



castellum

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DURHAM CASTLEMEN'S SOCIETY

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Communications for the Secretary/Treasurer which are not private should be sent to him c/o the
College Office, University College, Durham Castle, where formal matters receive attention.

THE MASTER'S LETTER

Looking at the introduction to this letter over the past couple of years you might surmise that writing to you on this occasion is one of those things I put off and off. Certainly I think Jean Oliver is of that opinion, but at least I have started to write this year with only one or two reminders – in fact Jean is so busy handling letters about admissions that I think she would like to forget it herself for a little while. Not that writing the Master's Letter is a task I do not enjoy. It is quite fascinating to look back over the year at what has happened; the events one has forgotten, the good and the bad. Having said that, I must admit I have not found as much to say as I might have liked. The continuing economic pressure on the Universities does not encourage expansion or new developments and looking back, as the Vice-Chancellor said at the December Congregation, 1984 has not been a particularly good year. In the world at large the famine in North East Africa and the bitterness and length of the Miners' Strike will certainly mark 1984 and probably 1985 as well. Within the Universities it has been a year of uncertainty and frustration.

However, what has happened? The absolute ceiling on the number of students which the University can admit has been eased and Durham has raised its intake slightly to ensure that, as far as possible, all Colleges are full. We admitted about the same number of Freshers to Castle as last year, but our overall size is down as rather more students than usual opted to live out. Living out has been a fashion among students for some time in Durham but with the limited amount of accommodation outside the University it has usually been to some extent self-regulating. With the increase in the number of Colleges following the merger of St. Hild and St. Bede with the University and the ceiling on admissions, Durham has in my opinion, rather more residential accommodation than it really needs at this time. Certainly it does not have all the resources on the academic side to cope with the numbers which could be fitted into Durham if every unit of accommodation within and outside the University were fully utilised. At this time the University awaits a response from the University Grants Committee to its proposals for expansion in Engineering and Applied Science, but whether these are accepted or not remains to be seen. Making the case for these proposals, re-submitting them in a different form on a further occasion and answering the U.G.C.'s questionnaire on the future of Universities has taken up a lot of

effort during the year and, if one is pessimistic, it is only too easy to wonder if all the work was worthwhile. Will there be any positive new initiative? Will the Government pay any attention to the U.G.C.'s document (A Strategy for Higher Education into the 1990's) or for that matter to any of the various committees which have called for action on a variety of proposals aimed at education and training over the whole area of higher education – particularly technology and engineering? Or will the approach be quite negative along the lines of 'level-funding' – a method of providing money for the Universities which ensures a steady small contraction in staff and services year by year.

This year's Freshers are to a large extent quite oblivious of such problems and so they should be. Long may it remain so. As you know, all the College's students reside within easy distance of the Castle. There are of course clearly defined preferences when it comes to choosing a room. Room selection is now largely undertaken by the J.C.R. with my approval. Basically final year get first choice, second year the next and freshers are fitted in wherever rooms are left. This reveals a clear preference for single rooms in the Castle and Owengate followed by Bailey Court. Freshers find themselves either sharing a room in the Keep or Owengate or in a single room in Moatside Court. Moatside comes in for quite a bit of criticism. The rooms are small and not particularly well insulated for sound so that the block can be quite noisy. Young men on their first occasion away from home require a little time to learn that the basic civilised values are usually best. Nor can it be said that the close proximity of the Buffalo Head helps. Not that our students make much use of it – quite the contrary; the problems arise from the habits of those who do frequent it. There is not much love lost between the College and the Buffalo Head. With time the College is attempting to improve the amenities in Moatside Court. The garden area was landscaped a couple of years ago, a Common Room area was opened last year, and new carpets are being installed at present.

The academic results were again good last year; Not outstanding in the way of the year before but it was particularly gratifying to see how very few Castlemen were awarded Third Class Honours Degrees or below. These results have not been at the expense of other activities. The Senior Man's letter will no doubt contain more information on the various activities undertaken by the J.C.R. during the year but I was pleased to see how the Rugby Club has enjoyed something of a renaissance in recent years. They reached the final of the inter-collegiate trophy, only to be defeated by

Hatfield. On the other hand the Boat Club is in the doldrums and in need of some help to pull itself round. I believe they are sending a letter out to you along with this issue of Castellum. On the sporting side particular attention should be drawn to Ian Hewson who captained the England U.A.U. golf side and became European Student Golf Champion.

The University has lost several well known members of staff due to retirement and moves elsewhere. Professor Willmore, Professor Townend and Professor Brooks, all members of staff in Durham for a considerable period, retired at the end of last year. Professor Brooks was also Principal of St. Cuthbert's Society and is retaining this role for a further year when Mr. Norton, Lecturer in Turkish, takes over. Gordon Higginson, Professor of Engineering since the foundation of the Department of Engineering Science will be leaving Durham to take up his appointment as Vice-Chancellor of the University of Southampton. The University will certainly miss him as will I. We have been close colleagues and friends since I came to Durham myself shortly after he did. I should also mention that Peter Rhodes, sometime resident member of the Senior Common Room, College Tutor and Lowe Librarian has been appointed to a Chair of Ancient History in the University and Colin Smythe (1976-9 & 1982-83) to a lectureship in Applied Physics and Electronics. Colin has also taken a College Tutorship. Talking of appointments, Durham also has a new Bishop but I am sure you have all heard that already. He is certainly going to be well known if the press have anything to do with it. For my part I find him excellent company and I can report that he is making full use of his rooms in the the Castle.

The year has also been noted by two quite tragic events. Emeritus Professor W. B. Fisher – Bill Fisher – died in the summer following a relatively short but very trying illness. The first Professor of Geography in Durham, one time Vice-Master of Hatfield and first Principal of the Graduate Society – he retired in 1981 but kept himself fully occupied with the University Appeal and other matters. He is very much missed. This will also be true in every way of Ian Graham, Registrar to the University since 1963 and a member of staff since 1950. Mr. Graham died from injuries received in a car accident which occurred when he was returning from Edinburgh after Christmas. As I write this it is too early for any of us in the University to realise the loss we have suffered, but it is quite clear that it will be very great. The College will also miss Mike Solan who died just before Christmas following some time in hospital. The regular Porter for quite a few years Mike was only too happy to come back and help out any time the

College needed him, and continued to do so until illness caught up with him last summer.

May I conclude by wishing you all a Very Happy New Year. For my part I hope that it will be better than 1984.

E. C. Salthouse

38th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

In the Chair

Wing Commander A. E. Cartmell, Bursar of the College took the chair in the absence of the President, abroad on academic duties.

Present at the Meeting

The Acting President welcomed the fifty four members present.

Apologies

The President, Dr. E. C. Salthouse, N. G. Bostock, R. E. H. Heady, G. Hodgeon, D. Holbrook, J. A. Robson, J. M. Rutter, J. N. Williams.

Minutes

The minutes of the 1983 A.G.M. were approved and signed as a correct record.

Matters Arising

No matters were arising that were not to be discussed as part of the agenda.

Annual Accounts

- 1) That the accounts be accepted – Agreed.
- 2) The meeting considered the dispersment of a surplus of £800–£900.
It was agreed that:–
 - a) The money should be invested and the income used to assist in the running expenses of the Society.
 - b) The sum should be invested in the Northern Rock Building Society pending investigation of other avenues of revenue.

Recommendations and Information from the Committee

- 1) Premium Bonds:– It was pointed out by the Acting President that the proposed investment could only be made in one person's name and was therefore not a practical proposition.
- 2) The Acting President agreed to look at the question of National Savings Bonds, Covenants and Direct Debit.
- 3) West Courtyard Project:–
 - a) Plaque – members were informed this was now done but took the form of carving in stone.
 - b) The Acting President and Secretary to be asked to look into the provision of a picture or pictures for this area preferably by a local artist – Agreed.

- c) It was reported that the Master and Mrs. Spedding had discussed and agreed on the provision of rectangular flower tubs.
- 4) Address List - It was reported that the College was actively considering the purchase of a word processor. This would have the facility to cope with the address list problem.
- 5) Senate Shield - The Master had written to the Heads of Houses and Senior Men on this matter. A note would also be placed in Castellum.
- 6) Election of Officers - The proposals were as follows:-
 - a) Secretary/Treasurer - Mr. R. F. Appleton - re-elected
 - b) Editor of Castellum - Mr. D. Holbrook - re-elected
 - c) Governing Body Rep. - Mr. R. F. Appleton - re-elected
 - d) 2 Members of Committee

Retiring

- a) Mr. M. K. Pulling
- b) Mr. J. E. Thompson

Members elected

- a) Mr. E. Jones
- b) Mr. P. Riddell

- 7) That the Vice Master become an ex-officio member of the Committee -Agreed.
- 8) As a move to raise the numbers attending the Reunion it was recommended that a list of those willing to offer or organise lifts from regions be placed in Castellum. After discussion it was agreed-
 - a) That a list of those who had attended the previous year be placed in Castellum together with their years of residence, the town in which they live and, if possible, their telephone numbers.
 - b) That an introductory paragraph would suggest to readers they could contact anyone who lived within reasonable distance and thus mutual travel arrangements could be made.

Date of Next Reunion

The dates of the 1985 Reunion - Friday, 19th April to Sunday 21st April, 1985 (Reunion Dinner, Saturday 20th April). Members were reminded of discussions and correspondence on the matter of various College Reunions and their dates as well as the problem of the D.U.S. lunch and it's place on the calendar. It was understood that the D.U.S. was to write to Heads of Houses on the matter. The dates for the 1985 Reunion should stand -

Agreed.

Any Other Business

- 1) The Acting President reported that the West Courtyard was being put to good use. The Festival of Flowers had raised £4675 as a contribution to the cost. The total cost of the project had been £55655.40 of which £15977.81 had been contributed from receipts to covenants, recovered tax and interest received to date. With future income from covenant deposits, tax recovery and interest it was estimated that the Castlemen's Society's contribution would eventually amount to slightly less than half the total amount
- 2) Mr. J. Hollier suggested that the considerable appreciation of the Society in respect of the organisers of the Festival be placed on record—Agreed.
- 3) It was reported to members that Jean Oliver and Cicely Shaw had both worked for forty years in the service of the College. It was intended that a lunch in their honour would be held in the Senate Suite. A sum of up to fifty pounds each should be spent on a suitably inscribed gift to be presented at the lunch – Agreed.
- 4) A member hoped that some reference to the memory of Cicely's family might be made during the presentation and this was fully supported by those present.
- 5) Mr. R. Easthope was thanked for his obituary to Vic Hill.
- 6) Mr. R. Easthope was grateful for the effort made to attract members from the years 1924 – 1925.
- 7) Mr. J. Hollier made enquiry as to the absence of the clock in the Hall. He was assured by the Acting President that the matter would be looked into.
- 8) The Secretary reported that he had received an anonymous poem which reflected the plight of a lady most concerned with the confliction of reunion dates.

REUNION BLUES

*I am a Mary's woman,
My spouse a Castle man,
We like to come to Durham
As often as we can.*

*When vital dates don't coincide,
There's never any hassle;
A short debate, an equal vote,
Result – the winner's Castle!*

*Now Mary's makes me welcome
With breakfast, lunch and tea,
But the hours between seem long sometimes
When there's only me!*

*Autonomy is excellent,
But is not always very kind.
Let's have individual decisions,
With the same weekend in mind!*

DURHAM UNIVERSITY SOCIETY

By Reginald Easthope

How much do you know about the Durham University Society? It is astonishing that many undergraduates, graduates, and members of staff have never heard of it, or have only hazy ideas.

Yet since 1866 the society has been keeping its members in contact with the University, with the colleges, and with one another. It was founded largely to make the opinions of graduates known to the university authorities and it has taken strong action, with successful results, on some notable issues.

A question often asked is: Why should I belong to the Durham University Society when I am already a member of my college society? The unequivocal answer is that the two are not overlapping but complement each other.

One's college society keeps one in touch with the college, and some invite members back to Durham for reunions. The Durham University Society keeps one in contact with the University itself, with staff, with other colleges, and with a broad band of members from all colleges, including the former Newcastle division. The University Society now has some 1,500 members and is steadily growing.

Our functions are mostly in or near London, but we have an annual luncheon in Durham, timed to fit in with as many college reunions as possible. We also have luncheons in Manchester, and unofficial get-togethers have been held.

Further information about the society can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Miss Rowena Sirey (Trevelyan), Hartwood, Forest Road, Binfield, Berks., RG12 5HB (Bracknell 28832).

ANNUAL CONVOCATION 1985

It has been decided that Convocation will be held at the time of College Reunions. It will be held this year on Saturday 20 April at 11.30 a.m. in the Union Society Chamber, Pemberton Building, Palace Green (it should last half an hour).

A LOVE AFFAIR BEGINS

By Edgar Jones

Never one for looking at maps, I took the night-train from King's Cross, knowing only that Durham was somewhere to the north of Watford, the furthest to the Pole I'd yet been. In my pocket was a typewritten note telling me the Durham Colleges were full but there was still a place or two in St. Cuthbert's Society, and I was to present myself at Hatfield College Lodge at 10 a.m., and the subscriber recommended the *Dunelm Hotel*. Below this, and above the daunting word "Censor" was, in faint beautiful minuscule: Clifford Leech.

I registered at the *Dunelm* as the country cocks were crowing, and trudging up the scuffed red-carpetted stairs after breakfast met my first Durham Characters coming down: Dr and Mrs. Pace. Mrs. Pace was blind and irascible; Rev. Pace amiable and devoted. I was told later that she had been "in opera", and had been looked down on for an actress by the starchy wives of Durham academics, so that she had taken to lying in wait spider-like in her drawing-room in the Bailey for her foes to pass her open window, when she would lance their passing ears with a snatch of high aria. When she died, shortly after I became an undergraduate, Dr. Pace moved in with Clifford Leech at 71 Saddler Street.

Then I walked along the sleeping Bailey, past Chad's and John's and along the dewy river-bank, until it was time for me to see the censor.

What was he like, that best of all my teachers? From memory only, he was short, stout, pale and bald, with a sharp blue eye, a ready smile, a throaty chuckle, and a Donald Pleasence voice. We took to each other from the start, even before I told him that my special interest was the Jacobean drama, when he started like a pale pinned winkle out of his chintzy armchair, and the straining buttons on his overstretched waistcoat popped.

Although he explained Durham's collegiate system to me and Cuthbert's peculiar place within and outside it, I didn't really take it in. I was used to London University (at the time I was reading English at Birkbeck) where nothing was collegiate and where the thousands upon thousands of "students" lived in lodgings down to the very town walls of Winchelsea. Cuthbert's men seem to be like these; and I was gloomily at home when Cliff said he could give me an address in Langley Park - if I was accepted by the Professor.

Claude Colleer Abbott was the antithesis of Cliff. He stood up when I entered his room in 50 North Bailey, that triangular odd building that stands where Owengate meets Saddler Street (then it housed the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and Mawsons the Durham solicitors; now the Department of Law have moved in); stood up, I swear, to dwarf me. He had served as a private in the Artists' Rifles in 1914-18, but he was as archetypally the high-ranking Army officer as C. Aubrey Smith: tall, straight, with braced shoulders back; white-haired and moustached, arrogant, peremptory, and dismissive. He threw me, as Cliff had raised me, so that what he said and what I muttered in reply registered with me not one bit, only that at last – and to my surprise – he barked, “Well, I shall accept you unreservedly. I shan't bother to ask Tillotson (my Professor at Birkbeck) for a reference. Come up in October and bring a Milton and a Spenser with you.”

When I did come up in October and showed myself once more in Claude's military chambers, he threw me the second time. Not bothering to stand now for such expendable material, he threw out: “Yes, I remember telling you I'd have you if we had any room, but we're full up. I'm sorry.”

Stupefied, I rose to drag myself out of that hangdog room and up the long hill to the train that would return me to King's Cross, when the enormity of his decision, the intolerable injustice of it, forced me back down. And I was angry with Claude – and not for the last time. “You told me you'd accept me unreservedly and to bring a Milton and a Spenser back up with me in October,” I protested.

“Oh did I? Well I hope I told you to bring more than that.” Claude's smile was sneeringly benign.

But I was in.

I was only a term in Cuthbert's, travelling in and out on the *Gipsy Queen*, a ramshackle vehicle continually being mended with biscuit tins, and accepting, meek as a scapegoat, my accustomed role of ‘Student’; thus I made no friends, save the bus-conductress. And then, one blessed morn I saw a notice in Cuthbert's Common Room, in Cosin's Hall, over Cliff's exquisite minuscule. It was headed “Migration”. There were vacancies at Castle and Hatfield. I begged Cliff's pardon for leaving Cuthbert's but added – not him. He smiled his understanding; knowing, I have no doubt, the real me. When I next saw him I was sporting a Castle tie, and one end of Eddie Bargett's supernumerary Castle scarf was slung rakishly over my left shoulder.

But Claude now. Oh Claude was an abysmal teacher. A university teacher

myself, I have sought to learn the trade not only from the good men I have sat under (no Abelards any of them except for Cliff and, briefly, Leavis) but also from the ineffectual and the downright bad. Claude would sit before us thumbing ponderously through the *Faerie Queen*. "Nothing in this canto. Mm, and nothing much in that. Now here's a nice vignette of an Irish cottage. Ah here we are: lines so-and-so to so-and-so. Now the question is, did Spenser mean this, or did he mean that?" our pens hung poised to record his Olympian judgment. "Well, you must make up your minds about that for yourselves." We dashed them down on the desk.

Others clearly had suffered before us. On one of the desks in the English room on Palace Green (*HOSPITALE EP̄I DUNELM̄ PRO VIII PAUPERIBUS FUNDAT̄ PER JOH̄ EPISCOP̄ A-D MDCLXVI*) was etched indelibly: "How long, O Claude, how long?"

He was misogynist. Curious that, we thought, having read some few of his published poems, bought secondhand for half a crown in Andrews, for they were fleshy and earthy and bucolic. But we could not have read them with much acumen, for looking them over again now I wonder how it was we came to miss his trick of writing, as if he were a woman, of a woman's hunger for a man's splendid body. And the loves he celebrates are anonymous as new pence. The named maids who flit, ever so briefly, through the pages of his *Collected Poems*¹ are mere generalisations of stout-thighed Suffolk sluts: *saucy Miss Jenny, red-haired Nancy*; none of them like A. E. Coppard's *Dusky Ruth*, or the downy-forearmed wenches of H. E. Bates.

He played us, I think, a mean trick. Trooping in to our first lecture with him, we were greeted by a Collection book each, palely loitering, and two anonymous poems which, he rapped out, we were to criticize. One of our number, a pustular northern youth who lasted only the year, whined, "Me pen's run out!" Claude thundered him into silence: "Expecting me to be your nursemaid!" The following week he gave us his criticism of us. I, thank the Goddess, passed muster; others were reduced, not for the last time, to tears. One of these, Flo Bartlett, had dismissed the first of the poems, "The Woodspurge", as "trivial", and the second in these memorable terms: "I have read better poems in a fourth-rate school magazine."

"*The Woodspurge*", Claude thundered, "was by one of the greatest of nineteenth century poets, Dante Gabriel Rossetti; and the other – well I won't tell you who wrote that one!"

1. Sidgwick and Jackson, London 1963.

It was his own poem "March" out of *Miss Bedell and other poems*.

Later in that first year he drove Flo Bartlett in tears out of his class for daring to show herself in trousers, for she had come in straight from early practice on the river.

That Claude hated women none of us had any doubt. When he weeded us out at the end of our first year, second year Honours was reduced from twenty-three to eleven, of which rump only two were women, eleven other women having joined the pustular youth in limbo. Cliff only confirmed our shocked suspicions when he took the astonishing step of telling the rump, *ex-cathedra*, that the rumours that so great an execution of women was due to Professor Abbott's being a misogynist was not true: "the decision was made on merit alone."

Cliff was one of the shining ones. His special interests were Shakespeare and that Jacobean revenge tragedy in which chilling scenes of madness lay. He would hold in one pale plump hand his Webster, his John Ford, his Cyril Tourneur, his Marlowe, his Dryden and leaning his other against the wall would sepulchraly intone the great lines:

"Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle: she died young."

"See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament."

"The chain-shot of thy lust is yet aloft,
and it must murder."

A generous friend, he got me a free place at the end of my second year at Allardyce Nicoll's Shakespeare Summer School at Stratford on Avon. And he once gave me luncheon at his club, the National Liberal, where he showed a wit sardonic as his chuckle; for a pert Buttons piping through the dining-room,

"Mr. Neville Cardus, Mr. Neville Cardus –
wanted at Reception, please

brought from him,

"Cardus pays that boy every day of his life to
walk through here doing that."

I choked over my beer.

Not so happy was the tea he had with us in our impecunious flat in Streatham.

"Do you like mushrooms?" I had made sure to ask him, and my wife spooned half her share as well onto his toast, before filling up the still vacant spaces with fried tomatoes which in an aghast silence he scraped off onto the side of his plate as meticulously as he dismembered a text for the classroom.

We kept in touch. But our moeras took us along divergent ways, and his great influence in time waned. No longer did I look on critical analysis in the study as the supreme end of existence, with physical burdens such as maintaining a house, and gardening, and a dog to walk, intolerable impediments to cerebral activity. Yet it was with a sense of irrecoverable loss that I heard, a couple of years ago at a Reunion, that Cliff had died. And yet died? How could that be? For I hear that throaty sardonic voice still as I sit writing this among the vines in a Dordogne spilling over with classic wine and white sunlight:

“Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle: she died young.”

We had one other rare teacher in Bertie Colgrave. He seemed very old to us even then – and perhaps he was, for when I struggle to remember him inevitably John Betjeman’s line from “The Olympic Girl” comes to me:

“For I am bald and old and green.”

Like Betjeman too he was a kindly and courteous and gentle man, who opened my eyes to the harsh beauty of Anglo-Saxon, after a woman who was probably the worst teacher it was possible to have had suffocated my infant interest in it at Birkbeck College.

It was Bertie Colgrave who first kindled my belief in a world of spirit, for he interrupted the flow of a lecture – I would like to believe it was Bede’s story about the angelic visitation that foretold his death to Chad – with an experience of the supernatural of his own:

“I was sitting alone reading in the Chapter Library when I heard sandals shuffling the length of the room. They scraped past me, and then returned. I got out of my seat and looked – but there was no one there.”

For university teachers do not interrupt the analytical logic of their classes and lay themselves open to the mockery of sceptical undergraduates without full conviction of the validity of such experience.

In the Durham University calendar for 1930-31, which I picked up not long ago in Hay, both Bertie and Dr. Pace appear together, the Rev. Edward George Pace as Vice-Master and Chaplain of Hatfield and Bertram Colgrave as Censor.

And what about the English class, that now virtually all male institution that went to Final Honours? Ron Lane of Hatfield, so I am told, is Assistant Organist in Hexham. Ron (“The Theatre is my life!”) produced and acted *Hamlet* in his final year, a venture close bordering on lunacy. The theatre was convulsed when Ophelia described to Polonius the vision that had affrighted her:

"Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced . . .

Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other."

For Ron, as his tights showed only too clearly, was horribly knock-kneed.

Monica McBean married some anonymous Castleman and went to teach in what was Wellington and is now part of Telford Anonymous New Town. Venvell became an Assistant Education Officer in the I.L.E.A. and achieved a brief fame when he was listed in the *Daily Telegraph* as one of those most active in furthering universal compulsory comprehensive education for the masses while sending their own sons to public school – in his case Haileybury and the Imperial Service College.

Venvell . . . one morning I amused myself writing, over and over, with dream in my eyes, one woman's name on the empty page in front of me – empty because it was Claude lecturing, *Jane Burden, Jane Burden, Jane Burden* . . . knowing that Venvell's sharp eye, ever alert for scandal, would sooner rather than later catch me at it. When he did, and leaned over me, I ostentatiously and futilely tried to cover it up.

"Who is she?" he nudged me. He was a compulsive nudger. "Is she Town or Colleges?"

"Er . . . she's not Colleges," I affected irritation at being found out.

I left the secret for a long time before, hugging myself with glee, I told him.

She was Janey, Rossetti's mistress, who had married William Morris in 1859, and died in all her beauty in 1914. In all her beauty, so that Angela Thirkell was able to write of her: "Even in her old age she looked a queen . . . crowned by her glorious hair."

We lived literature in those days – or at least some of us did. And I suspect we measured the girls we met, "Town or Colleges", against the Queens we read of, Deirdre and Maeve, tattooed Klytaemnestra and barley-hair Clothilde, Helen and Blanziflor, and found them all wanting. The bearded Corrin, who had a memory for such things, would make startling manic appearances on the balcony at Lumley dances, when he was primed with ale, and bassoon to the stunned Durham partners of Castleman below:

"Weave, weave the sunlight in your hair!"

or confidentially bellow

"I should have been a pair of ragged claws

Scuttling across the floors of silent seas."

While the willowy aesthete Gadsby, emulating our beloved Oscar, sported a long-stemmed lily in his buttonhole at every College function.

And then – in the blink of an eye it was over, and we were – oh how could it

possibly be? – Old Castlemen. No longer the elite, like Wordsworth at Cambridge “shouldering up . . . through the inferior throng,” both Dreamers and the Dream; but the world’s toilers with our way to make in the world, teaching big rude dullards of both sexes the appropriate address for a manilla envelope and the proper salutation for the smudgy misspelt letter that went inside it.

Did the others. I wonder, find the parting such travail? or did they, as I did, share the pain of such as pale Stanley of whom I wrote last time, and whom I came across on that first day, with his hand on the black knocker of the black oak door of Lumley Castle, and who thus answered my concerned enquiry:

“I was anticipating the day I shall have to leave here for the last time, holding on to the bell-pull like this as if it was the College’s hand.”

CASTLE RAILWAY

By Reginald Easthope

The idea of a private railway within the precincts of the Castle may sound somewhat far-fetched today. But it is still there, although unused since the late 1940s.

Yet for many decades it worked hard and well, performing the essential task for which it was built: carrying coal up for the open fires in students' and dons' rooms in the Keep, Junction, and Norman Gallery.

Just when it was built last century I have been unable to discover. Len Slater, the retired Master, told me, when I was asked to write this article, that he thought he could find some documentary facts about it. Despite a prolonged search they proved elusive.

I remember the railway well in my undergraduate years 1922-26. The single-track narrow-gauge rails are in a steeply-sloping stone-lined tunnel from the backyard of the Master's house to the basement of the Keep. Nothing can be seen above the grass of the Keep mound.

Coal was delivered originally by horse and cart and later by lorry and dumped in the backyard. Then the gyps loaded it into a "tub" or container mounted on a four-wheel bogey on the rails. A winch, turned laboriously for many years by hand, slowly wound a wire hawser round a drum, pulling the bogey up to the Keep. There the coal was unloaded, and then carried to coalholes - large bunkers - one on each floor of the Keep, and others in Junction and on the Norman Gallery.

The gyps were employed by the college all the year round. During the vacs, when there were no students to look after, they got the coal up. All three vacs were used because we had coal fires daily in the summer term as well as in the others. There was no other form of heating in our rooms (except some warmth from our oil lamps), and no other way of cooking our breakfasts and making tea, coffee, and snacks later in the day. So although the railway was in regular use in my time, I never saw it being worked because this was always in the vacs.

After the University was founded in 1832 the first students came into residence in 1833. They were lodged in Bishop Cosin's Hall on Palace Green, then called Archdeacon's Inn but known always in my day as the Cowshed. It was not until 1837 that the Bishop placed the Castle in trust for the University, reserving the Bishop's suite for his possible occasional use.

The ruinous Keep was rebuilt about 1844-45 and divided into student rooms – a study and a bedroom each, as they were in my years. More rooms were constructed by partitioning off the north side of the Norman Gallery, and others made on Hall and Garden Stairs and in odd corners. All had Victorian cast iron fireplaces designed for coal fires. The Keep railway may well have been built about the same time to serve these many rooms with fireplaces.

Late in the century an electric motor was fitted to drive the winch, and the coal-heaving task became slightly less laborious. But the tub had still to be filled by hand, and the coal carried to the coalholes, some of them a long way from the Keep basement.

The railway tunnel was a well-used route for getting into the Castle after the gate was closed – 9 p.m. in my time. One could not go out after that, so that if we wanted to go to the second house of a cinema – the nearest was the Assembly Rooms in the North Bailey – we shot out as soon as the Cathedral curfew bell started to toll. One could come in free until 10 p.m. After that a scone was put on battels of sixpence (2½p) till 11 p.m., and then half-a-crown (12½p) till midnight, unless one had signed the late book in advance. After midnight meant being carpeted by the Censor with a threat of being sent down. But this never arose. There were other ways in.

The head of the tunnel in the Keep basement was closed by a heavy iron-grille gate, secured by a strong padlock. Somehow, although the padlock looked all right, it was frequently found to be defective, with obvious results.

When central heating – almost district heating from a boilerhouse in the grounds of Hatfield – was installed in 1949-50, thickly-lagged hot water pipes were placed in the tunnel now that coal fires were being abolished. The pipes are still there. Whether the tunnel is still used for clandestine purposes I do not know. They are less needed in these days of freedom. The railway survives, a hidden relic of its historic and active past.

J.C.R. REPORT

The academic year 1982/83 was described by last year's Senior Man as one of "subtle change". This year has seen the continuation of these changes; ones which have not altered the essential character of the College, nor prevented us from remaining competitive with other J.C.R.'s in all fields. If anything in fact, they have enabled us to cater more fully for our members. An objective which this year's executive has striven hard for.

With regard to them, thanks must go to everyone for their hard work, despite differences between people on occasions. Andy Bell as Secretary put in a great deal of time and effort in keeping the paperwork up to date, in between battling on the rugby field, whilst Chris Butler as Treasurer put in a phenomenal amount of hardwork, much of which people don't realise has to be done. On behalf of the J.C.R. he must be given a special vote of thanks.

On the entertainments side David Hewitt proved a brilliantly astute Social Secretary, with a June Ball that was unanimously agreed to be second to none, and the best for years, whilst the Informal Ball, a joint event with St. Mary's, made a profit for a change. The bar executive; Damien Moody, Paul Quinsee and Phil Peel have maintained a healthy profit this year, despite various problems, and at the same time expanded our range of beers on tap, variety in this field being a vital prerequisite in Castle!!!

My thanks to all these people for their work, effort and co-operation. They have served the J.C.R. well. I must also mention the work of one Castleman not on the executive; John Dyson, who has made an outstanding contribution to the J.C.R. and the College in his time at Durham, and who will be remembered by many people.

On the sporting side our greatest strengths have been at football and rugby. In the former we won the Trophy Competition against Grey, and in the latter narrowly lost to Hatfield in the final, despite fielding our strongest side for years. Indeed, such is the wealth of rugby players in the College at the moment, that we are planning to field a second team next year. On the river our rowing teams, with a large number of committed and enthusiastic members, have had a slightly disappointing year with many victories seeming to slip from our hands at the last minute. We did nevertheless attend the Tideway Regatta again this year, and once again achieved a very respectable position. The cricket season was unfortunately largely washed

out, whilst in the more minor sports, a notable performance from the darts team must be recorded.

Artistically, Castle Theatre Company once again had an excellent year, and the depth of thespian talent within the college really is tremendous, as is shown by the number of people we have in all University drama activities. This point is a very encouraging one, for it reflects the many individuals from Castle who continue to dominate so many university activities. Three examples in particular demonstrate this; Alastair McCall as Editor of the University Newspaper "Palatinate", Crispin Blunt as President of the Union Society, and Simon Pottinger as next year's President of the Students' Union. All Castlemen. It is an aspect of the College we are all proud of and hope will remain part of our traditions.

On a day to day level within the College itself, the shift of opinion towards Castle going mixed appears to have stabilised, though with changes occurring so rapidly in the University at the moment, there is no knowing what might happen here. Many people seem to regard it with a degree of inevitability, which is perhaps something Old Castlemen might like to mull over. There has also been an unwelcome number of people applying to live out of College. Many of us regard this as being bad for the J.C.R., and hope that it is only a temporary phase. Again however it has to be emphasised that with the University changing so much, largely as a result of Government cutbacks in finance, there is no knowing how things will go.

Finally I would like to thank several people for their help in various matters. Firstly, to all Old Castlemen who contributed so generously towards the building of the West Courtyard Common Room, which is now in use, I give grateful thanks on behalf of the J.C.R. I am sure that those of you who have seen it will agree how attractive and functional it is, and I hope that it continues to be put to good use. Secondly, to the Chaplain Peter Hiscock, and the Senior Tutor Duncan Bythell, for all the interest, help and time they have given to the J.C.R. and its members this year. Both are much respected by us all for this, and our thanks to them.

As a conclusion I must say that the College and J.C.R. are changing faster than ever, for better or worse, and by forces beyond our control. The essential spirit of the place remains though, and I believe that however refined it is, it will always do so.

For myself, I hope that everyone I've met at Castle enjoyed it as much as I did, and I know I speak for many when I say that the experiences of these three years will always be treasured.

Julian M. Evans, B.A.(Hons.) Senior Man 1983/84

STOP PRESS

Old Castlemen will be pleased to know that the Senate Shield 'turned up' last week, having spent the last eighteen months in a house in Durham. Full details will be given at this year's A.G.M.

DATES OF 1986 REUNION

Friday, 18th April to Sunday, 20th April 1986,
the Reunion Dinner on Saturday, 19th April 1986.

DEPARTMENT OF GEOGRAPHY

Convocation and Reunion, Saturday 20 April 1985

The Department of Geography will be open during the afternoon of Saturday 20th April and graduates of the Department and others are invited to renew their acquaintance with the building between 2.30 and 4.30 p.m. Tea and Coffee will be available in the Rockefeller Room and several of the present staff intend to be present including Professor Ian Simmons (Head of Department) and Professor John Clarke (Pro-Vice Chancellor and Sub-Warden).

DURHAM CASTLEMEN'S SOCIETY

Income and Expenditure Account for the period ended 29th February 1984

EXPENDITURE		INCOME	
1982/83		1982/83	
£	£	£	£
1517.76	1138.95	1499.41	1123.60
Reunion Expenses		Reunion 1983	
Printing:		Reunion income in arrears	6.00
Castellum 1982	—	Subscriptions and contributions	
Castellum 1983	476.25	towards Castellum	1312.77
Stationery, etc.	63.52	do. in arrears	4.00
Postages	142.38	Less received in advance	77.00
Miscellaneous Expenses		Interest on Investments	34.65
Receptions for students etc.	54.30	Miscellaneous receipts	
Flowers	10.00	Collection for pictures	105.00
Balance being excess of income over	64.30	Balance being excess of expenditure	
expenditure for the period	623.62	over income for the period	—
£2979.46	£2509.02	£2979.46	£2509.02

Balance Sheet as on 29th February 1984

LIABILITIES	£	£	ASSETS	£	£
Contributions towards Castellum received in advance		185.41	Investments:		
Sundry Creditors:			Northern Rock Building Society Preference Shares		
University College	858.20		as on 1st April, 1983	577.13	
Macdonald Press	476.25		ADD Interest	34.65	
		<u>1334.45</u>			611.78
Capital Account as on 1st April 1983	942.07		Sundry Debtors - University College		192.10
ADD Excess of income over expenditure for the			Cash at Bank		2281.67
period	623.62				
		<u>1565.69</u>			
					<u>£3085.55</u>
					<u>£3085.55</u>

I have examined the books of account of Durham Castlemen's Society and confirm that the foregoing statements are prepared in accordance therewith.
 K. Delaney FCCA
 Old Shire Hall, Durham.
 March, 1984.

COLLEGE OFFICERS, 1984-85

MASTER

E. C. Salthouse, B.Sc., Ph.D., C.Eng., F.I.E.E.

VICE MASTER AND SENIOR TUTOR

D. Bythell, M.A., D.Phil.

BURSAR

Wing Commander A. E. Cartmell, B.A., M.A.

CHAPLAIN AND SOLWAY FELLOW

Rev. P. G. H. Hiscock, M.A.

LOWE LIBRARIAN

J. S. Ashworth, B.A., M.A.(Econ.)

TUTORS

J. P. Aggleton, B.A., D.Phil.

F. Ashton, B.Sc., Ph.D.

J. S. Ashworth, B.A., M.A.(Econ.)

J. M. Black, B.A., Ph.D.

G. M. Brooke, B.Sc., Ph.D.

J. R. Bumby, B.Sc., Ph.D., C.Eng., M.I.E.E.

P. D. B. Collins, B.Sc., Ph.D., M.Inst.P.

D. E. L. Crane, M.A., B.Litt.

O. T. P. K. Dickinson, M.A., D.Phil.

G. D. Dragas, B.D., Th.M.

D. Flower, B.Sc., Ph.D.

M. B. Gietzmann, B.A.

K. F. Hilliard, M.A.

C. Jones, M.A., B.Litt.

E. J. Lowe, M.A., B.Phil., D.Phil.

J. C. Lumsden, B.Sc.(Econ.), Dip.Lib.Studies, A.L.A.

W. T. W. Morgan, M.Sc.(Econ.), Ph.D.

D. Parker, B.A., D. Phil.

E. G. P. Rowe, M.Sc., Ph.D.

C. Smythe, B.Sc.

R. B. Thomas, B.A., M.A.(Econ.), Ph.D.

M. E. Tucker, B.Sc., Ph.D., F.G.S.

K. Werner, Ph.D.

P. A. Williamson, M.A.

N. P. Wood, B.A., Ph.D.