# THE EAGLE

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## Editorial Committee



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# Editorial

IT IS WHOLLY UNCALLED FOR; a mere whim; certain to fall through in a term or so; are some of the most tenderly expressed opinions with respect to "The Eagle", and the most considerate for the feelings of the unfortunate innovators, which we have heard from those who on the ground of its novelty cannot heartily approve of it; whose worst wish is that it may speedily die a natural death. To others it appears to strike at the foundation of all University morality; —that Undergraduates should write, and perhaps publish; that Undergraduates should think of writing any thing except of course translations and bookwork, is a proposition subversive of all decency, and not to be viewed without horror. To both we would reply that the fact of its existence proves that there is at least an imaginary call for it; and the cordiality with which it has been welcomed by a large body of subscribers, and the promptitude with which contributions to its pages have been forthcoming, shew that, if it is a whim, it is a whim shared by many. With regard to the probability of its continuance a word or two may be said. "How long do you think it will last, Mr. Editor?" is a question that has often been asked in the tone with which a very important and searching remark is usually made:—"well well! exitus acta probat; we shall see in a year or two." Now there is a dangerous plausibility in this which may be thus exposed. It is assumed that *success* in a gross and material sense is our object; this being not a pecuniary speculation, the success, it is argued, must lie in its continuance; in the next place, by a very convenient sophism, success in this matter is made the test of its being right or wrong; convenient because it saves the trouble of forming any opinion on the subject; a sophism, because an old and good practical proverb is wholly misapplied.

The objections of one or two obstructives are practically two-fold: first, you cannot write; secondly, you ought not to write; and these merit a separate consideration.

When a man has something to say, he will soon find without much trouble a way to say it; whence it appears that the inability to write proceeds from vacuity of the brain, or want of something to write about. Now if this is literally true, if indeed and in truth no man in St. John's College has anything he wants to say, this is surely very lamentable. Verily we should clothe ourselves in sackcloth and walk softly, instead of strutting about in caps and gowns, the external signs of a thoughtful Student. If this is indeed true,—

> Grace to boot!
> Of this make no conclusion; lest you say
> Your queen and I are devils,—

whispers Alma Mater in our ears in the words of Hermione; and we dare not disobey her: for indeed the extent to which such an assertion is true, suggests very unpleasant reflections on the nature, extent, and depth of our educational system, reflections on its expansive power or the want of it, reflections whether there is no ground for the charge of quackery against us in our attempting to heal all mental diseases, to purify all intellectual veins, and strengthen all spiritual constitutions with one Universal Pill.

We pass on to the second point, which is of greater practical importance. "No more Senior Wranglers for St. John's! our First Class men will become Second Class men, our Wranglers will be Senior Optimes, Lady Margaret will weep over the degeneracy of her Sons." We cannot help feeling that all this is exaggerated; the frightful consequences are very imaginary; for there are numbers of men who have ample leisure even in term-time for the production of an essay; and surely none to whom the vacations do not bring the time and the peace of mind that an author longs for. On the vacations then we mainly rely; for nothing could be further removed from our wishes than to interfere between a man and his reading, so as to prejudice his college interests.....



If a man *is* disposed to waste his time, innumerable facilities for his so doing have been already thoughtfully provided; and undoubtedly we furnish one more facility; if any one wishes to avail himself of it, let him half finish a carelessly written essay on some ill digested subject with which he has no concern; but we utterly repudiate the notion that the writing of papers, notes, and poetry, is synonymous with wasting of time if they give proofs of reflection and judgment.....

Here then we may cease this apologetic strain, and add one or two words in explanation of what we hope and intend, with the good will of our contributors, to accomplish.

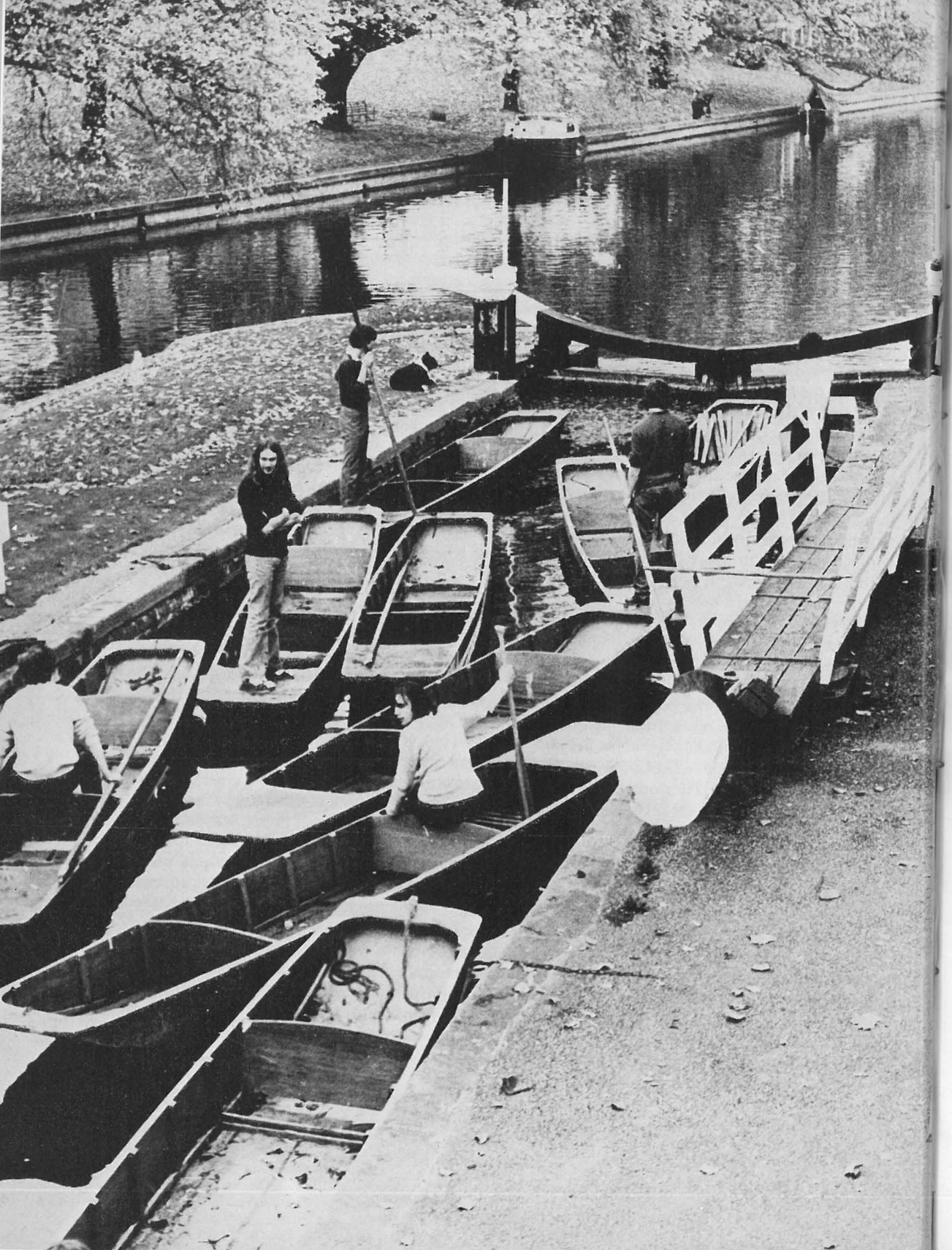
We should like to see "the Society of the Eagle" established on the same footing as the Boat Clubs or Cricket Clubs; its secretary weary with writing the names of contributors and subscribers.....

We would see articles grave and gay, come in from all the classes that compose our great society, resident here and elsewhere; recognize years hence the favourite social theories of a friend at the bar; the capital stories of old So and So of the Indian Service; the acute criticisms on poetry and art, which could come from none but our old friend, at his curacy in Yorkshire. We would see philosophy and criticism, art and science, poetry and prose, filling our pages, it being ever remembered by the younger portion of us, that, while their productions must have independent merit, they are not here as young cosmopolites, and that they must seek to interest the reader by being first interested themselves. We would also remind them of two things; first, that the object of reading poetry is not to write it; and secondly, that the object of writing poetry is not necessarily to publish it. On these accounts, as well as because poetry is much easier than prose to write, and of less value when written, in the case of most young authors our censorship of it will be somewhat severe. Finally we hope for some indulgence at first; our pens are new, and do not run fluently: we must be content with short flights till the Eagle's wings are strong. Only let us all pull together in this concern, with a strong pull and a steady swing, that the Eagle may be a rallying point and a watchword among us; something to fasten College spirit upon when here; something by which we can carry it down with us when we go away; .....the spirit which cracks up its own as the best College in the best University in the best country in the world. [From the first *Eagle* Editorial, 1858].

The above passage gives a fair idea of the original aims of this magazine; and apart from the delightful piece of chauvinism at the end, which I couldn't resist reprinting, I rather regret that they ever changed—*The Eagle* would be livelier, more popular and more enjoyable to produce if they hadn't. The contents of the early issues corresponded remarkably closely to the above prescription. In the second year of publication, a small section entitled 'Our Chronicle' appeared (by popular demand); at first it occupied a mere three and a half pages, but Over the Years its dominion gradually grew to its current tyranny over half the magazine.

In my opinion, the situation can and should be radically altered. People do not want *The Eagle* as it is at the moment. Whether they would want it shorn of reports, obituaries and the school magazine image, remains to be seen, and would no doubt depend on the quality of the ensuing product. But someone has to take this thing on next year, and there seems little, and decreasing, point in just carrying on in the same weary vein. If an extensive College Chronicle is still required, let the College produce it; and let us have a magazine which reflects and engages the changing concerns of Junior Members.

S.F.B.



# Indubitably Mr Forster—A Glimpse

'The novels are good—of that there is no doubt, and they are so good that everything connected with the novelist and everything she wrote ought certainly to be published and annotated.....'

E. M. Forster on Jane Austen.

I first met him in the sixth form. *A Passage To India* was the set book for A-Level (or was it O-Level and the fifth form?)—at any rate, the book was read, admired, discussed. I say admired, rather than liked or loved, at least by me. I remember a discussion between the master and some of the other boys as to which was better, *A Passage to India* or *Howards End*. Some took one side, some the other. I had not read *Howards End,* but I did not see how any novel by the same author could be better than *A Passage To India.* I did not much care. Not until *A Room With A View* came out in Penguins a year or two later did Mr Forster cast his spell over me forever. I then knew, and have since confirmed, that I would own, read, and re-read every word he published, and cherish him as a peculiarly close and dear author—one of the half dozen library friends whom I could not possibly do without for very long; one of the strongest influences on my moral and literary education.

My National Service ended in 1956, and I returned to Cambridge—for the previous eleven years my home, now to be my University also. About this time I learned that Mr Forster was also a resident of Cambridge—in fact, a Fellow of King's. One might, one would, one did, see him in the street. Rapture! Impossible not to cherish a secret wish, especially when the ex-Trinity man, an army friend, who had revealed Mr Forster's address to me, had also commented lightly that a friend of *his*, a Kingsman, never passed down King's Parade without, if he had a companion, nodding up at a certain window and saying "Those are Morgan's rooms". I myself, of course, if dreams came true, would never do anything so vulgar as to boast of Mr Foster's acquaintance: the point was to have it. The thing could be done: why not? This essay hopes to explain why not.

Christmas 1956 was marked by a special present. Irene Clephane, with that extraordinary sympathy which she shows on such occasions, divined that I would be enchanted with a present of *Marianne Thornton,* then just out; and she went further—she got him to sign the title page. More rapture. Of course I knew that it had been done to please Irene, not me; but it did please me. And somehow about this time my secret hope was divined by our next door neighbour, Fritz Ursell, a Fellow of King's. He and his mother had lived at 4 Belvoir Terrace even longer than the Brogans had lived at 5, and were the senior denizens of that tall row of grey houses. The Ursells had always been very kind, and now Fritz was to crown his kindness. I doubt if I ever thanked him anything like enough. He would arrange my first meeting with Mr Forster. On 28 February 1957 there would be a small after-dinner party at No. 4, to which I, as well as my hero, would be bidden.

I had the good sense to write the occasion up afterwards, and reproduce the narrative exactly as I wrote it. At least, I omit the first paragraph, which is both unnecessary and blush-making ("I skipped a bit as I went along to 4 BT"); include the second, for it will help the reader to understand the sort of young man I was; and add one explanatory footnote.

> "I got Fritz Ursell's note this morning, and my first impulse was, oh dear, what a pity, I would love to of course but I *must* go to "Share My Lettuce"[1] and there ceased, I'd made up my mind and that was that. But David soon shook me to sense—to let a chance of meeting the author of "A Passage To India" slip in favour of an undergraduate frolic! How could I contemplate it? How indeed, I agreed. He pressed me till I was sure I was going to 4 BT,

[1]Bamber Gascoigne's revue, which, beginning as an "undergraduate frolic" at Cambridge, went on to succeed in the West End. The reader who dislikes loose ends will like to be told that I saw it later on in the week, at a matinée.

and put me into decent clothes and sent me off punctually. I am a little ashamed that I needed any prompting. David has a much livelier sense of occasion than I. Irritating—I missed my cue, a thing always to be ashamed of.

Anyway I arrived at 4 BT. Fritz answered the bell. "The guest of honour has not yet arrived." We went upstairs after I'd taken off my coat, and I found the rest of the company assembled, including Marion Bascoe, looking even more charming than usual; Dr and Mrs Smithies; an undergraduate, and a woman I don't know. We chatted a little. An imperious prolonged ring at the doorbell. Mrs Ursell flies out. A loud laughing noise, heavy steps on the stairs, knocking. "Come in" says Fritz almost inaudibly. After an indecisive pause the door opens and Mr F. comes and stands blinking at us as we rise. Unmistakably it is Mr Forster. The gently mulish expression, the spectacles, the moustache, the tilted head—just like his photographs. But I wasn't prepared for his colour—his face is rather red and his hair is dark grey; the bald spot, which must have been there forever, looks very late-fortyish, an early sign of increasing years, not the impression you'd expect to receive from a man in his late seventies; and he was much bigger and bulkier than I'd expected, no Hercules but no mouse either: bigger and stronger than I am (granted that's not saying anything). He stood oddly, as if he were a wrestler waiting to wade in, or an ape, or a captain on his quarterdeck surveying the ship—I can't approach it. Anyway it didn't seem very graceful or co-ordinated. He sat down in a big armchair between Marion and me and, everytime I said anything, turned squarely to the right and stared at me as if he expected me to say something brilliant. Had I really been going to, this would have been flattering; as it was I was disconcerted, and my remarks came out even more doughily than would otherwise have been the case. I didn't say much, I think, and found it easier, when I did speak, to look at the others.

He chatted amiably, Fritz saw to it that the conversation didn't sag (I admired him for this), we ranged over a variety of small topics. Marion was at her glowing best, and I could see Mr F. quite took to her. He told a story about lifts (*everyone* had a lift-story) which I reproduce in his own words as best I can.

"Lifts—I remember, many years ago, my mother and I were in Rome. And the lift at the pension was worked by—by *water*. At about four o'clock it would be full of the hungry English going up for their tea. One day it stuck when their chins" (a little cutting movement of his hand to his own neck) "were just above floor level. They could see the good things spread out. At last they were fed through the ironwork".

He laughed delightedly, immoderately pleased at the comical story and the pleasure we took in it. His laugh is curious—the genuine Bloomsbury laugh on which Sir Osbert Sitwell commented in "Laughter In The Next Room", a deep loud, roaring chuckle at first, then a gasping pause, then a high, insane shriek of mirth and the face flushing very dark while the whole body shakes.

Someone said how he got stuck in the lift at the University Library once and had to shout for help.

EMF (interested): Ah, ah, did you roar or *shriek?*

Undergraduate (rather embarrassed): I just shouted.

EMF: Ah I see. Begin with a roar, then shriek, that's what most people do.

There were two openings for compliments which I would dearly have loved to make, but felt wouldn't do:—what books to take on foreign holidays (obviously "A Room With A View" to Florence) and books on Greece ("what a pity you never took us there, Mr Forster") etc.

He left relatively early. "Work to do—not very good work, but it must be done." He bowed to each of us in turn, as he had when he came in (I got the last, therefore the most



perfunctory bow) and disappeared, and we consciously carried on talking as if just another guest had left. He had been himself, exactly what I expected, indubitably Mr Forster. . . ."

So far, so good. Maturity can see that the next thing to do was to invite Mr Forster to tea. At worst he would have said no; at best, dreams would have come true. Such an idea never crossed my mind. I was still shy, and socially inexperienced, but the real difficulty was that I never asked myself exactly how to achieve what I wanted. Fritz Ursell's invitation had been a great stroke of luck; instead of building on it, I vaguely waited for another—perhaps admission to an undergraduate circle of which Mr Forster was also a member. . . .it was a passive and feeble state of mind, and had its just reward: I didn't speak to E.M. Forster again for two years.

I saw him often enough. Cap, stick, overcoat, muffler, spectacles and moustache, he was a familiar figure on the Cambridge street, at which one gazed with reverence. Sometimes the gaze was disconcertingly returned. For example, there was the time a friend of mine, a Kingsman, was shifting his belongings from lodgings in Silver Street to the college. I helped him load up a flat green trolley, and on one of its empty journeys down Queens' Lane rode standing upon the vehicle, trying to look reckless, gallant and young—showing off, in fact. Suddenly there was Mr Forster, gazing at the scene with every sign of keen interest. Self-consciousness overcame me in a flash: I felt he had seen through my ridiculous posing.

Much worse was a May Week party at Newnham my third year. I had recently bought a charming pair of lightweight pyjamas, salmon-pink in colour with black piping bordering the jacket. It came to me that I had always wanted to go to a party in pyjamas, and here was the suit to wear. I also had a big straw hat bought at Narbonne the previous summer and a carved Chinese walking-stick (rather too short for me) that belonged to my family. Thus attired, off I went. (The only excuse I can make is that all young people like dressing-up—see the King's Road, Chelsea, any Saturday—and my pre-Carnaby generation had few chances for flamboyance). As I crossed the lawn to the party I became aware that my approach was being studied by Mr Forster on the edge of the group. I sidled into it on the far side, and kept well away from him till all was over.

These anecdotes are of course more revealing about me than about E. M. Forster. But they do, I think, illustrate how much of a touchstone he could be—a touchstone of the genuine. His mere presence caused folly to know itself and collapse. After that party I kept my pyjamas for sleeping in.

A year or two later I was purging my sins as a journalist in London, but still coming down to Cambridge at weekends. And there I again met E. M. Forster properly, at dinner *chez* Sebastian and Mary Halliday, who lived in a little white house in Warkworth Street whose door I had helped to paint. Sebastian, a Kingsman, knew, I think, of my cult of Forster; I think I even told him of the earlier encounters; anyway, there we all were, one winter evening, having dinner, just the four of us and a cat.

I was disappointed. He had definitely aged in the four or five years since our first meeting. He did not talk much, but the presence of such a listener damped my determination to make amends for past feebleness and, this time, to capture the castle. So conversation was very low-keyed. I remember we discussed CND and Bertrand Russell's group, which was just splitting off and planning a demonstration against an American air-base in East Anglia. The demonstration was a muddy one, I seem to remember, and led to arrests and charges at Swaffham. I disapproved of these antics, on the ground that they would achieve nothing. Mr Forster was not so sure. He had seen women get the vote, and of course everyone said it was because of their war-work, but he was inclined to think it was because of the suffragettes.

So now—we might achieve unilateral nuclear disarmament, but no-one would ever give the demonstrators the credit they deserved.

After dinner he sat in a tall chair in the corner playing with the cat (perhaps it was a kitten) with great glee; and then it was time to go. Coated and capped, he had to wait in the hall for the car or taxi that was to take him back to King's, and I desperately mustered my courage for a last bid. "There's one question I *must* ask you—may I?" He changed instantly, becoming as keen as when playing with puss, and looked at me very bright and sharp, saying "Do—but I don't promise to answer it." "Why were you so dreadfully cruel to Rickie in *The Longest Journey?*" I asked this because, among much I wanted to understand, was his fondness for what I still think the weakest of his novels; and I had a theory that Rickie was himself, and that his attitude to himself explained both the weakness of the book and his attitude to it. But his answer surprised me as much as my question clearly surprised him (I don't know what he thought I would ask). "Was I? was I? No, I don't think so. He wouldn't face facts. He got what he deserved." When reading his books now I listen for that note of gentle ruthlessness. There was nothing flabby about Mr Forster's liberalism.

Eventually I was elected a Research Fellow of St John's, and took up residence in the spring of 1964. I soon acquired one of the most agreeable habits that donship at Cambridge makes possible: dropping into the University Combination Room for afternoon tea. This vast room in the Old Schools, mingling mediaeval, Tudor and eighteenth-century motifs, well filled with armchairs, low tables, periodicals and sofas, full of light on all but the darkest winter days, is one of the pleasantest places in Cambridge, and I was pleased to find that Mr Forster thought so too. He was at least as regular a visitor as I, and one day we arrived simultaneously at the counter (rather unsightly) where one orders one's tea. How I did it I can't remember, but I got into conversation with him, and persuaded him to let me buy him his tea. It would be something to tell my grandchildren. He laughed at this, and we sat down together, where he promptly signed me up for the Cambridge Preservation Society, of which I have been a strong, and occasionally active, supporter ever since. I thought it very businesslike of him to catch this opportunity on the wing.

It was 11 November, and we talked of Poppy Day. Undergraduates were already agitating against this institution—Cambridge's only genuine carnival—and have since replaced it by a Rag Day of the conventional kind, which takes place, not in our kindly autumn, but in our freezing February, to the dissastisfaction of all except the most devoted. I suppose I said something in support of the old ways, for Mr Forster said that, according to his bedmaker, old people greatly disliked Poppy Day because of the memories it brought back, particularly of the dead. HB: I'd never have thought of that". EMF: "Neither would I."

Beginning again? Was it not about this time that I found myself talking to him at a party in King's, where he recommended Thomas Mann's *Joseph And His Brethren?* "A remarkable book. An old man turns into a sheep." (To my shame I must confess that I have still not followed this up—but I am sure to do so, one day). At any rate it was not long afterwards that I and a friend went to the Arts Theatre, and my seat was, as it proved, next to that of Mr Forster. I was now quite bold, and greeted him as an old acquaintance, and we chatted amiably about nothing for some time. Then he said, "Excuse me—do I know you?" It was too much. I can no longer remember the play, or my companion, or what happened next. I shrank back into my shell, never to emerge again. I was not really comforted by the news from someone who had really known him well that he was now forgetful with most people. I admitted defeat at last, and for the rest of his days regarded him only from a distance, as a venerable figure except, of course, when, as frequently happened, I took up one of his books, and found my library friend waiting for me, as wise, friendly and enchanting as ever.

HUGH BROGAN



# Play

—"A little water clears us of this deed."

Mask on mask only
This touch. Only when we are
Not ourselves, when our
Faces are gone, when we're quite
Other, may our two hands take

Hold. Hands that apart
Have known our secret moments
(For hands know us best)
All our unspoken frailness
And solitary strength found

Out, hands that have touched
So much of us. But these are
Not our hands now and
Their coming together this
Winding of the long fingers

Is not the fearful
Twining it is, the mask is
On, and if we press
Palms, or slide into the soft
Fleshed arch here between fingers

We do not feel the
Mingling of all knowledge in
Our grasp—Oh to come
Once behind these fashioned eyes
Lay mask on mask aside—how

Naked were we then—
To look with each other's eyes
Know these hands for ours
And feel what the close binding
Of this touch between us holds.

ANTHONY FULLWOOD

# Revolutionary Tales, No. 7

VOROOMTHA BELLSTOY's eyes were fierce slits. He placed one foot on the cobbles, readjusted his glasses—the right lens was smashed—and then walked steadily towards the middle of the square. For a split second he thought with pride of the words which the chairman of the Urkomsk Revolutionary People's Extirpation Committee had used; the Chairman of U.R.P.E.C. didn't mince words. The rest of the second was used by Bellstoy to stub out his cigarette against those worn leather gloves that had been with him ever since the General Directive of 1953. Bellstoy never wasted time. A minute could be weighed in terms of the number of parts that came off a production line. An hour and ten more warheads would be assembled ready for the people's fight against the Revisionists in Occupied Territory.

Now he was standing against the People's Revolutionary Fountain in the centre of the square. Looking twice about him—to the left and then to the right—he took out his packet of 20 Komintern Untipped and placed the unused half of his cigarette back inside carefully. Then he smiled grimly at the warning which the packet displayed: BEWARE—SMOKING CAN DAMAGE THE PEOPLE'S REVOLUTIONARY ZEAL. Of course, he was above such dangers. Only last week the Cultural People's Working Leisure Committee had awarded him the highest accolade which Group J Reformatory Officials could hope to attain: a coupon which entitled him to 53 cigarettes a week. That was three more than even the Secretary, Glumushkin, had awarded himself. Again Bellstoy smiled, a rare luxury for one who was totally committed to the fight against the State's vile imperialist past. He imagined the repulsive beauty of the royal carriage, cheered on all sides by a tragically misinformed proletariat. He recalled the three Folio editions of the State's collaborationist bard which had made such a merry blaze in the dormitory grate. And then those absurd law courts, deluded by mirages of justice—mere élitist escapism! "You serve the Party tooth and nail. You are an abrasive thinker—in short, you are not swayed by the apparition of reason." These were the words which Chairman Krapvitch of U.R.P.E.C. had used.

And it was true. It was Bellstoy who had been in the front line for the whole war, serving out ample helpings of skilly to the People's Army as they came in at night. It was Bellstoy who had been given the Revolutionary Medal of Honour for maintaining cultural zeal among the People's Privates. No comrade had ever received food until he laid himself prostrate in the mud beneath the Party Leader's portrait. Then Bellstoy frowned sadly: if only he had known at that time that the Party Leader was to be condemned as a para-Bourgeois Revisionist. Never mind. He had come sixteenth in the competition to decide how the Party Leader was to be exterminated. The prize, a brass monkey (signed under extreme duress by the ex-Party Leader during his three day execution) hung from his dormitory bed even now.

Bellstoy filled his lungs with air—good, the People's Crematorium must be working weekends now—turned round and stared at the fountain. It had not worked since one month after the opening ceremony, when Bellstoy had submitted that a fountain symbolised the unnecessary waste excretions of metabolistic capitalism. Suddenly his alert body was tensed as some sixth sense told him that somewhere, something must be beginning to happen. A bullet zinged past him and chipped a piece of stone out of the fountain spout. Now Bellstoy's features really set in grim determination—nobody would live to boast such a vile deed. He leapt back across the square in eight bounds (eight was the number of members in the Central Party Praesidium) and found his twin carburettor ten cylinder tractor just where he had left it. He strapped on his safety belt and with a burst of exhaust he was away, changing smoothly up through the five gears. Five had been the number executed during the last Praesidium reshuffle: he made a quick mental note that he must rid himself of the tractor as soon as possible. A few minutes later, and Borzoi, his tractor, was clear of the town. A few minutes more, and he could see his assailant running towards a helicopter bearing the Revisionist's colours, the blades



whirling. Without looking round, Bellstoy's left hand uneasily fingered the two weapons beside him, and finally chose the sickle. There was no time to lose. Bellstoy's eyes were fierce slits. Leaving the tractor aimed carefully at an unploughed field he ran unrestrainedly at the helicopter and with one last effort hurled his sickle at the blades of the machine, which was now some thirty feet into the air. His missile unerringly found its mark.

As the helicopter exploded Bellstoy lent on a wooden gate and lit the other half of his cigarette. Then he walked forward a few paces to warm himself before the blaze. The weather was cold for the time of year, he reflected.



This tale is one of thirteen which together won their author, Nottarfa Corka, the highest literary award which his state has to offer, the Burli-Insensitiva Prize of 1972. It has here been secured advance publication and will be shortly available as a Beavercrook Paperback, price 4 guineas. The volume goes by the title, *Voyage of the Eagle,* the eagle being traditionally emblematic of the regenerative power which constant cultural turmoil imparts. It was tragic that Corka should have been run over at such a early age by one of the very steamrollers he had immortalised in his own fiction. His admirers' illusions must have been shattered. Nevertheless the action he describes, though sometimes criticised for its lack of credibility, is more than compromised by its close and moving psychological realism.

Ernst Lemingway, translated by VIVIAN BAZALGETTE

# Murder—A Note

SINCE writing about the murder committed in St John's in March 1745 and implicitly condemning John Brinkely to be hanged I have been forced to revise judgement and enter a plea for not guilty—just as the Cambridge jury did.

I showed the accounts of Ashton's death to Dr D. F. Barrowcliff, a Home Office Pathologist, and was given an expert opinion. He stressed first the difficulties of making an exact diagnosis without knowing the exact position of the body and its relation to the bed, and this can never be known. But he than made the following points:

1. there was no blood in the bed as there undoubtedly would have been had a struggle taken place.
2. the amounts of blood in the room and soiling Brinkley's clothes are easily explicable. If he had been hanging head down from the bed in a drunken state he could have bled to death from even a small wound without being able to help himself. Also, a relatively small amount of blood can apparently create a very extensive appearance.
3. it is almost impossible to say what has caused a wound in the neck, where the tissue is soft and easily distortable. The fragments of pottery on the floor could certainly have caused such a wound as the evidence describes.
4. in his opinion the differing accounts given by Brinkley of the murder night were by no means incompatible.

He concluded that for these reasons, and also because of the apparent improbability of the story, Brinkley was as innocent as he claimed.

I must apologize to Brinkley's shade for the wrong I did him in the last issue of the *Eagle*.

GRAHAM HARDING

# Item

the green ice
that fell—a whole
pound of it—
into a garden
in Addlestone

(tearing off
a branch of a tree)

when analysed,
was found to be
frozen urine

(released at a high
altitude)

there was little chance
Of finding the culprit,
said the police.

JOHN ELSBERG

# Conceit

if I were a gold
mine
then you
would come
exciting and expectant searching
into my eyes
to find
the greater source forever
extending
the precious veins
until they took us
deep enough
into first things
that we could spend
our gains

JOHN ELSBERG



# The Mystic

Words make their clumsy approach to these eyes
That light us by turn it seems, blue then grey;
Fumbling, our unremarkable eyes lay
Sounds about your form like so much surmise.
From the fall of hair we may realise
The white nape's curve, from a simple dress, day
Waiting in flat folds; but how do we weigh
This passionate lovelessness that denies
Us our being? My eyes must see you as
Lifting, they mark the roundness of that hill,
The whiteness of that stone caught in the sun.
Eyes' light is darkness when your own surpass
The limits of dream, and to watch them fill
Deep with new colour is blank deception.

ANTHONY FULLWOOD

# Autumn Sacrifice

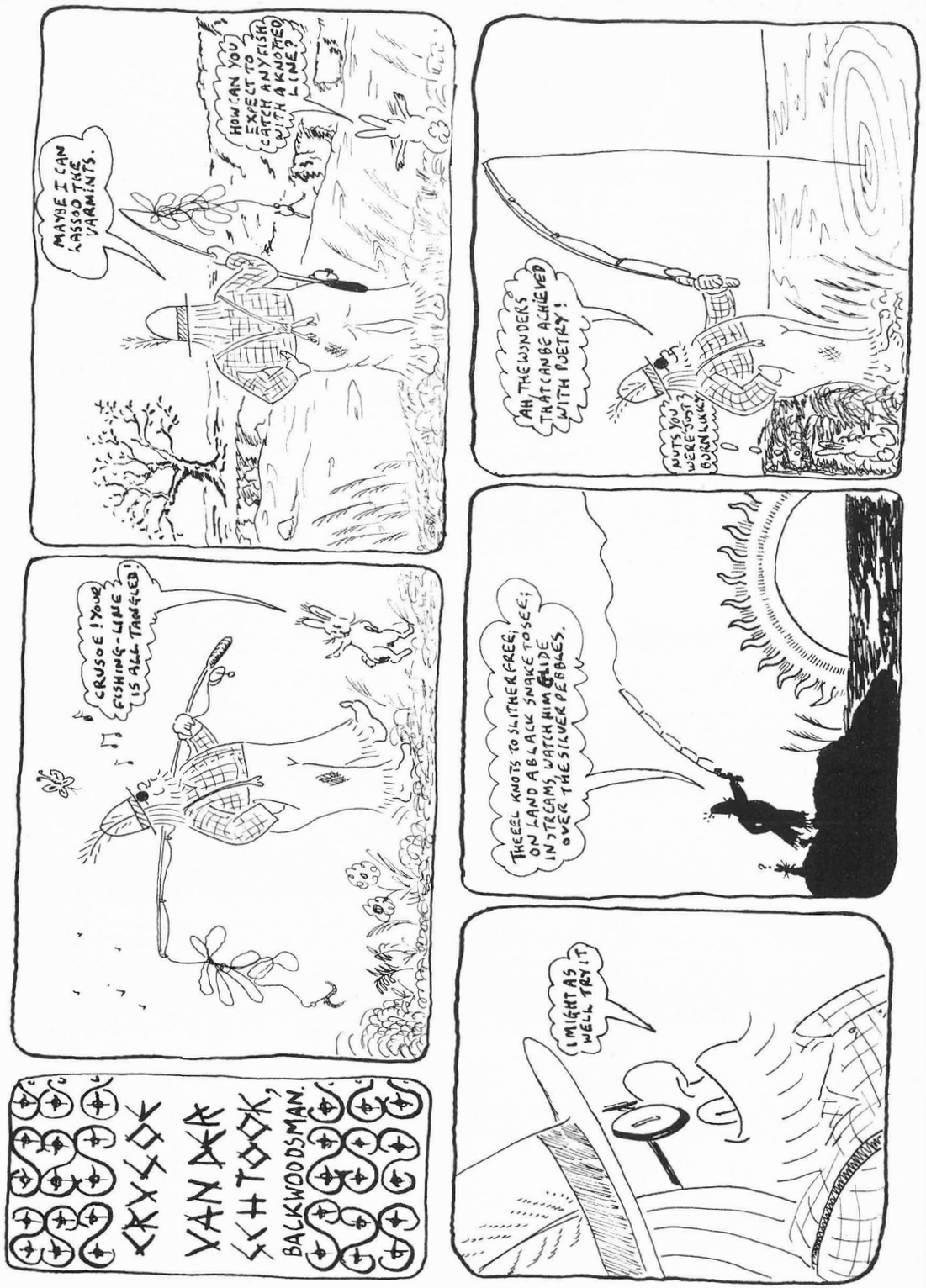
Wind that rattles the window at night
Shreds the pale skirts of morning light,
First leaves snatch and catch at our feet—
Keep close to the wall past the corners of streets.

A dark time is coming, only this guard
On one beautiful care sustains hope in sight.
The spine melts for her, our terrible secret:
But not our part to touch this blood to red.

('Produce, produce,' cry the old men—
We turn up our collars and hurry on—
Still they call: 'Produce or you're dead.'
But the sand's been too many years in the bed.)

And our child of summer, she only smiles
And says she's not a serious person,
While all about her golden head
Louder and louder beat the harvest bells.

ANTHONY FULLWOOD






# What this Magazine Needs is a Better College

"What this College needs is a better magazine. Undeniably. But what this magazine needs is, lets face it.....".

So concluded the Editor in last term's *Eagle*. And there are many of us who would echo his implication, and the sentiments he expressed in the body of his editorial article. They are words which ring very true to those of us who have tried in vain to awaken the corporate identity of the College in projects such as the 'Arts Lab', the Magazine Society, or the College Disco; or who have sought, with the Editor, for the 'Spirit of the College' and found only the transient booze-instilled spirit of the bar, or the spirit of loneliness, the depression of the man whose friendships have failed him. It is true that most of those of us now reaching the end of our time at College will look back on this period in years to come and remember with pleasure the frequent enjoyment of good company, and the satisfaction of a full life. But for many the view will be clouded by memories of times of loneliness or emptiness; and most of us will be able to count the real friendships forged here on the fingers of two hands. Where did the other six hundred pass us by?

"But it would never be possible to know everyone", I hear you say. "The College is too large". Of course, but that does not excuse the other extreme. Our college 'community' is visibly fragmented into small 'cliques' whose social existence would in many cases scarcely be affected if the remainder of the College were to drown in the Cam overnight. Some may claim to like it that way. Yet for them the 'College', having channeled them into their own narrow slot, has now become no more than the sum of the inanimate amenities which it provides. Surely a college has greater potential than this.

But I hear voices from across Grange Road. "What about the 'spirit 'of the playing fields? Is this not a spirit which binds us together?" No one can deny its existence. It flows frequently back to the bar, and rampages vociferously through the courts after closing time. But is this the true Spirit of the College", or just the spirit of the team? Is there elation in the Hockey Club when the First Boat win their oars? Are there celebrations in the Boat-house when the Lady Margaret Players play to packed houses in Pythagoras? Is there any corporate identity which would work to fuse the common latent talents of individual members of, say, Rugby Club and Christian Union in some totally new project?—or are such ventures as the Arts Lab. doomed always to fail through lack of support, for want of a means of prising out the right people from their deep entrenchment in their own little ruts.

Perhaps you think I am moralising. Isn't the whole concept of a 'college spirit' a little 'public school' and Victorian? I beg to differ. I am not advocating the kind of *enforcement* of a sense of pride and common identity which so many of us remember from our school days. I am not suggesting the introduction of compulsory touchline attendance for Cupper's finals. What I am bemoaning is the lack of a *voluntary* desire amongst members of the College to identify with the rest of the College community; the lack of a self-instilled 'spirit' which would catalyse the development of a fuller, more varied, and more worthwhile college life for all of us.

But perhaps I should come down off my cloud and relate to specific matters which have concerned me personally during my time at College. The topical or perennial 'issues' of J.C.R. politics like the Open Union, Co-residence, Kitchen Charges and Guest Hours. It might well be asked for instance why, if the College is too large to be a cohesive social unit, there should be pressure from Open Union advocates for a move away from the College towards that even larger unit, the University. Is there something wrong with our fellow Johnians which leads us to expect better social relationships from an Open Union? The answer I submit is "yes", and the reason blatantly obvious—we are all male. The chances of

forming a self-contained and really cohesive all-male community are not much greater than the chances of forming a large stable atomic nucleus out of all protons and no neutrons (—yes, even sexist natural scientists can write for the *Eagle!*). Of course there are pressures to get out—pressures to find female social contacts outside the college through University clubs and societies. It is unfortunate, but true, that these pressures inevitably detract from the potential for forming corresponding societies, and for maintaining a full and varied social calendar, within the College itself. The problem with most University societies is that deep involvement implies almost total and exclusive commitment, while fringe involvement brings few social benefits. I have often thought it would be preferable to develop a more comprehensive system of societies, clubs and ad hoc activities here within the College. One could then dabble, first in one pursuit and then in another, adding variety to college life, meeting new friends, yet continually developing older friendships with those met first in different groupings and different circumstances—in short a recipe for the breakdown of 'cliques' and the development of a more self contained, more cohesive college community—but the first vital ingredient is co-residence.

Kitchen charges occupied hours of time on the J.C.R. Committee before the new cafeteria blunted the grievance. Much of the debate was between those dons who wanted to keep up flagging attendances at Hall for the sake of the corporate spirit of the college community, and those who were more interested in the economics of running the Kitchens to break even. Either way, the fixed charge stayed and *we* got the worst of the argument. We put forward the principle that if the Kitchens were to be run as a commercial enterprise then we should all have the choice of opting out completely and taking our custom elsewhere; and conversely, if the Kitchens were to be run on a 'community' basis, where all shared in their shortcomings, then we, as members of the community should have a generous say in just how they were run. But the College Council were not persuaded; and the outcome was just another impotent consultative committee. I believe there is a moral here for those dons who wish to safeguard the college community. Communal eating itself can be enforced by regulation, or as at present, by the economic compulsion of a high fixed charge, but I fear it will never be possible to instil by compulsion that true corporate spirit which would manifest itself in a genuine and voluntary desire amongst members of the College to eat together, in the absence of such artificial economic inducements.

The idea that all the members of the college community should have a say in the running of a truly communal eating system is not irrelevant here. It seems to me that the more our college community is run *for* us rather than *by* us then the less we shall feel an important and integral part of it. Conversely, the greater the corporate responsibility we are able to take in the day to day government of the community then the greater will be our sense of corporate identity. This I believe is true regardless of whether or not the College is at present run for us in a way of which we approve. Yet there are individual instances in which the College is run at present in a way of which it is well known we do not approve, and I would suggest that here lies the source of even greater damage to the 'Spirit of the College'. Take Guest Hours, for example. Furthering the comparison made earlier between public school 'spirit' and college 'spirit' we might liken this attempt to impose common standards of behaviour upon members of the college community to the attempt to impose common standards of appearance upon older school children through the medium of a compulsory school uniform. In both cases outward conformity is maintained while inward attitudes in general remain unchanged. The presence of the uniform, or of the guest restrictions serves constantly to remind the pupil and the student that he is a member of a community. However, far from leading him to accept in principle the common standards which the uniform or guest restrictions imply, the pupil



or student who inwardly rejects these standards is far more likely to be led by this constant reminder to reject also his identity with the community.

I have advocated a stronger college community, and a greater sense of corporate college identity. I have suggested, as prerequisites to this, a radical change in the membership of the community—co-residence—, and a radical change in the government of the community—greater student participation. It seems sad that those dons who speak loudest to defend the value of a strong community, and who seek most diligently to preserve the 'Spirit of the College', such as it is, should in general also be those dons least disposed towards the acceptance of radical change.

MARTIN HORE

# An Article of the Past

IN AN old part of the College, at the back of a cupboard, a dust-covered article (bedroom, College ware, Fellows for the use of, one) has just come to light. This is of pre-1939 date and the last of its very long line—a fine specimen of its kind with a white body, large, vermilion-rimmed and handled.

In order that it may be preserved for posterity, it has been taken into the care of the Library. On hearing of this, a Classical Fellow produced an impromptu couplet in its honour, and the Senior Editor, whose decision shall be final, offers two prizes, each of six bottles of good wine, for versions from Members of the College. One prize will be awarded for the best entry in English verse, and the translation can be very free. The other prize will be awarded for an entry in Latin verse on the same general subject as the original couplet printed below.

Entries should reach the Senior Editor of *The Eagle* not later than 10 October 1973. In reaching his decision the Senior Editor will have advisers, but his decision shall be final.

O fortunatam longa utilitate matellam!
nunc erit in tuto nobile πραγμα loco.
(O Pot, happy in long use! now it will be a
prized object in a safe place).

# Correspondence

St John's College
Cambridge
26 March 1973

To the College Council

Sirs,

I have recently been startled to see that the statue of Lady Margaret in First Court had had her surrounds daubled in a sky-blue gloss paint. Although the dial she replaced and the stonework of the portal beneath would have been painted, I had always imagined our most illustrious Benefactress without cosmetics. Certainly there is no record of any embellishment when the figure was erected in 1674.

I am curious to know what is the historical witness to the monument being anything other than virgin stone?

Is it the intention of the Council that the statue, for so long naked, should be coated in the uniform of our plastic age? Has the Council suddenly been struck by some intrinsic attraction in novelty? The colour leads one to suspect either a vulgar affirmation of loyalty to the University or an equally tasteless assertion of faith in the Tory Party.

Even if the College authorities are not above such things, surely our Foundress is?

Yours faithfully,

Acolyte to Bishop Fisher

The Bursary
St John's College
Cambridge
20 April 1973

Dear Acolyte,

Thank you for your letter of 26 March concerning the statue of the Lady Margaret in the First Court, which I communicated to the Council at its meeting yesterday. While the Council was sympathetic to deeply held aesthetic beliefs and glad to take note of them, it felt that such beliefs were very much a matter of personal opinion and that it should itself take no action in the matter beyond communicating the contents of your letter to the Junior Bursar.

Yours sincerely,

Secretary to the Council

I repose myself in silentio, et in spe. Acol. Fish. †



# Obituary

**Louis Seymour Bazett LEAKEY**

Louis Leakey was born at Kabete, Kenya on the 7 August 1903, the son of Canon Leakey of the Church Missionary Society in Kenya. He died in London on the 1st October, 1972. He was brought up with the native Kikuyu, as he records in the first volume of his autobiography, *White African* (1937). After school at Weymouth College he came up to St. Johns, first reading Part I of the Modern and Mediaeval Languages Tripos (in French and Kikuyu), and then the Archaeological and Anthropological Tripos. He took his Ph.D in African prehistory, became a Research Fellow of the College, and in 1966 was made an Honorary Fellow. He spent the greater part of his working life working in Kenya, first as Curator of the Coryndon Memorial Museum in Nairobi and later as Honorary Director of the National Centre of Prehistory and Palaeontology in Nairobi. He founded the Pan-African Congress on Prehistory of which he was general secretary from 1947–51 and President from 1955–59.

His work revolutionised our knowledge of African prehistory and his discoveries of early hominids completely changed the picture of the evolution of early man. Charles Darwin had speculated that Africa might be the continent where man had come into existence; and Leakey's fieldwork seems to have shown this guess to have been very sound.

His early discoveries are published in *The Stone Age Cultures of Kenya* (1931), *The Stone-Age Races of Kenya* (1935) and *Stone-Age Africa* (1936). From 1959 onwards he and his wife Mary and their sons worked on the now famous site of Olduvai where were found the first remains of a hominid named *Homo habilis* dated by the potassium/argon method to 1.7 million years ago, and the skull of one of the makers of the Acheulian culture which he named *Homo erectus*. It is true to say that no man has hitherto made more contributions to the direct discovery of early man and his ancient culture.

Honours were showered on him: the Cuthbert Peek prize of the Royal Geographical Society, the Rivers Memorial Medal of the Royal Anthropological Institute, the Viking Medal of the Wenner-Gren Foundation and the Prestwich Medal of the Geological Society of London. He received honorary degrees in the Universities of Oxford, California, East Africa and Guelph. He was an Honorary Life member of the New York Academy of Science, and was made a Fellow of the British Academy in 1958. The Kenya authorities are setting up at Nairobi a special museum and research institute and it is to be called 'The Louis Leakey Memorial Institute for African Prehistory'. The decision to call it this was described in 1972 by Professor T. R. Odhiambo, Chairman of the Museum Trustees, as 'a humble tribute to a person who was undoubtedly one of the great men of this century'.

Louis Leakey was a man of very wide interests and a great lover of animals, both domestic and wild. He was an enthusiastic and inspiring teacher and himself a most accomplished flint-knapper. His three-volume anthropological study of the Kikuyu is being printed now. A controversialist working in so many fields, he attracted many enemies as he did many friends. He never paused to regard his own remarkable career with its astonishing discoveries: he never thought of himself as a great man. He was always modest and sensible regarding his work as a matter of perserverance and luck. But it was the result of complete dedication, great hard work, unflagging energy and the highest sense of purpose.

GLYN DANIEL

# Reviews

## LADY MARGARET PLAYERS, WITH THE HIBERNIAN SOCIETY

Short rituals go well in Pythagoras, whose stone shivers at the stamp of pageant. Audiences were doubtless drawn to see Irishmen produce some of the classic statements of the Irish situation; and may have learned more of the elements of Irish life and imagination than from any documentary.

The *Playboy* riots proved just how deeply Synge's drama reverberates. His *Shadow of the Glen* sounded the evening on a note of farcical tragedy. The play grows round Nora's emancipation, and is impelled by the grotesque theatrical actions of Dan Burke; in the last minutes every thrust of humour and stab between Nora and Dan, each lyrical evocation and pathetic gesture needs to be controlled from line to line, movement by movement as they pull on the whole play. Unable to achieve this, the actors resorted to cruder gestures and understressed the lines. Fortunately Synge's rhythms withstood the English pounding and good humour reigned.

*Riders to the Sea* is mood indigo and the director had concentrated on shifting tempi—a minute one way or the other reinterprets the whole play. Moira (Jane Gingell) had the right mastery of movement and voice to establish the tone and pace. The same realistic set was used as for *Shadow* but of course white boards, the black dresses, candles, keening and sea-soughing are peculiarly suggestive. The production animated words—"Give me the holy water" or "Barbley will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely". Begorrah.

The Yeats counterpointed the two Synge, different in style, of a different culture, and even more dependent on language. Crescendos and diminuendos of speech and body action, finally beaten to the drum, were better controlled than the formal movements and lighting switches. Perhaps some backdrop would have helped to concentrate the power of word and gesture in *Full Moon in March*.

*Purgatory* is probably the better play and here the tree stump and sheet of muslin and bare walls of Pythagoras grew into the drama. The Old Man's voice reached gruffly out of memory; the melodrama of the crude movements, the visions, the climax gave back his thoughts.

The production made a considerable profit which is a sure sign of its worth in a competitive community, and a step to self-sufficiency.

N.C.



*ARISTOTLE*, John Ferguson, Twayne's World Authors Series, New York 1972.

Professor Ferguson was for many years Professor of Classics at the University of Ibadan in Nigeria. After some years at the University of Minnesota he is back in this country as Dean and Director of Studies in Arts at the Open University. Readers of the *Eagle* will already know from the wide range of his writings that he is peripatetic intellectually as well as literally. He has published articles or books on theology, tragedy, history of ideas, international affairs and Greek and Latin literature. His other interests include music, modern literature, philosophy and the sciences.

Aristotle, the original peripatetic philosopher, is a theme to match this range of talent and interest. The book is dedicated to the memory of C. F. Angus of Trinity Hall, teacher of John Ferguson and of many other Johnians of his and neighbouring generations. The approach is accordingly in the tradition of "Group B": historical, expository and scholarly rather than philosophical, analytical and critical. For its avowed purpose of introducing students and general readers to Aristotle's ideas and writings the book is well fitted. It is like other introductions where to be unlike them would be to be misleading and unsound. There is not much scope for originality in the drawing of outline maps. But Professor Ferguson is right to claim that his book is unusually comprehensive, and in particular that his chapter on the biological works gives a usefully generous coverage to parts of Aristotle's writings that tend to be skimped or overlooked in introductory books. It is fair to say in defence of other authors (and this means also in self-defence) that the biology, like some parts of the logic, is of almost purely antiquarian interest. Most of those who read Aristotle now, whether in Greek or in some other language, are concerned with his contributions to the discussion of questions that are still discussed: those issues in ethics, politics, theology, aesthetics, epistemology and metaphysics on which an old book can be out of date only if it was not worth reading or writing in the first place.

RENFORD BAMBROUGH

*THE PLACE OF SUFFERING*, John Ferguson, James Clarke & Co., Ltd: Cambridge and London, 1972. £1·75;

*SERMONS OF A LAYMAN*, London, Epworth Press, 1972. 90p.

Much of Mr Ferguson's book on suffering is devoted to a series of brief descriptions, well illustrated with quotations, of attitudes to the problem in ancient literatures: texts from Mesopotamia and Egypt (he does not say whose translations he has used), and elsewhere in the Near East; the writings of Greeks and Romans; the Old Testament, and early rabbinical works; and the New Testament. He also considers what some modern Jewish writers have said about the sufferings of their people, and discusses Christian martyrs in the early church and in the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries, and finally Martin Luther King. The last chapter summarizes Mr Ferguson's own view of suffering. He sees it as a problem in a good world which God has created and in which God's creatures have freedom. Whatever the reasons for suffering may be, it can make those who suffer more sensitive to other people, and can help them to influence others for good, as violence cannot. Christ shares our suffering, and Mr Ferguson rejects the doctrine of divine impossibility.

It is not surprising that a book covering so wide a field contains some questionable opinions (such as the judgement passed on pp. 69–71 on the book of Job, which Mr Ferguson seems to me to have failed to understand). Yet Mr Ferguson's study of the ways in which suffering has been viewed by men over a period of several thousand years, and his suggested interpretation of part of its meaning are impressive and moving.

Mr Ferguson is a preacher as well as a writer and a scholar, and his *Sermons of a Layman* are dedicated to the Choir of the Chapel of the Resurrection of the University of Ibadan, in which many of them were delivered while he was Professor of Classics there. Like his book on suffering, they reveal an interest in the biblical roots of Christianity and also in its application to life to-day. Both books are excellent examples of how it is possible to write, and speak, about theological and religious questions, clearly, in English that is good and free from jargon.

J. A. EMERTON

*TOCQUEVILLE,* Hugh Brogan, Fontana, 1973. 40p.

Alexis de Tocqueville was pulled from undeserved obscurity in the 1930s and 40s by American politicians anxious to find a liberal counter-weight to Karl Marx. As a result his ideas have often been distorted to fit the preconceptions of the twentieth century. This may have helped the politicians but it was hardly fair on Tocqueville. He was very much a man of the nineteenth century, and a man deeply marked and influenced by his experience of that century. He was an aristocrat dispossessed by the French Revolution, but his consistent and fundamental aims were the liberty and equality of all men. He became the most successful political writer of his age. But as a politician he was an ignominious failure and lived to see France fall further and further away from freedom.

His major works, *Democracy in America* and *The Ancien Régime and the French Revolution,* reflect both this experience and his ideals of true liberty. But that he was a man of his time is forgotten or ignored by those who want to see him as a prophet of the twentieth century and as that "great friend of America and democracy" (ironically quoted by Hugh Brogan). With these caveats he can be seen as a writer touched with greatness (though often turgid) and a pioneer sociologist, who provided the best nineteenth century analyses of contemporary America and of France from the Revolution of 1789 to that of 1848.

To this figure Hugh Brogan provides a superb chart—vital for anyone embarking on the delights and hazards of a voyage round Tocqueville.

He sets out Tocqueville's personality and background so that the actual man can be seen, not just his academic genealogy. It is a shame, though, that there is no picture of Tocqueville—presumably this was a question of editorial policy and economics, but it is a shame none the less. Then he deals with the genesis and content of his writings, their value for historians and others. He adds warning notes on Tocqueville's misconceptions, mistakes, and sometimes misleading vocabulary. Finally the central themes of Tocqueville's writings are summed up for us.

In short the work is an excellent (perhaps indispensable) introduction to Tocqueville. It is also highly readable, though just occasionally the style obscures the meaning. Above all it seems to be written from an absolutely clear conception of Tocqueville on Mr. Brogan's part—the picture is never clouded with unnecessary details.

In a sense Tocqueville resembles a distorting mirror. Writers of varying persuasions find their own beliefs in him. To this Hugh Brogan is no exception. He ends with a firm statement of his own and Tocqueville's belief in liberty and affirms that "there must still be many who . . . believe, like him, that the flame of liberty cannot and should not ever be put out; who still see it as indispensable for the attainment of full human stature, whether to individuals or societies; and who are still grateful to Tocqueville for writing so intelligently, well and passionately in defence of their common goddess".

R.G.H.

*ON REALISM,* J. P. Stern, Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1973. £2·50

In Alan Bennett's somewhat sketchy play, 'Forty Years On', one of the best moments is a send-up of Virginia Woolf. The narrator tells us he met her after a lapse of some fifteen years: "I gazed into those limpid clear blue eyes and—'Virginia', I cried, 'is that really you?' 'Is it', she replied, 'is it? I often wonder'". This particular section set the audience laughing as much as any other the night I watched the play in London. Only incidentally did it reveal the limits of Virginia Woolf's art, in that she tends to beg the questions, "What is reality? How can we say we exist?" and other concerns so dear to undergraduates like myself. One ends up witness to rambling metaphysical speculations, interspersed with hopefully reassuring details such as "this, as she crossed Bond Street" or "ladling out the soup".

The realist avoids such entanglements: *a priori* he accepts reality, and proceeds from there. So does Professor Stern. Using Wittgenstein's illustrations of family resemblances he argues that any hard-and-fast definition of realism throughout the ages would be misleading. Chaucer's listeners would have found it easy to accept Troilus's elevation to the eighth sphere, for example, while to us the idea is less compelling. "Yes", writes Professor Stern, "but what is and what is not regarded as 'supernatural', or again as 'humanly convincing' at any one time? Is it not this, above all, that a history of realism ought to tell us?," Down with realism, then, as a purely period term.

His book draws on a mixture of close analysis of realistic literature and uses it for an examination of the ways in which realism works. What needs saying is that no theoretical basis for a discussion of realism will do. Professor Stern continually warns us against this tendency to abstract a definition of the term. For realism is after all a procedure, and what matters, he adds, is one's ability to apply the procedure rather than appreciating the general concept. Examples follow from diverse sources as to the varying effects which can be achieved on a base of realism. Kafka creates a nightmare out of everyday detail at one extreme: at the other a sane critique of society is built upon fantastic or grotesque details by Lewis Carroll. And here, of course, our role as reader is quintessentially important, for the author is more or less wielding a given set of expectations.

With the emphasis squarely on us, perhaps our choice of reading is a good indication of the extent of our own realism. Do we reach for Frederick Forsyth's 'The Day of The Jackal' when we have time to spare? If so we may be accepting reality (a sequence of credible events in this case) as a substitute for psychological and moral realism. Or do we pick up the 'Lord of the Rings' for the seventh time round? If we do the latter we are possibly inclined to opt out of reality altogether. Other possible symptoms of this malaise are no doubt an oblivion to current politics, institutions and so-on. Professor Stern gives ample space to the socio-political implications of both realism and its absence. Certainly his account of its decline since the nineteenth century is, if pessimistic, as well argued and fascinating as ever.

Whether or not we are locked away in the world of Gandalf and Bilbo Baggins, Professor Stern's book has much to offer, not least for the lucidity and clarity with which it is written. It unravelled a number of complications for me, to begin with, and also suggested new avenues of thought for exploration.

VIVIAN BAZALGETTE

*TYNESIDE,* C. M. Fraser and K. Emsley, David & Charles, 1973. £2·25

This is the first in a new series of City and County histories published by David and Charles. Although I am neither a historian nor particularly well versed in the local history of the North East, the book seems to me to be well researched, and it certainly contains plenty of information. My main criticism of the book is that it is not particularly well organized, it lacks illustrations and I found it rather 'heavy'.

The series is "aimed at the general reader, college student and the upper forms of secondary schools" and so could easily lend itself to a rather less academic style without missing out on any of the content. There are plenty of events described which, with a change of approach and perhaps a little more comment, could make much more of the book come to life.

Several important people and places mentioned in the book are not included in the index, which is a pity. The "illustrations" are almost non-existent. On page 72 there are two small vignettes, but there should have been many more. A book like this is the perfect setting for old prints and sketches and although they might add to the price, anyone prepared to pay £2·25 for 140 pages will be prepared to pay a little more for some illustrations. The graphs are good, although none of the maps have scales, which is very bad, especially as the maps don't all cover the same area. However the select and general bibliographies are comprehensive.

One can and does learn many interesting things from this book. In 1639 the Scottish Army invaded Northumberland in protest at Charles I's introduction of a prayer book. The Hostmen (city governors) decided that £3,000 was too much to spend on raising an army to defend the city for the king. When the king's forces were routed at Newburn in 1640 the Hostmen had to pay the Scots £850 a day for two months to persuade them to withdraw from the city. They ended up paying the Scots £38,000!

Spending seems to have been prolific in 1826 too, when the Lord Mayor's entertainment allowance was £2,000 (total hospital expenditure in the city—£1,326). William Blackett II, one of the 'great' entrepreneurs of the late seventeenth century, died in 1705 and after his body had been brought from London, 1285 pairs of gloves

were distributed to mourners at his funeral. The total expense was £688. 14s.

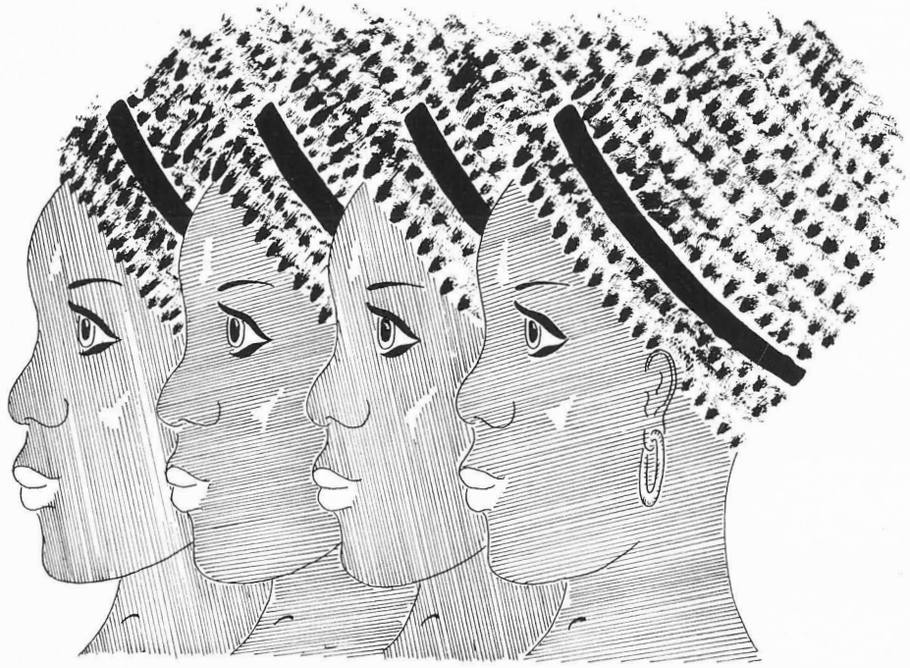
The Geordie (Newcastle pitman) is so-called because the miners preferred a local lamp designed by George Stephenson to the Davy lamp of the period. Stephenson left his name in many ways, the railways being the most famous and it was from his start that Parsons developed his steam turbine industry. (Lest we forget we are informed by the authors that Parsons was a Johnian and 11th wrangler). But the most interesting facts for many may well be that the Blaydon Races were actually only run from 1861 to 1916 and that in its heyday the Scotswood Road boasted over 100 pubs.

It is odd that such an important event as the great explosion of 1854 which cleared a long stretch of the river frontage and ruined many old buildings only gets a sentence's mention, and that very little of the important cultural history of the area is discussed. There is little mention of the extensive local folklore, of art, music, poetry and other cultural activities. Important bodies like the Northern Arts Association and new ventures like the Beamish Museum (admittedly not in Tyneside, but very relevant to the preservation of its history) are not mentioned. The miner's greatest annual event for years, the Durham Miner's Gala, deserves at least a mention—not least because many of the bands and families and often the disasters that were mourned, were from Tyneside pits.

Anyone wanting to read an involved history of Tyneside will find that this book includes most that they are likely to want to know, although there are a few omissions. The industrial chapters are good, but I feel that more attention could have been paid to the living and working conditions of certain periods and to cultural activities in general.

It is perhaps fitting to end with one of the more surprising phrases in the book: "economic historians have long believed that Tyne coal was first exported as ballast".

R.J. BROCKBANK





# College Chronicle

## SQUASH CLUB

*Captain:* JOHN CONNELL

*Secretary:* DONALD HOPE

The main sporting event of the year was held in the School of Pythagoras on 14th March, when all the near misses, convulsions and catastrophes of the last season were washed away with a mixture created by the mentor of this alien and bizarre fraternity with the dedication and finesse which he otherwise totally lacked. One look at the scene would have convinced the most nostalgic observer that the time had indeed come to put most of the old war-horses out to graze. Adrian Crewe's faded elegance, stumpy, balding Peter Robinson's ruggedness and the tenacity of that other South African black-ball-basher, Peter Flack, will be missed—mostly for sentimental reasons.

The four lower teams performed very creditably, often against first and second teams of other colleges, and there is a lot of good potential. The first team were second in the 1st division both terms, and we might have done even better of the standard of fitness had been higher; the exceptions to this being next year's captain Donald Hope and the 'find of the season' Paul Lurie. The voluptuous Donald, winner of the University Freshmen's tournament, played throughout the season with great consistency and stamina ('Hope springs eternal') and was the despair of everyone else. As far as his style is concerned there is a great future for him—in agriculture. His training sessions did a great deal of harm to all involved, but we hope that he and Nick Williams-Ellis will continue them next season.

Finally our thanks to all who kept the courts in such superb condition and tried to eradicate damage done by those anti-social pigs who insist on playing Squash in black-soled shoes.

J.B.S.C. and others

## WORDSWORTH SOCIETY

On 6th February Professor John Holloway of Queens' College was kind enough to give a reading to the Society of some of his own verse, much of which has been published in book form and in a variety of periodicals. He also answered questions about his writing and about contemporary poetry in general. It was felt that the poet's own rendering of his work brought out many aspects which might otherwise be overlooked; without, however, obviating the necessity for further attention to the printed text. Besides considerable enjoyment and interest from the poetry itself the evening provided some valuable and instructive discussion on modern literary creation; we are very grateful to Professor Holloway for both.

On a blusterous Sunday early in March a small company of Society members and friends visited Little Gidding, near Huntingdon, a seventeenth-century Anglican chapel with unmistakeable associations for the English student. The outing fortunately did not become entirely a literary pilgrimage—there were few references to times past present and future, and only one person got lost looking for the pig-sties . . . The inspiration for the fourth of T. S. Eliot's *Quartets,* Little Gidding was, before the Civil War, the site of a religious community under the leadership of Nicholas Ferrar, a friend of George Herbert and like him an ex-fellow of a Cambridge College. A new community is now being started on the site beside the chapel, with much impressive work in progress in restoring the old farm buildings and outhouses. We were fortunate enough to be able to talk to the people involved about their plans. One family is already in residence there, and they very kindly gave us lunch. We wish them every success in their project.

From Little Gidding we continued to Leighton Bromswold, quite nearby, where stands the only church designed by an English poet. George Herbert planned very carefully the reconstruction and interior layout of this parish church in the 1620s, according to his own ideas of ecclesiastical priorities. The whole trip was felt by all concerned to have been well worthwhile.

The only meeting this term will probably be a dinner, after the exams, when a number of farewells, of varying degrees of sadness and fondness, will take place.

S.F.B. and A.F.

## RUGBY CLUB

*President:* MR D. MORGAN
*Vice-President:* MR K. SCOTT
*Captain:* M. A. J. BOUGHTON
*Secretaries:* P. MACKLEN
W. R. HOLMES
L. H. SWANN
C. D. CUTTER

This season has been one of the most memorable and rewarding for many years. The 1st XV won the League, scoring 247 points with 46 against, and reached the Semi-finals of Cuppers. The 2nd XV did equally well, gaining promotion to the Second division of the League, and winning the 2nd XV Cuppers. The newly reformed Cygnets had an enjoyable season with plenty of good rucking in the vicinity of the touch line barrel. I am sure that nobody will dispute that this success has much to do with the vigour and enthusiasm of Mike Boughton. His sadistic training sessions at the beginning of the season produced very fit 1st and 2nd teams. The 1st XV showed this in their very convincing wins over all the college sides played. The standard of play was very high, and a certain knowledgeable senior member voiced the opinion that we were more enjoyable to watch than the Varsity. Our success lay in a mobile, barn-storming pack, and a set of very skilful backs. In the pack Jimmy Campbell and Murray Meikle inspired by their example. Jimmy also taught us a few tricks he had picked up at Queen's Belfast.

The very strong 2nd XV was captained by Tony Grant. Unfortunately Tony's illness left many of the responsibilities and much organisation on the bowed shoulders of Rory (Worry) Keelan. The climax of THEIR season—though Rory's was in Hanover—was the victory over Emmanuel II by 18–14 in the final of the 2nd XV Cuppers.

The club was very fortunate in having a loyal band of supporters who regularly forsook their afternoon snooze to cheer us on. This was very much appreciated. The team supporters joined in with the players in the usual off-the-field activities sharing in the marvellous spirit that has been very noticeable this season.

Richard Harding and Dereck Carstens both narrowly missed places in the Blues team. In the Lent term Richard, Dereck, Jimmy Campbell, Dean Waldron and Christopher Cutter played for the Varsity. Nearly all the 1st XV were also selected to play in the LX club at some stage in the Lent term. Jimmy had captained the LX club serveral times in the Michaelmas term.

We are confident that there will be a good contingent of Johnians in Varsity rugby next season. The college prospects next season look good with 13 of the present 1st XV staying on under the leadership of Graham Morgan.

The climax of the season was the very successful tour to Hanover, Osnabruck, and Munster in Germany organised by Christopher Cutter. Our hosts in Hanover, Sport-Club Germania List, entertained us royally and it was at their hands that we suffered our only defeat, losing 15–0. The next day we made up for this by beating the German Club Championship winners, D.S.V. 78, 17–9. The two British Regiments teams we played were beaten 32–10 and 23–0. Off the field we drank them all under the table, following the able leadership of the drinking captain Mike Nelson. In the traditional Rugby tour manner various souvenirs were collected, including a receipt for a voluntary contribution to the Red Cross!

Finally we would like to express our thanks to Jim Williams for his care of the most important rectangle of the playing fields, i.e. the pitch, which he kept in excellent condition.

HAPPY

## HOCKEY CLUB

*President:* M. A. CLARKE ESQ.
*Captain:* C. J. BONSALL
*Match Secretary:* M. J. EATON
*Fixtures Secretary:* R. J. W. WALKER

This season was most successful, rivalling, if not bettering, that of 1970–71. In fact this year the 1st XI was the only team not to win either a cup or a title. Instead, with Saleem Malik injured in the first half, they finished runners up to Fitzwilliam in Division One, which in any ordinary year would have been no mean feat. However, this year it was rather outshone by the 2nd XI who won Division Two—a tribute to Jerry Batch who in three seasons has brought them from the bottom of Division Two to a place in Division One. The 3rd XI won the 2nd XI Cuppers, beating our 2nd XI in the process.

Unfortunately plans for the tour of Holland failed to materialize and instead a tour was hastily arranged to Leeds and York. Unfortunately the day before the tour our minibus driver, Clive Cooke, and Tony Work, our goalie—a stabilising and stout influence on us all—both went down with flu. Martin Bailes, who played for the Wanderers against Oxford, stepped in to fill the latter breach. But, without a driver, it looked as if we would never get going at all. However no-one reckoned on the artful Luigi and his Miss Jayne. In the end Women's Lib won the day and the first John's hockey tour to be chauffeured by a girl set off.

Naturally we arrived late for our first match against York University, and, instead of winning comfortably, had to settle for a 2–2 draw. An extraordinary night followed which ended with rugby in a garden led by Mike Eaton and Donald Furminger, both looking rather ill. Richard Hadley and Colin Percy were last seen chasing a live duck (not to be confused with . . .) across the campus at midnight.

Everyone awoke to glorious weather, the sun doing wonders for those with thick heads. No-one felt like playing hockey, especially not against Leeds University, but we put up a brave show only losing 2–0. Meanwhile Mike fell foul of his beer and Shaun Mahoney caught flu—both had to be rested for the next match.

Luigi and Donald were most anxious to play that afternoon, and it was chiefly thanks to them that we recorded a 5–1 victory on a very dusty all-weather pitch. Donald rose to top scorer with $2\frac{1}{2}$ goals, the other half coming from Mike as umpire. By the evening the delight at beating Adol had worn off, and as a result of the excessive drinking last night, half of the team made for 'Match of the Day', whilst the others unwillingly approached a disco.

The next day saw everyone looking a lot healthier—so much so that we thought that if we rested Pete Williams we would all get a pass, and if we also rested Henry Crawley, the game would not be held up so long with his frequent obstructions. With the captain keeping out of the way on the wing, Mike was able to play the only hockey he did on tour, and score a wonderful goal. With James playing magnificently in defence, the forwards, ably supported by Alistair Argyle in midfield. were able to clinch the game with a goal from Richard Hadley on his last appearance for the college, though Leeds Corinthians managed to score in the last few minutes.

Our highly successful tour was rounded off with much more beer, much singing and a ghastly meal on the motorway. Our thanks must go to Miss Jayne for getting us all there and back in one piece, to Luigi for letting her come with us, to the rest of us for putting up with second class quarters as opposed to those married ones, and finally to Andrew who entertained us up to the moment when he was seen boarding the London train with luggage up to his eyes and clutching only a platform ticket.

C.J.B.

## BADMINTON CLUB

*Captain:* N. R. WALTON
*Secretary and Treasurer:* A. G. MOORE

Last season was not very successful for the Badminton Club. With only twelve members of the college playing we were at full stretch to provide two regular teams. The first team finished sixth in the first division and the second team was unfortunately relegated from the second division.

Our best results came in Cuppers. After an interesting, and sometimes close first round against the University Ladies, we then beat Pembroke, a victory almost entirely due to Richard Parker's brilliant one man "doubles" match. However we lost in the semi-final to Churchill who fielded (courted?) a very strong side. Richard gained his second half-blue in helping the University beat Oxford (again!)

Looking forward to next year we hope that many more people will want to play, and that those who have been playing (with success or otherwise) this year will help to form a stronger club next Michaelmas.

A.G.M.

# College Notes

*Appointments and Awards*

SIR RAYMOND BELL, C.B., (B.A. 1937) has been appointed Vice-President of the European Investment Bank on the accession of the United Kingdom to the European Economic Community.

MR A. R. BEVAN (~~B.A.~~ Matric. 1972) has been awarded a John Stewart of Rannoch Scholarship in Sacred Music 1973.

MR M. E. BROWN (B.A. 1950) has been elected Chairman of the National Sawmilling Association.

MR M. W. BROWN (B.A. 1968) has been elected into a Research Fellowship at Downing College.

MR H. CARTWRIGHT (B.A. 1940) has been appointed director of the Atomic Energy Establishment, Winfrith.

THE REV. R. J. CASTLE (B.A. 1962) has been appointed Vicar of Hayfield, Diocese of Derby.

PROFESSOR J. CHILD, Ph.D. (B.A. 1962) has been elected an associate member of Nuffield College, Oxford.

MR M. A. CLARKE LL.B., (B.A. 1964) Fellow, has been re-appointed University Assistant Lecturer in Law from 1 October 1973 for two years.

MR J. F. CLEGG, M.B., F.R.C.S., F.R.C.S.E., (B.A. 1960) has been appointed consultant general surgeon, South Cheshire hospital group.

DR J. DIGGLE (B.A. 1965) Fellow of Queens' College, has been appointed University Assistant Lecturer in Classics for two years.

PROFESSOR P. A. M. DIRAC, F.R.S. (Ph.D. 1926) Fellow, has been appointed to the Order of Merit.

MR F. D. J. DUNSTAN (B.A. 1970) has been appointed lecturer in mathematical statistics and operational research at University College, Cardiff.

MR K. EMSLEY (B.A. 1966) has been appointed Senior Lecturer in Law at Leeds Polytechnic.

THE REV. P. FISK (B.A. 1960) Rector of Copdock, Ipswich, Suffolk, has been appointed Rural Dean of Samford.

PROFESSOR A. A. A. FYZEE (B.A. 1925) has been elected an honorary member of the Deutsche morgenländische Gesellschaft, Marburg.

MR M. M. GEORGE (Matric. 1971) has been awarded a Duke of Edinburgh Award by the Benchers of the Inner Temple.

THE REV. P. H. E. GOODRICH (B.A. 1952) Vicar of Bromley, Kent, has been appointed Suffragan Bishop of Tonbridge.

MR I. G. GROVE-WHITE, M.B., B.Chir., F.F.A., R.C.S., (B.A. 1962) has been appointed consultant anaesthetist, Dundee and Angus areas.

MR G. H. GUEST, Mus.B., F.R.C.O., (B.A. 1949) Fellow and Organist, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal School of Church Music.

MR D. W. GWILT (Mus.B. 1955) is now head of the Department of Music at the Chinese University of Hong Kong.

MR H. J. HABBAKUK, F.B.A. (B.A. 1936) Honorary Fellow, Principal of Jesus College, Oxford and Vice-Chancellor-Elect of the University of Oxford, has been awarded the Honorary degree of Doctor of Letters by the University of Cambridge.

MR H. K. HILL (B.A. 1954) has been appointed headmaster of Hereford Cathedral Preparatory School from September 1973.

PROFESSOR J. H. HORLOCK (B.A. 1949) Fellow, has been appointed Vice-Chancellor of Salford University from 1 April 1974.



DR B. W. JACKSON (Matric. 1961) has been elected a Fellow of the American Academy of Family Physicians.

MR A. W. JOWETT, M.B., F.R.C.S., F.R.C.S.E. (B.A. 1954) has been appointed consultant thoracic surgeon, Wolverhampton Hospital group.

DR J. T. KILLEN (Matric. 1959) Fellow of Jesus College, has been re-appointed University Lecturer in Classics.

MR J. D. KUIPERS (B.A. 1938) has been appointed visiting professor in the Strathclyde Business School from 1 June 1973.

MR D. LAYTON (B.A. 1947) has been appointed Professor of Education (with special reference to science education) at the University of Leeds.

MR D. G. LEWIS, M.B., B.Chir., (B.A. 1960) has been appointed senior research officer in anaesthesia in the University of Newcastle.

MR G. E. J. LLEWELLYN (M.A. 1972) Fellow, has been re-appointed a Research Officer in the Department of Applied Economics for one year from 1 October 1973.

DR R. C. F. MACER (B.A. 1952) has been appointed Professor of Crop Production in the University of Edinburgh.

THE REV. A. A. MACINTOSH (B.A. 1959) Fellow and Tutor, has been appointed examining chaplain to the Bishop of Carlisle.

SIR HENRY MANCE (B.A. 1934) former Chariman of Lloyd's, has been awarded the Lloyd's Gold Medal for outstanding service. The medal is the highest which Lloyd's can award and is only the eleventh to be granted since it was instituted in 1913.

DR L. MESTEL (B.A. Trin. 1948) former Fellow, has been appointed to a chair of Astronomy at Sussex University.

PROFESSOR SIR NEVILL MOTT, F.R.S. (B.A. 1927) Honorary Fellow, has been awarded the Copley Medal by the Royal Society.

PROFESSOR SIR NEVILL MOTT, F.R.S. (B.A. 1927) Honorary Fellow, has been awarded the Faraday Medal for 1973 by the Institute of Electrical Engineers. Sir Nevill has also been made an Honorary Fellow of the Institute.

MR A. H. MOULD (B.A. Pembroke 1953) Headmaster of the College Choir School, has been appointed Chairman of the Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools from 1 July 1973.

MAHARAJ NAGENDRA SINGH, LL.D. (B.A. 1936) has been elected a Judge of the International Court of Justice at the Hague from 6 February 1973.

MR K. P. G. NORTH, former Chief Clerk in the Kitchen Office, has been awarded the Silver Acorn by the Chief Scout in the St. George's Day Awards 1973.

MR J. D. PEARSON (B.A. 1935) has been given the title of Professor of Bibliography with reference to Asia and Africa, at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University or London.

PROFESSOR R. PENROSE (Ph.D. 1957) former Fellow, has been appointed to the Rouse Ball Professorship of Mathematics at the University of Oxford.

MR J. RENNERT (Matric 1971) has been awarded a John Stewart of Rannoch Scholarship in Sacred Music 1973.

SIR NIKOLAUS PEVSNER (M.A. 1950) Honorary Fellow and former Professor of Fine Art, has been awarded the honorary degree of D.Lit. by the University of Keele.

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

MR J. E. L. SALES, M.B., B.Chir., F.R.C.S. (B.A. 1958) has been appointed consultant general surgeon, Hillingdon Hospital and Mount Vernon Hospital, North West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board.

Mr H. W. A. Thirlway, LL.B. (B.A. 1958) has been awarded the John Westlake Prize 1971 by the Bureau of the Institut de droit international for his book, *International customary law and codification.* Leiden, 1972.

Mr F. Thistlethwaite (B.A. 1938) Vice-Chancellor of the University of East Anglia and former Fellow, has been awarded the degree of Doctor of Letters (honoris causa) by the University of Colorado. During the winter of 1972–3 he was on study leave as a Visiting Fellow at the Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California, and the holder of a Nuffield Social Science Fellowship there.

Mr R. E. Thoday, former Head Gardener of the College, has been awarded the Victoria Medal of Honour by the British Horticultural Society.

Mr T. C. Thomas, LL.B., Hon. LL.D. (B.A. Trin. Hall 1938) former Fellow and Senior Bursar, has been elected an Honorary Fellow of Darwin College.

Mr W. T. Thurbon, former Bursar's Clerk, has been awarded the Silver Wolf by the Chief Scout in the St. George's Day Awards 1973.

Dr S. M. Walters (B.A. 1941) former Fellow and now Fellow of King's College, has been appointed Director of the University Botanic Garden from 1 October 1973.

Mr N. R. Walton (Matric. 1971) has been elected President of the Cambridge Student's Union.

Mr R. H. T. Ward, M.B., B.Chir., M.R.C.O.G. (B.A. 1959) has been appointed consultant surgeon in obstetrics and gynaecology, University College Hospital Medical School, London.

Professor G. L. Williams, Ph.D., LL.D., F.B.A. (B.A. 1933) former Fellow and now Fellow of Jesus College, has been appointed a member of the committee to carry out a review of the criminal law relating to mentally abnormal offenders and of the facilities for their treatment.

*Fellowships*

Elected Fellows under Title A from 1 May, 1973:
Robert Joseph Young, Ph.D. (B.A. 1969).
Stefan Anthony Collini (B.A. Jesus 1969).
Hamlyn Gordon Jones (B.A. 1969).
Roger David Blandford (B.A., Magdalene 1970).
Brendan Ignatius Bradshaw (M.A. Univ. Coll., Dublin).

Elected Fellow under Title E from 20 Dec. 1972:
Roger Francis Griffin, Sc.D. (B.A. 1957) former Fellow (1962–65).

Elected Fellow under Title E from 1 October 1973:
David Green (Ph.D., Univ. of Michigan, 1958) Professor of Psychology, University of California, San Diego.

*Birthday Honours* 1972

*O.B.E.* David Kyle, M.B., B.Chir., (B.A. 1950).

*New Year Honours* 1973

*K.C.M.G.* George Raymond Bell, C.B. (B.A. 1937) Deputy Secretary, Treasury.
*K.C.V.O.* Francis John Bagott Watson, C.V.O., F.B.A., F.S.A., (B.A. 1929) Director of the Wallace Collection.



*Marriages*

Bruce Waldo Jackson (Matric. 1961) to Patricia Ludder—on 23 June 1972, at the Beringer Winery, St. Helens, Napa Valley, California, U.S.A.

Dr Homayoun Seraji (M.A. 1972) Fellow, to Pamela Snell of Hill Farm, Kingham, Oxford, —on 21 April 1973 in the College Chapel following a civil ceremony.

*Deaths*

Canon Alexander Drake Allen (B.A. 1908) formerly Rector of Holme-Pierrepont with Adbolton, Nottinghamshire, and Hon. Canon of Southwell Cathedral, died 6 December 1972.

Colonel Nicholas Bickford, L.M.S.S.A., (Matric 1925) formerly of the Royal Army Medical Corps and civilian medical officer to the Junior Leaders' Training Regiment (R.A.), died 1 March 1973.

Augustus Pearce Llewellyn Blaxter, F.C.S., (B.A. 1913) formerly group chairman of Dawson & Barfos Ltd., died 14 December 1972.

Harold Francis Brice-Smith, B.Chir., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., M.C., (B.A. 1911) formerly a medical practitioner at Dorking, Surrey, died 4 November 1972.

Thomas Alan Broadbent (B.A. 1924) Professor of Mathematics, Royal Naval College, Greenwich, died 27 January 1973.

Clifford Burrows (B.A. 1966) died April 1973.

Francis Moreton Cheshire (B.A. 1909) former master at St. George's School, Harpenden, died 6 September 1971.

Raymond Baker Cook (B.A. 1936) died 31 October 1969.

Geoffrey Alfred Cole (B.A. 1923) died 15 February 1973.

Professor James Wightman Davidson (Ph.D. 1942) Professor of Pacific History, Australian National University, Canberra and former Fellow, died 8 April 1973.

Anthony Dearden Husband, F.R.C.S. (B.A. 1936) formerly of the Sudan Medical Service, died 23 November 1972.

The Rev. Henry Fleming St. John, O.P. (B.A. 1912) formerly Prior Provincial of the English Province of the Dominican Order, died 9 March 1973.

Harold Paulley (B.A. 1910) formerly Headmaster of Malvern Link Preparatory School, died 8 January 1973.

August Detlef Peters (B.A. 1914) a former literary agent, died 3 February 1973.

Dr Henry Wilfred Lewis Phillips (B.A. 1916) formerly a metallurgist, died March 1968.

Lord Rosenheim, K.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S. (B.A. 1929) Emeritus Professor of Medicine, University College Hospital, London, former President of the Royal College of Physicians, and Honorary Fellow of this College, died 2 December 1972.

# 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., Flat 14, 59 Weymouth St, London, W1N3LH.

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