

# THE EAGLE

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ST JOHN'S COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE  
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## Editorial

HAVING SENIOR-EDITED *The Eagle* for three years without ever uttering a single editorial word, the retiring incumbent of the one-legged chair had hoped to be allowed to slip away unnoticed. That this is not the case is less a sign of his anxiety to pronounce than of the rather marked reticence of other members of the temporarily shrunken Editorial Committee.

Editing a College magazine does cause one to wonder from time to time whether the College really exists at all—and, if so, for whom. Four years ago both the then Editor and the now President wrote and spoke about this (*Eagle*, no. 272, pp. 58, 78), the latter lamenting the passing of the view that a college was 'a good in itself, axiomatically a good thing.' Mr Crook's gloom was fully justified. Now, and increasingly, the College is regarded rather as a vehicle—a vehicle which will carry you along for a certain number of years, keeping you warm and dry, and prepared to provide you with the sort of goods normally associated with barbers' shops. It may even be that there are people, where one might not expect to find them, for whom it is less important that this or any other College continue to have control over its own domestic affairs (even at the risk of making a mess of them) than that the realisation of their particular view of what that College should be, in relation to the university or the commonwealth, be delayed by as much as a session of Parliament. What now is axiomatic is that no College may be permitted to lag behind King's College in its implementation of an advanced educational programme. *Pietas*, like leg-pulling, is proscribed; a word in a book in the College Library. And who goes to the College Library, which does not have a coffee-machine of its own? The chilling evocation of 'College Spirit' receives the welcome it deserves. As my predecessor suggested in 1969, though, that Spirit is a delicate plant. Central heating all but kills it. Anyway, there is no College statute about it, so it cannot be important. True, little things can give it life—Hall, College clubs and the rest—if these institutions are attractive in themselves. If not, the whole business becomes a sham and a mockery.

If (again) only on account of the title that it bears, this magazine is regarded by some as a pitiful survival of a best-forgotten age, an embarrassment which should be despatched as soon as possible, too old-fogeyish for some new undergraduates, too new-fangled for some Old Johnians, too both for some dons. Not that there is any need to kill it. It will wither away if successive generations of undergraduates continue to regard it with so little liking. With the passing of time the Old Johnian subscribers will disappear, leaving the dons. And dons are human too. Or will the reverse perhaps happen? Will those present undergraduates who desire a share in every decision in every department of the College retain their fine concern into middle age? For if they do, the present discontents could well be the making of *The Eagle*, since whatever *The Eagle* contains will be of compelling interest to them, everywhere, as not infrequently it has been to the signatory of this valedictory.

P.A.L.

## Correspondence

St John's College  
Cambridge  
6.7.73

The Editor of *The Eagle*  
St John's College

Dear Editor

Many years ago I had a friend who wore the most outrageous hats. In a moment of confidence verging on impertinence, I asked her why. She replied that she was small, and her features were not striking, and she had been in danger of passing through life unnoticed. She had hit upon the idea of wearing headgear that could not fail to be noticed, and indeed her hats had served her well.

Now Sir, the Acolyte of Bishop Fisher has read a variety of doubtful motives into the innocent blue paint behind the Lady Margaret. (Let me remark in passing that our illustrious Benefactress is herself without cosmetics. If cosmetics they be, they adorn the tassel of her girdle and the wall of the building in which I keep). I suggest that the true motive is simple and quite laudable. Whoever noticed her, grubby and pigeon-stained as she stood there all those years? Only occasional parties of tourists when some harrassed guide used her as a pretext by which to shepherd his wandering flock.

The Junior Bursar and his staff gave her a well-deserved bath, but the world would still have passed her by, had they not added the touch of the unexpected that does for her what an outrageous hat did for my friend of years ago. Even Bishop Fisher's Acolyte has now noticed her, and I for one am delighted that she has joined the gay and elegant company of John's wives.

Yours faithfully  
Joseph Hutchinson

From *The Eagle*, vol. xvi (1891), 15:

*Of the Junior Bursar*: 'He who causes a temple erected by another to be whitewashed acquires brilliant fame. He who causes such a temple to be painted with a different colour, such as blue, yellow, and others, attains the world of Gandharvas' (Vishnu, XCII, 11–12).

# Henrietta Maria

Un certain célibat, . . . c'est tout le génie de l'Angleterre. Des alliances, soit; pas de mariage.  
Victor Hugo.

ON THE occasion of Britain joining the European Community, and while a fine exhibition entitled *The Age of Charles I* is being held at the Tate Gallery, Johnians may like to be reminded of some of the circumstances which help to explain the presence in the Senior Combination Room of an oval stained-glass portrait of Queen Henrietta Maria, daughter of King Henri IV of France (murdered in 1610), and sister of King Louis XIII.



Queen Henrietta Maria, after the portrait by Daniel Mytens (reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum)



The window in the Senior Combination Room, St John's College

It obviously commemorates the signing of the treaty which preceded her marriage to Charles, Prince of Wales, and which is assumed to have taken place in December 1624 in the Combination Room. Details were given in *The Eagle*, 1891 (XVI, 240) under the title *Notes from the College Records* (with reference to *Annals of Cambridge*, III, 1845, 170). But some names and dates did not seem quite right and, looking for further evidence, I undertook to check the relevant documents preserved in the French Foreign Archives in Paris, namely, two bound volumes in-quarto concerning the Royal Marriage, and miscellaneous documents in the volumes of correspondence labelled 'Angleterre'.

These documents show that the articles of the treaty were ratified by James I in Cambridge

on 12 December 1624 (or 22 *décembre*, according to the Gregorian calendar adopted by the French) and tradition has it that the ceremony took place in St John's College, in the then new Master's Gallery, which has since become the Combination Room. I was hoping to discover some evidence of this, but I must say that I found no mention of the College in the various documents I consulted. The main proof, apart from the portrait itself, remains the letter of Richard Neale, bishop of Durham, and signed *Dunelm(ensis)*, requesting accommodation anywhere in the College and implying that the king would require the use of the Master's Gallery for the occasion.

The official acts preserved in Paris, whether in the original or in copy or in translation, are as follows:

1. *Westminster*, 11 mai 1624 (i.e. 1 May).—James I empowers his representatives, Carlisle and Holland, to negotiate the articles of the marriage treaty (copy in Latin).

2. *Saint-Germain en Laye*, 20 août 1624 (i.e. 10 August).—Louis XIII empowers his commissaries, Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld and Cardinal Richelieu, chancelier d'Aligre, Schomberg and Loménie, to negotiate the articles (copy in French).

3. *Paris*, 20 novembre 1624 (i.e. 10 November).—Draft of the articles agreed upon by both parties.

4. *Cambridge*, 22 décembre 1624 (i.e. 12 December).—Original act dated: 'A nostre Université de Cambridge, ce douzième jour de décembre mil six cents vingt quatre' and signed: *Jaques R. and F. Carew*.

5. *Westminster*, 30 mars 1625 (i.e. 20 March).—Powers given by Charles I to his representatives for the same purpose (copy in Latin).

6. *Paris*, 8 mai 1625.—Final version of the articles signed by Holland and Carlisle.

7. *Paris*, 11 mai 1625.—Celebration of the Royal Marriage in Notre-Dame, Charles I being represented by the Duc de Chevreuse.

The act which interests us is the fourth. The French ambassadors extraordinary were Henri Auguste de Loménie de Brienne, chevalier comte de Montbrun, Baron de la Ville-aux-Clercs, also named Sieur or Mr. de la Ville-aux-Clercs; and Antoine Ruzé, chevalier marquis d'Effiat, baron de Longemeau, whose son, de Cinq-Mars, Louis XIII's favourite, was to be executed in 1642 with his friend of Thou for their part in a conspiracy against Richelieu, celebrated in Vigny's famous novel. In a fairly long and rambling letter sent from Cambridge to the French king on the 25th,<sup>1</sup> Loménie and d'Effiat report how, on arriving in Cambridge, they were welcomed by 'le comte de Montgommery, l'Université et le duc de Bouquingam' as well as by 'V<sup>te</sup> d'Audevert, grand escuyer du Prince'.

As in the articles that they had negotiated, they point out that the primary object of their mission was to ensure that the Princess's Catholic faith would not be endangered ('l'assurance de ne la rechercher jamais de chose qui soit contraire à sa Religion'); and to secure the liberation of all Catholics who were in detention solely on account of their religion ('et l'assurance que Votre Majesté désire que les catholiques de ce pays ne seront jamais inquiétés'). Although they mention the visit they paid to the chapel in St James's Palace, there is no record in the letter of their reception in St John's.

The following items of the treaty<sup>2</sup> are worthy of note:

(1) The Pope's dispensation for the marriage.—(3) Dispositions for the wedding ceremony in Paris.—(6) Guarantee of free exercise of the Roman Catholic cult and of a special chapel for 'Madame'.—(7) A bishop as chaplain.—(8) Twenty-eight priests or ecclesiastical members of her household.—(10) As many officers in her household as Princess of Wales or Infanta of Spain (?).—(11) All servants in the same to be Catholics.—(13) Dowry of '800,000 écus de 3 livres pièce monnaie de France' payable in two instalments, one on the eve of the wedding, the rest a year after.—(14) and (15) deal with what would happen in case of separation with or without children.—(16) Children, if any, (there would be eight of them) were to remain in their mother's care until the age of thirteen.—(17) In case of her death, two-thirds of the dowry

would go to the children.—(19) An annual pension of £18,000 sterling to be paid to her.

Now, as far as is known, the College Records do not indicate when—and why—the stained glass portrait of the Queen was placed in the Master's Gallery. It could have been before 1642<sup>3</sup>, or 1643 at the latest, or after 1658. The latter is more likely, although the print after Mytens' portrait which served as the model for the glass medallion shows the Queen as a younger woman than in the fine full-length portrait by Van Dyck exhibited as n° 88 (see Catalogue) and ascribed to 1636,—in fact the original portrait is dated 1630. Daniel Mytens was one of the court-painters of James I (in 1624) and of Charles I till the arrival of Van Dyck in 1632 (see *Eagle*, 1891, ref. to Crachrode Coll. n° 190, Brit. Mus.).

All sorts of puzzling questions remain unsolved. Why the Queen's portrait, but not the King's? Were there companion portraits of which one has disappeared? For undoubtedly this is a memorial of a rather exceptional event for St John's College. Is it likely that the Queen's portrait would have been thought sufficient memorial? The College's fidelity to the Royalist cause is, of course, well known. Then again it might have been put in place during the Restoration, although it seems that the new king was advised that only by repudiating his mother's cause and her followers could he hope to succeed in his own country.

English historians are none too kind in their treatment of Henrietta Maria and her royal husband, and they are often quick to blame the Queen for her later influence on both Charles I and her son. But there is some evidence that she supported them both with loyalty, courage and also, in 1646, money, supplying them with 427,556 'livres tournois' which she raised by pawning two diamonds with the duc d'Epéron<sup>4</sup>. Of course a French reader is influenced by Bossuet's majestic funeral oration for Henriette de France. But more particularly one (or at least I) cannot help feeling pity for the young and inexperienced Princess, arriving with little language and much religion in a strange world where Buckingham was all-powerful, armed with only her pretty face and Latin manners. yet strictly prepared by her Florentine mother against any attempt her husband might make to change her religion. Marie de Medici's instructions have been preserved in another volume<sup>5</sup>. From her letter I extract these stern warnings which the daughter must have read and meditated with awe:

'Vous n'avez plus sur la terre que *Dieu pour père* qui le sera à jamais puisqu'il est *Eternel*.' True, her father had been assassinated when she was five, and fate was to rob her of a husband in even more tragic circumstances. 'Souvenez-vous que vous êtes *fille de l'Eglise*.' This probably refers to France being called 'la fille aînée de l'Eglise', but it is also true that Pope Urban VIII was the Princess's godfather: one wonders at King James I, or Buckingham, being so keen on a no doubt political alliance with Spain, their first choice, then France, which could only bring trouble to all parties concerned. The Queen Mother went on: 'Rendez grâces à Dieu chaque jour qu'il vous a faite chrétienne et catholique.' Although the Queen Mother rightly urged her daughter to be virtuous and modest and to die rather than renounce her faith, it seems to me that the poor Princess must at the beginning have felt that she had been consigned to a citadel in which, on earth at least, her royal husband was later to be her only friend. (Remember, on arriving, she was only nineteen years old.)

J. -B. BARRÈRE.

<sup>1</sup> *Corresp. pol.*, 32, fo. 217–228.

<sup>2</sup> *Corresp. pol.*, 22, fo. 113 sq. Its exact title is 'Articles accordés entre les Commissaires du Roi très chrétien de France et de Navarre et ceux du Sérénissime Roi de la Grande-Bretagne pour le Mariage d'entre le Sérénissime Prince de Walles fils dudit Roi de la Grande-Bretagne et Madame Henriette Marie soeur de Sa Majesté très chrétienne.' Articles (8) and (16) were to cause problems.

<sup>3</sup> In March 1642 both King and Prince visited Cambridge and had a meal in St John's on their way to Huntingdonshire (see Cooper, *Annals of Cambridge*, III, 321).

<sup>4</sup> These she recovered in 1657: document in private coll. She suffered many hardships, in England, at sea, and even back in her home country, where money was scarce, her pension irregularly paid, and she had no heating when Cardinal de Retz visited her daughter in January 1649: 'La postérité aura peine à croire qu'une fille d'Angleterre et petite-fille de Henri le Grand ait manqué d'un fagot pour se lever au mois de janvier dans le Louvre.' (Mémoires, coll. Pléiade, II<sup>e</sup> Part. 162).

<sup>5</sup> *Angleterre, 1326–1674*, Suppl I, fo. 228.

## An Article of the Past: The Findings

IN THE last number of *The Eagle* (now where did you put it?) competitors were invited to provide translations in English version ('and the translation can be very free') of a Latin couplet in honour of a recently disinterred POT. Surprising ingenuity was displayed, not least by J. R. Bambrough:

Long-serving pot, proud pensioner of pee,  
We now elect you under Title D

Or Ian White:

Some colleges have cherished nobler visions,  
In Rubens' painting or through Newton's prisms.  
But John's respects the facts that they forgot:  
A cockroach; a wooden spoon; a pot.

And:

The pot now placed among the books,  
The catalogue should list the object,  
A to Z, so one who looks  
Finds it, by author or by subject.  
O useful but unlettered jar,  
C therefore Y you cannot B:  
A sign would show where those who R  
Coming for U must Q to P.

Or the retiring Editor (whose latinity wins no prizes):  
Pro captu liquoris habent sua fata matellae.

It is only right, therefore, that the prize should be awarded to Ian White, and that Renford Bambrough's contribution should be adjudged *proxime accessit*, for what, respectively, follows:

Should we the doubtful doctrine reproduce  
For you, that Use is Beauty, Beauty Use?  
Honoured by mean employment, now retired,  
Serving no purpose but to be admired;  
Grown grey with dust, but still preserved with care,  
Along with other academic ware;  
Go, where the best will follow by and by,  
Where books are shelved, and chamberpots are dry.

I could a tale unfold of Liveing, Sikes and Marr . . . . .  
Yet I retire to be an *objet d'art*.

# The Seedy Chronicles

*10 October 1772.* Passed over again! Really, that has been the story of my life. Murston declared redundant! Reading the Conclusions I could scarce believe my eyes. The Seniors are finally insane, a reek of madness pervades the Courts and the late Tutor's ghost is seen abroad. It is too much, really it is. It's not Seniors we need nowadays, but Guardians in Lunacy. Not that Murston was a fat living; with a couple of juicy geese on Christmas Day, chestnuts and warm ale by a blazing fire, and a plump, comfortable housekeeper and curates to do the heavy work. No, Murston, I confess, is not what I had thought of once; when I was younger and aspired perhaps to grander things. But, God knows, Murston is a living at least—or was—and any living is better than this wretched College. I hope I may not sound disappointed, but it is in truth difficult to perceive that this can be other than yet a further step in what appears to be a gigantic conspiracy to snub and embarrass me and cheat me of my lawful dues.

It is the Bursar I blame most in this Murston affair. He will, mark my words, be the ruin of the College, and is putting, or so Grouch tells me, the College's monies into what is known as the joint stock company—a speculation so gross and hazardous as to amount almost to usury. I do not believe half of what Grouch tells me, but it must be conceded that the Bursar has no sense of real property. A man whose years here have been marked by the suppression of livings rather than the purchase of advowsons, who gambles in coffee houses on so-called insurances rather than investing prudently in corrodies, who hears the word simony with a shudder rather than a smile. . . . The College will be ruined and like Sodom and Gomorrah we shall be cast asunder. Well, I for one will not be surprised.

It is strange how some men hold all offices and others none. Look at the Bursar for instance; the most famous pluralist of the century. (Financial Wizard or Financial Board? asks Grouch, but Grouch, I fear, is becoming embittered.) Or my dear friend Auringskwash. There is he already an Assistant Tutor, Second (or, *per* Grouch, Left-Hand) Canticle and Lecturer in Hebrew and Chaldee (though he knows barely enough Hebrew to justify the B.D. Degree, and less Chaldee than I do). Truly we are surrounded by duplicity. He is going for Wootton Rivers of course and will end up an archdeacon. He is a dear kind good person, but candidly I sometimes wonder just what is it that everyone sees in him.

*11 October* Yesterday was a dark day. I confess the loss of Murston hit me harder than I cared to admit, but today has dawned afresh. My dear good friend Auringskwash offered to invite me down to Wootton Rivers when it is his and we had three bottles of port between us after Hall. Now I feel no pain. Murston really would not have done me at all and I would of course have declined it. Though I have long known the Seniors were a parcel of fools, I can today look upon the brighter side and give thanks to God that we are not governed by the Assistant Tutors, a body of men whose frailty of spine is matched only by their ability of intellect.

I have conceived a great project. It came, I think, midway through the second bottle of port. I had confided to Auringskwash of my disappointment and, as some of my scribbings chanced to slip from my pocket when I leapt to my feet to denounce once more the infamy of the Bursar, I showed them to him. "Seedy", he said, "you must publish these. Not a word to a soul that I have counselled you so. It must come with the force and vitality of your own original idea. And if you can libel the Other Dean then let it not be said I dissuaded you; I know nothing of the matter and shall be as amazed and shocked as any Fellow can be." And he invited me again to Wootton Rivers.

We in the College are a community and a family, and if I by my pen can set down some of the incidents and domesticities of our life, the chat of Fellows before their hearth over a bottle or two of port, I shall be satisfied. Today I am tranquil and have put my equations aside that I can contemplate my great project. Tomorrow, who knows?

*17 October* The food tonight was appalling beyond dispute. I was sitting with my good friend

Grouch at the head of the table next to the Acting Master, a just, good and saintly man. Opposite were Boggs and Tyburn, oldest and sharpest by far of our Seniors. Boggs was admitted a Senior while still an undergraduate (or so it is rumoured) by the then Master, who was very decrepit, making a mistake in the Latin formula when affecting to admit him a Scholar. Boggs seized upon the slip, and though there was a good deal of snivelling about it at the time, it is clear that the hand of Providence was far less fumbling and inept than the hands of the Fellowship Electors mostly are. Tyburn on the other hand, blessed with the coincidence of his name and being born under the very shadow of the gallows, brought on by the excitement, decided to turn to the law and became most learned—almost an authority—on the subject of wills. Of the Fellows he is uniquely prepared for death, which he regards simply as a removal into Chancery; at times however his wit is so cunning and abstruse that I fear like the great Jarman before him he may die—I shudder to say it—intestate.

Anyway, the food was disgusting. Grouch leant across the table, throwing his meat on the floor in disgust, "God's teeth, Boggs, the steak is tough as Old Nick himself." The Acting Master flinched slightly. "Only a fool, Grouch," replied Boggs, "could suppose that this animal ever walked on cloven hooves". "You are right, Boggs; but in a College full of horse traders as ours you'd think they could buy some choicer flesh than this." "It was not sold us Grouch, it was devised. What do you say, Tyburn." "You are Steward, Boggs." But, alas, Boggs was not Steward and had not been for thirty years.

The fact is the College is in a bilious mood. Having tried all manner of expedients the Seniors have ordered to be built what Grouch calls the Great College Erection, though in reality it's only a lean-to affair in Kitchen Lane behind the Second Court over where they used to throw the slops. Apparently the idea is that the men will stand in a line eating bits hacked off a spit by a serving boy as quick as he can feed them. It is a curious system and I do not understand it, though the Seniors say it was greatly in fashion some few years ago. The Fellows are very worried by the Great Erection lest it block the road to the porters of fresh vegetables for their table. Tinsel, who is so frightfully clever I cannot believe a word he says, was particularly vocal: "Very painful business. What this College needs, my boy, is a detumescence, eh?" Tinsel's prayers were answered, for the Great Erection suddenly went soggy on us (water having got in the roof) and is collapsing. However, like boils, no sooner does one go down but another springs up and now the Seniors are feverishly building behind the Second Court hard by St John's Lane. The College, I fear, has got the pox.

As the College stomach still rumbles mightily, the Seniors have further engaged one Black-a-moor (no relation, as the Acting Master wanly quipped, to the blessed Thomas-a-More) as Head Cook. Grouch says that we are paying him ten moduli, which is unbelievable, and that he's very fierce and wears a turban. He is, I fear, our last chance.

What is the answer? I wish I knew. Grouch advocates a purge, while Tinsel swears by salts of bromide, but I for my part believe that if the system is not overtaxed, but learns to live in mutual harmony the one part with the other, it will clean itself. Tolerance, a willingness to compromise, and an understanding that however gloomy the outlook may appear it might be worse. Praise be to God that the Assistant Tutors do not run the Kitchens.

*29 November 1773.* What a day! I must make speed to jot down my recollections so that I may faithfully report to my dear friend Auringskwash when he returns. He is visiting his estates at Wootton Rivers, word having come that the incumbent was afflicted with a serious head cold that had now settled most dangerously on the chest. Before hastening away on his errand of mercy, Auringskwash offered in Chapel, with that simple, unaffected dignity that seems—I know not why—to attract the sympathy of the body of Fellows, prayers for the invalid's swift deliverance and most merciful release from the toils of a life set so much around with woes, disorders and infections. Dear, pure Auringskwash; he is a strange, good person to discover in



the mire of the Fellowship in which we live. I myself toasted the parson's demise in the communion wine, which I am proud to say much offended the Other Dean and even earned a mild reproof from my dear friend Auringskwash himself. How refreshed and chastened one feels after a rebuke from such a veritable saint.

However, to continue: back to the woes, disorders and infections of this pox-ridden life, or rather this pox-ridden College. We had a Great College Meeting summoned of all the Fellows on the pretext of changing the Statutes, for the Bursar is most anxious for it to be thought he knows Latin. In fact, as Grouch puts it, he knows less Latin than the elephants Hannibal used to cross the Alps, which is to say (again *per* Grouch) even less than Auringskwash. Oh well, it all went on in the usual inconsequential, foolish fashion, and I myself made a remarkably acute and penetrating speech, in the midst of which I had to be called to order and which was very badly received amongst the Fellows. Sometimes, though I would not admit it to anyone else, I get disheartened, that is I used to get disheartened, but then I draw analogies with history—Hannibal, I feel sure, was a man not appreciated in his day—and I say to myself, what do these fools know of the cubic equation anyway?

Then it began. There was a sort of rumbling from the far end of the room. "Did someone move?" muttered the Acting Master, and then, in a single deft fumbling motion, Giddy was on his feet. "Master", he said, "I move". "Er, check, I think, Professor Giddy", countered the Acting Master, but it was too late. "I have", replied Giddy, and the battle was lost—or won as the case may be.

Seldom—never—have I seen the like of it. "Who are they, Master?" cried Giddy. "As Fellows we have a right, nay a duty, to know. Let them show their faces". Which, as the Regius remarked to me, was a pretty surprising demand coming from Giddy. But Giddy swept on, only to be seconded by the Count von Ganglebang (a Nobleman Fellow Commoner smuggled in to the Meeting on a pretence by Giddy) and supported by a whole host of boys, prize Fellows mostly, whose names I do not even know. However the Acting Master replied undaunted, with skill and sympathy summing up the doubts of many of the more grave among us (or so it seemed to Grouch; it all moved far too fast for me to follow as I was still preparing a comment upon the Bursar's Latin). "Er, Giddy", he said, softly—the room was silent—"Er who are, er who?"

"The Seniors, Master," said Giddy. The commotion that followed, my goodness me, what a laugh, my breeches are still damp from it. The President knelt in prayer, or so it looked from where I was sitting, his gown pulled over his head. The Bursar looked like a man stepping out from a bawdy house into the path of the Vice-Chancellor, hoping to say nothing and try to get away with it. Fortunately several of the Seniors were not present.

Of course it is a scandal; has been for a long time. Grouch says that the Seniors meet in the Lodge, lock the doors and sit round in a hollow square pretending they are the Star Chamber; though how Grouch knows I cannot imagine. They ride in, it seems, in closed carriages from the country, and one, I believe, even came in a hearse once, though that was kept pretty quiet and some perfectly rational explanation said to exist for it. Undoubtedly it is difficult for Fellows, not knowing who they are; one can never feel quite safe. For instance Tinsel is surely too clever and wayward to be a Senior, and yet he is absent today. . . . It is a scandal, but to bring it out into the open like this. I do not know. It is immensely refreshing and all that—almost as good as a severe commination from Auringskwash. But where will it end? That is what worries me. Grouch says that I am feeble (yet I pride myself rather on my toughness—it is strange how percipient Grouch can be about others, while his remarks about myself are so wide of the mark) and that it is all very droll and that he will start a campaign to deprive Giddy for contumacious failure to show his face. But *caveat Collegium Sancti* is what I say this day, and what no doubt the elephant of Hannibal will be trumpeting tomorrow.

The Regius had by now leapt to his feet and was enquiring what might be the effect of holding a meeting to discuss a certain issue, moving a motion upon a second issue, while yet a third issue would be taken to the vote, the majority of the body of Fellows believing that a fourth and separate issue represented the true business of the meeting; put, it was to be supposed, as an hypothetical case merely. But we were beyond wrangling the constitutional niceties, and the beauty of the Regius's syllogisms was wasted, partly, it is to be owned, as in the excitement he had dropped his spectacles and was turned addressing the vacant end of the room.

By now the boys were completely unrestrained and were running about knocking off the caps of Fellows. For it had grown most dark with the lateness of the hour and no one dared to call for the butler to bring tapers for the candles lest he disturb the privacy of the meeting. The Dean rose and mercifully managed to restore some order, or to curb the worst excesses at least, with a variety of clever remarks that I quite forget. He is a most able man, though of the keenest intellect, and is becoming (*per* Grouch) a very central figure. It was as well, at all events, that someone came to the rescue, for the Assistant Tutors were, as von Ganglebang put it, as quiet as the church mice. They, in fact, were the cause of the whole trouble; for, as Grouch has said, the Seniors may be knaves, but the Assistant Tutors are fools, and, my goodness me, had Giddy but moved a compromise motion in those terms it must have been carried by acclamation, all Fellows feeling able to subscribe to at least half of it.

Anyway, just as the Regius and I were going to order the butler to bring in some bottles of port, privacy or no privacy, it was noticed that von G. had gone over to Giddy, who was now lying prostrate on the floor. Von G. rose, with, I confess, a certain dignity, and, obtaining the Acting Master's attention by waving a kerchief and clicking his heels, "Master," he announced in an emotional voice, "Giddy is without the motions. He does not move." R.i.p., I must say, what a relief. The meeting broke up and we called Giddy's gyp to carry him back to his rooms.

And so we go on. But as I said to Grouch and the Regius that evening over our fourth of port, "*Caveat Collegium Sancti*. The Master's hand I saw to shake at Table the other day. Three ravens have been observed walking abroad on Stourbridge Common. There is a turgid air about the Courts, and even your rooms, Regius, are full of the black and smoky vapours of distrust that pervade the Coll." "You are a fool and a driveller, Seedy," said Grouch sharply, "And your sleeve is in the fire."

JOS. SEEDY

#### *Editorial note:*

The jottings which we publish here have been preserved for posterity by a stroke of singular good fortune. They were found fluttering across Second Court, having (it would seem) been removed by certain vandals from the Old Treasury where evidently they had lain undetected these two hundred years. But for this happy chance Seedy's acute observations on the life of the unreformed College might well have finished as stuffing for one or other of the Bursar's stock of armchairs—and who can doubt that some of Seedy's contemporaries would have preferred this to have been their ultimate fate? This, clearly, is not the time to embark upon a full-length study of their author, although future historians will undoubtedly feel obliged to take account of him, and *The Eagle* is proud to have been able to provide them with the opportunity of so doing.

## To Pine

If I crouch in restless crook of arm  
Above the poise of your pen  
I can almost tend the languid loss  
Of hyacinth vapour in eyes  
Crisp only with memory researched  
Again for a plant's nearness but without,  
And the hooded clusters of a moment  
Violet and crystal herein.  
Precision and colour were not wanting  
As you ambled through pylon-flung dusk  
Of a green belt day,  
Posthumous approval of waters still  
Rippling along you in amber and grey  
Sheen of oil-skinned time,  
Without white-boarded bridges  
Or locks that remember Van Gogh  
In suspended promise of mime.  
Only you and canal at the wind's edge  
Of a dark-dissolving dream  
Where March limps in funeral weeds  
Amongst blank haunts of trees  
Now doubled in pain,  
Their podia of new-lopped grimace  
Threaten to revert again  
To the bulbous embryo of Winter.  
Yet the cream leaves,  
Cascaded on bracken,  
Today have shred together  
In the crisp hands of a sun,  
Speckling eyes and brow with emerald  
Bronze thoughts of surprise, still young  
Enough to defy the desultory flicker  
Of hazel and beech leaning in haze  
As the waiting began under gorse-strewn maze  
While a sad, sonorous glider  
Rolled a recurrent tide  
Of receding half-sleep  
Down the wheat banks of happiness  
To a Summer southern field,  
Sloping and sighing with pride  
In the grace of uncharted companions

Salt-brown, ria-furrowed  
On the Atlantic side of blue,  
Where the crow-bounds to the breakers  
Returned soft-padded,  
Circling yet again to you,  
And the evening was not a stranger.  
For to tend is not to capture  
And Spring is not yet mine,  
Although a friend writes in earnest  
That I repeat the verb "to pine"  
And so underline in this night's red  
The half-light of all that needs to be said.

DAVID PRICE

## The Brian Runnett Prize

THIS PRIZE was endowed in 1971 by the Reverend Stanley Moorcroft Epps (B.A. 1922, M.A. 1926) "as a tribute to an accomplished musician whose gifts enriched the spiritual life of the church as well as its musical standards" in memory of Brian Runnett, who was born in 1935 of musical parents. His upbringing and early musical training were in the North-West of England, and he received his first organ lessons from Dr Caleb Jarvis, the Organist of St George's Hall, Liverpool. His interests soon widened to include the whole range of cathedral music, and his appointment in 1956 as Sub-Organist of Chester Cathedral, under Dr Roland Middleton, gave him the opportunity of learning the choral repertoire, the art of accompanying both a professional choir and a congregation, and of choir-training. His period at Chester coincided with a growing reputation as a recitalist.

In 1960 the position of Organ Scholar at St John's College was offered to Brian Runnett. There, working with Mr George Guest, he contributed immensely to the Chapel music. He showed extreme skill both in training the College Choir and in solo organ playing; indeed, as a recitalist, his fame was, by now, national. After his three years at St John's he was appointed University Lecturer in Music and University Organist at Manchester University; and in 1966, he succeeded Dr Heathcote Statham as Organist and Master of the Choristers at Norwich Cathedral.

In the four short years he was to stay there he won acclaim for all branches of his music, and, as a person, was loved by all. He was still in growing demand as a virtuoso recitalist, and it was while driving to see his parents in Southport, after a most brilliant recital at Westminster Abbey, that he was involved in an accident near Lichfield, and killed instantly. So ended, prematurely and tragically, the life of one who had achieved much and promised more. In *The Times* of 26 August 1970, Dr Heathcote Statham wrote, "The tragic death of this young musician will be lamented by many, but especially by music lovers in Norwich. . . his friends will remember him as a musician, and also as a most unassuming and charming man."

His academic qualifications were M.A. (Cantab.), Mus.B. (Dunelm.), F.R.C.O. (C.H.M.) with Limpus and Read Prizes, L.R.A.M. and A.R.C.M.

# Johnian Cricket Blues

THE FIRST cricket match between Oxford and Cambridge was played at Lords in 1827. Since then there have been only 65 blues awarded to Johnnians. The full list is as follows.

- 1829. Stephen Winthrop (B.A. 1830)
- 1836. Edward Hodgson (B.A. 1836)
- 1838, 1839. Joseph Grout (Matric. 1837)
- 1839–1842. William de St Croix (B.A. 1843)
- 1840–1843. William Mills<sup>1</sup> (B.A. 1843)
- 1840. George Burr (B.A. 1842)
- 1842, 1843. Richard Blaker<sup>2</sup> (B.A. 1844)
- 1843. Charles Crofts (B.A. 1846)
- 1844. Arthur Hoare<sup>3</sup> (B.A. 1844)
- 1844–1847. George Ottey (B.A. 1847)
- 1845. Henry Wroth (B.A. 1846)
- 1846, 1847. Richard Seddon (B.A. 1848)
- 1846–1848. John Lee (B.A. 1848)
- 1847. William Cecil, *Lord Burghley* (M.A. 1847)
- 1848. Charles Calvert (B.A. 1848)
- 1849. Alfred Potter (B.A. 1850)
- 1850. Robert Edwards (B.A. 1852)
- 1851–1854. William Leake (B.A. 1855)
- 1853. Arthur Ward<sup>4</sup> (B.A. 1855)
- 1854, 1856. Joseph McCormick<sup>5</sup> (B.A. 1857)
- 1855–1858. John Fuller<sup>6</sup> (B.A. 1858)
- 1858. Charles Brereton (B.A. 1861)
- 1858–1860. George Cotterill (B.A. 1861)
- 1859–1861. Augustus Bateman (B.A. 1862)
- 1860. Frederick Lee<sup>7</sup> (B.A. 1863)
- 1866. Charles Warren<sup>8</sup> (B.A. 1866)
- 1868–1870. John Dale<sup>9</sup> (B.A. 1870)
- 1870. Alfred Bourne (B.A. 1871)
- 1870. Francis Mackinnon<sup>10</sup> (B.A. 1871)
- 1870–1872. Frederick Tobin (B.A. 1872)
- 1871. Henry Stedman (B.A. 1872)
- 1872. George Raynor (B.A. 1875)
- 1873. William Ford (B.A. 1876)
- 1873, 1874. Thomas Latham (B.A. 1874)
- 1881. Ralph Spencer (B.A. 1883)
- 1882. Frederick Gaddum (B.A. 1882)
- 1882–1885. Charles Smith<sup>11</sup> (B.A. 1884)
- 1885–1887. Charles Toppin<sup>12</sup> (B.A. 1886)
- 1894. John Robinson<sup>13</sup> (B.A. 1894)
- 1921. John Bryan (B.A. 1921)
- 1926–1928. Frederick Seabrook<sup>14</sup> (B.A. 1927)
- 1929. William Harbinson<sup>15</sup> (B.A. 1929)
- 1930. Harold Carris<sup>16</sup> (B.A. 1930)
- 1930, 1931. Frederick Brown<sup>17</sup> (Matric. 1929)
- 1932–1934. Roger Winlaw<sup>18</sup> (B.A. 1934)
- 1933, 1934. Jack Davies<sup>19</sup> (B.A. 1933)
- 1935–1938. Norman Yardley<sup>20</sup> (B.A. 1937)

- 1938, 1939. Bertram Carris<sup>21</sup> (Matric. 1936)
- 1938, 1939. John Thompson (B.A. 1941)
- 1939. John Blake (B.A. 1939)
- 1939. Patrick Dickinson (Matric. 1938)
- 1946. Barry Trapnell (B.A. 1945)
- 1946–1948. William Griffiths (B.A. 1948)
- 1947, 1948. Trevor Bailey<sup>22</sup> (B.A. 1948)
- 1948–1950. John Dewes<sup>23</sup> (B.A. 1950)
- 1952. George Tordoff<sup>24</sup> (Matric. 1951)
- 1953. William Knightley-Smith<sup>25</sup> (B.A. 1955)
- 1954. John Slack (B.A. 1954)
- 1955, 1956. Donald Smith (B.A. 1957)
- 1958–1960. John Bernard (B.A. 1960)
- 1959–1961. Nayini Reddy (B.A. 1962)
- 1961–1964. Michael Brearley<sup>26</sup> (B.A. 1963)
- 1963. Martin Miller (B.A. 1963)
- 1965, 1966. Rupert Roopnaraine (B.A. 1965)
- 1971–1973. ~~Richard~~ Hadley (B.A. 1973)

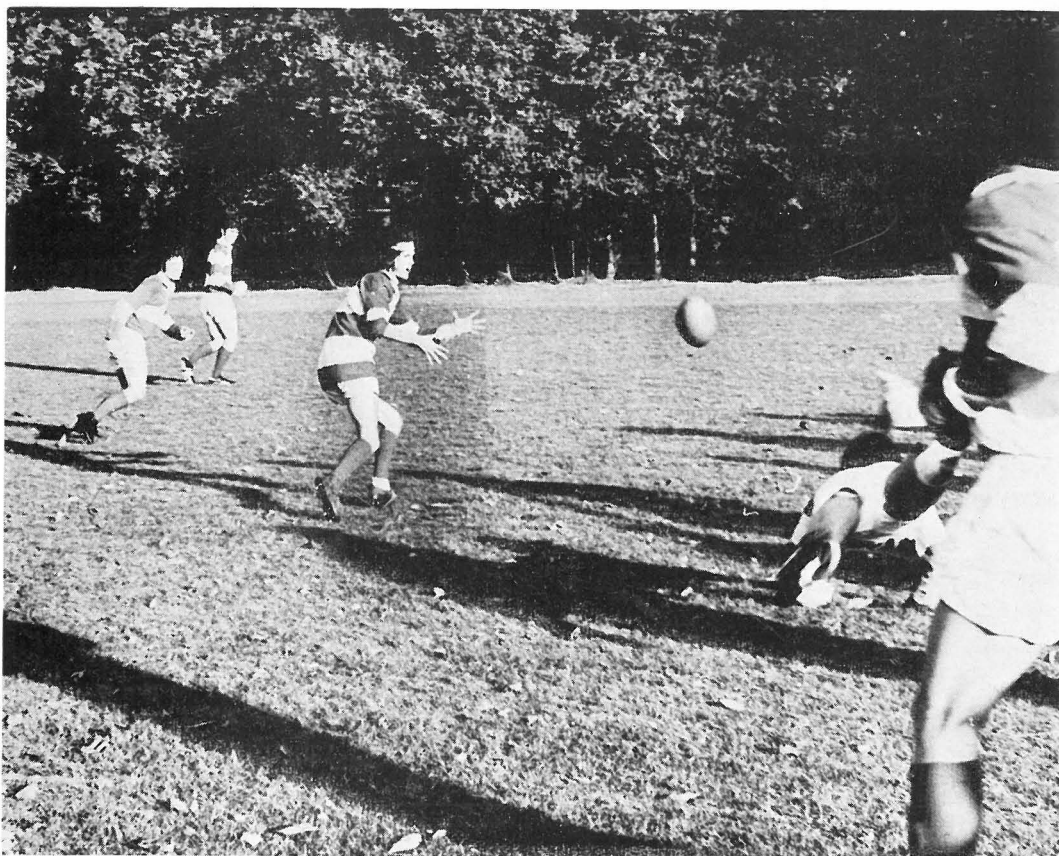
**ROBERT**

## NOTES

1. Captain in 1843.
2. Grandfather of R. N. R. Blaker (B.A. Jesus) who gained a cricket blue 1900–1902 and soccer blue 1899–1901 (Captain 1901)
3. Captain in 1846 but unable to play against Oxford, owing to illness.
4. Captain in 1854 but unable to play against Oxford, owing to illness.
5. Captain in 1856: Rowing blue 1856.
6. Captain 1857, 1858. Played for the Gentlemen v Players in 1856 and 1858.
7. Step-brother of John Lee.
8. Played for the All England XI in 1866.
9. Rowing blue in 1869, 1870.
10. Played in 1 Test Match v Australia in 1879.
11. Captained England in the first Test match v South Africa in South Africa 1888. Became a well known stage and film actor. Knighted in 1944.
12. Played for the Gentlemen v Players in 1885 and 1886.
13. Rugger blue in 1892: Rugger International for England 1893 and 1902.
14. Captain in 1928.
15. Hockey blue 1926–1929.
16. Rugger blue 1929.
17. Played in 22 Test matches for England, 15 of them as Captain.
18. Soccer blue 1931–1933.
19. Rugby fives blues 1931–1934, captain 1933, 1934.
20. Captain 1938. First Johnian to score a century in the Varsity match. Played in 20 Test matches for England 14 of them as captain. Hockey blue 1936.
21. Brother of Harold Carris.
22. Played 61 Test matches for England. Soccer blue 1947, 1948, F.A. Amateur Cup winners medal 1951–52, with Walthamstow Avenue.
23. Played in 3 Test matches v Australia. Hockey blue 1950.
24. Soccer blue 1951.
25. Soccer blue 1953, 1954.
26. Captain in 1963, 1964. Elected captain of Middlesex C.C.C. in 1971.

M.B.P.





## Reviews



*VOYAGES D'UN EMMURÉ.* by Sigmurd Rukalski. Editions de la Baconnière, Neuchâtel, 1970. 195 pp.

The author of this curious, haunting narrative, part memoir, part novel and part nightmare, insists on its most general, least historical implications. He speaks of hatred, madness, sin, negation, as if the enactment of atrocities were a recurring theological event, flaring up in history but starting out in the dark soul of fallen man. Fascism and socialism are mindless, unmotivated mobilisations of rival schemes of thought, the one as stupid as the other—national and international socialisms, Rukalski sneers. Human beings are naturally butchers, and the names they give you are merely labels which license them to kill: "Hier vous étiez communiste, aujourd'hui vous êtes juif, demain, vous serez fasciste, selon le besoin". "J'aimerais," Rukalski writes, "que ce récit paraisse simplement comme un témoignage humain d'une époque inhumaine, sans aucune indication politique, nationale, etc. C'est pour cela qu'il n'y a aucun nom dans le texte..."

One understands perfectly why someone who has suffered as the author of this book has suffered—whatever elements there are of nightmare and novel in the work, all of it is intensely, painfully autobiographical—should not wish to dwell on the concrete history and geography of his anguish, should look for the consolation of company across the centuries in his vertigos and insomnias, as he calls them. The political bewilderment alone described in the book is enough to prompt a flight into metaphysics. But it really is not all

that easy to erase history, however poignant your desire to do so, and this narrative speaks most unequivocally about a particular time and a particular place.

A boy tries to escape from a city that must be Warsaw in 1941, and is picked up by the Russians as a German spy. When the Germans move east, he finds himself free and wanders back to Warsaw to seek his mother. He fails to find her, and is arrested by the Germans and sent to a camp. When the Americans arrive at the end of the war, he is placed in a hospital for a while, then shunted on to Paris as a refugee. At the time of the narrative, he has barricaded himself in a room in a Paris hotel, and is being pursued by the police for some nameless misdemeanour. His voluntary, fearful imprisonment here recalls all his other prisons, a world of walls and doors and crawling insects and death, and Rukalski takes his title from these driven memories, which are themselves the mark of a man enclosed in the harrowing circles described by his own mind. It comes as something of a shock to realise that when the war ends, the person who has been through what he calls inexorable infamy, who has been hounded, he says, to the limits of the self, and who feels himself to be the sole survivor of a species without name or origin, is still only twenty years old, has a whole life to live in the shadow of this absurd, shuttling pattern of confinement and escape, alternately comforted and crushed by the solidity of the masonry of his consecutive cells: "Les portes, les murs, c'est construit pour durer; au fond il n'y que ça de solide sur la terre". "Il n'y a que les murs qui durent, avec leurs portes fermées à double tour, comme dans les maisons de pestiférés où l'on n'entre que sous peine de mort". And all this is testimony not to a timeless human evil but to the lasting damage that history itself can inflict on its victims.

Here is a man edged out of the human world and into a totally private universe of suspicion and dread. Yet whatever our sympathy for this man's rejection of the world which did him such harm, the lesson for us surely is that we must give more attention to our history, not less.

In any case, none of us is wholly innocent of the ravages of history, and the most eloquent, subtle and powerful passages in *Voyages d'un emmuré* have to do with the protagonist's ghastly collusion in the horrors descending on him. Working with rags in the German camp, he imagines these once-worn shreds hanging on

people again, and drives his illusory crowd of dolls towards new humiliations, discovering "l'immense volupté que doivent éprouver les meneurs d'hommes à pousser devant eux, par la seule force de leur parole, des peuples entiers vers la destruction". He is amazed at the possibility of a German defeat, because he too, although its victim, has believed in the master race, has taken the Germans for a species capable of transcending the human condition. And in the camp, maddened by solitude and despair and the constant proximity of death, he dreams of a final cleansing of the world by means of the ovens, a last conflagration whose legacy will be the reign of immutable justice and flawless coherence, the unfolding of the perfect flower of human life—"avec moi comme figure centrale, bien entendu". In the fever of this vision the protagonist remembers a moment of shame, a time when he was accused of being Jewish ("elle est increvable, cette race-là, rien à faire pour en finir"), and proved he wasn't by the obvious anatomical exhibition. Remembering the shame he remembers the peasant now sleeping in the shack with him, who was present on that day of ignominy, and intoxicated by what he grimly calls his "petite idée de Caïn", he murders the old man in order to destroy this remaining witness, this last obstacle to the pure delirium of future glory.

I hardly care to wonder whether this act and this vision represent a material event or an especially vivid fear, and perhaps a doubt on this question is important to the book. For what Rukalski proposes to us, finally, is not only an image of the victim's complicity in his torment, but also a more elusive, less familiar and more frightening truth: the truth that there are moments in history and in our lives when our most ugly and most trivial desires are fulfilled as if by magic, when our most casual, most transient dreams can be practised on the world, engraved in the flesh of other people. Rukalski's protagonist kills the old man because of the remembered shame, but also because the old man is a peasant—from the earliest pages of the book we have known of the protagonist's fear and hatred of country people. "Quelle sale race, tout de même, ces paysans, ils sentent la terre comme des vers". "Regardez-les, faits pour se saouler, digérer, éructer, ils ne pensent qu'à ces imbéciles de canards dans leurs sales paniers, ces paysans crasseux..." "Grosse plèbe qui pue la glèbe, qui gratte la glèbe, qui ramène tout à la glèbe..." He is afraid they

will betray him for money, or out of malice, because he is not one of them. And so, much later, in a form of ecstatic trance, he kills a man because he hates and fears him, hates and fears his whole class—and of course because his exacerbated state of mind leaves him with no resistance to his murderous urge. The analogy with what the more ambitious destroyers of his time were doing is clear. In both cases a common, minor resentment, firmly repressed or kept quiet under normal circumstances, is released by the general insanity of the world, allowed to prowl and plunder and do damage, and again, the moral of the story, it seems to me, concerns not so much the quality of the resentment as the circumstances of its disastrous release.

Rukalski's rhetoric often seems faded or precious—"Il n'y a que la nuit, aussi noire que vos pensées, aussi profonde que vos erreurs"; "Fuir encore fuir toujours, fuir à tout jamais vers les confins des fuites sans fin". But I mention this only to insist on how little it matters, how thoroughly dwarfed such quibbling considerations are by this chronicle of a man dragged, as Rukalski says, from ruin to ruin, and from scorn to scorn.

MICHAEL WOOD

*THE PATTERN OF TINY MINDS*—School of Pythagoras: 15, 16, 17 November '73.

This revue is the second to spring from the pens and minds of Messrs. Adams-Smith-Adams but it is the more memorable—since it happened more recently. Certainly the *Tiniest Minds* in Cambridge pattered along to see Cambridge's funniest, not to mention only, revue of the term.

One was immediately struck by the class-nature of this revue. Frankly, brothers, the Adams-Smith-Adams *Minds* are *Tiny* because they are aristocratic. We were treated to the full spectrum of upper-class humour, starting from its embryo in the *Public School Sketch*—a single adolescent joke which may seem very funny when thought up during prep, but becomes tedious when repeated again and again. Such was the *Restaurant Sketch*, where customers walked in and suddenly dropped dead. From school to University and the intellectual undergrad joke. The *Agamemnon Sketch* set a distraught Clytemnestra in search of her husband and consoled by two modern beerswillers. 'It's

tragic', said one. 'It will be when Agamemnon gets home', replied Clytemnestra. (See Aristotle—*Poetics*: Chap. 6).

The fully fledged aristocrat appeared as the protagonist of the *Country Planner Song*, a man rich enough to buy a little villa in the 'garden of England'. Then he is faced with a country planner touting plans for motorways, pylons and Channel tunnels nearby, overhead and underneath. Foolishly refusing to accept the ineluctable laws of progress, he adopts a favourite ruse of the feudal baron. He murders the planner, then he buries him in his cellar. Wishful thinking!

A-S-A scorn the new bourgeoisie, those of the working class tempted by overtime pay into hire-purchase folly. The parody of an easy-listening stereo record-club was an excellent tape collage drenching with sarcasm those whose pitiable wealth is slightly greater than their pitiable taste.

But the aristocracy of Adams-Smith-Adams was clearest in their attitude to the working class—amused contempt. Their *Two-Workers-Sitting-On-A-Bench* sketch portrayed working men as thick, lethargic and barely humanoid. In execution, it resembled nothing so much as two undergrads imitating Dud and Pete with even stocker prole accents than those two frauds.

Aristocracy is the seed-bed of conservatism. One sketch heaped scorn on progressive education, with Douglas Adams as headmaster of Summerville Open Plan School, lolling and grinning like a spaced out A. S. Neill. T.V.'s *MIDWEEK-PHONE-IN* provided a further chance for trendy-bashing. Here droll Douglas played a bus-buccaneer à la Hampstead intellectual, who believed that bus-piracy provided an original means of artistic expression. He brilliantly parodied the question—evasion technique which characterises *Phone-in* shows and defeats their very purpose—

Policeman on the phone: 'Would you like to accompany me down to the station?'

Pirate: 'Er...good evening, inspector... Now, that's a very interesting question. I don't think so, not tonight'.

In view of their scorn of things modern and gimmicky, it's understandable that A-S-A's use of one modern gimmick—tape recorder—to carry unifying threads through the revue, was not successful. Their attempts reeked of Ken Dodd's 'zaniness' where 'zany' means the pathetic conviction that a few weird sound-effects and dangling conversations can provoke wild hilarity.

But the supreme irony was that television, most bourgeois of all standbys, should have provided—via Monty Python—so much of the inspiration for this aristocratic revue. On stage, the disorientation and insanity of Monty P. are much less effective. A-S-A's sketch about an executive with a staff of sheep and rabbits came over as plain silly. Only enthusiastic acting and facial-work carried the one about the cereal-advertising office and its ideas for jellyfish or dead thrushes as free gifts.

Throughout the revue, in fact, very good acting compensated for script weaknesses, the most glaring of which were the anti-climatic endings to sketches. The songs were the best parts of the revue—Martin Smith's searing parody of Leonard Cohen and all other hip trendies who croak into microphones and rake in the loot; Margaret Thomas' appeals for 'loving dentistry' and her lead vocal in the final pantomime ensemble. Margaret's singing was a highlight of the revue. Of the principals, Martin Smith was naturally funny with his fat and rubbery face (and humour), while Will Adams provided a hilarious deadpan. As for Douglas Adams, though he has the largest pose, one is left asking: 'Has he the *Tiniest Mind*?'

KEITH JEFFERY & FELIX HODCROFT

# College Chronicle

## THEATRE

### *Good and Faithful Servant and Titania's Ass*

The two plays which made up the Lady Margaret Players Michaelmas bill had little in common, apart from an apparent wish on the part of the producers to present something unusual. The casts played to the audiences rather than to the play itself; this may have led to imperfect interpretation and erratic performances, but it helped enhance the mood of casual enjoyment which typified the production.

The first of the plays was Joe Orton's somewhat off-key black comedy, *The Good and Faithful Servant*; as a television play adapted to the stage it presented many difficulties, which careful set construction managed to overcome. Ostensibly, the play is a cleverly-worked study in the alienation between a still loyal pensioner and his old firm, but it relies for its impact on the crisp and bleakly humorous dialogue which carries the play along at a very swift pace. The actors never quite grasped the theme but worked the dialogue well, and won their share of the laughs in consequence.

The second of the plays was the more successful because it was the more consistent; again it was unusual in that it was an adaptation by the producer of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* which stressed the uncomplicated humour rather than the subtle comedy of the play. The production relied for its effect on the masterly rustic scenes, in which deliberate over-acting and moog synthesizer music combined to produce a mood of enchanting farce. Perhaps because of the success of these scenes, the more serious fairyland interludes were less popular, even if equally well acted. The belly-laugh was the rule of the day, and in consequence only half of the play was allowed to shine.

Perhaps the mood of fun prevailed over that of the serious because of the setting in the School of Pythagoras, the intimacy of which was curiously conducive to amusement rather than involvement. Perhaps it was because of the participants themselves, who approached the production in a light-hearted (although not careless) manner. Either way, the play was a success judging from the attendance on all four nights, and the nervous laughter in the green room soon mellowed before the succession of appreciative audiences.

M.C.W.

## MUSICAL SOCIETY

*Acting President & Musical Director:* Mr I. M. Kemp

*Senior Treasurer:* Dr D. L. Frost

*Secretary:* Jonathan Rennert

*Orchestral Conductor:* Philip Booth

*Orchestral Secretary:* Anthony Woodhouse

*Choral Society Conductor:* Michael Earle

*Choral Society Secretary:* Roger Harrison

*Junior Treasurer:* Robert Wallbank

*Committee Member:* Julian Clarkson

The Musical Society has gone from strength to strength. Only three years ago, the Society organised just one event during the whole year. Now there is a Choral Society numbering over two hundred, a flourishing orchestra, and an average of three large-scale concerts and a number of smaller ones every term.

The major undertakings of the Michaelmas Term were an orchestral concert conducted by Philip Booth, which included a magnificent performance of Sibelius' Fifth Symphony and some fine virtuoso playing from Andrew Smith in Mozart's Oboe Concerto, and Michael Earle's impressive Brahms Requiem (surely no other Cambridge chorus can approach the new St John's Choral Society, for size, musicality and control).

Smoking Concerts (one performed by Freshmen) were held in the New Music Room, as was the annual "revue you cannot escape", 'Music to Forget', this time a special phone-in edition running for two nights.

Publicity for concerts has been greatly improved, and audiences have increased dramatically; large concerts now fill the Chapel, and for less formal events, the New Music Room has looked uncomfortably small.

JONATHAN RENNERT

## LAWN TENNIS CLUB

*Captain:* A. D. Knyvett

*Secretary:* T. D. Jenkins

The college had a disappointing season in the inter-college league, none of the teams reaching the high standards of recent teams. On the brighter, and perhaps less materialistic, side there were again three league teams run, providing

the opportunity for serious tennis for those who wished. The college remained one of the few to have friendly matches with teams from outside Cambridge, and Asif Shah gained a Blue.

The 1st VI, in Div. 1, started badly, losing heavily to the weaker teams on the soggy courts at the beginning of the season. They improved as the season progressed, but so did the opposition and only one victory was recorded.

The 2nd VI, promoted to Div. 3 at the end of last season, found college 1st teams too strong and failed to win a match. They beat St Caths 2nd VI in a pre-season friendly, and seem destined to oscillate between Divs. 3 & 4.

The 3rd VI, promoted to Div. 4 last year, also started badly, but had some good wins later in the term, and were the most successful college team.

In Cuppers, the college beat Magdalene but lost to Fitzwilliam, winners of Div. 1, who reached the final.

Friendly matches were played against R.A.F. Peregrines, St Edmund Hall, Oxford, unfortunately curtailed by rain, M.A.'s VI and Bedford L.T.C. none of whom like to be beaten, and with (subtle difference) Girton and the University's Ladies' 2nd VI, all of which were thoroughly enjoyed.

Five of the 1st VI are still in college, and interest shown by Freshers has already been encouraging, so the prospects for this coming season are promising.

Thanks must go to Jim Williams, for keeping the courts in such good condition, despite the weather, and to his mother, for preparing the excellent teas.

TREVOR JENKINS

## HARE AND HOUNDS

The College Hare and Hounds Club can scarcely be treated as a single corporate entity. Our motives for running range from conscription to addiction, and these attitudes are reflected in our respective volumes of training and competitive zeal. On the one hand there are those lithe, athletic figures who can be seen heading across the backs at distressingly frequent intervals and fearsome paces. They run for the University, as well as at our lower levels of competition, and were largely responsible for our second place in all three intercollegiate competitions last year. Steve Briault deserves congratulations for winning

a Blue and keeping our solitary trophy polished. A good batch of freshmen have arrived to join this enthusiastic band, and we appear set for a fairly good season, despite a slight fall in Cuppers.

By contrast there is a larger number of peripheral members, who occasionally plod around the local fens, and even more occasionally represent the College in races. For them the Club provides a release from the drudgery of everyday existence, replacing it with the furious excitement of traipsing across ploughed fields, plodding along the towpath, and unhesitatingly leaping stagnant ditches, at an unrelenting 7 m.p.h. They constitute the backbone of the team, and are never more valuable than when all the keen types have injured themselves by overtraining.

These two parties find common ground in the Boundary Run of 24 miles, completed by enormous numbers of Johnians this year. Even the addicts walk before the end, even a conscript summons up a measure of determination, and nobody can beat Dr Griffin! The terrible walk back from Trumpington, feeling (and looking) like anything but a healthy young athlete, is something to be forgotten at all costs. However, I can thoroughly recommend the event, if only for the feeling of achievement on completion, and it's shorter if you inadvertently stray off course where Dave Cordrey did last time!

This article would be incomplete if I did not include a note of admiration for the sterling efforts of those who irregularly brave our winter climate to maintain the College's reputation over the glutinous and rural Cambridgeshire. They include: G. C. Baylis, R. Beaumont, D. M. Cordrey, Dr R. Griffin, C. J. Hampson (our gallant captain), F. Heyes, Lady Margaret 1st VIII, J. Proctor, G. Sellens, M. Treacy, H. S. Walker, T. Unwin and M. Wilson, although not necessarily in that order.

J.P.

## THE ADAMS SOCIETY

*President:* A. J. Duval

*Vice-President:* R. J. R. Benstead

*Secretary:* P. J. Webb

*Treasurer:* D. J. Pritchard

Seven Society meetings were held last year covering a wide range of mathematical topics from Dr Weiss's "Winding up Magnetic Fields", to Dr Conway's talk on a number of games

under the intriguing title "Hackenbush, Welter and Prune". The year's activities concluded with the highly enjoyable Fiftieth Anniversary Dinner.

Six meetings have been planned for the Michaelmas and Lent Terms this year. The first was a painstakingly prepared talk by Professor M. S. Longuet-Higgins on "Breaking Waves" (not "Spin Waves in the Ocean" as had originally been planned) which included a number of slides and a ciné film. Dr B. Bollobás gave the second talk on "Normed Algebras and Applications", and the other speakers will be Mr L. E. Fraenkel, Professor Swinnerton-Dyer, Dr E. J. Hinch, and Dr H. T. Croft.

Attendance at the first two meetings has not been as large as might have been expected, considering the unusually high proportion of award winners among this year's first year mathematicians. but it is hoped that this will improve. In particular, Professor Swinnerton-Dyer's talk on "Poker and other games of Imperfect Information" at the beginning of the Lent Term should prove an attraction; one suspects that interest in poker is not confined solely to mathematicians.

PETER WEBB

## CRICKET CLUB

*President:* J. G. W. Davies  
*Captain:* L. Tomlinson  
*Match Sec.:* D. Smallwood  
*Fix. Sec.:* R. Holmes

Beginning the season with most of last year's side, hopes were high that our undoubted claim to the Cup would be realised, but it was not to be. An ignominious exit in the first round meant the season's cricket would be centred on friendlies. The weather, however, was kind and the ensuing matches were enjoyable and in the main successfully concluded. Dave Russell, our resident 'superstar', though somewhat diffident in previous seasons about his ability with the bat, amassed a total of 439 runs at an average of 55, including 138 against the Gents of Suffolk, and still had the energy to open the bowling and take 22 wickets. Mike Eaton (376), John Furminger (346) and Dave Smallwood (308) provided the guts of the batting, but by no means overshadowed the supporting flourishes from Dave Tanton, Bunty Kamtekar and Glyn Smith, while Lindsey Tomlinson, although unlucky with the bat, as

captain provided us with leadership and his shrewd cricketing brain. Dave Smallwood and Dave Russell also made significant contributions to the Crusader's victory over the Oxford Authentics.

Wickets were shared in a reasonably democratic fashion amongst the bowlers, Colin Rose, one half of the new but quickly dominant spinning duo, showed the effectiveness of guile by taking the most scalps, while Richard 'star' Holmes besides finishing the season with a Riviera sun tan, also had the best match figures with 6 for 15 against the Buccaneers. Bob Corlett, the other fresher, and the self-effacing half of the spinning partnership, bowled consistently well, but in my opinion was often desperately unlucky not to collect more wickets. Robert Hadley, our Blue, joined us for a few games, and showed against Imperial College what aggressive, quick bowling can achieve.

The season was spiced with a couple of classic finishes. Northants Amateurs scrambled home with a bye to the wicket-keeper off the last ball. Dave Tanton, needing ten runs off three balls, stroked a four and then emphatically concluded the proceedings against Imperial College, by lifting the penultimate ball for a six over long on. There were also the memories of individual performances; Glyn Smith, 'hammering' his way in a ferocious manner to 60 in forty minutes against the Stoics, and Bunty Kamtekar, who kept wicket faultlessly showing how perfect timing can make batting appear effortless in his innings against Romany. The match against the Gents of Suffolk played under a cloudless sky and a blistering sun, was won by us with a total of 255 for two, on a wicket where bowling was often heartbreaking, and leaving nobody with the satisfaction of having claimed Bill Edrich's wicket.

The fielding throughout the season was remarkable for its consistency, with few catches dropped and some impossible ones taken. Three of the first four Colchester Garrison batsmen displayed a lemming-like propensity in taking singles to the cover region, where Dave Tanton, our very own 'Colin Bland', was only too happy to oblige them. Our practice throwing, however, was some times dangerously wayward, with one unfortunate young 'starlet' being rendered unconscious sitting on the pavilion steps.

Next season, under the commanding figure of Dave Smallwood, we shall no doubt prove

unstoppable and at Fenners we shall at last be provided with a stage commensurate with our talent. Although we have suffered the loss of our captain for two years, Lindsey Tomlinson, and also our opening bat Mike Eaton, informed sources talk of some promising freshers and indeed with the prospect of keen competition for places, Mr. Smallwood has expressed concern that he may be the first non-playing captain. Finally, before I mercifully finish I would like to thank those who provided us with their support; D. V. (Dino) Waldron, who in a white umpires jacket and sunglasses looked even more sinister than usual, and allied the necessary complete impartiality of an umpire with a demonic delight in claiming as many 'victims' as possible; the tireless support of Jim Williams without whom nothing is possible, and who produces wickets where everything is possible for John's batsmen, and last, but by no stretch of the imagination least — thank you Big Bob.

R. A. CORLETT

## FOOTBALL CLUB

*President:* Rev. A. A. Macintosh  
*Captain:* D. P. Russell  
*Fixtures Sec.:* I. Dovey  
*Match Sec.:* D. Leahy

This year's league results have again confirmed St John's as one of the stronger football colleges in Cambridge. With four teams playing regularly in the league, and a fifth team challenging all comers, the football club lays claim to be the biggest club in the college and standards are as high as ever. The 1st XI have dropped only two points in nine matches, scoring 41 goals and conceding 6. This record is the best performance by the 1st XI in living memory, and the 13-0 win over Clare the biggest league win, and great credit is due to the whole team. With eight past colours in the side there was more than a solid basis for building upon, and with newcomers Dovey, Tyack and Robinson (son of our esteemed past president) fitting in well the necessary cohesion and organisation have been attained. The side was also grateful for the availability of players like Ryan, Outridge and Borwick who played so well when striker Leahy took over in goal the first part of the season.

Leahy proved one of the safest keepers in the league. . . . the team missed his finishing power at times. The fate of the championship now rests with Trinity, who with a lot of luck, are in a

challenging position, but with a successful league programme completed we look forward to a strong challenge for the Cup next term.

The 2nd XI, after a disappointing season last year, look set to finish 3rd in the 3rd division, just missing promotion. Under John Davis they have played a lot of attacking football and only lapses in defence have prevented them from going up. With political opponents Hodcroft and Marginson co-operating well the team has grown stronger with each match, S. Goudie, Borwick, Ryan and Outridge being the main goalscorers, while Ted pops in one or two at the other end. The prospects of recovering the Plate from the Fitzwilliam rugby thugs next term seem very high.

The thirds have also enjoyed a very successful season, led by Gordon Travis, a lapsed referee, who is proving he can control the team as well as he can control a match. Their tally of 10 points from 10 games is a fine performance, being a 300 per cent increase on last year. With Walsh proving an experienced general and Corlett showing a skill beyond his years (13), the side has beaten other college 1st teams, notably Trinity Hall 5-0.

The 4ths, while not sweeping all before them, are proving, at least, a team of spirit. Stefan believes it is only a matter of time before his team get their first point and that only cruel luck and bad refereeing have prevented their snatching a draw on several occasions. As he says 'We play football for the joy of playing which is just as well, but even so . . . ' at which he rushed off to replace the two players who had just been promoted for the day to the 2nds.

And of course no football report could be complete without mention either of Rev. A. A. Macintosh or Jim Williams. Our illustrious president is a frequent spectator at our matches where his encouragement proves a source of inspiration to the players, while we hope his intercessions on Sundays do not go unheeded. For Jim Williams no praise is too high: not only is he far and away the best groundsman in Cambridge, but he takes such an interest that it is felt that if we have won the league we've won it in part for him.

D.R.

## PEN-PORTRAITS OF FOOTBALL CLUB

*Dave Russell*—Captain

Despite his superstar rating in other sports, this year's captain—the most successful, sorry, the



one with the most successful team in living memory—has *only* scored 22 goals in 12 games this season. Has a knack of being in the right place at the right time—a trait which he unfortunately fails to maintain off the field. An inspiring force on the pitch and in the bar, we offer our heartiest congratulations, Dave—for not getting booked once this year!

*Pete Robinson.*

Pete joined our forces late in the season with a great ancestral tradition to maintain; he immediately realised the serious nature of the side, having 6" of lovely long locks shorn off after his first game. Never really been tested due to the strength of our midfield (!) and occasionally our defence, although Pete pulled off one memorable save against St Caths. Has been beaten only once in three games.

*Pete Collecott.*

The old man of the side, coming back all the way from America to don the red-shirt of John's once more. A solid defender who occasionally comes up with memorable goals, one notable example being against Fitzbilly, running from the half-way line, shrugging off the occasional tackle and, suddenly confronted with the opponent's goal, shut his eyes and cracked in an immaculate left-foot shot.

*Bill Clyne.*

After resisting the temptation to say that words can't describe this player and leaving it at that, the task remains to assess this extraordinary character's contribution to the side's success this year. Having done that, we can only say that his vast store of experience has been an important stabilising factor to the side and his goal scoring feats have had goalkeepers quaking—mainly our own.

*Glyn Smith.*

The solid, middle-of-the-defence man who, thankfully, makes life easy for his aforementioned partner, with whom he manoeuvred a wonderful goal early in the season—unfortunately it was one of the six we conceded, and not of the 47 we scored!

*Ian Dovey.*

Came in the side this year to attempt to replace the irreplaceable Ted. Said by many to be the Bruce Rioch of John's but he's surely not that bad. His inefficiency as fixture secretary is equalled only by that of the match secretary.

*Rod Nicholson.*

Midfield destroyer with hypnotic dribbling

power. His tackling is like the famous number twenty-five, on his back, from behind! Has been seen to dribble round the whole opposition—twice—and pass to their keeper. As with many of the side, senility is creeping up on him, often affecting his memory and his sense of time-keeping.

*Dave Smallwood.*

Star midfield player; on being given the opportunity of leaving the Blues squad to play in a higher standard of football with the College, he jumped at the chance. Scores often; sometimes with his head which has the advantage of being higher than anything else around and sometimes with hard-hit drives. His goal against Trinity was of international standard, scorching into the top corner of the net beating a five-man wall and the keeper. Will be sorely missed next year.

*Dave Tanton.*

The lack of finesse and natural skills in the rest of the team is amply recompensed by the artistry of this highly skilful individual. Dave is a true perfectionist; if a cross is a foot out, he's worried. Has scored several important goals with hard-hit, well-placed shots.

*Mick Tyack.*

As the only fresher to make the team, Mick's function is to make the tea. He also plays on the left-wing, at times cutting in to shoot, which in itself is an experience. As he appears to shut his eyes when shooting, one can only be sure that the ball will leave his foot at a mind-boggling pace. As for direction, Mick prefers to leave that to divine chance. Does occasionally find celestial favour as his 8 league goals testify.

*Dave Leahy.*

After effectively proving his inability as a striker last year, this versatile and extremely mobile character, proceeded to prove his even grosser inability as match secretary and almost finally, but certainly conclusively, as a goalkeeper. Admittedly his release from goal produced some explosive action up front, his own contribution being 4 goals in 3 games, but how far this influence was due to his own inspiring presence or his unique brand of ability, is in question. Never mind, Dave; there's always next year!

#### CHESS CLUB

This year the number of college teams has been increased to three. The standard of chess is steadily improving and I have hopes that all

three teams will secure promotion from their respective divisions.

The College tournament has been won by C. J. Dimock.

E. KNOBLOCH

#### LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB

*President:* The Master

*Senior Treasurer:* Col. K. N. Wylie

*Captain:* K. J. Jeffrey

The L.M.B.C. can look back on last year with satisfaction. In almost every event entered there was an improvement on last year's performance. Perhaps more important than the achievements themselves is the fact that many of the people who forged them are available to row for another two years. With this in mind we may look forward to even better things in our future.

#### MICHAELMAS TERM

In the fours races the light IV reached the final only to be beaten by the 1st & 3rd Trinity crew. The clinker IV having beaten two crews were eliminated in the semi-final.

In the Fairbairns the 1st boat finished 6th, going up five places. Novice boat A, rowing as the 4th boat, finished 28th and beat seven college 2nd VIIIs.

This same crew also won Clare Novices regatta, none of their opposition came within two lengths of them.

M. E. Napier won Novice Sculls at Emmanuel Regatta.

D. P. Sturge rowed in the winning coxed IV in the Head of the River fours in October.

#### LENT TERM

In the Lent races the 1st boat went up one place. Having bumped Queens I and Emmanuel I they were bumped back by Emmanuel I on Saturday. The 2nd boat rose six places, making an over-bump on Ditton Corner in the process. This boat contained four members of Novice boat A. The 3rd boat gained three places, the 4th boat four. The 5th boat went down four places.

At Peterborough Head the 1st boat came 7th, the 2nd boat 8th, winning the Novice division.

At Bedford the 1st boat finished 8th, gaining eleven places, the 2nd VIII were 12th winning the restricted boat pennant.

At Reading the 1st boat came 36th, the 2nd 44th.

The 1st VIII rowed in the Tideway Head finishing 61st after starting 264th.

In the Boat Race, D. P. Sturge rowed at 5. J. Macleod (2) and A. N. Christie (stroke) rowed in Goldie.

#### First Lent Boat:

bow	W. T. Houlsby
	S. J. Burrows
	P. D. Scandrett
	J. Gilbert
	P. J. Robinson
	J. A. W. Barter
	C. D. Hunt
Stroke	B. R. Poole
Cox	K. J. Jeffrey

#### MAY TERM

D. P. Sturge won the Wingfield Sculls and came 2nd in the Scullers Head of the River. He also won Elite Sculls at Nottingham and Cambridge Regattas.

A. N. Christie and J. Macleod won Elite Pairs at Nottingham Regatta.

At the Head of the Cam the 2nd boat finished 11th, three places higher than the 1st boat last year. At Norwich Regatta the 2nd boat beat two crews in Senior C VIIIs before losing to Kings I.

At Cambridge Regatta the 1st VIII were beaten in the semi-final of the Elite B event. The 2nd VIII lost the final of senior B VIIIs after winning three races. The 3rd VIII won the Novice event—no crew coming within two lengths of them.

In the May races the LMBC's eleven entries went up twenty-six places, conceding only six bumps. The 3rd, 8th and 11th boats won their oars. The 1st boat made two bumps finishing 3rd. The 2nd boat made two bumps in the 2nd division.

#### First May Boat

Bow	B. R. Poole
	J. Gilbert
	J. G. Horne
	P. J. Kingston
	S. J. Burrows
	D. P. Sturge
	J. Macleod
Stroke	A. N. Christie
Cox	K. J. Jeffrey

These boats won their oars:

#### 3rd Boat

R. R. G. Delius  
K. J. Gummery  
G. T. Houlsby  
J. R. Morris  
E. W. Taylor  
S. R. Swaffield  
W. T. Houlsby  
N. S. Maxwell

Cox D. de Lacy

#### 8th

J. E. Bardo  
S. P. Filipkiewicz  
G. O. Rowlands  
M. Clasper  
S. J. Pomeroy  
D. B. Gamper  
R. A. R. Bradfield  
A. G. Moore

Cox R. J. Bloomfield

#### 11th (Fellows)

J. E. Inglesfield  
G. A. Reid  
L. J. Kirsch  
A. A. Macintosh  
G. E. J. Llewellyn  
D. L. McMullen  
R. N. Perham  
J. A. Olley

Cox M. A. King

#### Henley

A party of fourteen went to Henley. The VIII was knocked out of the Ladies Plate on Wednesday by Rollins College U.S.A. The IV entered the Wyfold's and reached the quarter

final. The Pair reached the semi-final of the Goblets. D. P. Sturge sculled through the preliminary rounds of the Diamonds. On Friday he beat his opponent by six feet after a very exciting race. In the final he was beaten by Sean Drea.

VIII: B. R. Poole IV: J. A. W. Barter

P. J. Robinson R. J. S. Bates

J. G. Horne M. E. Napier

J. Gilbert J. P. Gilbert

S. J. Burrows

P. J. Kingston Pair: J. Macleod

J. Macleod A. N. Christie.

A. N. Christie

Cox K. J. Jeffrey

P. J. ROBINSON

#### BADMINTON CLUB

Captain: A. G. Moore

Secretary and Treasurer: T. I. Cox

After a not very successful season last year, we were somewhat encouraged by the interest shown by freshmen. However interest now seems to have dwindled and we will be hard pressed to maintain two teams.

The members of the first team have been enthusiastic. Several of them fared well in the University tournament, the Captain, Andy Moore, setting a fine example by reaching the semi-finals; and so we look forward to a rewarding season for both teams; that is assuming the geese of Pakistan settle their industrial disputes, resuming our supply of shuttlecocks.

T.I.C.



#### OLD HEAVIES

Old hearties never die, nor do they fade away—they become fellows of Cambridge colleges. Of all the boats to make four bumps and win their oars in this year's Cambridge May Races, no crew was more bizarre than Lady Margaret XI, which was made up entirely of fellows and tutors from St John's College.

Ranging in age from their 24-year old stroke, Dr John Olley to the 36-year old Reverend Andrew Macintosh, assistant dean of the college, at first sight they reminded one of the *cri de coeur* of the Ancient Mariner—"they were a ghastly crew!" But to see them in action was a revelation—a monument to mind over matter, resolution over flab.

Mervyn King, his lungs and throat normally devoted to the relatively undemanding pursuit of teaching economics, shouted himself hoarse coxing them to victory. A plethora of PhDs and a welter of academic distinctions, their collective IQ must have been the greatest of any crew ever seen on the Cam.

The fellows' boat was well served by its coaches, Col H. J. Faulkner and the Reverend Canon Noel Duckworth, chaplain of Churchill College. Col. Faulkner, a protean heavy hewn from the original granite who was captain of Lady Margaret in 1934, thought the excessive brain-power of his crew was an advantage. "If you put something logically to them they see it. What you say has to make sense or you're in trouble", he said.

Canon Duckworth, a legendary figure along the banks of the Cam, who had the habit of referring to the crew as "The Scarlet Women" (a reference, no doubt, to their blood red oars and singlets), was rhapsodic in their praise. "If other colleges had tutor fellows like these, they'd be a lot better", he said. "You wouldn't have these airy-fairy beardie-weirdies howling for justice outside the Senate House."

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# College Notes

## APPOINTMENTS

MR K. ADAM (B.A. 1929) chaired a five-man committee which has spent four months examining the previous structure of the New Zealand broadcasting system.

DR J. D. BIGGERS, former Dominion Fellow, has been appointed Professor of Physiology at Harvard University Medical School from 1 July 1972.

MR W. R. BOOTH (B.A. 1956) has been appointed Governor of H.M. Borstal, Hewell Grange, Redditch, Worcestershire.

MR R. A. R. BRACEY (B.A. 1964) has gained first place in the associateship examinations of the Institute of Wood Science and has been awarded the "Bryan Latham" prize.

MR M. W. BROWN (B.A. 1968) Fellow of Downing College, has been appointed Assistant in Research in Anatomy from 1 October 1972.

DR F. W. CAMPBELL (M.A. Queens 1953) Fellow, has been appointed Reader in Neurosensory Physiology from 1 October 1973.

MR J. H. COCKCROFT (B.A. 1959) has been adopted as prospective Parliamentary Conservative candidate for Nantwich, Cheshire.

PROFESSOR B. A. CROSS (B.A. 1949) has been appointed director of the Agriculture Institute of Animal Physiology, Babraham, Cambridge.

DR G. E. DANIEL, F.S.A. (B.A. 1935) Fellow, has been elected into the Disney Professorship of Archaeology from 1 October 1974.

DR S. G. FLEET (B.A. 1958) Fellow of Fitzwilliam College, has been appointed Fellow and Bursar of Downing College.

MR M. G. GLASSPOOL, M.B., B.Chir. (B.A. 1959) has been appointed consultant ophthalmologist, Cray Valley and Sevenoaks, and Dartford and Darenth hospital groups.

PROFESSOR S. GOLDSTEIN (B.A. 1925) Honorary Fellow, has been given an honorary degree of Doctor of Science by the University of Leeds.

DR R. F. GRIFFIN (B.A. 1957) Fellow, has been appointed Assistant Director of Research in Astronomy from 1 October 1973 for three years.

MR JUSTICE W. H. GRIFFITHS Q.C., (B.A. 1948) has been appointed a member of the Law Reform Committee.

MR G. H. GUEST, Mus. B., F.R.C.O. (B.A. 1949) Fellow and Organist, has been appointed University Organist from 1 April 1974 for five years.

MR R. de Z. HALL, LL.B. (B.A. 1930) has been elected a Freeman of Halifax, Yorkshire.

MR G. S. HANKINSON (B.A. 1960) has been appointed an Assistant Registry at the General Board from 1 February 1973 for three years.

MR B. G. HEWITT (B.A. 1972) has been elected into the George Charles Winter Warr Scholarship.

PROFESSOR F. H. HINSLEY (B.A. 1944) Fellow, has been appointed a British representative to serve a provisional academic committee to decide the appointments to the first eight chairs at the new European University Institute at Florence.

PROFESSOR SIR JOSEPH HUTCHINSON, C.M.G., Sc.D., F.R.S. (B.A. 1923) Fellow, has been elected a Foreign Fellow of the Indian National Science Academy from 1 January 1974.

MR D. V. INGRAM, F.R.C.S., D.O. (B.A. 1961) has been appointed consultant ophthalmologist, at Brighton and Lewes, and Mid-Sussex hospital groups.

PROFESSOR R. M. JACKSON, LL.D., F.B.A. (B.A. 1924) Fellow, has been elected a Vice-President of the Magistrate's Association.

MR R. G. JOBLING (M.A. 1968) Fellow, has been reappointed a University Lecturer in Economics and Politics from 1 January 1974 to the retiring age.

MR A. M. JUDD (B.A. 1959) has been reappointed Assistant Director of Research in Engineering from 1 July 1974.

THE REV. A. E. R. KNOPP (B.A. 1933) has been appointed Rector of Great with Little Snoring, Norfolk.

MR H. R. W. LAXTON (B.A. 1950) has been elected Mayor of Peterborough.

MR G. A. LEWIS (M.A. *inc.* 1972) Fellow, has been reappointed University Assistant Lecturer in Social Anthropology from 1 January 1974 for two years.

THE REV. F. C. (Fr. Barnabas, S.S.F.) LINDARS, D.D. (B.A. 1945) has been appointed Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Newcastle.

MR A. LORD, C. B. (B.A. 1950) has been appointed a deputy secretary and principal finance officer at the Department of Trade and Industry.

MR C. P. MACKERRAS (M.Litt. 1964) has been appointed Foundation Professor, School of Modern Asian Studies, Griffith University, Brisbane, Australia.

DR P. N. S. MANSERGH, O.B.E. (Ph.D. *inc.* 1936) Master, has been elected a Fellow of the British Academy.

MR J. S. MEHTA (B.A. 1947) of the Ministry of External Affairs, Delhi New, has been appointed High Commissioner of India in Tanzania.

DR R. M. NEEDHAM (B.A. 1956) Fellow of Wolfson College, has been appointed Reader in Computer Systems from 1 October 1973.

MR K. NEWIS, C.B., C.V.O., (B.A. 1938) has been appointed Secretary of the Scottish Development Department.

DR D. C. NICHOLLS (B.A. 1961) has been appointed University Lecturer in Land Economy from 1 January 1974 for three years.

THE REV. J. NOURSE (B.A. 1943) has been appointed Vicar of Charing and Little Chart, Kent.

PROFESSOR E. W. PARKES (B.A. 1946) Fellow of Gonville & Caius, has been appointed Vice-Chancellor of the City University, London, from 1 October 1974.

MR N. C. PEACOCK (B.A. 1959) has been appointed headmaster of Penrhos College for Girls in Colwyn Bay with effect from the beginning of the school year in 1974.

PROFESSOR R. S. RIVLIN, Sc.D. (B.A. 1937) Director of the Center for the Application of Mathematics at Lehigh University, Pennsylvania, has been appointed a member of the U.S. National Committee on Theoretical and Applied Mechanics for three years.

MR S. J. ROSS-MACDONALD (B.A. 1958) has been appointed managing director of RTZ Aluminium Ltd., St James's Square, London.

MR A. N. SALTER, (B.A. 1972) has been awarded a Benefactors Law Scholarship by the Masters of the Bench of the Middle Temple.

MR J. SARGENT (Matric. 1928) was awarded the Gold Medal of the Paris Salon in 1962.

MR C. J. SHEARER (Ph.D. 1964) has been appointed a University lecturer in Chemical Engineering from 1 October 1973.

MR P. R. SMITH (B.A. 1937) has been appointed deputy general manager and actuary of Equity and Law Life Assurance Company.

MR I. THORPE (B.A. 1972) has been appointed English Master at Bromsgrove School, Worcestershire.

MR G. THURSFIELD (Ph.D. 1970) has been appointed technical manager for bimetallic products at Brookes (Oldbury) Ltd., a Tube Investments company.

MR G. N. VON TUNZELMANN (M.A. 1970) Fellow, has been reappointed University Assistant Lecturer in Economics and Politics from 1 October 1973 for two years.

MR S. K. WALLACE (B.A. 1953) has been appointed a director of Rolls Royce and Associates Ltd.

PROFESSOR M. V. WILKES, Ph.D. F.R.S., (B.A. 1934) Fellow, has been elected to the Council of the Institution of Electrical Engineers.

MR J. L. WILKINS, M.B., F.R.C.S. (B.A. 1957) has been appointed consultant general surgeon, Nottingham area, Sheffield Regional Hospital Board.

MR P. D. WILLIAMS (B.A. 1955) has been appointed county secretary to the new West Midlands Metropolitan County Council.

THE REV. D. E. WILLS (B.A. 1958) has been appointed Vicar of St Peter's, Littleover, Derbyshire.

PROFESSOR M. G. WOOD (B.A. 1957) former Fellow, has been awarded a Guggenheim Research Scholarship for "Demonstrated accomplishment in the past and strong promise for the future."

#### FELLOWSHIPS

Elected Fellows under Title B:

JOHN EWAN INGLESFIELD, Ph.D. (B.A. 1967)

TIMOTHY PETER BAYLISS-SMITH (B.A. Sidney 1969)

Elected Honorary Fellows:

SIR FRED HOYLE, F.R.S., (B.A. Emm. 1936) former Fellow, Honorary Research Professor of Physics and Astronomy in the University of Manchester.

GANESH SAKHARAM MAHAJANI, Ph.D. (B.A. 1924) Professor of Mathematics and Vice-Chancellor of Poona University, India.

MAXWELL HERMAN ALEXANDER NEWMAN, F.R.S. (B.A. 1921) former Fellow, Emeritus Fielden Professor of Mathematics in the University of Manchester.

SIR RUTHERFORD NESS ROBERTSON, C.M.G.; Ph.D.; Sc.D.; F.A.A.; F.R.S., (Ph.D. 1939) Director of the Research School of Biological Sciences at the Australian National University.

Elected Commonwealth Fellows:

FREDERICK JAMES ALLEN (B.A. University of Sydney 1966; Ph.D. Australian National University 1969). Research Fellow in Melanesian Prehistory in the Australian National University.

Elected Schoolmaster Fellow Commoner:

Lent Term 1974

MR G. G. WATKINS, Head of English, Lancaster Royal Grammar School.

Elected Senior Overseas Visiting Scholars:

KURT WOLFGANG BACK (Ph.D. Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1949) Professor of Sociology and Psychiatry, Duke University, for one year from 1 October 1973.

DOMENICO MAFFEI (Dottore in Giurisprudenza, Siena, 1947; LL.M. Harvard 1952) Professor at the University of Siena, from September 1974 to January 1975.

#### AWARDS

MR D. C. BARKER (B.Sc., Ph.D. Edinburgh) of the Medical Research Council, Dunn Nutritional Laboratory, Cambridge, has been awarded the Meres Senior Studentship for three years from 1 October 1973.

PROFESSOR W. RUSHTON, Sc.D., F.R.S., Visiting Distinguished Scientist, National Institute of Health, Bethesda, has been elected to the Kenneth Craik Research Award for 1973/74.

MR H. GOSPEL (B.A. Oxford 1969) has been awarded the Norman Laski Senior Studentship for one year from 1 October 1973.

DR P. A. LINEHAN (B.A. 1964) Fellow, has been awarded a European Exchange Grant by the British Academy.

#### BIRTHDAY HONOURS 1973

C.B. EWEN BROADBENT (B.A. 1948) Deputy Under-Secretary of State (Air) in the Ministry of Defence.

C.B.E. ERNEST HALLIDAY (B.A. 1937) Personnel Assistant at the Department of Health and Social Security.

#### MARRIAGES

RICHARD GEORGE BILLINGHURST (B.A. 1970) to Christine Margaret Munday, of 184 Thunder Lane, Thorpe St Andrew, Norwich, on 21 July 1973, in the College Chapel.

JONATHAN MARK FINE, LL.B. (B.A. 1972) to Doreen Sandra Charlton, B.Sc., M.P.S., of 6 Victoria Avenue, Sunderland, on 15 July 1973 at the Beth Hamedrash Synagogue, Sunderland.

RICHARD OLIVER KING (B.A. 1973) to Nicola Ann Brown—on 7 July 1973 in the College Chapel following a civil ceremony.

STEPHEN CHARLES MARTIN (B.A. 1973) to Vivien Ruth Honeyborne of 85 Brookdene Avenue, Watford,—on 1 September 1973, in the College Chapel.

DAVID HENRY QUINNEY (B.A. 1972) to Lynne Elizabeth Atkinson of Rabenshead, Nottingham,—on 5 September 1972 at St Wilfred's Church, Wilford, Nottingham.

PETER MARSHALL SHEPHERD (B.A. 1969) to Patricia Jill Tinley of Orchard Cottage, Orwell, Cambs,—on 4 August 1973 at St Andrew's Church, Orwell.

IAN THORPE (B.A. 1972) to Janet Christine Isherwood of "Mahronda", Ffordd Trigfa, Moelfre, Anglesey,—on 30 June 1973, in the College Chapel.

RONALD DARE WILSON (B.A. 1972) to Sarah Stallard (Matric. New Hall 1971) of Government House, Isle of Man,—on 14 July 1973, in the College Chapel.

#### DEATHS

JONATHAN RICHARD BAMBER (Matric. 1970) died 9 June 1973.

COLIN GUY HIRST CAMPBELL, M.D., D.P.M., (B.A. 1908) formerly Senior Medical Officer London Hospital (Whitechapel) V.D. Clinic and Medical Officer, Iraq Health Service, died 5 July 1973.

NIGEL GAVIN CAMPBELL (Matric. 1970) died 22 July 1973.

KEITH REGINALD GILBERT (B.A. 1936) Keeper of the Department of Mechanical and Civil Engineering at the Science Museum, South Kensington, died 11 June 1973.

ERNEST JOHN LANTSBERY GREAR (B.A. 1913) formerly Master at Wath Grammar School, died 15 October 1973.

DOUGLAS ARTHUR HARDING (B.A. 1933) formerly a Research Engineer, British Hydro-mechanics Research Association, died 14 August 1973.

GEORGE AUBREY LYWARD, O.B.E. (B.A. 1920) Head of Finchden Manor, Tenterden, Kent, an establishment for emotionally disturbed boys, died 23 June 1973.

THE RT. HON. LORD MORTON OF HENRYTON (FERGUS DUNLOP MORTON) P. C. (B.A. 1908) Honorary Fellow, former Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, died 18 July 1973.

SIR ANDREW HERRICK ROWELL (B.A. 1912) former Chairman of the British United Provident Association, died 27 August 1973.

ROBERT MARTIN SPIERS (B.A. 1965) was killed in a car crash—7 July 1972.

THE REV. JOHN HAYDON YEO (B.A. 1915) formerly Vicar of Rownhams with Nursling, Hants., died 1 May 1973.

## 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.