

ST CATHARINE'S SOCIETY MAGAZINE



SEPT 1933

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S. Catharine's Society Magazine.

SEPTEMBER

1933

Editorial

A SHADOW has been cast over the year by the long and painful illness of the Master, from which he was released on June 17th. That illness, commencing in November, had kept him from all College life for six months or more : but one of the last messages from him was an enquiry for the welfare of its members.

We publish elsewhere a memorial written by one who was his constant and intimate friend. The present writer knew him first as Tutor, when he interviewed a trembling candidate for a scholarship examination : then as a counsellor in all things pertaining to the River, whose face, bowed over a stop-watch, was familiar at the starting post of many races.. And last, when maturity came, one was aware continually of his sense of wisdom and justice : his wide and generous sympathy with many types of men : and his almost incredible memory for members of the College, and interest in their doings.

It is fitting that the Magazine of the Society which owes to him its foundation and its inspiration alike should contain these tributes to his memory. He was the first to recognize—with his strong feeling for all corporate life—the extent to which the past and present members of a College are bound together : and out of that ideal has grown the present Society of nearly a thousand members. Any who worked under his guidance for this end were constantly amazed at the extent of his circle of correspondents, and his readiness with encouragement and cheer.

But this Society is only one monument. We of the post-war generation can have little idea of the dark years in which he and the President laboured without gratitude, and almost without reward, for the welfare of a tiny College whose older members had in some ways outlived a changing world of men and of scholarship. Of that work, the undergraduate, of 1919 onwards reaped the fruits, ignorant, in the main, of the blood and labour that had gone to set the College on the road to success, and of the task of re-organization in which the late Master, Dr. Johns, and Bishop Drury were so greatly concerned.

It is as a tutor that many generations will remember him, a tutor who knew his men intimately, who organized his work with precision and accuracy, down to details of training his own clerical staff : who judged with shrewdness the character of applicants for admission, and who was usually helping (often secretly), the foolish, the needy, the undecided : who rewarded merit, whether of games or scholarship, with generous praise ; and who was prepared to extend to the more mature undergraduate who had come from military service, a sympathy and tact which smoothed over a difficult time.

A College with its numbers increased fourfold : its scholarship and athletics ranking equally high : its boundaries extended and its reputation spread wide : these are objects for which he gave his life's work, and which he saw realized at the end. No one labours and fights without scars : broken health and premature old age was the price which he paid. To Mrs. Rushmore and to his family, the Society extends its deepest sympathy.

News of the Society.

BIRTHS.

ANABLE.—To Joan, wife of A. Anable (B.A. 1921), a daughter.

BURNS.—On 14th July, 1933, at 56, Cornwall Gardens, London, S.W.7, to Kathleen (*nee* Shepherd), wife of Flight Lieut. Eric Scott Burns (B.A. 1922), a daughter.

CLARKE.—On 27th February, 1933, at Singapore, to Shelagh, wife of John Arthur Clarke (M. 1922), a daughter.

FIELD-HYDE.—On 4th March, 1933, at Repton, to Kathleen, wife of Frederick Douglas Field-Hyde (B.A. 1924), a son.

GALPIN.—On 19th March, 1933, at a nursing home, Wallington, to Dorothy (*nee* Brading), wife of the Rev. Eric Claude Galpin (B.A. 1923), of Bida, N. Nigeria, a daughter.

JONES.—On 17th May, 1933, to Klotilde (*nee* Bayerl), wife of Ernest Norman Jones (B.A. 1931), of White Lodge, St. Mary's Walk, Harrogate, a son.

MENZIES-KITCHIN.—On 26th February, 1933, at Swaffham Prior, Cambridge, to Joan (*nee* Stewart Meek), wife of Alexander William Menzies-Kitchin (M. 1927), a son.

PEMBERTON.—To Betty, wife of R. T. Pemberton (M. 1919), a son.

ROGERS.—To Dora (*nee* Howden), wife of Rev. G. J. Rogers (B.A. 1926), a daughter.

SHALIT.—To Bessie, wife of L. Shalit (B.A. 1927), a son.

SIEVEKING.—On 5th July, 1933, at 15, Tite Street, Chelsea, to Natalie, wife of Major Lancelot de Giberne Sieveking (M. 1919), a daughter.

SMALLEY.—On 21st July, 1933, to Barbara Florence (*nee* Bulkeley), wife of John Aspell Smalley (B.A. 1930), a son.

STRACHAN.—On 20th May, 1932, at 37, Thornfield Road, Bishop's Stortford, Herts., to Margaret (*nee* Jason Wood), wife of Walter John Strachan (B.A. 1924), a daughter.

UPSON.—To Kathleen, wife of H. K. Upson (B.A. 1924) a son.

YOUNG.—On 22nd April, 1933, at 44, Newton Road, Cambridge, to Mary Rendel, wife of Murray Ferguson Young (B.A. 1928), of 37, Kenilworth Court, Putney, a daughter.

ENGAGEMENTS.

MR. P. C. ASHWIN AND MISS BEEVER.

The engagement is announced between Philip Charles Ashwin (M. 1920), younger son of the Rev. Collins Ashwin, of Dumbleton Rectory, Evesham, and Adria Hannah Beever, daughter of the late V. M. Holt Beever, and the late Mrs. Beever, of Kemerton, Tewkesbury.

MR. R. T. BRAIN AND MISS WHEATLEY.

The engagement is announced between Ronald Thompson Brain (B.A. 1932), Royal Engineers, younger son of Colonel and Mrs. Brain, of Solihull, and Christabel Helena Drysdale, elder daughter of Canon and Mrs. Wheatley, of St. Margaret's, Rochester.

MR. R. E. W. BURNSIDE AND MISS BOWYER.

The engagement is announced between Robert Burnside (B.A. 1922), son of the late Mr. John Burnside and Mrs. Burnside, and Marjorie, daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Bowyer, of Yeovil.

MR. H. J. P. CANDLER AND MISS RODERICK.

The engagement is announced between Horace John Pycock Candler (B.A. 1932), only son of Dr. J. P. Candler, MA., D.P.H., and Mrs. Candler, "Ashleigh," Coulsdon, Surrey, and Rosemary, eldest daughter of Dr. H. B. Roderick, O.B.E., M.Chir, F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Roderick, 17, Trumpington Street, Cambridge.

MR. ROGER CHAPMAN AND MISS MORDEY.

The engagement is announced between Roger Chapman (B.A. 1927), elder son of Sir Sidney and Lady Chapman, of the Manor House, Ware, Herts., and Edith Maureen Mordey, only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Mordey, of 7, Northfield, Caeran Road, Newport.

MR. G. N. P. CROMBIE AND MISS DAVIDSON.

The engagement is announced between George Norman Paul Crombie (B.A. 1932), elder son of Mr. N. T. Crombie and the late Mrs. Crombie, Haverford, Water End, York, and Marjory Noelle, daughter of the late Mr. George Davidson, C.B.E., and Mrs. Davidson, 127, Clifton, York.

MR. C. W. ROWLING AND MISS HASLAM.

The engagement is announced between Cecil William Rowling (B.A. 1926), of the Nigerian Administrative Service, only son of the Rev. Canon F. and Mrs. Rowling, of Seaborough Rectory, Somerset, to Noel, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dryland Haslam, of Highlands, Bucklebury, near Reading.

MARRIAGES.

BARION-HYDE.—On 1st July, 1933, at St. Alban's Church, Streatham Park, by the Vicar, Gordon Wilfrid Barron (M. 1928), younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Wilfrid Barron, of Walmer Court, Streatham, to Phyllis Margaret, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Hyde, of Manville Road, S.W.I 7.

BENSON-WELSBY.—At Chester Cathedral, by the Dean, the Rev. Edward Geoffrey Benson (B.A. 1924), to Judith Humfrey, youngest daughter of the late Mr. W. and Mrs. Welsby.

BENSON-MCLUCKIE.—On 15th March, 1933, at St. Columba's Church, Pont Street, Robert Bernard Benson (B.A. 1925), to Joyce Elinor, only child of the late Rev. J. M. McLuckie.

CARBONELL-TALBOT.—On 16th August, 1933, at the Church of St. John the Baptist, Great Amwell, John Rouse Carbonell (B.A. 1930), elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Carbonell, Eastaway, Westleigh, Bideford, to Dorothy Helen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Talbot, of Haileybury.

CATTLEY-SMITH.—On 17th June, 1933, at St. Mary Abbots Church, Kensington, Robert Ellis Dieuaide Cattley (B.A. 1924), to Phyllis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Smith.

- FARNWORTH-ALMOND.—On 3rd August, 1933, Thomas Farnworth. (B.A. 1930), to Agnes Almond.
- IRESON-HOLLAND.—On 23rd June, 1933, at St. Cross Church, Knutsford, The Rev. Arthur Stanley Ireson (B.A. 1930), to Jessie Mary Holland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Holland, of Knutsford, Cheshire.
- LEWIS-TAYLOR.—On 24th June, 1933, at the Parish Church, Old Knebworth, by the Rev. W. Evans, Rector of Christ Church, Brondesbury, assisted by the Rev. L. Denton Sayers, Rector of Knebworth, Leslie Sinclair Lewis (B.A. 1930), only son of Mrs. E. A. Horne, of 12, Sidmouth Road, N.W.2, to Ruth Eleanor Taylor, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Taylor, of " High-field/" Knebworth.
- MONTGOMERY-HANDS.—On 22nd December, 1932, at All Souls Church, Langham Place, London, W.1, William Percival Montgomery (B.A. 1931), to Evelyn Hands.
- NICHOLSON-LEVI.—On 22nd April, 1933, at Holy Trinity Church, Sutton Coldfield, by the Rev. Stanley Golden, assisted by the Rev. G. L. H. Harvey, Carroll Parker Nicholson (B.A. 1930), only son of Captain and Mrs. Nicholson, to Nancy Esther, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clive J. Levi, Sutton Coldfield.
- RUSSELL-POOLZY.—On 2nd August, 1933, at St. Columba's Presbyterian Church, Cambridge, by the Rev. George Barclay, Thomas Ainslie Russell (Matr. 1928), Plant Pathologist, Bermuda Department of Agriculture, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Russell, Highgate, to Patricia Frances, daughter of the late Mr. Warner Lake Pooley and of Mrs. Pooley, Cambridge.
- SCHOFIELD-ASTLEY.—W. G. B. Schofield (M. 1923), to the Hon. Armyne Margaret Astley, second daughter of Lord and Lady Hastings.
- SILLEY-LE MARE.—B. L. Silley (B.A. 1925), to Peggy, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Le Mare, of Birchington, Kent.
- SPEAR-PERKINS.—On 12th July, 1933, at All Saints' Church, Stoke Ash, Suffolk, by The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of St. Edmunds-

bury and Ipswich, assisted by the Rev. F. H. R. Perkins (father of the bride), Thomas George Percival Spear (B.A. 1922), younger son of Mr. E. A. and Mrs. Spear, of Ivy Bank, Bath, to Dorothy Margaret Gladys, elder daughter of the Rev. F. H. R. and Mrs. Perkins, of Stoke Ash, Suffolk.

WHEELER-ARDRON-JONES.—On 29th April, 1933, at Emmanuel Church, Tunbridge Wells, Alexander William John Coe Wheeler (B.A. 1931), elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. j. Wheeler, of "Rockmount," Mount Ephraim Road, Tunbridge Wells, to Kathleen Annette, daughter of the late Mr., and of Mrs. Ardrion-Jones, of Tunbridge Wells.

DEATHS.

BILDERBECK.—On 11th February, 1933, at Bexhill-on-Sea, James Bourdillon Bilderbeck (B.A. 1874).

BRISCOE.—On 13th April, 1933, at 11, Fairlight Road, Hastings, the Rev. Samuel Thomas Briscoe (B.A. 1876).

DUNN.—On 8th March, 1933, accidentally drowned at sea between Capetown and St. Helena, David Guthrie Dunn (B.A. 1930) of Knock Castle, Largs, Ayrshire, surviving son of the late John Dunn, aged 26 years.

FLACK.—On Sunday, 25th June, 1933, passed peacefully away at Uitenhage, South Africa, the Ven. Francis Walter Flack (B.A. 1882)* Archdeacon, Port Elizabeth, eldest son of the late Councillor and Mrs. Walter Flack, of Cambridge, aged 74 years.

GODDEN.—On 27th December, 1932, the Rev. Frederick Ernest Godden (BA 1887), Rector of East Woodhay, Newbury.

HUTCHINGS.—On 18th May, 1933, as the result of a flying accident at the R.A.F. Station, Mansion, Kent, Flying Officer Lionel Arthur Hutchings (B.A. 1925), only son of A. W. Hutchings, Esq., of 16, Essex Road, Watford, Herts.

KNAPTON.—On 23rd May, 1933, at the Derbyshire Royal Infirmary, Arthur William Peter Knapton (B.A. 1926), only surviving child of the Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Lilian Knapton, lately of Clee Saint Margaret Vicarage, aged 30 years.

.KNOX.—Alexander Meldrum Knox (B.A. 1928), 2nd Lieut. Royal Engineers.

RUSHMORE.—On 17th June, 1933, at the Master's Lodge, Frederick Margetson Rushmore (1884-7), Master of the College.

WAKEFIELD.—On 9th January, 1933, at 20, Palmeira Court, Hove, the Right Rev. Henry Russell Wakefield, D.D., C.B.E., formerly Bishop of Birmingham, aged 78 years. (Fellow Commoner, 1910).

Obituary

F. M. RUSHMORE.

My knowledge of the Master dates from the middle nineties—I cannot swear to the year—and our friendship began in the Chapel, he being a Choral Exhibitioner, and I, as an amateur member of the Choir, sitting next him. He was not, perhaps, an easy man with whom to form an acquaintance ; he seemed rather reserved, and, at times, almost forbidding in manner, but when once you got through the outer defences you found the man. As he was a little above the age of the average freshman, a University career was to him a more serious proposition than it was, and no doubt still is, to the man who is fresh from School, but it was not long before it was obvious that he was, to quote a thinly veiled allusion in a motion in the Debating Society, " a coming power."

One often hears, at the Society dinners, allusions to the comparative insignificance of the College in past generations, and we who belong to that period may be excused if we feel some slight resentment at such blows to our self-esteem, feeling, as we do, that though heavily handicapped we did keep our end up. When Rushmore appeared, the College, though somewhat larger than it had been when I came up, thirteen or fourteen years earlier, was still on the small side, but the old-fashioned small College had its advantages ; heavy demands were made on the time and energies of men who were competent to take a lead, and they were not made in vain. This may have pressed hardly on those who really wanted to work, but it was well worth it ; a division or even a class in the Tripas may have been sacrificed, but to many of us the opportunities for leadership and the lessons of responsibility have proved of priceless worth in what J. N. Figgis in his sermons so often called " the larger world outside." Rushmore's

three years gave ample proof of this proposition ; he was naturally a man inclined to hard work in anything which came to his hand ; he read steadily, but apart from his work he was always doing something, definite and something for the common good ; he was a natural leader and organiser, and in this connection I may be permitted to state that he first attracted the favourable notice of the authorities by the masterly skill which he displayed (adequately assisted by Mr. G. S. Elliston, M.P.), in conducting revellers to their beds after a bump supper!

His chief activities were the River and the C.U.R.V. ; the Boat, though not so high as it now is, held no unworthy position, and he worked as hard as any to keep it there ; the comparatively limited number of men to draw from for all College sports involved much doubling of parts, and as he never showed much taste for ball games he was naturally all the more use in the various crews and on the bank ; it never seemed to occur to him that he was in any way sacrificing himself ; the job was there to be done and he did it—that was characteristic of him all through. But though the work which he did in College for our own special interests was invaluable, his efforts for the Corps were, if such a verbal paradox be permissible, even more so. Volunteering had not for many years been a popular, or even a respected pursuit in the University ; the country was undisturbed by wars or rumours of wars, that best-seller of our youth, " The Battle of Dorking," had only served to cast doubts on the efficiency, or even the *raison d'etre* of our citizen soldiers, and the C.U.R.V. had been driven to fill its ranks with the unemployed. But about forty years ago a great change took place ; an Adjutant was appointed to the Corps who got in touch with the right stamp of men, and Volunteering, as apart from Match Shooting, was raised to the standing of a recognized University occupation (I was almost going to say " sport "). Rushmore, who had some previous experience, soon became a prominent N.C.O. ; his knapsack may not, like that of the Napoleonic soldier, have contained the baton of a Field Marshal, but it held the badges of every commissioned rank up to Lt.-Colonel; he, in company with men like H. J. Edwards and

H. G. Comber, gave their time and their energies to the good of the Corps, saw it become a Senior G.T.C., and prove its worth in 1914. I do not think that he ever enjoyed anything quite so much as those old days when he went into camp at Aldershot, followed by the pick of the College, or when at those November week-ends the London Scottish fought their way into Cambridge on Friday night, engaged in pitched battles all Saturday afternoon, and monopolised the theatre in the evening. There was quite an invasion scare in '98 over the Fashoda incident ; the rumour went round that the C.U.R.V. were to be mobilized, and though a peaceful solution of the question was grateful to the majority, I am convinced that it was not so to Sergt. F. M. Rushmore.

It was fortunate for both of us that at the time when he graduated a Master was wanted to take charge of the Modern side at the Perse School ; for him, because he was able to stay in Cambridge and to keep in touch with the College, and for me, because a daily intercourse of four years enabled me to know him properly, to value his friendship, and to appreciate his worth. The writer of " The Times " obituary has rendered due tribute to his work as a Schoolmaster, and I should like to take this opportunity of saying that I endorse every word of it, but what chiefly appealed to me was his sound commonsense of which he had more than a common share. I know that Barnes-Laurence, who was then Head, valued his work most highly and put unbounded confidence in him. I remember well that some years later, when " B-L." had developed a vein of pessimism, I was able to cheer him enormously on one of his darker days at Weymouth ; he was in the depths of woe—a boy had nearly brained another with a bottle, and, to make it worse, the outrage (purely accidental) had happened on Sunday afternoon—I tried to cheer him up and said : " At any rate I have one piece of good news for you." He asked gloomily what news could *he* good, to which I replied, " Rushmore has got his Fellowship," and he revived.

When I was leaving Cambridge, thirty-one years ago, he was beginning to make his way into the higher circles of the College ; he dined at the High Table and was doing a certain amount of College work ; my last association with him, which coincided with the last days of my sojourn, lay in the compilation of the first edition of the College Register ; Southward was our partner in the enterprise, and though our methods were somewhat too speedy for him, we hit it off very well together and celebrated the end of our labours in a bottle of port.

Others are better qualified than I to deal with his time as Tutor,, as President, and as Master ; we often met when we were both free, we had a great bond of interest in Masonry—I had the pleasure of proposing him as a candidate for the Isaac Newton University Lodge—and we walked many miles in Dorset and Devon. I do not feel myself competent to criticize in any way his work as a ruler of the College, but I should like to place on record the impression he has made on me and the memory that he leaves to one who may claim to know him as well as any. In the first place he lived in and for the College ; no personal consideration, no self-seeking ever stood in the way ; what he knew to be right, that he did, even at the risk of severing old friendships and possibly of standing in the way of his own interests. Soon after his election, the reign of Robinson ended and a successor had to be chosen ; Rushmore at once took his own line, and it was the right one ; he told me at the time, " I fear that this may mean a breach with Spratt," and Spratt's friendship had been, and promised to be, of great importance to him, but he held on ; the risk was taken and the right man was chosen. And the same spirit was to be found in all that he did ; he never minced his words ; if he thought you were a fool he said so, and you liked him all the better for it because you, knew that he had strong grounds for the statement ; on the other hand,, no-one could be more generous in his praise for good work done,, whether with mind or body. I was glad to send boys to the College under his Tutorship for two reasons—I knew that he would look after

them and that he would tell me exactly what he thought of them and what they were worth. Again and again he proved his wonderful perception of a man's character and his worth, and in this connection I can say that I never found him at a loss when I asked about any member of the College, even going back to the middle of the last century ; my own memory for names and faces is pretty good, but I willingly give him best.

Many of us were curious to see what effect immediate post-war conditions would have on the College; I was staying with him in those first few months and I was not disappointed ; I realized, even more than before, his mastery of detail and his talent for organization. Nothing escaped him from the choice of a due receptacle for the mown grass in the Court to the improvement of the field and the revival of all College sports, to which he gave a care which might rival the enthusiasm of the keenest Games Master at a Preparatory School. And before long I became almost unpleasantly aware of another change in conditions ; I had hoped that it would be possible to write and say—" I have quite a decent boy, what can you do for him ? " But no, before long the decent boy had to fight for admission with many others of similar decency, and I well remember what a distinct thrill it gave me when a boy told me that he wanted to get into St. Catharine's,, but that if they would not take him he would have to try at—well, never mind where, it was a College whose undesirables migrated to us in the darker ages. Rushmore meant to have good men and he got them, and though he jealously counted our yearly score of first classes, he always found room for those men, even though they barely survived a Special, who knew how to live as gentlemen and would sweat to the last drop in the College teams.

When he moved to the Lodge it was still the same ; he may not have had the same opportunities that he had enjoyed as Tutor, but he seemed to know something of every man in the place ; at the Meetings of our Society he could give me a biography of anyone there, at the " after-meeting " at the Lodge he could make everyone feel

that *he* was the man who was specially welcome ; the Society owes its existence to him—and to me, and I know to others also, our Meetings will never be quite the same again.

R.R.C.

(We have not sought to reprint the notice which appeared in " The Times " of 19th June, since it will have been read by the majority of the Society : we publish, however, the following letter which appeared a day later) :—

THE MASTER OF ST. CATHARINE'S.

An old St. Catharine's College man writes :—

Mr. Rushmore was my tutor from 1909 to 1913, and I should like to add a small tribute to his remarkable services to the College he loved so well. I remember our first meeting, when I was rattier intimidated by his Kaiser moustache and his somewhat metallic voice. I soon came to know, however, that under a rather stem exterior a warm heart was beating, and that the welfare of the College was his first concern.

At the time I went up there were only about 120 members of the College and not a Blue among them. The following year R. Davies obtained a Rowing Blue, the first gained by a St. Catharine's man, and from that time onwards the athletic prowess of the College began to grow, and when I came down in 1913 we had 10 Blues or half Blues to our credit. Mr. Rushmore, as Proctor, had not been popular in the University—proctors rarely are ; but I remember vividly the occasion on which the University forgave him and took him to their heart. It was following a dinner at the Lion, held after the Rugger match against Trinity College, Dublin. The participants of the dinner were distinctly noisy, having wine taken, and there was an uproar in the lounge followed by the entry of Rushmore and his bulldogs. The Irish captain, who was exceptionally merry, insisted on embracing the Proctor and pressing upon him a glass of wine, which to the intense surprise of the Cambridge side he accepted with very good grace. Rushmore left the inn to ringing cheers from the whole assembly, and from that time onwards was regarded as a great sportsman.

On the death of Mr. Spratt, he became senior tutor, and owing to his administrative ability he improved the College finances and attracted to it members of the best schools in the country, with the result that to-day the College, with some 280 men in residence, is one of the most prosperous and progressive in the University. Besides this, he insisted on the importance of every man taking an Honours degree, and so the old "go as you please" methods for the athletic lights became a thing of the past, and if a Blue or a budding Blue failed to do his fair spot of work, he was promptly told he was not wanted.

We print the following letter at the request of Mrs. Rushmore :—

The Master's Lodge,
St. Catharine's College,
Cambridge.

27th June, 1933.

Dear Mr. Henn,

Much though I wish it, I find it quite impossible to thank personally all the members of the St. Catharine's Society for their letters of sympathy, their beautiful wreath, and for their appreciation of my husband and his work for the College.

The many hundreds of letters we have had comfort us in our loss and shew us he did not sacrifice his life in vain.

He loved his College and all her members. The children and I will ever be grateful to them for all they have said and are proud to have his example to follow.

Yours sincerely,
MILLICENT S. RUSHMORE.

J. B. BILDERBECK

James Bourdillon Bilderbeck died on 11th February, 1933. He came into residence in 1870 as a Mathematical Scholar, and graduated B.A. in 1874. He was Captain of the Boat Club, and left England for Madras in 1875, where he became Professor of English Literature and Principal of the Presidency College. He edited some parts of Chaucer and wrote various literary articles.

On his retirement he came to live in Cambridge, and was made Librarian to the College, a post which he held until 1921. Shortly afterwards, he left Cambridge for Bexhill-on-Sea. He was a most careful librarian, catalogued the Library and wrote a scholarly account of its chief treasures.

Those who were privileged to know him were struck by his kindness, his sturdy common sense, and his unfailing loyalty to his College. He was always ready to help, to advise, and to comfort. In his last years he was troubled with ill-health and blindness, but these infirmities never overcame his cheerful courage. Visitors at Bexhill were struck by the intelligent interest he still took in all College affairs, and by his devotion to his old College friends. St. Catharine's has lost a loyal admirer and an *alumnus* of great personal charm.

THE VEN. F. W. FLACK.

The Ven. Francis Walter Flack, Archdeacon of Port Elizabeth, died at Uitenhage, Cape of Good Hope, at the age of 74. The eldest son of Councillor and Mrs. Walter Flack, of Cambridge, he was a scholar of the College, and took his degree among the senior optimes in the Mathematical Tripos of 1882. He was ordained in the diocese of Durham, and in 1889 began his long association with the diocese of Grahamstown, as Rector of St. Paul's, Port Alfred. In 1900 he moved to Port Elizabeth as rector of St. Paul's, and was also for nine years rural dean of Port Elizabeth. In 1911 he was appointed rector of Uitenhage, and was in addition a canon of Grahamstown Cathedral from 1915 and Archdeacon of Port Elizabeth from 1919.

A. W. P. KNAPTON.

A. W. P. Knapton (B.A. 1926), was educated at Shrewsbury School, and read Agriculture during the years 1923-26. He was secretary of the C.U. Agricultural Society, rowed in many College crews, and did valuable work as a coach. In 1928-29 he was Assistant Growers* Representative at the Allscott Beet Sugar Factory, near Wellington, and in 1929 he joined the staff of the Singer Sewing Machine Co., "becoming manager of their Norwich branch. He resigned from this in 1931, and turned his attention to land agency, passing both parts of the Land Agents' Society Examination last year. He died of acute encephalitis, and was buried at Rawmarsh, in Yorkshire, on 25th May.

His contemporaries will long remember him as one of the most cheerful and unselfish of friends.

THE REV. F. E. GODDEN.

The Rev. Frederick Ernest Godden, Rector of East Woodhay, Newbury, died on 27th December, 1932, aged 68 years. He came up to the College in 1884 and was ordained in 1888. After spending the first eight years of his ministerial career in the parishes of St. Mark's, Kennington, and Holy Trinity, Southwark, he was placed in charge of St. Peter's, Lower Brixham, where he worked among the trawlers. In 1901 he was appointed to the Vicarage of Hawley, Blackwater, Hants., which he held for 21 years. During part of the war he was Acting Rural Dean of the Aldershot Deanery. Subsequently he was Vicar of St. Paul's, Southampton, before moving to East Woodhay. His only son was at St. Catharine's 1929-32, and is now a Pilot Officer in the Royal Air Force.

D. G. DUNN.

News of the drowning of Mr. D. Guthrie Dunn, near the Island of St. Helena, while on the homeward journey after a world cruise in the 21-ton auxiliary motor ketch Southern Cross, was received by cable on March 16th at his home, Knock Castle, Largs, on the Firth of Clyde.

Mr. Dunn was accompanied on the trip by two young friends, Mr. Guthrie Penman, of Dumfries, and Mr. Shackleton, of London.

The three young adventurers set out from the Holy Loch, on the Clyde, on 25th October, 1930, after Mr. Dunn had graduated at the College. They went via Madeira and Colon across nearly 5,000 miles of the Pacific to Brisbane, Australia, where the boat was docked for overhaul.

This gave Mr. Dunn, who was a millionaire, the opportunity to make the trip home to settle legal affairs in connection with his inheritance of the estate of his father and mother on reaching the age of 26. He then rejoined his companions at Brisbane for the trip home.

It is a tragic coincidence that Mr. Dunn lost his only brother, John, in a drowning accident off Knock Castle, Largs, on 16th March, 1923, exactly ten years ago, when a rowing boat capsized.

Mr. Guthrie Dunn, who was the owner of the steam yacht Northern Lights, was a steward of the Royal Largs Yacht Club, and an enthusiastic competitor in Clyde yachting.

Mr. Guthrie Penman, one of his companions, is a graduate in engineering at Edinburgh University. Mr. Shackleton was a fellow-student of Mr. Dunn's at the College.

The Society welcomes to its midst the two Professorial Fellows who were elected on 3rd December, 1932.

Professor T. C. Hodson was educated at Christ's Hospital, from which he passed to Queen's College, Oxford, as a Classical Scholar. He then entered the I.C.S., in which his varied activities included executive, secretariat, political, judicial, and police work, and where his extensive knowledge of Indian tribes and their customs led to his subsequent work in anthropology and ethnology. Sickness put an end to his Indian activities, and in 1903 he became Registrar of the East London College, being occupied in University administration of various kinds until the outbreak of war.

1914 gave full scope for his versatility—first as an interpreter, and subsequently in charge of railway work including the large station of Rouen. G.H.Q. then claimed him for forestry work under Lord Lovat, and he was mentioned in dispatches in 1917 ; he eventually succeeded to Lord Lovat's post, and became British representative for forestry claims.

After the war he became Principal of the Hornsey Rise Training College for ex-Service men ; when this was disbanded for reasons of economy, he lectured in Cambridge and in the University of Michigan. There followed in quick succession the Librarianship of the Scottish Branch of the Central Library for Students, a post on the staff of the thirteenth edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and an Associate editorship for the fourteenth edition of that work.

In 1926 he was elected to the University Readership in Ethnology, and became Wyse Professor in 1932. His published works include : *The Meitheids, the Naga Tribes of Manipur, Thado Grammar, Primitive Culture of India, Languages, Customs and Religions of India (Oxford Survey of British Empire).*

Professor R. A. Williams was educated at the Sullivan School in Holywood, Co. Down, whence he entered at the Queen's College in Belfast. There he decided to specialize in Modern Languages, and after taking his degree spent six years in Germany. He studied

at Tubingen, became a Doctor of Philosophy at Leipzig, and held the post of Lector in English at the University of Halle.

From Halle he went in 1902 to the University of London as Reader in German, and five years later became Professor of German in the University of Dublin, which conferred on him the Doctorate of Literature *honoris causa*. He went to Belfast as Professor of German in 1915 until his election in 1932 as Schroder Professor at Cambridge.

Professor Williams is a Vice-President of the Philological Society, and is also a member of the Goethe and English Place-name Societies. His published works include : The Finn Episode in Beowulf ; articles and reviews in English and German learned journals.

News of the Society,

Many of us can remember how a few years ago the Rev. Francis Knowles delighted us with a charming speech at the Annual Dinner. He died in 1931, and left the College enough money to found a Scholarship of the annual value of £80, and in addition to increase the Building Fund by some £2,000.

The following ecclesiastical appointments are noted :—

The Rev. E. G. Benson (B.A. 1924), to be Vicar of Quatford, Bridgnorth, Salop.

The Rev. E. M. B. Southwell (B.A. 1924) to be Vicar of Wharton, near Northwich, Cheshire.

The Rev. A. S. Ireson (B.A. 1930) to be Curate of Hatfield, and Curate-in-charge of St. Mark's Parish, Hatfield.

The Rev. G. R. Lindsay (B.A. 1915) to be Rural Dean of Liverpool South.

The Rev. M. F. T. Swalwell (B.A. 1896), to be Vicar of Normanby, near Pickering, Yorks.

ORDINATIONS :

25th September, 1932.—A. Ecclestone (B.A. 1925), ordained Priest.

2nd October, 1932—M. R. McCann (B.A. 1930), ordained Priest.

15th October, 1932—W.B. Harrison (B.A. 1930), ordained Deacon.

16th October, 1932.—J. S. Purvis (B.A. 1912), ordained Deacon.

ADVENT, 1932.

J. M. Y. Phillipson (B.A. 1929), to St. Peter's-in-Thamet.

J. Stewart (B.A. 1931) ordained Deacon.

C. J. Patterson (B.A. 1930), ordained Priest.

F. Lampen (B.A. 1930), ordained Priest.

TRINITY, 1933.

F. R. S. Byfield (B.A. 1927), ordained Priest.

D. H. Curtis (B.A. 1932), ordained Deacon, to Holy Trinity, South Shore, Blackpool.

T. Wright (B.A. 1924), ordained Deacon, to St. George, Stamford.

Idris Williams (B.A. 1925), has accepted an invitation to the Baptist Church of Pontlyfni and Penygroes, Caernarvonshire.

P. J. R. King (B.A. 1931) has been selected for the twelfth Course at the R.A.F. Staff College, Andover, which begins next January.

E. R. Dawson (B.A. 1933) has been appointed to a Naval Instructorship.

J. F. Bunford (B.A. 1923), has been appointed Assistant Secretary to the National Provident Institution for Mutual Life Assurance.

L. G. Smith (B.A. 1929), has become a fully qualified Solicitor, and has joined the firm in which W. N. Riley is a partner. Smith's address is 38, Osmond Road, Hove, Sussex.

J. G. Bird (B.A. 1931) has been appointed to the Staff of Denstone College, Staffs.

F. E. Hicks (B.A. 1929), has been chosen a member of the expedition which is exploring some of the lesser-known mountains of the Himalayan group. Hicks will be remembered as one of the most intrepid of College roof-climbers, and it is good to know that the skill which he acquired on the College tiles may be helping him on the rocks and glaciers of Thibet.

J. H. Babington (B.A. 1933), obtained Second Class Honours in the Special Examination Physics for the London B.Sc. Degree.

C. Salter (B.A. 1926) has received an appointment at the National Physical Laboratory, Teddington.

J. S. Wilson (B.A. 1931), has been appointed a Senior Research Assistant at the Agricultural Engineering Research Institute, Oxford. He has also been elected an Associate of the Institute of Physics, and published (April, 1933), in the Journal of Scientific Instruments an article entitled "A Sonic Nephelometer."

H. D. Burrough (B.A. 1930), has been a regular member of the Somerset County Cricket XI this season. He narrowly missed a century (scoring 90) in the first innings versus Warwickshire at Chilvers Coton on 3rd July, and against Surrey at the Oval on July 28th he scored 92 not out.

C. W. G. Taylor (B.A. 1930), was successful in passing the Final Examination of the Law Society held on 12th and 13th June.

Many members of the College will remember R. E. D. Cattley (1921-24) who stroked the First Lent Boat and produced two comic operas in collaboration with A. Calder. The news of his marriage is announced elsewhere, but in a trip to Greece last year he swam the Hellespont in one hour and twenty minutes ; we understand that the performance was witnessed by Armenians and American journalists. No significance is to be attached to the fact that the time is approximately the same as Byron, but we understand that the question of colours is being taken up with the Leander Club.

The King has been graciously pleased to approve of the Polar Medal in silver with Clasp, inscribed "Arctic 1930-1931 " being granted to Alfred Stephenson (B.A. 1930), who was a member of the British Arctic Air Route Expedition 1930-1931.

We invite the attention of members of the Society to the article on the College by Mr. Arthur Oswald in " Country Life," on 29th October, 1932, which was illustrated by a series of very fine photographs.

Lady Moore has given the College a portrait of Sir Norman Moore, once Honorary Fellow of the College. It has been hung on the south side of the Hall.

Mrs. Johns, too, has presented the College with a portrait of her husband, who was Master from 1909 to 1920. The artist, Mr. Kenneth Green, has been wonderfully successful in reproducing a likeness

from photographs. It is probably the best portrait in the possession of the College, its only possible rival being that of Bishop Drury. It has been hung on the east side of the Hall, to the left of the Founder.

The College hopes that there will be a formal presentation of this portrait by Mrs. Johns early next term.

PUBLICATIONS.

"The Camina of Quintus Horatius Flaccus" (together with *Satire* I., IX.), rendered into English rhyming verse and accompanied by the Latin text, and brief explanatory notes by C. R. Haines, M.A., D.D., F.S.A. (B.A. 1880). Published by the Poetry League, Argyll Mansions, London.

"The predominant caution that rises to our pen, as we dismiss the subject is, that it is really *translation*, the reproduction of *Horace* himself, which is to be desired, and that the greater danger ultimately is his, who thinks himself entitled to take liberties and overlook details."—Quarterly Review, Vol. 104, p. 361.

"Primitive Arts and Crafts." By R. U. Sayce (M.A. 1928). Published by the Cambridge University Press.

"The Nabobs," by T. G. P. Spear (B.A. 1922). Published by Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press.

This account of the English in India is both readable and entertaining. The book deals with their life and customs from the earliest days of settlement down to the end of the eighteenth century, and the author's treatment of the subject is both animated and colourful. At the outset he describes the precarious position of the early settlers ; then the changes which came with the growth in power of the East India Company ; and finally, the more cultured days of Cornwallis and Wellesley, when the standard of life demanded was higher than it had been under the administration of Warren Hastings.

"History of Aragon and Catalonia," by the Rev. H. J. Chaytor, Litt.D., Fellow and Senior Tutor of the College (Methuen & Co.),

Dr. Chaytor's work, which is now in the press, is the complete history of Aragon and Catalonia from the time of the Romans and Goths to the fall of the Aragonese Empire. The work comprises eighteen chapters, and is fully illustrated with maps.

"Pausanias," Vol. III. (Loeb Library) by W.H. S. Jones, Litt.D., Fellow and Bursar of the College (Heinemann).

"I heard another story about it—how its water is of service both for men and women, as a cure for love ; for if they bathe in the river, they forget their love. If there is any trace of truth in the tale, the water of Selemnus is far more precious to mankind than endless wealth." There is promise in such a tale, and if you wish to know more about this river and how to reach it, you will find it on p. 306, of the new volume of *Pausanias* in the Loeb Library (Heinemann, 10/-). Dr. W. H. S. Jones brought out the first volume fifteen years ago, and this is the third. May we live—and may he live—to see the last, which should be the sixth. Meanwhile, if you are visiting Olympia, or if Arcadia is your goal, this is the book to take in your pocket."

"H.M.S. Rodney at Sea," by Instr. Lieut. Commr. C. R. Benstead (B.A. 1921). This is an account of life on a modern battleship, including a cruise to Trinidad, the journey of the Parliamentary Delegation to Iceland, and that much discussed incident, Invergordon.

S. R. Brett (B.A. 1915) is publishing a School Certificate Course of History, in two series, five volumes in all, of which three are already on sale.

He has also published "Europe, 1494-1914."

ACADEMIC DISTINCTIONS, 1933.

<i>Anthropology.</i>	Part I.	First Class, B. C. Gibbs.
<i>English.</i>	Part II.	First Class, A. R. Humphreys
	Part I.	First Class, N. Leach.
<i>Geography.</i>	Part II.	First Class, L. R. Dawson.
		First Class, O. H. K. Spate.

	Part I.	First Class, J. S. Hobbs. First Class, R. F. E. W. Peel. First Class, V. P. Smith.
<i>History.</i>	Part I. (Preliminary)	First Class, C. L. Wayper. First Class, E. B. Brook.
<i>Mathematics.</i>	Part I.	First Class, J. C. Leicester.
<i>Mechanical Sciences.</i> (Tripos)	(Preliminary)	First Class, C. F. Floyd, First Class, M. B. Morgan. First Class, G. Redfern.
<i>Modern Languages.</i>	Part I.	First Class, A. R. Clack (Spanish). First Class, E. J. E. Law (French). First Class, C. F. Lovett (French). First Class, F. C. Mason (French and German). (Preliminary) First Class, A. S. Worrall.
<i>Natural Sciences.</i>	Part II. Part I. (Preliminary)	First Class, R. G. Bickford. First Class, S. Smith. First Class, A. G. Bunn. First Class, R. Cullen. First Class, L. B. Paling. First Class, H. G. Stubbings. First Class, T. F. Davies. First Class R. W. Nicholson.

J. B. Segal (Matr. 1932) was awarded a John Stewart of Rannoch Hebrew Scholarship in May, 1933.

A. R. Humphreys (B.A. 1933), was awarded the Charles Oldham Shakespeare Scholarship in October, 1932. He was also elected to a Commonwealth Fellowship at the University of Harvard, and is the first member of the College to achieve this distinction since these Fellowships were founded.

I.H.Morrison (B.A. 1933) and S. Smith (B.A. 1932), have been awarded Scholarships by the Department of Scientific and Industrial

Research for the purpose of undertaking research work in the University.

A. G. Lowndes (B.A. 1913), has been elected to one of the first of the Leverhulme Research Fellowships. He will take as his subject " The polygraphic process."

The following notice was circulated to all members of the Society :—

St. Catharine's Society Dinner.

Hitherto the Annual Dinner of the Society has been held alternately in Cambridge and in London ; the date in Cambridge is usually a Saturday at the end of June, while in London it is traditionally the second day of the 'Varsity Cricket Match.

There appears to be a growing opinion among members that the Dinner might with advantage be held regularly in Cambridge, in 1934 and afterwards. But the Committee hesitate to introduce such a practice without evidence as to the wishes of the largest possible number of members. The Secretary therefore invites expressions of opinion as to whether this proposal would be welcome, and the matter will be discussed at the General Meeting in 1933.

If the Dinner is held in Cambridge, the date must necessarily be arranged to suit the convenience of the College, but the last Saturday in June would be the usual date. The Governing Body of the College has indicated that it will be glad to offer hospitality to members of the Society. It is suggested that the following arrangements might be part of the regular programme :—

- 4—5.30. Tea in Hall.
- 5.30—6.30. Meetings of Sub. and General Committees.
- 6.30. General Meeting.
- 7.30. Dinner.

A Chapel Service will be arranged for the next morning, followed by a breakfast in Hall. Members of the Society will be accommodated in College ; they may claim, in order of application, their old rooms.

It is thought that the inclusive charge for Tea, Dinner (with wine), Breakfast and accommodation for one or two nights might be approximately half-a-guinea.

The Secretary will be glad to receive the views of any members who are not likely to attend the 1933 Dinner.

Of those who replied to this circular, 49 voted in favour of holding the dinner regularly at the College : 3 only preferred London and Cambridge in alternate years. At the Meeting itself, 18 voted for Cambridge, and 8 for London and Cambridge. As far as the Secretary can ascertain, the Society seems to be very definitely in favour of Cambridge.

There arose out of the discussion a suggestion which may entail a vote at the 1934 meeting. Two professions—the Church and the teachers—have always found attendance difficult on a Saturday which occurs in the School term. It is therefore proposed that the Dinner might be fixed occasionally for a date—*not* a Saturday—just before the beginning of the Easter Term, i.e. about 16th April. Due regard would be paid to the incidence of Easter. This would have the advantage of giving all Schoolmasters an opportunity to attend.

The date for the 1934 Meeting has been fixed for *Saturday, 23rd June*, in the College. Notices will be issued as usual, but the members are reminded that applications for their old rooms in College will be dealt with strictly in order of priority of application.

In addition to the routine business transacted at the 1933 Meeting* the following points came up for discussion :—

- (1) The total credit balance of the Society's funds now amounts to more than seven hundred pounds : and the Committee has decided that the time has arrived to put into operation the intentions of Rule 2 (c), which reads :—

"The object of the Society shall be :—

To facilitate united action in any matter concerning the welfare of the College and its members, including: the assistance of necessitous members."

The following resolution was accordingly drafted, and approved by the General Meeting :—

" Applications for financial help by members of the St. Catharine's Society, either for their own benefit, or to assist in the education of their sons at St. Catharine's College, may be made to the Executive Committee of the Society, who will consider each individual case on its own merits."

The Secretary accordingly gives notice that he is prepared to receive applications, not later than 15th June, 1934, for submission to the Executive and General Committees on 23rd June. Such applications will, of course, be treated as strictly confidential.

(2) The Committees recommend that Rule 5 be amended to read as follows :—

" The Society shall 'meet at least once annually. The Annual General Meeting shall elect the President and Vice-Presidents for the ensuing year, and shall fix the date and place of the next Annual General Meeting."

The intention of the amendment is that the President of the Society should henceforward be elected annually, and that the Master of the College should not be *ex-officio* President ; since the aims of the Society would be more adequately fulfilled by a yearly election of a distinguished member.

The Secretary accordingly gives notice of this amendment to Rule 5.

It is understood that the Governing Body have offered to present the Society with a " chain of office," to be worn by the President at the Annual Dinner.

The total membership of the Society is now 844, an increase of 68 on 1932.

A new edition of the Register will be published in September.

The Secretary again appeals most earnestly for assistance both in the compilation of the Register and in the editing of the Magazine. He will be particularly grateful for the following classes of information :

- (a) Births, deaths, engagements and marriages of members.
- (b) Appointments of all kinds ; Ordinations ; non-University examination results ; publications.
- (c) All changes of address.
- (d) Contributions, letters, and drawings.

In all previous editions of the Magazine the " News " Section was entirely the work of the Master, whose qualifications for this work make his loss irreparable. It is only by the co-operation of members that this Section of the Magazine can be maintained.

We print below a set of the present Rules of the Society, with the amendment which will be put to the vote at the 1934 meeting :—

1. The name shall be the " ST. CATHARINE'S SOCIETY." .
2. The objects of the Society shall be :—
 - (a) To hold meetings annually or at more frequent intervals if found desirable.-
 - (b) To keep old St. Catharine's men in touch with each other and with the College.
 - (c) To facilitate united action in any matter concerning the welfare of the College and its members, including the assistance of necessitous members.
3. Anyone who has been admitted and has resided as a member of the College is eligible for membership. The first members of the Society shall be the persons present at the meeting held at the Imperial Restaurant, London, on 6th October, 1923, and such others as being eligible had previously notified their intention to join the Society.
4. The Committee shall have a right to veto any membership,, or to suspend any member of the Society.
5. The Society shall meet at least once annually. The Master of the College shall be *ex-officio* President of the Society. The Annual General Meeting shall elect the Vice-Presidents for the ensuing year and shall fix the date and place of the next Annual General Meeting.

AMENDMENT :—

The Society shall meet at least once annually. The Annual General Meeting shall elect the President and Vice-Presidents for the ensuing

year, and shall fix the date and place of the next Annual General Meeting.

6. The Annual General Meeting shall also elect a Committee,, who shall elect their own Chairman, Secretary, and Treasurer, from; amongst the members of the Society.

7. The affairs of the Society shall be managed by the Committee so elected, which shall consist of not less than twelve members (five to form a quorum) representing different generations of St. Catharine's, men. Members of the Committee shall hold office for four years, and provided a member of the Committee has attended at least two Annual Meetings during his period of office he shall be eligible for re-election. No year shall have more than two members on the Committee. Those matriculating in any academical year shall constitute a " year " for the purpose of election, and at the end of each academical-year the men going down shall nominate a representative for election-at the next Annual Meeting of the Society to serve on the Committee of the Society. The Committee shall have power to co-opt members. Three members of the Committee shall retire by lot each year up to the fourth year, and afterwards by rotation.

8. The first Annual Meeting of the Committee shall be held as soon as possible after the first Annual Meeting of the Society, and subsequently the Committee shall meet annually immediately before the Annual Meeting of the Society, and at such other times as may be deemed.. necessary.

9. The Committee shall, at its Annual Meeting, appoint an Executive Sub-Committee to carry out the business, including the management and finance of the Society during the ensuing year. This Sub-Committee shall consist of seven members, to include the Chairman,, Secretary, and Treasurer, three to form a quorum.

10. A Report and Financial Statement shall be published annually, together with a review chronicling the chief events in the history of the College during the previous year, and also periodically there shall be circulated a register of the names and addresses of all members. of the College.

11. An Annual Dinner shall be held on such a day as may be fixed by the Committee, and such dinner shall be open to all members of the College, whether members of the Society or not.

12. Payment for Life Membership of the Society shall be £1 1s.

13. After meeting initial expenditure, all sums paid for Life Membership shall be treated as capital, and invested in the names of Trustees for the Society. Other funds shall be held as determined by the Executive Sub-Committee from time to time.

14. The Committee shall have power to alter or vary the Rules of the Society, subject to confirmation at the next Annual Meeting.

ST. CATHARINE'S SOCIETY.

Officers—1933-34.

President :

Vice-Presidents :

THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP	B. W. GINSBURG, LL.D.
OF HEREFORD, D.D.	R. R. CONWAY, MA.
SIR JOHN WITHERS,	W. H. S. JONES, LittD.
MA, LL.D., M.P.	REV. H. J. CHAYTOR, Litt.D.
G. G, COULTON, LITT.D., F.B.A.	G. WARD-PRICE, MA.

General Committee :

THE PRESIDENT.

REV. CANON S. T. ADAMS, M.A.	G. S. ELLISTON, MA, M.C,
REV. B. R. BLACKBURN, MA.	M.P.
C. C. BRACHI, MA.	H. C. FRANKLIN, BA.
C. P. BROUSSON, B.A.	T. R. HENN, MA.
R. F. CHAMPNESS, MA, LL.M.	G. W. C MEIKLE, BA.
B. CHILTON, MA.	D. PORTWAY, MA.
A. B. CLIFFORD, MA.	W. N. RILEY, MA
R. R. CONWAY, MA.	L. G. SACH, MA.
G. G. COULTON, Litt.D., F.B.A.	W. T. STEPHENSON, MA.

REV. R. S. SWANN-MASON,

MA, O.B.E.

Executive Sub-Committee :

THE PRESIDENT

C. P. BROUSSON, B.A.

L. G. SACH, M.A.

B. CHILTON, M.A.

W. T. STEPHENSON, MA

T. R. HENN, M.A. (*Hon. See*).

REV. R. S. SWANN-MASON,

W. N. RILEY, M.A.

M.A., O.B.E.

The office of President is vacant in view of the death of The Master.

A Revised History of the College.

SOME day in the future it will be generally felt that a new History of St. Catharine's is wanted. Bishop Browne's familiar volume, excellent as it is, contains a series of biographies rather than an account of College life. Dr. Philpott, Master of the College, published in 1861 many legal documents contained in the Muniment Room ; he also left 300 pages of MS. notes for a history. But if Browne's interests were biographical, Philpott's were legal. The social side of College life was neglected by both.

The College authorities are trying to collect all the information available for the use of the future historian. Plans, pictures, etc., are being collected ; names of members from 1473 to 1625 are being compiled from various sources ; and all references in general literature are being gathered together.

The College books of account are of great interest, but do not go back beyond 1622. In them we see how the undergraduates (and Fellows) amused themselves ; how vast sums were spent in entertainment at funerals ; how the authorities managed in time of plague ; how they tended the sick ; how they looked after (and apparently were very fond of) their servants, but overcharged scandalously the undergraduates for their caps and gowns ; how incredibly indiscriminate they were in their deeds of charity—in fact, we can learn how the College really lived.

For the history of the last thirty years of the nineteenth century there must be much evidence in existence in the form of tradition. If our older members know of any such material, they would be doing their old College a great service by writing to the Editor of the Society Magazine.

W. H. S. J.

College Notes.

THE standard of the College Rugby team remains as high as ever, and the winning of the Knock-out Competition with fourteen men constituted a remarkable achievement. N. A. York played in three English Trial games, though he failed to obtain a "Blue," and D. C. Folland, B. J. A. Lowe, J. F. Rush and A. M. Rees obtained their "LX. Club" Colours.

In the Rowing world the outstanding event was W. L. R. Carbonell's "Blue" for which he had rowed so consistently, both in the Trial Eights and during the bulk of the Varsity's practice. E. D. B. Laborde ran third string in the Mile against Oxford, and W. J. D. Cooper and S. G. Wakeling were given their Wanderers' Colours in Hockey.

The two new Squash courts on the site of the old orchard at the end of South Green Road were opened for play in October last, and have been in continuous use.

One of the outstanding features of the Lent Term was the performance of W. D. Gregg as Orestes in the production of the "Oresteia" at the New Theatre. Gregg revealed himself as an actor of very unusual ability in a production which received universal approbation.

D. C. Fleming-Williams was a member of the University Rugby Fives side which defeated Oxford at Roehampton by 322 points to 227.

M. Benavitch is to be congratulated on obtaining his "Blue" for Lawn Tennis.

The Boat Club.

IN a year which has been distinguished for two most important events—the winning of the Michael Cup for the best performance in 1931-32, and the gaining of a "Blue" by W. L. R. Carbonell—the Club has to record the untimely death of three of its distinguished members.

The name of the late Master appears constantly in the minutes of the Boat Club between the years 1895 and 1898. In the latter year he rowed No. 4 as Second Boat Captain in a crew which included E. J. Arnett, S. G. McMurtrie, G. I. M. McK. Herd, E. J. W. Hellins, L. S. Wood, B. C. Taylor, R. H. Bailey, and W. T. Stephenson, with A. H. H. Thomas as spare man. Members of the College crews immediately after the war will remember his presence at a time when he must have been extremely busy, on the tow-path during practice and at the start of the races, when he dispatched his crews. At least one Boat—was it in 1921?—will remember a famous occasion on which their coach brought them from the Pike and Eel to the Boathouses in one continual series of rowing starts. It was fitting that he should have appeared in 1930 in a group of the Boat Club taken to celebrate the Lent Races in which four crews achieved thirteen bumps.

A. W. P. ("Peter") Knapton (1922-26) will be remembered as one of the most faithful servants of the Boat Club and of the College. He was never a good oar, chiefly for reasons of size and weight, but he was one of the most valuable members any Boat Club ever had. His unflinching cheerfulness in the vilest weather the Lent Term can produce, his optimism under the most adverse conditions, and his knack of "fathering" despondent or unhappy freshmen made him universally loved.

D. G. ("Guthrie") Dunn, (1927-1930) rowed in a succession of powerful crews, including the Henley Boat of 1928 and the Clinker Four which was beaten by the winners in the same year. By nature he was shy and reserved, but those who knew him best found in him a staunch friend; and it is ironical that such a fearless sailor and skilled oarsman should have met his death in the way he did.

The College entered an Eight for the Thames Cup at Henley Royal Regatta in July, and while in training the Eight went in for the Marlow Eights. Changes in the crew due to accidents handicapped us a great deal, but against Magdalene College, Cambridge, in the second round we put up a good fight, but were beaten by half & length in 7 min. 55 secs.

A light Four was entered for the first time for many years, and though very well together, lost to Peterhouse in the Second Round by 9 seconds. In the Fairbairn Cup, the First Boat lost 9 places and finished 37th; whilst the Second Boat gained 13 places and finished 30th.

The College Senior Sculls were won by E. W. A. Jackson.

W. L. R. Carbonell rowed in the winning Trial Eight on 26th November.

The Club did very well to gain nine bumps in the Lents, the Third Boat gaining their oars by bumping Trinity Hall IV., King's II., Magdalene II., and Emmanuel III. The Second Boat was one of the fastest the Club has had for some time ; it made three bumps. The First Boat went up two places, and finished sixth on the river, the highest position ever attained by any of our Boats. J. G. Footitt of Jesus College Boat Club, coached the Boat.

E. W. A. Jackson entered for the Fairbairn Junior Sculls, but was beaten in the first round by C. K. H. Buckle (Magdalene), the eventual winner, by about 15 seconds.

The Club has the pleasant duty of congratulating W. L. R. Carbonell on the gaining of his Blue in the race against Oxford. This is only the second rowing Blue gained by a member of the College in the history of the Club, and it was in Edwardian days that the honour was last bestowed. It is to be hoped that more will follow.

R.U.F.C

G. W. C. MEIKLE, N. A. York, A. R. Snelus, and G. A. Walker all played for the University at various times during the season. N. A. York also played in three International Trial Matches.

Ten members of the College had Seniors' Trials, and three had Freshmen's Trials.

In the draw for the Inter-collegiate Cup, after missing the first round we met Selwyn, and won 36-9. In the third round against Christ's we won by the narrow margin of 11-9, after a very exciting game. The semi-final against Emmanuel resulted in a win by 22-10, and although a last minute change in the team was necessitated owing to illness, we beat a strong Pembroke side in the final by 8-3, this with only fourteen men after the first ten minutes. It was perhaps one of the best finals for many years.

Hockey Club.

THE Hockey Club has been at full strength during the past year ; W. J. D. Cooper played in the Seniors' Trials, E. A. Sykes in the Freshmen's and Final Trials, and S. G. Wakeling and R. H. Bromley also played in the Freshmen's Match. Cooper and Wakeling received their Wanderers' Colours. It has usually been possible to field three teams, and the First XL were only narrowly beaten in the third round of the Knock-out competition.

The Shirley Society.

THE Shirley Society continued its benevolent work of upholding the intellectual standards of the College, and besides arranging the annual Concert, offered an excellent programme of Sunday meetings. Visitors have been fewer than usual, but members of the College have been admirable substitutes.

The President's usual inaugural paper was entitled " Evelyn Waugh : or Mal de Siecle d'Apres Guerre "—a disquisition on the modern generation. This comfortable abstraction seemed to many of his audience worthy of clearer definition and the discussion wandered through subtle distinctions. Later in the term H. B. M. Heald read a paper on " The Primrose Path : or Filius and the Future," an emphatic statement of the value of a new art form which provoked good discussion. Visitors to the Society were Mr. S. P. B. Mais, who gave examples of letters written to him by children to whom he broadcasts and spoke entertainingly of their criticism and confidences ; Mr. A. O. Terry, whose talk on " The Influence of Foreign Dramatists and Producers on the English Theatre " included reminiscences of thirty years' theatrical work ; Professor Sheara, of Sheffield University, who read a paper on " The Musical Critic in the 20th Century " ; and finally, Mr. R. M. Freeman, whose modern versions of Pepys appear in the " Radio Times," told us " How Pepys came back." The Society attained later fame by appearing in the " Radio Times." Perhaps the finest paper of all was that read by the Bursar (Dr. Jones) on " Gleanings from the College Records "—a collection of amusing and strange stories interpreted with charming humour.

In the Lent Term the Society was able to welcome only two visitors : Dr. E. W. Naylor read a paper on " Shakespeare and Music " specialised but lucid, and charmingly illustrated by examples, while later Mr. Robert Tredennick in a paper on " This Rhythm," gave a recital of " hot " gramophone records. The rest of the Programme was provided by members of the College. Mr. T. R. Henn delivered a paper on " Sport in Shakespearean Drama," which was later read to a more erudite audience in London, and which contained, among other valuable remarks, examination of examples of Shakespeare's imagery and a plea for an even closer reading of the plays. A. R. Humphreys in a highly specialised

and well-informed paper on " William Morris, or A nous la liberte," offered a delightful exhibition of Morris' work to illustrate his points ; H. N. Roffey, on " Weltschmerz or What You Will " provoked the Society to a discussion which burst forth lyrically into abstruse philosophical argument ; N. Leach in " A Conceit of Conny Catching " discoursed strange stories from Elizabethan pamphlets and tricks of the Elizabethan rogue, and finally, D. Kingdom-Hackings on " Sin " skated blithely and tantalisingly from St. Augustine to psycho-analysis.

At a General Meeting of the Society in June the following officers were elected for 1933-34 : President, D. Kingdom-Hockings ; Hon. Secretary, N. Leach ; Hon. Treasurer : W. D. Gregg ; Committee, O. H. K. Spate, R.M. Cohen, R. T. H. Redpath, H. B. M. Heald, and C. G. Neck.

The Debating Society.

TWO debates were held in the Michaelmas Term. The first, on the motion, " That Adam was happier than Socrates," produced strange revelations of these Great Men. Adam became a minor Wordsworth born before his time, a highly intellectual Nature worshipper, and Socrates, it was discovered, had a remarkable sense of humour. There were noble efforts on both sides, but the motion was lost. Later in the term, the Debating Society of King's was entertained to dinner, and a joint debate followed on the motion " That this House prefers the Victorian sofa to the steel-framed chair." The influence of previous good cheer soon became apparent and the House prattled ingenuously about Spartan austerity and the crinoline, and the relative merits of the Victorian and modern young ladies. The motion was lost after an evening remarkable for its graceful but often unsteady skating over thin ice.

The one debate in the Lent Term was on the motion " That this House deplores the Monarchy." The proposer said it was the last refuge of a depraved people, and the opposer said it wasn't. Blackstone was quoted and a system of elective monarchy suggested, and it was pointed out that the Monarchy was good for trade. So the motion was lost by a margin of six votes.

The Historical Society

THE meetings have been infrequent but valuable. In January Mr. W. F. Reddaway read a paper on " Some aspects of Bolshevism,"—disconcertingly well informed and provocative, which produced an excellent discussion. Later in the term Mr. Barnes cast an unfavourable eye on the course of history, and he, too, provoked a good discussion.

The following appeared in "Truth" on 9th December, 1932, and it has been reprinted by the courtesy of the Editor of that journal. Mr. Freeman had visited the Shirley Society to read a paper on Pepys :—

The New Pepys—

(Extracts from his Dairy for 1932).

MR. PEPYS REVISITS CAMBRIDGE.

November 27th (Lord's Day, 1st in Advent).—I this afternoon to Cambridge, railing it from Liverpool St in a rainy murk that was afflicting to the spirits as it was to the landscape, being noe very cheary landscape at any time, and now did more than ever remind me of the glooming flatts that Tennyson's Mariana lookt out on from her moated grange.

At Cambridge, here drunk tee in his rooms with Mr Cohen, who secretaries this Socy, with us young Mr. Rhys, its president and another whose name did elude my deaf eare, but mighty civill discoursable young men, all 3 of them, whether for frequent disputacioun or less frequent assent. Presently was committed into the Tutorial (and Proctorial) hands of Mr. Henn, who carried me with him into Hall to High Table and there dined with all the Light and Learning of the College, being sett to the right hand of Mr. Jones, that takes Table-head in the Master's absence, to mine infinite pride and content. He a man of eminently good discourse, but of spare regimen, passing (I did observe) the meat course *in toto*. Whereby was led to enquire of him be this physicien's orders ? To which his answer was, No, but his own, finding that the less he eats, more alert he be both in body and mind ; and certes, as to his mind, his discourse was assurable evidence of there being noe flyes thereon.

To mine other hand sits a learned Fellow of All Souls in Oxford, with whom I spoak of Cozen Bob that might methought have been his contemporary in Bob's Univ. days ; had, however, I found, gone upp just after Bob came down. But Lord ; The proud man I was in sitting to dinner with a notable pundit of Cam and Isis on mine either hand.

Looking to the portraits of the College worthies on the walls* among these I espyed staunch old Bishop Philpotts, whom I did often use to hear Unkle Athanasius mentioun with gt respect as one that knew how to Bishop a diocese and put the feare of God into his underclergy when they dared to noase him. Soe came to me to think that were stout old Henry of Exeter alive with us this day, instead of onelie a portrait on a wall, how much less shd we heare of contumacious priests than we now do.

Soe dinner upp and a glass of rare old Madeira wine in Combination Room, Mr. Henn did with every courteous circumstance shepherd me into The Shirley Socy.s meeting, being himself a gt Pepsysian, as well as a fine atletikal figure of a man in his prime ; of whom methought, in passing, that shd he ever chance upon a crush with ill-conditioned louts of the town during his Proctorial reconnaissances, he shd in his single self be as good as 2 or 3 added bull-doggs to his attendant posse.

Here in Socy's meeting room, a good strength of the youth of the College assembled, to whom I did expound our gt Samuell as well as I was able, with at first some trepidacioun in feeling too much of a Methusaleh among these young criticks. However, did give me soe attentively civill a hearing as did quickly sett me at mine ease ; the more soe that I was licensed to keep my chair throughout, making it liker chatting to a circle of friends than platforming to an array of auditors. Which every man, methinks, tends to do when he gets on his hind-leggs, being like stilts that he feels he must needs orate upp to. Whereas when he sits at ease, he feels under noe §uch necessity* Mr. Rhys, moreover, to feed segarettes to me at intervalls, which was a further pleasant laxative in quitting the starch out of matters.

Speech done, come to questioun time, with divers pertinent enquiries for me to answer ; whereof the most exacting was, Did Sam mean his Diary to be one day made publick ? And if soe, why left he behind him no mentioun of his wishes hereon? On the other hand, if he did not mean publicatioun, why did he not destroy the Diary

before he died? Whereto the best answer I c^d give—and I believe 'tis the true one—was that he c^d neither bring himself to destroy this to him soe precious record of 9^{1/2} yrs of his younger days, nor yet face upp to the future publicatioun (eeven after he was dead) of all its intimate privacies. Soe hovered betwixt the 2 things all his life (as many of us *par exemple* do in the keeping of treasured but questionable private letters, etc.), and when death overtook him, he was still hovering.

By-and-by to coffee in his rooms with Mr. Rhys and others, and soe at last to the Bull Inn and to bed, after as pleasurable a Lord's Day as ever I can call to mind.

From the “**Times**” of 100 years ago.

THE records of the College include a series of letters written by the Master of the time, and one of the Fellows. They relate to a quarrel between this Fellow and another. This quarrel lasted ten years, from 1798 to 1808. The letter printed here is one of the last, and well illustrates the spirit in which the dispute was carried on.

(We print this through the kindness of Dr. Jones).

STAPLEFORD, 8th NOVEMBER, 1808.

Sir,

I AM sorry to find that my last Letter which I hoped would have: produced some Apology for the unprovoked Abuse of which it complained, has occasioned a more copious and acrimonious Effusion of Bile than usual.

If you never before received such a Letter as mine, you must either have treated your *other* Correspondents in a very different manner from what you have done me, or *they* must have treated *you* very differently from what you deserved. As to your Inability to answer me in the same Style as mine, it is a modest Disclaiming of a Talent which in the same Breath you shew yourself possessed of in a *much* more eminent degree than *I* can pretend to be. I do not, indeed, think that you excel in that light and *ornamental* Branch of this Science which consists in *delicate Irony* and *elegant Repartee*; but in the

plain, substantial, and—to use the Term with which you compliment *me*—in the *coarse* Work of the Business you stand unrivalled.

It appears *now*, that I forfeited my Claim to particular Indulgence by " the great Length of Time "—even " many Years " ; in which I had kept the College in a State of perpetual *Warfare*—" and the large sums I had compelled you to spend in *Law* " !!! I now see *plainly* how my Sins have been magnified by viewing them through this shocking long Telescope, but I was at a loss to conceive how the *Warfare* you mention could be imputed to me, till I recollected the old Adage that, " It is the *Second* Blow that makes the Battle." A still *more* extraordinary Inversion of Fact is your accusing me of having put the College to great Expense in Law. That the College Money was wasted in such a way, I greatly lament, but the ruinous expense brought upon me by that cruel Prosecution was all defrayed out of my own Pocket or out of that of a friend, and not out of the *Funds* of the *Society* ; —it was *your* Expenses, not *mine*, that were thrown upon the *College Stock*- This attempt however to shift the Blame in such Cases from ourselves to others is no more than what we see practised every Day. If two Fellows quarrel and fight in the Street, the *Aggressor* is generally most loud in charging the other as the Author of the Fray ; and if a *Pick-pocket* is detected in the Fact, and pursued, he is always the first and the most vociferous in crying " Stop Thief ! "

You have quoted *that* Part of my last Letter in which I discuss the Point of your declaring my Fellowship vacant, and by an unaccountable Misconception of Words which are incapable of *Misconstruction*, you draw from it a similar charge of inconsistency to that which I brought against *you*. I said—and I am perfectly *correct* in saying it—that, " Whether your depriving me of my Fellowship was done justly or unjustly was nothing to the question." Nothing to *what* question ? Why, to the Question I was *discussing*, to be sure—to the Question of the *Inconsistency* of your *Professions* with your *Practice*. Had I said, that, whether the Action was just or unjust was the same in the *Nature* of the *Thing* or in a *moral* Sense, what you call " strange Opinion " would have deserved a much harsher Appellation.

The *Pity* you are so kind as to offer me as a "rash and greatly disappointed Man" I reject upon the same grounds as those on which the Jester in the Fable declined the Acceptance of the Bishop's *Blessing*.

The Idea affixed to the Term "*Rash*" in your Vocabulary is, I have no Doubt, the same as "*Dictionaries* explain by the Words *frank, open, sincere* ; and as to the *Disappointment* you speak of it exists "nowhere but in your own Imagination. *Disappointment !* No, Sir, *I have attained the highest Object of my ambition*, and I am not only contented and happy but in perfect Good-humour with all the World, yourself not excepted.

I *have* indeed complained of the Malevolence, the Insults and Injuries which I have experienced at Catharine Hall, and if your Conscience, By *applying* those Complaints, has converted them into *Charges*, the Fault is not in me.

To the Accusation of "using very unbecoming Language," I will reply that it is the common Cant of those who having long insulted and abused with Impunity those who were so unfortunate as to be in their Power, have at last met with their Deserts, and are writhing-under the pain of a just retaliation. They *then* talk of "*coarse Expressions*" and "*unbecoming Language*," and affect to be *surprised* and *astonished* at the Retort which their own wanton Aggression provoked.

You Insinuate a Doubt of the *Sincerity* of the Gratitude I expressed to Providence for the Asylum it has lately afforded me, and you sneeringly ask, "Whether a Heart can o'erflow with Gratitude¹ to God at the same time with the bitterest Gall to Man" ? I answer that it would seem from *some* Appearances, as if it *may*. You yourself, for instance, would be justly offended if I should express a Doubt of your being grateful to God for having permitted you to be Master of Catharine Hall, and yet do not your last two letters to me clearly prove, that the *Gratitude* of your Heart has not been able to dislodge all its *Gall*?

You conclude with saying that " here you close our correspondence " You certainly may close it on *your* side when you please ; but I will never close it on *mine* whilst you *continue* those Attacks upon my Character by which it has already been so unpleasantly prolonged.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

(Sgd.) W.J. ATKINSON.

From " The Cambridge Review" 19th February, 1913.

*Gunning's Reminiscences and St. Catharine's
New Buildings.*

(Communicated).

THERE is in Cambridge one place where nobody can waste his time ; I need hardly say that I allude to Mr. David's stall in the market-place. Here I picked up, only last week, a folio Herodotus, with Gunning's name on the fly-leaf and a loose foolscap sheet, in his handwriting, between pages 238 and 239. Further inspection showed this to be a fragment of those earlier memoranda which (as all will remember who have read his preface) were destroyed to avoid scandal. The sheet contains many alterations and erasures, and was evidently only a rough draft ; but it is so curiously apposite to modern circumstances that I print it here as it stands, preserving Gunning's eccentricities of spelling, which have been rather too much smoothed down in the published edition of his Reminiscences :—

" . . . a Gallon of strong Ale within the space of one minute ; which Feat he performed with seven seconds to spare, and so won his Wager. It was he who was much concerned in that Storm-in-a-Tea-Pot about the proposed New Buildings at Catharine Hall. This Society, after a generation or more of most untoward circumstances, had been rising steadily in numbers until about the year 1813, a fact which stimulated the Master, Dr. Lowther Yates, to a proposal for completing the Design

of the first Builders by adding a fourth Wing on the Trumpington-Street side of the College. This Proposal gave such offence to Public Opinion as can only be conceived by those who have lived long in Cambridge and who know our laudable, though somewhat exaggerated, Conservatism. The very freshman, if some change be forced upon him during his ephemeral Existence, will tell you that the whole University is going to the Dogs. Dr. Yates, who was a good-humoured, sensible man, was accustomed to take great pains in explaining to his self-appointed Critics that a Society of near 140 members, steadily increasing from year to year, must needs enlarge a structure designed for less than one-third of those numbers. I remembered Beverley, in his petulant way, meeting this with a phrase of Monsieur de Taltyrand (whose sayings were then much quoted in the University) and who had once answered a poor devil's plea for life with " Je n'en vois pas la necessite." " Mr. Beverley," retorted Dr. Yates with his slow and rather pompous delivery, " you must permit me to meet your French Monsieur with a word from an English philosopher of some authority : Was it not our famous Dr. Johnson who answered this sort of ' I cannot see ' with a ' Sir, I have furnished you with *Reasons*, but I am not bound to furnish you with an *Understanding*.' " Dr. Yates then went on to relate (for I was present at all this) how his Grandfather, who had also been a Fellow of Catharine Hall, was accustomed to tell him of the Obloquy endured by the College in Dr. Eachard's days for being too poor to complete her buildings, and how the Wits of the greater Colleges had taken delight in dubbing her (in allusion to her scarce half-built quadrangle) " Three-cornered Catts." " And now, Mr. Beverley," added he, " you would abuse us for doing what your great grandfather would have abused us for not having done ; it is the case of the Old Man, the Boy, and the Ass." Beverley, who, of course, had never heard of Aesop's fables, went about saying that Dr. Yates had publicly insulted the two Esquire Bedells by calling me a Boy, and himself (Beverley) an Ass ; he made himself ridiculous in this way for several weeks, until some Friend enlightened him. By this time the Outcry was a little abated ; for all sensible people had now begun

to understand the real circumstances of the College (of which at first they had been unaware), and how the Fellows could not pull down houses to build in Red Cow Lane (which it is now fashionable to call *Silver Street*), without spending twice as much as their then design for Trumpington Street was like to cost them. Moreover, though the feeling of connoisseurs was still strong against a building of mere brick, echoing the old-fashioned dullness of those older wings of the College ; and, again, though all men of taste were constrained to acknowledge that such brickwork would compare but ill with Mr. Wilkin's neat Bath-Stone front at Bene't College or with the Pitt Press, then freshly built* (I speak not here of the white bricks in their rear, which are judiciously hidden from the main road), and still worse with that genteel and elegant Tabernacle-Work of King's College Porter's Lodge and Screen, which also we owe to the ingenious Mr. Wilkins—yet it was felt that St. Catharine's, being a less wealthy College, must (as they say) cut her Coat according to her Cloath ; and indeed I am almost persuaded that, if she had then found means to carry out the Design,, the University would by this time have forgotten her *Sins of Commission*, as it had already forgotten her *Sins of Omission*. But the necessary funds were not then forthcoming ; and the out-cry, silly as it was, did no good to the College ; and if the Fellows ever take up the Scheme again after we are dead, I make no doubt that the University will hear the same Story over again, with only a few changes of Fashion to suit a New Age. But I had almost forgot to record the Comedy of all this Tragedy, a Dogrel rhyme or Lampoon that was printed in the Town Paper, whether by oversight of the Editor or of set purpose, in order to tickle the ears of the Groundlings : in which effusion the anonymous Dogrelist parodied a current tavern song, and heaped together by the dozen such bald rhymes as he could find for *Cats*. The thing had its Vogue for a week or two, and was claimed by two or three of our Student Wits for their own, until it was at last discovered to be the composition of a *Gyp* as they call them, or Ser-vingman of () ege⁺ who had importuned his master, a Sizar of that same Society, to furnish him with a Greek quotation for his

Motto, and so to impose upon the Editor. I often saw the man in after-life, for he served on my friend Pilbeam's[^] staircase ; in those days the fellow had but one Tooth left in his Jaw, and one Idea in his Head ; for, whenever he was a little more in liquor than usual (and this was twice or thrice a week) he would recite the whole song to anybody that would listen to him ; indeed, he was as proud of having been once in Print, as a more solemn Author is of a Degree *Honoris Causa*. His name was Gotobed, a cognomen common enough among our Cambridgeshire Peasants ; but the undergraduates had long ago nicknamed him Jerry Shallow, from some fancied resemblance to the Justice in Shakespeare's Play ; and, after this event, he was always known as Flat, for that word was the first Rhyme in his Dogrel. He died some thirty years ago in the Union Workhouse, and I was instrumental in procuring his Burial under his real name ; for Master and Fellow-Paupers all knew him only by the name of Jerry Flat. But before I leave Lowther Yates, I should mention that during his Vice-Chancellorship, a circumstance occurred . . . "

Here come the first few lines of the anecdote printed on, p. 6 of the 2nd volume of the *Reminiscences*, and with these my sheet ends. I withhold my name and address, in deference to the precedent set by all previous writers on this subject, both in this and in other papers ; I shall, however, be delighted to show the original document to anyone who cares to verify it at my house.

* Gunning's chronology is at fault here ; the buildings he names came a decade or two afterwards, and he confounds them together in the long vista of his memories. But he is so far right, that these represented the expert artistic ideals of the time, and were welcomed with delight by the public ; moreover, they were probably already planned and talked about at the time of this discussion concerning Catharine Hall.'

⁺ By a tantalizing mischance, the paper is burned through just at this spot, possibly by Mr. David's cigar.

[^] I can find no other allusion to Pilbeam in the *Reminiscences*, otherwise we; might have identified this College and filled in the hiatus.

Correspondence.

The following letter was received from Dr. E. W. Naylor, who read a paper on "Shakespeare and Music" to the Shirley Society during the Lent Term :—

" Conway's paper on Carr and Spratt is just right, and I must thank you for the copy.

By accident, I seem to know more than might be expected of your old men. When I was about twelve years old, your former Master, Dr. Robinson, examined me *viva voce* (Cambridge Locals) : and long before that, when I was four or five, Mr. William Peverill Turnbull annoyed me very much by upsetting my arrangement of bricks on the sitting-room floor. I suppose he thought I might be an embryo Smith's Prizeman, and it was clearly an opportunity to start me in Mechanics. So he kicked my bricks at the back, and the one in front jumped forward solo. I was not interested in his explanation, I was merely annoyed. The date of this incident is, I think, 1872.

I remember Mr. Pretor well and dined with him and Spratt in your old Combination Room. Pretor had a story of the parson at his country home, who used to smoke in the churchyard while the school-master read the Bible aloud till the cigar was done.

Old Lumby (a larger man than even Spratt) was interesting to me, for he was a native of Stanningley (near Leeds), where my father was born. Lumby's father was the butcher there. He was a central figure in a comic scene in the Archbishop's palace at Bishophthorpe. The ordinands were being entertained there by the Archbishop (Thomson) ; Professor Lumby was there as Examining Chaplain. One of the candidates felt the heat after dinner, and fainted. He was laid down on the drawing-room floor by the Archbishop and his collar undone by the Professor, who, kneeling over his patient in anxiety, saw the eyes of the sufferer open, fix their gaze on his face, and a weak voice spoke these words—' I *have* read Lumby on the Creeds.' Result, a heavy explosion of laughter from the two very big men.

I, and my wife too, have recollections of Spratt's Sunday dinners. Spratt used to spend holidays in fowling and fishing in Norfolk. One of these holidays was long enough to allow his hair to grow rather untidy. Mrs. Spratt was heard to say—' Now Billy ! Either you let me cut your hair, *or you go straight home*' Billy actually let her do it, rather than lose his extra day's sport.

I once found myself in a rather terrifying electrically charged field, scene, Spratt's rooms, enter Master (Johns), plainly *on business*. Spratt loquitur, voce submissa, but (I felt) spiritu asperrima, pp, ' What an honour ! The MASTER ! ' I went away quickly."

(From Dr. B. W. Ginshurg) :—

B.A. 1881.

Nazira, Assam,

4th April, 1933.

The 1933 Boat Race has filled me with excitement. I watched the vicissitudes of Carbonell from the time he won the applause of " The Times " in the Trials, all through the practice, and saw him at last relegated to the place of SPARE MAN. And there it stood for me, as it takes over three weeks to get news here.

I thought he, and the College, badly treated. All hope was gone. But this moment, the Calcutta paper of Sunday is to hand. The names and weights appear. And there I see the Cat's man bow !

I congratulate the College more warmly than I can express. I wish I knew the hero so I could tell him what great things he has done for the College, of which we are all so proud to be members.

Coulton has told me that we did once before have a man in the Boat, but as Coulton did not give name or date or anything beyond the bare assertion, I have not quite accepted it. *Anyhow we've got him now.*

There are several Shrewsbury men in the Company's service here. But I expect they're all far senior to Carbonell. Anyhow I shall tell them that Shrewsbury and Cat's have helped Cambridge to victory over the Pacificists—You know out here we think the Oxford Union

went out of its way to say what it did. It may be that they felt like that. No one wants another war. But why go and say that if it comes, you'll stand by and see your King, your country and your women kind—that by implication—at the mercy of a foe?

Here people wear school ties. I thought I would like to wear a Cat's tie. But I don't know what it's like. Are there such things? If so, I'll get my sister, Mrs. Ritchie, of Warrior Square, St. Leonard's to send me one out.

I had a letter the other day from Mrs. Rushmore. I was grieved to hear a poor account of the Master. I hope he's bucked by what happened on Saturday. This is mail day, and I'm sending a hurried scrawl.

Yours most sincerely,

BENEDICT W. GINSBURG,

Tell Carbonell we're drinking to him on the frontier of civilisation to-night.

From D. B. Soul (B.A. 1928) :—

Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking
Corporation,
Harbin,
Manchukuo.

In obedience to your request to let you know our movements, I am writing to tell you that I have been sent to Harbin by my bank, as you will see by the address given above.

I left London on 3rd November, bound for Hong Kong, and going across France, I caught up the P. & O. S.S. "Kaisar-i-Hind" at Marseilles. The weather was perfect all the way, except between Singapore and Hong Kong, and the voyage most enjoyable.

On reaching Hong Kong, I was informed that I had to proceed to Harbin, and remained on the same ship to Shanghai, where I stayed for four days. My change of destination from the Tropics to Harbin, where the thermometer keeps well below freezing from October to

April, seemed somewhat drastic, especially after taking care that all the clothes I bought were as light and thin as possible. However, I soon obtained a few warm things in Shanghai and sailed for Dairen on the D.K.K. S.S. " Dairen Maru."

I was somewhat perturbed my first morning in Shanghai to read in the paper that no-one would be admitted to Manchukuo without a Manchukuo visa. As, however, the new State is not recognized officially, there are no Consuls, and it is impossible to get such a visa. After endless enquires I was told that one could be obtained at Dairen (this proved incorrect).

The weather was again perfect for the voyage to Dairen, though somewhat cold. At Tsingtao we took on board crowds of Chinese, some with their complete families, all carrying their bundles of bedding and buns threaded on pieces of string. These poor wretches were all herded on the deck, in the bow of the ship, with a dilapidated canvas covering, and here they spent the night (it is about 18 hours from Tsingtao to Dairen).

Arriving at Dairen at noon on Sunday, 11th December, and being unable to proceed the same day as the train was entirely booked up by Japanese troops, I stayed the night at the Yamato Hotel, a Japanese concern, exceedingly well run, and almost ridiculously cheap. One could not but be impressed with the organization both at the hotel and on the South Manchurian Railway (also Japanese). One's luggage was taken at the Hotel and put through all the necessary formalities without further worry, a receipt being given which enabled the porter the other end to get it from the van.

I had a most comfortable sleeper on the train, and the journey was quite normal except for there being a Japanese soldier in each carriage. Having left Dairen at 4.30 p.m., we arrived at Changchun (now re-named Hsinking) at 8 o'clock next morning, and here we changed on to the Chinese Eastern Railway, run by the Soviet. This train, also very comfortable, was preceded by an armoured truck with three rather useless looking Chinese soldiers. There was also an armed guard on every station after Hsinking.

Only Russian, by the way, was spoken on this train, and I was fortunate in picking up a friend en route who could speak it. The passport authorities let me through all right, though my friend told me that they were discussing whether they would send me back again !

Harbin is quite a large town with a big Russian population. There are only about four dozen English. One is confined to the town owing to the bandit trouble, and altogether it is not the kind of place one would live in by choice. Most people carry revolvers with them, though there does not seem much danger now, in the town. The Chinese police, however, who carry rifles, are useless and look the other way if anything happens. It would be of no use a foreigner expecting help from them in an emergency.

Last week a corpse lay outside our building (quite a usual occurrence) and the police would not remove it. At length we grew tired of seeing it, and 'phoned up every conceivable authority, Chinese and Japanese, but quite in vain. Each of them put it off on to someone else. After four days it was removed.

There is a man working in this same building named A. P. H. Squires, whom you probably know—an awfully nice chap. He was at Cath's in 1923. I also hear the three Skidelskys are here, though I have not met them. I spoke to C. B. R. Sargent on the 'phone while at Hong Kong.

There is no English Church here, unfortunately, but there appear to be two organs in the town (at the Lutheran and Roman Churches), and I hope to get a little organ work. I have not seen them yet.

As there is some difficulty in getting letters through here, (I think they get through all right via Canada) it would be best to continue to address any communications to me (Magazines, etc.), to my home address. They will then be forwarded to me.

I did not intend to write so much when I began, and hope it is of interest.

With kind regards to all,

Yours sincerely,

D.B.SOUL.

The New Buildings.

At a meeting of the Governing Body held in the Lent Term, it was decided to postpone the execution of the plan for the new South Block which appeared in our last issue. The governing factor in this decision was the uncertainty of the financial situation, and the need for augmenting the Scholarship Fund, which has not kept pace with the increased numbers in the College.

The College is fortunate, however, in that the number of applications for entry show no appreciable falling off, and the pressure of men who must be accommodated in College—if the minimum of one year within its walls is to be preserved—has made it necessary to take immediate steps. The following details may be of some interest as showing the work now in hand.

In the first place, certain alterations to Sherlock Court will enable the lodging-house at the back of G. P. Jones's shop—formerly kept by Mrs. Oliver—to be entered from the College precincts. The wall on the left-hand side of Sherlock Court is to be demolished, and the lodging-house of 68, Trumpington Street, will also become part of our buildings. This will in no way interfere with the plans for the South Block, since the first unit is on the site of the present Porter's Lodge.

The second building (see plate opposite) occupies the recess in the south wall of the Bull Hotel in close proximity to Hobson's Court. From the design it will be seen that it is quite a dignified two-storey building in complete harmony with the architectural features of the College, and it will serve to mask, partially at least, the mud-coloured bricks of the Bull Hotel, whose hinder parts are such an eyesore to the north of the Chapel. The building originated in a curious manner ; the original inspiration is said to have fallen on the Bursar during a sleepless night, and it is thought that the building when completed may be dignified by the name of " Jones's Dream." Other suggestions, however, will doubtless be welcomed by the College authorities. The total effect of these alterations will be to add to our accommodation at least ten undergraduates' and one Fellow's set.

The following letter was published in "The Observer" of 27th October, 1932, following on some criticisms by a Student of Cambridge architecture, of Hobsons Court:—

Cambridge and Architecture.

To the Editor of "The Observer."

Sir,

Mr. Towndrow's competence as a critic of architecture is apparent from his article in "The Observer," on 23rd October ; but a certain epigrammatic quality in its tone affords some suspicion that truth has occasionally been sacrificed to journalistic brilliance. It is immaterial, for example, that he makes no mention of the new Peterhouse building in his survey of Trumpington Street : that the New Wing of the Fitzwilliam is (in its context) anything but " an unsympathetic, lumpy Classic" : that St. Catharine's is mis-spelt (a common *gaucherie* of the casual visitor to Cambridge) ; or that the humour latent in his description of the addition to Corpus Christi as " thoughtful " is not more heavily underlined. But the dismissal of the New Building of St. Catharine's, " which might have been designed by Wren if he had lived to reach 300 years of age last Thursday, but had stopped thinking at the age of twenty," is an example of loose writing and shews a certain failure to grasp the nature of the problems involved, and to realize the care with which they are being handled. The New Wing will soon have its complement on the South side, and the explanatory effects of this duplication when it comes about, should have been sufficiently obvious to Mr. Towndrow to discourage premature criticism. It will then be time enough to speculate as to when our architect, Mr. Kennedy, " stopped thinking " ; in the meantime, if it is not too late for Mr. Towndrow to begin, I may point out that the idiom is not Wren's, but Rumboldt's, and that since this idiom still meets Collegiate needs admirably, its imitation is the obvious method in a crowded site of associating a detached addition with its parent building. The New Wing is the first instalment in a scheme which envisages an outer range of rooms to encircle the lofty original buildings, except where this

girdle is interrupted to leave the College open to the North. Two terminal pavilions facing the street are designed to give emphasis to this opening. Their imitation of the treatment of the Gateway on Queens' Lane not only provides them with the importance appropriate to their ultimate context, but connects them with this internal feature in a way which allows to the development of the outer building the utmost liberty of treatment. But it is not until these pavilions are completed as a pair that they will fall into their place in the perspective of the narrow street, and imply the presence of the axial feature from which they derive. I hope that Mr. Towndrow will not allow another twenty years to elapse before his next judicial visit, and that by the time he comes on circuit again this additional evidence may be ready for him.

The Sentimental Traveller.

or

F. Y. THOMPSON (B.A. 1930) ON SIAM.

I have always greatly envied those craftsmen who engraved the Lord's Prayer on a threepenny piece or a pinhead or something. They dallied not with their subject nor were they hampered by unlimited space. And they broke no fresh ground. The record of all my impressions of Siam would read like a voyage of exploration in two volumes octavo. I can but start at the beginning, skirt over the middle, and waste no time on the end.

Siam is really an undiscovered country. I went out there to the "Mahawittyalai Chulalankarana" (anglice Chulalongkom University) two years ago, eagerly, yet woefully ignorant of my destination. At school I confused Siam with Assam; sisters and such-like prated rapturously of Bangkok Straw; circus barkers likened their monstrosities to the Siamese Twins; and somewhere—possibly in the Enc. Brit.—I had read of the Emerald Buddha. I, and another St. Catharine's man had together enthused over Conrad's "Youth" and the vicissitudes of that gallant old four hundred tonner—"Bangkok; Do or Die."

I was therefore prepared for almost anything and I had ample leisure for poking around immediately I arrived. I was amazed to learn that the Siamese had never heard of the Siamese Twins, that Bangkok Straw is grown in Manila, and that the Emerald Buddha, otherwise an impressive figure, is made of jade. One of the Siamese princes spoke of Conrad, but he spent most of his time raving against Somerset Maughan.

Bangkok lies on the Menam Chow Phya some twenty miles up-river from the Gulf of Siam. It is built on a swamp—tourist-ticklers call it the " Venice of the East," and indeed, there are more canals than roads in the city limits—and the Siamese draw a grudging comparison between Phya Tak, the founder, and Peter the Great. The comparison holds in so far as both were advocates of pile-driving, but whereas Peter took his cue from the iceberg and decreed that the major portion of the timber should be content to serve its purpose underground, Phya Tak caused huts to be erected on spindly, slimy bamboo poles. The Siamese are a particularly dutiful race and the wishes of Phya Tak have been faithfully carried out, but a century and a half and the coming of the European have brought about some changes. Bangkok now has crept back from the river ooze and is roughly ten miles square—a sprawling collection of rattan huts, gasoline-tin shanties, upstart business offices, gorgeous temples and palaces, and suburban bungalows. The population is nearly half a million, of which quite two hundred thousand are Chinese while other tens of thousands comprise Indians, Cambodians, Malays, Burmese, Javanese, and all the other " eses." The foreign community is very small—no more than a thousand " pukka" white men in the whole country—and sitting in the Club o' nights is like lounging in the shadow of the Tower of Babel.

The Siamese themselves, although they allow Chinese to monopolise business, Europeans to run the government, Indians and Malays to fetch and carry, are a very charming people. Ethnologists set them down as Oceanic Mongols, but this being a label incomprehensible to most, I can best describe them as a small, brown-skinned people, more like Polynesians than the slant-eyed Orientals of screen and

story. Their distinguishing characteristic is perpetual affability. They lack the hard edge of the Chinaman and the sullen, ugly moodiness of the Malay. They do not strut with outrageous self-importance like the Japanese. They are not close and secretive like the Indian, nor do they lust after human cutlets like the headhunted of Borneo. They are undeniably lazy and blissfully unintelligent, but a merrier and a kindlier race of people I have yet to meet. Their records, they say, were destroyed by the Burmese in the sack of Ayuthia, the former capital, and many have speculated on the origin of the race. The language, for example, is unique. It is inflectional like Chinese, a great many words are from Sanskrit and Pali, but the actual characters and the bones and sinews of the language are Siamese and nothing else. To become fluent in this strange jargon is a task that has baffled the most learned. I have known European government officials of twenty years standing to speak with the Siamese of "Stratforde-atte-Bowe," while a gargling young German from some Bavarian village will come out and in two months lift his voice confidently in the market place. (And I don't mean the language of love or the more recognisable epithets of vituperation). Siamese spoken through a pad of betel-nut is unbelievably difficult to understand. It is as though one listened to a Billingsgate porter with a hard soft palate and a hare-lip imitating the American accent of a Russian Jew. The learner, if he be humble, forgets his mother-tongue, throws away his Siamese primer, and dallies with the "hoi-polloi" in the streets. The earnest student hires Siamese servants, and in the process of picking up a sentence or two, ruins his digestion and entirely jeopardises his peace of mind.

It is hardly advisable to speak of work in Siam—the Siamese themselves are so averse to the term. One goes to office or school, university or ministry, and if you are in a big export firm, indefatigable Chinese clerks potter about industriously, arriving at the most inopportune moments with embarrassing questions. The "Easterner" begins to live about five in the afternoon, and in Siam the Royal Bangkok Sports Club is the focus of all activity. This is a truly regal institution where a man, for a trifling guinea a month, can enjoy rugger, soccer,,

cricket, hockey, tennis, golf, squash, racing, riding, bridge, and the cheerful company of men. And all of a high standard. I am proud of the "pot" I gained playing for England against the Rest, and the Chinese pewter tankard won in the Soccer Sixes as a member of the valiant team of O. and S. (This last, for the "memsahibs" is rendered "Odds and Strays"). The climate is precisely the reverse of what Mark Twain said of the Pacific Northwest—"Nine months winter and three months dam' late in the fall"—but the bachelor crowd fears no foe and when the sun is declining only the frailest sit on the verandah with a glass. That is a pleasure the heroes postpone till bathwater has gurgled down the pipes and the Chinese boys are taking down the corner flags.

There is, I believe, in Bangkok, a freedom and a camaraderie found nowhere else in the Far East. In Hong Kong, I discovered, the army looks down its nose at the Navy, and both draw away their chairs ever so slightly when the Services approach. There is no Peak in Bangkok—no "seven weeks leave in the hills." Oxford faces Cambridge amicably each morning over the breakfast-table, Eton sits at the next desk to Harrow, "nai hangs" (or company managers) lose cheerfully to the latest "griffins" from the London head office, and advisers to the ministries take a kindly interest in the newest "help" from Europe. One goes to the Legations to pay one's respects of course, but incidentally, to have a dip (rare event this) in the "doctored" Legation tank, or to watch Marmaduke the Mongoose make short work of Sennacherib the Snake. I have yet to see (pace Mr. Kipling), a teak wallah sitting down night after night in a boiled shirt, nor would any one, save a Phillipino orchestra boy, strum a banjo under the tropical moon. Most of us idle over the coffee in Chinese pants and sandals and no one raises an eyebrow if occasionally a high government official "goes the rounds" with the younger end. As the Club bore used to say, "If you asked me I'd say 'We're a' Jock Tamson's bairns'."

Perhaps I have dealt too little on the Siamese themselves, or the experiences of a "King's man." (I am not being disloyal—I refer to my late employer). But it would be tedious to recount the intermina-

ble Buddhist sermons, the hot and irritating degree days, and the appalling difficulties confronting the "acharn" who would discourse on what the Ministry of Public Instruction calls "the principles of literature." Of all that unending bristle of ghastly howlers I can recall but one which has any sap of humour. An earnest, bespectacled student (and Oh, how depressingly earnest they can be !), was wrestling with Scott's "Proud Maisie." I had "explained" the poem in simple monosyllables many times and finally—one has to do something—I requested a paraphrase. Most of the attempts were unrecognisable and I wielded the blue pencil in despair. And then I struck this. Here is the last verse :—

"The little insect with the flashlight at its rectum situate on the mausoleum and reflects. The bird also crys TuWhu on the top which means How do you do."

Alas ! poor glowworm !

But there were always diversions. The levees at court (I had no less than four uniforms), the sumptuous Chinese dinners, scenes by day and night on jungle path and river, skirmishes with the Chinese, the high pitched clamour of the markets, excursions into dozens of brilliantly painted temples, perilous traffic scuffles in my Baby Austin along the crowded streets, both horns at full blast and brakes screaming security. The rickshaws, the exotic fruits, the glare, the heat, and the sweet intermissions between smells ! And not least, the midnight cremations, when Roman candle in hand, we assisted at those "follies of prodigal blazes" and whispered bets above the drone of Buddhist priests that an ulna, a femur, or perhaps a tibia would be the first to fall through the bars to the flames below.

Siam—people, language and customs—is indeed unique. It resembles in many ways the magic isle of Bali where song and dance and merry-making are the proper business of all. I am told that soon one will not be able to see the Balinese dancing for the crush of tourists or hear the beat of the castanets for the blare of the jazz trombone. In Siam the authorities have had hard work to keep the ancient dances

and dramas alive. The country, like Japan, (*horresco referens* !), is going modern, and as usual, the cart is before the horse. They have recently had a " revolution "—" Bloodless, you know, like 1688 "— and in our eyes they have at least a thousand years to go before the Renaissance. Need I catalogue for you the pseudo-European " rah-rah " boys who stalk the streets and the Post-Cataleptic buildings that leer at you down the jungle paths? But for all that, a pleasant holiday land and a childlike, jolly people.

I have laid up my uniforms in lavender, my tropical kit is at the bottom of my trunks, and my decoration (*sic* !) lies a-tarnishing among my studs. My sun helmet—no obvious remarks please !— hides the heads of my brassie and driver against the wall. One of these days I may run across a lesser Gauguin and I'll persuade him to paint me a smiling Siamese face thereon. After all, the Tommies grew geraniums in their tin hats.

And here I am holidaying on an island in sight of the snowy Selkirks and within rowing distance of Victoria. In this land of Hooch and Money (precious little of the latter by the way), there are no mosquitoes or banded " karaits," the water is pure and the earth kindly, the air keen and the thermometer reasonable o' nights. But there are no sampans dropping down the river and no casuarinda trees flirting-to the moon. Here there is speed and coolth and deadening efficiency, and to all this I respond at times with the Siamese saying " mai pen, arai "—to what avail ? what does it matter ? who cares ? And as for merriment. They do the foxtrot here, not even the old cowboy square dances, and all the little high school madams chew gum.

Ah well ! I'll go and " hae a crack " with old Roger who will tell me all about the Tay Bridge disaster, riding herd in Texas, raising sheep in Australia or the panning out of that peculiar twisty vein he struck above Nome in the summer of '99. The moon lays her magic over the Land of the White Elephant but she has other realms and brisker pageants. So I'll go over the hill to Roger and he will be all ready and waiting, for I shall be whistling the Siamese national anthem, as I walk to his shack through the pines.

A Hunger.

IN making a film in a mountainous district one must always decide whether the shooting will take place before or after the rain. If you decide on shooting after you usually arrive during the downpour, sitting in disreputable old Z.2717 (S.E.), while the rain licks the shine out of your reflectors. Or, if you shoot before the rain, you have to scuttle home when it comes on. Usually the script will be left behind on the location, to be turned to pulp or eaten by a cow.

But on this occasion there was no rain, so I might have known that something queer would happen. The portion of the film which we were actually shooting consisted in the camera following a boy about a mountainside as he hunted for a pony. In the immoral way of films, I had taken him to a fine mountainous country ten miles from his home mountains, but better than them. The last shots were to be taken on an extinct volcano which shot precipitately into the air for about seven hundred feet. It was called The Cock.

There was no rain. There were few clouds. The mountains of Mourne looked so good and the light was so right that I decided the resulting material would probably be one of the high-spots of the film. Therefore all the gear must be humped up the volcano.

After we had crossed the bog the sunshine was so good that it seemed unnecessary to take the reflectors. After the first twenty-five feet of cliff climbing the heavy "baby" tripod seemed a little in the way. Later, well, we certainly shan't need two thousand feet of film up there. And we might as well drop those ground sheets. Other things were dropped, a dump here, a dump there . . . like bases on an Everest expedition. Lastly came the moment when one asked oneself if one was not high enough to shoot with the same effect as at the top. One's cameraman and one's boy-actor are in agreement. But no, one loves one's Art. So more and more rents appear in Botolph Smith's flannel bags as we slip down several feet over the rough scree. Loudly, and more loudly, do Mr. Clothier's braces groan as we clutch

a heather plant with one hand and the big tripod with the other. At critical moments that rather nice tie we bought in Sidney Street whips into our faces.

We perspire. We call on Cuchuillain, we call on Fionn. Did they ever hump a thousand pounds worth of Celtic camera up The Cock? The Cameraman calls on something else. The boy just calk aloud, with the wind tearing at him, because he is higher up than he has ever been !

One could, of course, stop here . . . send the others on . . . get a good general view of the thing . . . shout directions up to them. No, that would be cheating.

There now ! that was bound to happen. The tripod has been dropped, it is sliding down to the bottom again. No ! the boy has jumped like a mountain goat, he is on it !

Its not so high, from its base . . . that is . . . but is it steep !

At last, the stony lip of the crater ! What a place ! On one side, the steep cliff we have climbed, on the other a precipice dropping down into a black valley faintly cut into squares. These were once houses and farms. That was before the valley was enclosed for a Deer Park and the inhabitants sent to America. We are looking down on a dead town. They were going to build a mill down there once. Up here, at our feet, is a gigantic rock which was trimmed into the shape of the nether mill-stone. A path was cut, they prepared to send it over the edge down into the town. Then the workers found themselves in America and the grain-fields ripened for the last time.

The cameraman is ready. I check the set-up and take the boy once again through the scene we have rehearsed. " Right ! Fade her in over the last dissolve, give her fifteen clear, and then out in seven. Camera ! Action ! "

What a shot ! The country is at our feet, dotted with sheep and horses. The boy turns from side to side, shading his eyes. Head against fields and distant clouds. He sees the pony, shouts, waves

the bridle with furious energy, there she is below him ! He jumps down the mountain-side from rock to rock.

The country is empty of action again. A great cloud comes tearing up, it turns the desolate valley to ink, at one moment we see the mountains . . . next there is writhing fog. We must get down, away from the precipice, into the sunny country to the West of the Volcano.

We move slowly, sliding and digging our heels in. The precious camera must not be dropped. Going down is much slower than coming up. Presently we leave the slippery rock surface and we have patches of shiny mountain grass under our feet. We stop to watch an eagle over our heads. It swings in the wind, hangs in the air, then curls back into the cloud over the volcano, riding the wind. The sun turns the cloud to red underneath. One almost imagines the ancient fires alight again. And then . . . Hunger !

We dropped where we stood. There is an ordinary hunger of increasing emptiness which grows until a void is achieved. But this was a Minus hunger. The belly folded itself up, never to be used again. Never, never to eat again ! Never to move again ! Only to lie on the mountain hoping the pain would get less. It was not entirely a hunger to eat, it was a hunger to be away to hell out of this, a hunger to be able to walk, a hunger to be able to feel anywhere save in the belly. It was as if the eagle had swooped on us and ripped us open, as I have seen them do to lambs that are too big to carry off. We moved into the shelter of a rock beside us, to be out of the wind. In a very short time real hunger arrived, and with it a real rage. We crossed the bog swearing and picking up our dumps, damn the film . . . the camera . . . everything, save food.

It was a royal hunger, a steak hunger, a Bath hunger, a Red Cow hunger!

We scattered stones as we roared along the lanes to our pub. Somehow, or other, nothing fell off the car. We dashed into the bar ! Bread.

and cheese . . . just to begin with . . . bread and cheese for charity, and then steaks !

But Mr. McCracken, our landlord, was curious. He had a proprietary interest in us, retailing our doings to the village. He told us how he had watched our progress through a telescope. Leisurely he drew us pints, but we wanted food ! Bread, anything !

" Are yez hungry . . . sure its not long since yez ate ! "

" Hungry ! . . . "

" Sure ye've been up the Hungry Mountain, ye must have trod on the hungry grass ! "

None of us really remember everything that was said on that occasion. We were too hungry.

There was a murmur of interest in the bar, people gathered round.

" Had yez no food in your pockets ? "

" There isn't a shepherd in the country would go up there without a crust in his pocket ! "

" They were up on the Hungry Mountain

And they trod on the hungry grass ! "—it seemed to rise into a chorus, while we watched the kitchen hopefully. ". . . and the foxes up there ! Sure they're as thin as whips. I mind seeing a fox there two years ago . . . he was a queer old phenomenon of a fox . . . "

J. N. G. DAVIDSON (BA 1930).

Verse
1932-1933.

Vice Versa:

THE Master of Caiaphas made a will,
 And, later, added a codicil.
 The Master was scholarly, old, and kind—
 Deaf, but of sound disposing mind.
 The Senior Bursar, who coached in law,
 Was shown the will, and could find no flaw ;
 But then, unknown to the Senior Bursar,
 The Codicil added "*et vice versa*" :
 Witnessed by X and his foster-brother,
 Each in the presence of one another ;
 Signed and sealed, and kept in a chest
 Till the said testator had journeyed West.

It was a matter of common knowledge
 That the Master had left his cat to the College ;
 But Somerset House was not content
 That the will should say what it really meant,
 And Somerset House insisted that
 The College was left to the Master's cat ;
 For by *vice versa*, it argued, he
 Had made his legacy legatee,
 And it pointed out that the word before
Vice was *et* (for *and*)—not *or*.
 And there was a binding force in *et*,
 Unless the Codicil were upset.
 But the Codicil was in perfect order,
 Witnessed, signed and sealed on the border,
 Unless the cat, in the legal sense,
 Were guilty of undue influence,

 Or the said testator, when he had signed,
 Not of a sound disposing mind.
 Thus spake Somerset House, and thus

Matters drifted from bad to wuss.
If you turn to your Law Reports,
You will find that the case came into the Courts
Under the title of *Senior Bursar*
V. Felis and others in vice versa.
The Lawyers argued, as lawyers will,
But the jury found for the Codicil;
For a British jury is not so blind
As to question a sound disposing mind,
When a witness X and his foster-brother
Have signed in the presence of one another ;
And the learned judge, when he bade them adieu,
Said they had taken the proper view.

So the College rights became vested in
The Master's cat and its next of kin ;
And a next of kin is alive, and that's
Why Caiaphas College is known as " Cat's."

Speed. Δῖνος βασιλεύει τὸν Δί' ἐξέλληλακως

The Modern Juggernaut.

WHIGH, which is King, and ousts all Godlike things,"
 Laughed the gay Greek in halcyon days of old,
 When leisured life on wheels of beauty rolled.
 But true in sadder sort the jest still rings,
 For, armed with swifter than Daedalean wings,
 Men now spurn joys sweet, silent, manifold,
 By wise past ages deemed more dear than gold,
 Those gentler gifts that hurry never brings.
 What matter if they miss the nightingale?
 What, if for them the wild rose bloom in vain,
 So that, while they but go and come again,
 Of their speed record not one fathom fail?
 From thought and sense shall we thus blindly fly,
 Nor once possess our souls before we die?

C. R. HAINES.

O ENGLISH muse, be strong and beautiful as your name,
That word whose lightest breath is wing'd with
valour;

Remember that the courage of the day,
The unforgotten spring must steel us now
Who feel the mists of night, autumnal rains,
The driving smoke filter through sickly leaves.
The harpies of our streets will not take wing
Nor the ice break upon our sullen rivers
Until our comradeship be more than words,
Be pledged by hunger and the aching heart.

Which do not fear. We who have crawled along
The dripping levels or have felt the rain
Soak through our shabby shoulders as we stood
At pithead or at grave, we need no schools
To tell us of our worth, or yours : we know
What stubborn will can do, that has been done
In English streets before an alien throne.
We asked for bread, that paid with force and lies.
It is our own grim battle we must fight,
Keep our remembrance for our own dark valley :
The blood that ran at Peterloo and Mons
May flow again, but not again for State
God King and Country nor a maudlin Church
That renders Caesar what belongs to Man.
In the dark agony that slowly throbs
From the remorseless beat of loom on loom,
The lean Glamorgan bells, choked London docks,
The voice of England shall take strength and form,
A fiery colour and a dreadful name.

Come : for the silent whistles wait a word,
The morning signal when the works shall start
And the new engines stretch their hidden power ;
Where the cold furnaces watch starved and grim
A flame shall leap into the night and lip
The upturned howl despair that rules our world.
But do not think this comes of pious phrase,
Old tricks of State or faded polity :
It comes when riot at her prison girds
And you must lose your freedom to be free ;
Cast off the easy use your lovers gave
Face restless life, snatch hasty love in camps.

Muse of the idle heart and sick despair
Forget the barren land where now you falter ;
Assume once more the splendours of your youth,
Let your despair be armed. With us exchange
For flashy rimes and wanton hopelessness
Stern chants of struggle : learn in harsh revolt
In roaring streets, new rhythms, braver songs.
They lie, awaiting but one powerful word,
In rocks and fields, cold moors and factories,
In seas athrob with music ; in the wombs
Of women who shall bear their sons to live.
Bring your desire to our resolved hearts
And mated with the steady march of mind
We know the dark virginity of fate.

O.H.K.S.

The Submarine Contour.

SLOPE through unmeasured dimness of brown fog
I fall behind my beacon-beckoning hand,
White pilot of my swoon ;
Moving and still, timeless and short as breath
The waking dream, all senses fused and firm :
Slow synthesis of hours
Heavier heavier beats upon my temples :
The flight is lost and with an upward wing
Breaks its swift thinking trance—
O aire and angels !
Strong through the roof, time working like the wars
I crack my head upon mortality.

QUIETLY
to watch

to know

dawn evening, the slow flower of a star,
in garden see young mother helmed with bronze
fairer more lithe than spring ;

recount the chronicle of love and war,
live in the bright miniature, sup by candlelight,
walk on the evening dunes and kiss ;
we have not yet forgotten : do not think
because our resolution is austere

We cannot love ;

it is our curse we must remember these,
must see the gate stand open, friends invite
but walk with suitcase to the jolty 'bus
for it is winter here : not northern winter
looking from Rome's wall over glittering fells,
but here the doubtful city-fog beats down
pent in high office we hear ships lament
deep in the Pool and traffic's angry mutter
defeated in its flight ; or see through mist,
the pit-gear still, the pistons slack, the wagons
shunt to last siding, the long black files trail out
from the last shift : another pit shuts down,
what's left for these our friends?

scan for a while ads. vacant, joke in queues
walk to a well-known gate shut fast as death
lean faint on Exchange counter ;

come home to a stript room and a starved child
or fall beneath a baton in the gutter,
while we in sour streets smug committee-rooms
in grimy offices sick at heart essay
a fall with sloth the careless mind with rust
dishonour cowardice the callous heart
with dignity pride piety most debentures,
painfully fail: they crush the questing hand,
numb the tired brain, defile the sweaty soul
strangle stale hope ;
let the old clock run down, the candles gutter
and squeaky ruin sink the watery sun.
but we have forged an honour from despair
still to fight on without the bribe of hope.

Life.

SANG the lark :
" Life is a song,
Cheerful and strong,
Thrilling the throng,
Chasing the dark ;
Life is a song."

Wailed the mew :
" Life is a cry,
Lonely and high,
Piercing the sky—
Friends are but few—
Life is a cry.

Cawed the rook :
" Life is the breath
Drawn before death,
' Here lies,' it saith,
Closed is the book;
Life is but death."

W. J. STRACHAN.

Account Rendered.

HAS Man aught left to conquer? Space,
 the once unchartered and unknown,
 to miracles of winged grace
 reveals its secrets one by one.

Has Man aught left to conquer? Time,
 proud Time, is brought to bended knees—
 words in a flash may leave one clime
 and pass to the antipodes.

And intricate machines surprise
 the world with their undreamed-of powers,
 till frightened moralists devise
 more work ' for hands ' with idle hours.

Unhidden from each reading eye
 is wisdom's page and now no veil
 obscures a new discovery
 where papers multiply the tale.

Nor is it here the story ends,
 with Progress as a shibboleth ;
 the span of human life extends,
 and gains advances over death.

But, to what end? On every hand
 millions condemned by man-made fate,
 must stalk unwanted through the land,
 or hold a pittance from the State.

Plenty for all would ill befit
 the schemes of some who live at ease ;
 men starve elsewhere but these commit
 their surplus produce to the seas.

Where'er one turns one sees displayed
cheap opiates to lull the mind ;
and even thoughts are ready-made—
—the blind are paid to lead the blind.

Pause in the chaos, Man, reflect.
The truth lies hid from hurried eyes.
And add to thy great intellect
the gifts gods lavish on the wise.

W.J.STRACHAN,

Golder's Green.

(June 21st, 1933).

THE Garden lay in all its summer's pride
Of living beauty cleansed from out the fire,
Fair to receive what death had now denied
More than to glimpse the harvest of desire.

Not here our grief : not here our tears were shed.
Peace after storm of battle was his due.
And yet that valediction of the dead
Wakened the emptiness of loss anew.

And then there burst upon our weary sight—
Fresh born to splendour, God's new work begun
A scarlet Rose that lifted her delight
From falling ashes in the wind and sun.

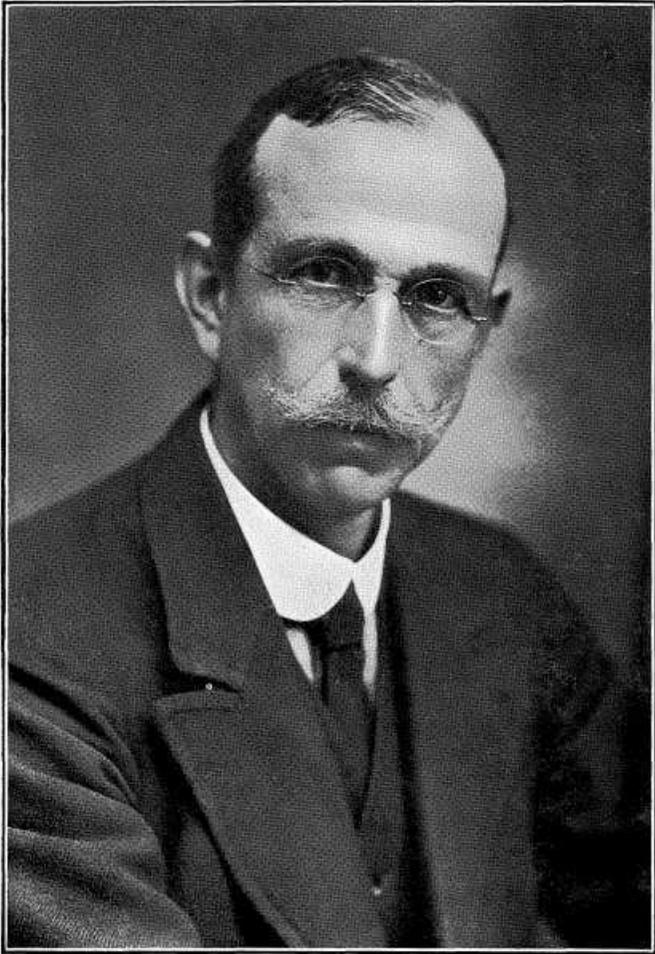


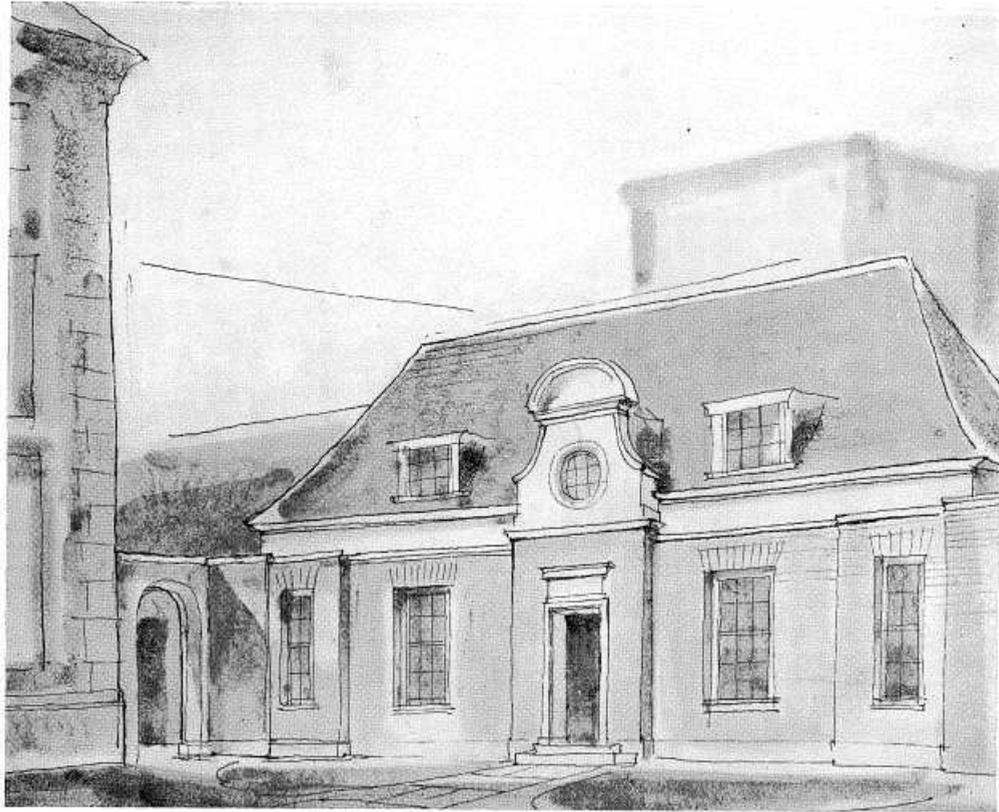
Photo by Hills & Saunders, Cambridge.

FREDERICK MARGETSON RUSHMORE.

MASTER OF THIS HOUSE.

BORN 13TH MARCH, 1869.

DIED 17TH JUNE, 1933.



" The Bungalow."

The N.E. corner of the Chapel can be seen on the left of the illustration. The Bull Hotel is in the background, and Hobson's Building is off the plate on the right hand side.

