and College Lecturer in Social Anthropology.

Mr P. R. TAYLOR (B.A. 1948) has been appointed headmaster of Chingford High School.

Mr T. C. THOMAS (B.A. Trinity Hall 1938) formerly Fellow and Senior Bursar, has been elected an Honorary Fellow of Trinity Hall.

Mr P. G. WHITE (B.A. 1959) has been appointed organist at Leicester Cathedral.

Mr M. H. F. WILKINS (B.A. 1938) F.R.S. Professor of Molecular Biology at Kings College, has been appointed to the Chair of Biophysics tenable at that College.

Mr F. T. WILLEY (B.A. 1933) was re-elected Labour Member of Parliament for the Sunderland (North) constituency at the General Election 1970.

Mr N. P. WRIGHT (B.A. 1929) has been re-appointed secretary of the Department of Education.

Canonisation

At The Vatican, on 25 October 1970, by H.H. Pope Paul VI:

Bl. Richard Gwyn. Died 15 October 1584.

Bl. Philip Howard. Died 19 October 1595.

New Year Honours 1970

C.B.E. Dr RONALD GEORGE GIBSON (B.A. 1932) Chairman of the Council of the British Medical Association.

O.B.E. GEORGE AUBREY LYWARD (B.A. 1920) Founder and Director of the Finchden Manor Therapeutic Community.

Birthday Honours 1970

Baron Sir MAX ROSENHEIM (B.A. 1929) Honorary Fellow and President of the Royal College of Physicians.

Fellowships

The following have been elected Fellows:

The Rev. JOHN ADNEY EMERTON (M.A. *Corpus inc.* 1954) Regius Professor of Hebrew.

WERNER KONSTANTINE HONIG (M.A. 1970) Professor of Psychology, Dalhousie University Halifax, Canada.

JOHN LANGTON (M.A. *Selwyn* 1968) University Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Geography.

PETER RICHARD MILLARD (M.A. *Fitzw.* 1967) University Demonstrator in the Department of Pathology.

Commonwealth Fellow:

DAVID MONK WINCH, Ph.D. (Econ.) London, Professor of Economics, McMaster University, Ontario.

Schoolmaster Fellow Commoners

R. G. PENTNEY (B.A. 1947) of the Attlee Memorial Foundation. Toynbee Hall (Mich. Term 1970).

R. K. HANDS (M.A. Lond.) Headmaster of Chiswick Comprehensive School (Lent Term 1971).

Marriages

Dr DENIS JAMES BARTLETT (B.A. 1947) to Brigid Catherine Clare Davison—on 31 October 1970, in the College Chapel.

MICHAEL JOHN BENTLEY (Matric. 1969 B.A. of Sheffield) to Jane Elizabeth Fisher of 95 Cambridge Road, Rotherham, Yorks—on 25 July 1970, in the College Chapel.

Dr MICHAEL GEORGE COOPER (B.A. 1948) Fellow, to Elizabeth Helen Kent of New Hall—on 18 July 1970, in the College Chapel.

STEPHEN DAVID WILLIAMS DOWLING (B.A. 1970) to Mary Elizabeth Nex of 113 Victoria Road, Cambridge—on 27 June 1970, in the College Chapel following a civil ceremony.

Dr IAN JAMES McMULLEN (B.A. 1962) to Bonnie Shannon of Butler, Pennsylvania—on 18 July 1970 at St Thomas' Church, Toronto, Canada.

DAVID ROGER MASON (B.A. 1969) to Helen Christine Spedding, of High Croft, Bellman-gate, Guisborough, Yorkshire—on 11 July 1970, at Guisborough Parish Church.

ANDREW THOMAS NEAME (Matric. 1969) to Jane Vernon Cooper of The Heron, Herne Bay, Kent—on 16 July 1970, at St Thomas, Canterbury.

GARTH RAYMOND PAYTON (B.A. 1966) to Jacqueline Batley-Plant, of New Malden, on 11 April 1970, at the Church of St John the Baptist, Malden, Surrey.

MICHAEL WILLIAM PORTER (B.A. 1969) to Jane Blacklock of 13 Grantchester Street, Cambridge—on 18 July 1970, at the Shire Hall, Cambridge.

MALCOLM SCHOFIELD (B.A. 1963) to Elizabeth Milburn of Portland, Maine, U.S.A.—on 17 August 1970, at the Church of St Edward the King and Martyr, Cambridge.

JOHN ROBERT WATSON (B.A. 1966) to Christine Price—on 20 June 1970, in the College Chapel following a civil ceremony.

JOHN ROBERT WATSON (B.A. 1968) to Christine Marilyn Larcombe, of 20 Gilbert Road, Cambridge—on 12 September 1970, in the College Chapel following a civil ceremony.

Deaths

HEZEKIAH BARBASH (B.A. 1917) formerly House Surgeon at St Bartholomew's Hospital, died 25 August 1970.

FRANCIS HERBERT CULVERHOUSE BUTLER (B.A. 1921) Founder and Secretary of the Field Studies Council, died 14 November 1970.

FREDERIC ROBERT GANSEL CHEW, C.V.O. (B.A. 1932), formerly Headmaster of Gordonstoun School, died 11 September 1970.

FREDERICK CHARLES EASTICK (B.A. 1911) Sugar Refiner, died 15 August 1970.

ROLAND THOMPSON EVANS (B.A. 1934), sometime secretary of Mutual Finance Limited, died March 1970.

JOHN MACCULLOCH GAUSSEN (B.A. 1918), formerly master at Berkhamsted School, died 26 January 1970.

WALLACE RUSSELL HARPER (B.A. 1926), died 15 June 1970.

JOHN HENRY HUTTON (Adm. 1936), formerly Fellow of St Catharine's College and William Wyse Professor of Social Anthropology, died 23 May 1968.

KEITH JOLLY (B.A. 1950), field worker in Archaeology, died 16 September 1970,

DAVID MAELGWYN JOSLIN (B.A. 1947), Professor of Economic History and Fellow of Pembroke College, died 15 October 1970.

Dr EMANUEL MILLER (B.A. 1914), Honorary Physician, Child Psychiatry at St George's Hospital and Emeritus Physician at the Maudsley Hospital, died 29 July 1970.

HENRY BRIAN RUNNETT (B.A. 1963), Organist at Norwich Cathedral, was killed in a car crash 20 August 1970.

GUY WARREN ST CLAIR-THOMPSON (B.A. 1927), a Timber Pest Consultant, died 25 April 1970.

ILLTYD HENRY STOCKWOOD (B.A. 1914), former senior partner in the firm of Stockwood & Williams of Bridgend and a past President of the Bridgend District Law Society, died 6 August 1970.

GEORGE ARTHUR SUTHERLAND (B.A. 1913), formerly Principal of Dalton Hall, Manchester, died 1 March 1970.

TREVOR TROUGHT (B.A. 1913), formerly Director of Scientific Research, Kingdom of Jordan, died 23 April 1970.

WILLIAM CUTHBERT BRIAN TUNSTALL (B.A. 1921) formerly senior lecturer in International Relations, London School of Economics, died 27 September 1970.

GEORGE HILTON TWIGG (Ph.D. 1939) of the British Petroleum Research Department, died 22 October 1970.

RICHARD WHIDDINGTON (B.A. 1908), C.B., F.R.S., former Fellow and emeritus Cavendish Professor of Physics at Leeds, died 7 June 1970.

ROLAND HENRY WINFIELD (B.A. 1931) M.B., B.Chir., former Fellow, died 1 November 1970.

Mr Jasper St J. Rootham (B.A. 1932) has kindly given the College Library four autograph letters and a postcard written to his father Dr Cyril B. Rootham (Fellow and Organist) in 1920 and 1921. The correspondence concerns the setting to music of certain of Sassoon's poems. One of the letters encloses copies of six poems: *The Dug-Out* (printed); *I stood with the Dead*, *Butterflies*, *Wraiths* (in typescript); *Love's Day-Break* and *Everyone Sang* (in the poet's own hand). In addition there are copies of six other poems by Sassoon in an unknown hand.

THE LADY MARGARET LODGE

The Lady Margaret Lodge, membership of which is open to all past and present members of St John's College, meets three times a year in London. Any member of the College interested in Freemasonry should communicate with the Secretary of the Lodge, FRANK W. LAW, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.S., 36 Devonshire Place, London, W.1.