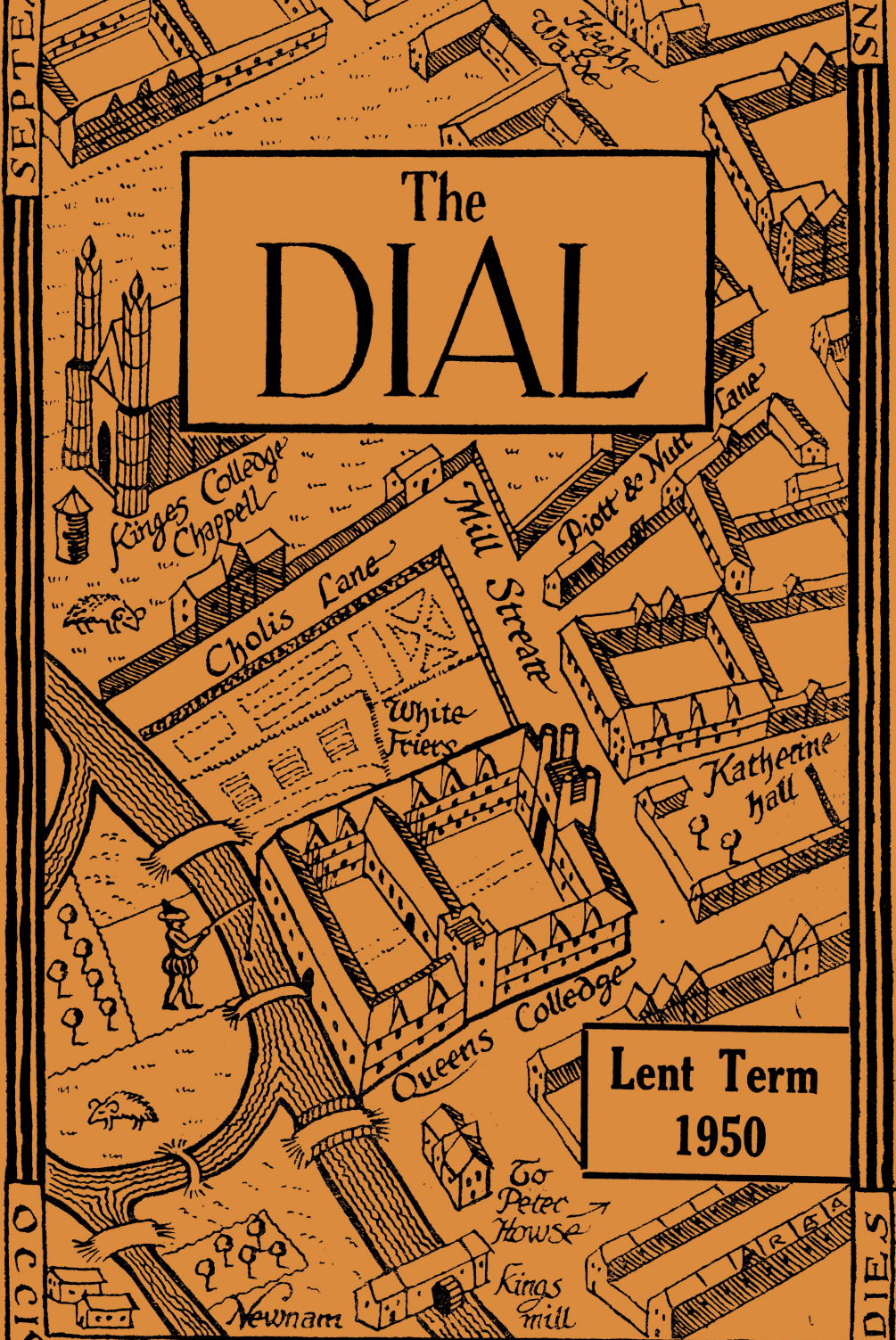


SEPTENTRIO

ORIENTES

The DIAL



Lent Term
1950

OCCIDENS

MERIDIES

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THE DIAL

No. 100

Lent Term, 1950

EDITORIAL

THIS is the One Hundredth edition of *The Dial*, but little special can be said of it except that it is fatter than the Ninety-ninth.

The Idea of a College Magazine is good. The College flourishes ; its members have many interests, and there are many different groups of people sharing different outlooks within it. They write for the magazine which caters for them—and a College Magazine has a great advantage over other magazines which represent an institution, in that it does not try to express more than one generation at a time.

Yet, in fact, there is not much interest in College Magazines. Very few people contribute ; those who do not are either bored by what has been contributed, or moan over the low standard which they might be trying to raise.

Perhaps this is due to the growth of more and more University Clubs and Societies. Too many people spend too little time in their Colleges. True, the crowding out of people into rooms outside the College has contributed to this, but the increased numbers should not be responsible for apathy. Rather the opposite.

This issue contains articles on the history of the College, some 19th Century letters by a Bursar, poems, satires and stories, as well as the usual Club and Society reports. But the thought of what might be here, and is not, is depressing.

ITEMS OF NEWS

WE congratulate Mr. Seltman on his becoming a Doctor of Letters.

Sir George Ritchie Sandford has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Bahamas.

The Rev. B. J. Dale (1922-5) is the new Bishop of Jamaica.

On October 1st the College entertained to dinner about one hundred members who had been in residence before the 1914-18 War.

On December 4th the Christening took place, in the Chapel, of Charles Paul Seltman, son of Arthur John and Nathalie Frances Seltman, and grandson of Dr. Seltman.

It is with regret that we have to record here the death, from typhoid, in the Argentine, of W. B. Holmes, only five months after he had gone down.

R. Chun Yu Lin, who recently took his Degree, is visiting Lecturer in Physiology at Yala Medical School, Lagos. Afterwards he will return to China as Professor of Physiology in West China Union University, Chengtu.

Two members of *The Bats*—R. S. Glen and J. K. Stratford—played the parts of Polyneices and Oedipus in the recent production at the Arts, in Greek, of *The Oedipus at Colonus*.

The recent repair work on both banks of the river, mysterious and alarming to the layman, is here explained in a cut version of a report written by Mr. Findlay.

Before the big floods of 1947, the wall which forms the west bank of the river along the Grove had shown signs of subsiding, the worst symptoms being a few yards downstream from the wooden bridge. A length of wall had already fallen into the river, but the high water in March caused considerably more damage and, in all, about 40 yards of the wall was destroyed. There was, also, some erosion under the wall of the President's garden on the opposite bank.

There had, further, been movement in the Lodge itself, and it was decided to inspect the underwater foundations while all the engineering equipment was on the spot.

An old Queens' man, Mr. H. E. Midgley, with his wide experience of civil engineering, was able to give much valuable help.

Work started in July. Steel sheet-piles were driven in on both sides of the river, making long enclosures which were later pumped dry. On the east side it was found that the foundations of the Lodge were not seriously damaged; but to make sure that there should be no movement of the foundations, lateral support was provided by the filling of the space between the sheet-piles and the footings of the Lodge foundations with concrete, and the bottom parts of the sheet-piles were left.

The wall of the President's garden was quickly repaired and, after a concrete foundation had been laid, a new wall was built along the west bank, in red brick instead of grey owing to difficulties; and the steps were rebuilt. When the wall was complete the upper part of the sheet-piling was removed. Since then new turves have been put down on the bank and all is almost back to normal, apart from the isolated sheet-piles which are still above water.

ST. BERNARD'S HOSTEL

ON the method of housing of students the whole character of a University depends. Here in Cambridge lodging houses and hostels were the first solution of the problem. Then from time to time Colleges were founded, but until the beginning of the seventeenth century lodging houses and hostels still supplied a large part of the necessary accommodation. Later, as the number of the Colleges increased their importance declined; but during the last seventy years increasing numbers have made lodging houses again important, and to-day we see a revival of the hostel. These hostels, however, are different from those of the Middle Ages in being parts of existing Colleges, not separate entities.

The "out College" housing of undergraduates is now controlled by the Lodging Houses Syndicate, one of the most ancient of the administrative bodies in the University and of royal origin. By letters patent on 7 February, 1265-66, King Henry the Third appointed four officials to fix rents and arrange the conditions under which students occupied lodgings in the town of Cambridge.

Between 1284 and 1352 the housing problem was partially solved by the foundation of the six earliest Colleges, but for the next ninety years no more Colleges came into existence, and during the whole period there was an increase in the number of lodging houses. Two or more of these were often joined to form a larger residence or hostel. The names of many of these hostels are known from early lists, and there may well have been at different times over two hundred, some only existing for a short period. The larger of these hostels were hardly to be distinguished from small Colleges, having a Principal and Fellows, a Hall and Common Rooms.

One of the biggest of these hostels was St. Bernard's Hostel, standing on a site just north of St. Botolph's church on land now occupied by the front court of Corpus. This site is clearly shown on Lyne's map of 1574. We do not know at what date St. Bernard's Hostel was started. We only know that in 1446 Andrew Dokett, Rector of St. Botolph's, was its Principal and that it had Fellows. The buildings included a Hall, a Gallery and a Chapel.

The Hostel appears to have been the personal property of Andrew Dokett, as, in his will signed on 2 November, 1484, two days before he died, he leaves a life interest in it to his executors, and provides that it shall come to Queens' College on their deaths.

How far during Dokett's lifetime the Hostel was absorbed into Queens' we do not know. He seems to have been Principal of St. Bernard's Hostel and President of Queens'.

It is rather surprising to find that St. Bernard's Hostel had a Chapel, as most of the early Colleges made use of existing parish churches, and one would certainly have expected St. Bernard's Hostel to have used St. Botolph's church of which Andrew Dokett was rector. Another curious fact is that the Chapel of the Hostel was licensed by the Bishop of Ely for services on the same day that the Chapel of Queens' College was licensed, 12 December, 1454. This certainly suggests that, during his lifetime, the Hostel and the College were separate entities. After the death of Dokett's executors the Hostel became the property of the College, and was probably absorbed into Queens'. Items in the "Magnum Journale," the original account books of the College, show money expended on repairs to the "gallery" or common room of St. Bernard's Hostel in 1504, and to the Hall of the Hostel in 1529, and in 1530 an item for the pulling down of the Chapel of St. Bernard's Hostel.

In 1534 the Hostel was sold to Corpus Christi for the sum of one hundred marks. Probably the numbers of men at Queens' had fallen and the Hostel was no longer required. St. Bernard's Hostel probably lasted well on into the seventeenth century, being used as a Hostel by Corpus. A minute of their Governing Body in 1624 gives an order that the gates of the Hostel should be closed at the same time as the gates of the College, and the key brought each night to the Master or Senior Fellow.

When the buildings were finally pulled down does not seem to be known, but they were replaced by some small dwelling houses and the Dolphin Inn, which in turn disappeared in 1823 when the present front court of Corpus was built.

A. D. B.

A JEWEL OF REVIVALIST LYRICISM

THE catastrophe of the Third World War destroyed not only the social and economic structure of twentieth century civilisation but also its cultural heritage. In the destruction wrought by atomic warfare the vast majority of the printed matter of that period was swept away : for such material as escaped the air raids was for the most part infected in the germ warfare which followed and had for hygienic reasons to be burnt. No single library of importance was undamaged in the Western hemisphere, and such literature as has come down to us cannot be more than the very smallest proportion of what was known to the society of the time. Careful scholarship of the few thousand volumes which have been preserved has, however, determined the chief literary trends and developments of the twentieth century.

On the evidence available it has been established that about the year 1950 it seems to have been thought that the possibilities of rhyme were largely exhausted, and also that verse was being used as a vehicle for deeper and more romantic notions than it was fit to carry : that the simpler verse forms of the very early periods of English poetry and their naive, lyrical and narrative content were a truer and purer poetic expression than the condensed and subtle verse which was being written in the first decades of that century. This revolt against a long-established tradition crystallised in a reversion to simplified technique and to the forms of Anglo-Saxon unrhymed verse, but before the movement had got under way, the direction in which the wind was blowing was shown by one poet who was writing twenty to thirty years before his time. Only a very small number of the poems of Beach Comber have survived, but the uniform quality of these ¹ is such as to place him in the very highest ranks of the Primitive Revivalists. In an essay of this

¹ Recent research has attributed some of the later Comber (including the Cabman sequence) to a contemporary, Gubbins. See, however, Dr. Conward's brilliant little essay, *Comber and His Counterfeiters* on this point.

length an appreciation of the poet's whole work can hardly be attempted, but it does seem that some of his earlier writing has been overshadowed by the work of the later period, causing a serious critical perspectivisation distortion which it would be as well to set right.

The lyricism of the Love Years (I borrow this cogent and illuminating phrase from Miss Cynthia Mudgehill's *Comber's Psyche and His Image*) of the early formative period has a freshness, a romantic vivacity which the elaborate technique that Comber later developed tended to cloy. A naive sparkle dimples at us from this fragment, one of the earliest but still one of the most charming of his love poems :

Mairsie doates
 And Dosey doates
 And little lambs itivey,¹
 And Kidley Tivey
 Too²
 Wouldn't you ?³

The Pastoral tradition lapsed after the eighteenth century since it was unable in its slight grace to weather the self-conscious sophistication of the Romantics of the nineteenth and the Unintelligibles of the twentieth century. But in Comber it is brought

- 1 Prof. Cossiter has conjectured here "eat ivy." Ingenious though it is, I cannot accept this. It displays indeed one of the learned Professor's cardinal weaknesses—a lust for difficult interpretation where something simple is ready to hand. "Itivey" is merely O.E. : to gambol or frolic.
- 2 There has been controversy over the meaning of this poem. I give a paraphrase to make my own position clear: "Mairsie dotes on Dosey, Dosey on Mairsie. Little lambs gambol and kidley also tivey. Would not you too?"
- 3 If any scholar still challenges the authorship of this poem which was at one time attributed to Eliot, a prolific but tedious poetaster of the twentieth century, I beg him to consult Schuperhauer, "Geschichte der Gedichte des 20te Jahrhunderts," Vol. 37, Chaps. 4-17.

back to life, a Cinderella awakened by the kiss of his genius. The pastoral characters of Mairsie and Dosie hail of course from an ancient tradition, whose ancestors we can trace as far back as Longus' Daphnis and Cloe, but I have no space here to follow their whole genealogy. Not that such an undertaking would particularly improve our enjoyment of the poem; it is so sweet and tender that we must beware of handling it too roughly! But knowledge if discriminately applied can add realms undreamt of to our critical appreciation, and a few points of technical interest are worth mentioning. Folk lore and pastorality are never far apart, and Comber was almost certainly acquainted with a children's story *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, which was universally known in the twentieth century. The Dwarfs have some entertaining names—Happy, Sneezy, Grumpy, and one of them, Dozey (or in some earlier versions Sleepy). Comber could certainly assume that the character of Dozey was known to most of his readers, and it is certain that they found in the poem a piquancy evoked by the use of this particular name which, linked to the traditional charm of the shepherd-shepherdess theme gives the lines a twofold emotional context that is not still present for us to-day.¹ Missing subtleties such as these in the earlier works, we may not be fully alive to the vitally significant overtones of his later poems.

It has been suggested that this lyric has a musical setting. This is manifestly absurd. Konstasia Philopso has told us in another context, "Foi kuienst placodhi e Ruwaptu," and it is hard to believe that Comber was deaf to the beauties of his own music. How could the perfect fall of "Too" with its full vowels sighing soothingly after the short fidgeting syllables of the third and fourth lines so enchantingly full of young eager lamb life, be given any added significance by a sung melody? There is already a melody intrinsic in the arrangements of vowels and lines which no instrument could do anything other than damage. Notice the rhythm of the

¹ I am indebted on this point to Harold Smytheson's *The Ambiguity of Ambiguity*.

third and fourth lines : the staccato sounds suggesting the bright gambolling of the lambs continued even while the sense is being led away into new directions—into the chain of associations set off so lightly by the exquisite placing of the one word (Comber is a master of economy) “kidley.” This is of course a further aspect of Comber’s dual directiveness which I mentioned earlier in connection with *Dosie*. The mind is asked to absorb new material, but the thought is kept relevant to the poem, not directly by the theme or subject, but by the form in which it is presented, which will always have a clearly defined link, suggested in assonance, metrical alignment or rhythmic symmetry with the principal motif of the poem.¹ This structure is used with the greatest skill in *Chinese Lyric*, written in the Cocklecarrot and Strabismus period when Comber was at the height of his power.

Though *Mairsie* might be said to be one of Comber’s Juvenilia (I follow Dr. Newcrake’s revised Canon), he rarely wrote anything as lovely. The soft, quizzical note of the poem’s final query preceded by the quiet pause after the fifth line leaves us hovering on the brink of unimagined loveliness. Comber tells us to go forward, to trust and follow Beauty as she beckons gently from over the fields of love.

C. Temblett-Wood.

¹ Comber’s directivity is most entertainingly dealt with in a diverting article written by an undergraduate of Odeon College, Cambridge, in which he seeks to prove that Comber was purely a humorous writer. The argument is most ingenious, and indeed the daring of the idea alone compels admiration.

LETTERS OF THE REV. JOSEPH JEE

WE print below, from the writer's own copies, four letters written at Queens' by Joseph Jee, who was Bursar of the College under the Presidencies of Isaac Milner and Henry Godfrey. They are taken from an extremely interesting manuscript book, which has been presented to the College by Capt. J. H. Trye, R.N.

I.

To Rev. John Loft, Stainton

Q. C. Cambridge

Oct. 25, 1820

My dear Sir,

Your letters are always so exceedingly friendly and facetious that you may depend upon it that I shall not very soon feel pestered with them, and I sincerely wish that it was in my power to write you something in return that would afford you an equivalent portion of amusement and satisfaction.

I can assure you that it was a great disappointment to me that I was prevented by unforeseen circumstances from paying my respects to you at Stainton, according to promise. And such is the evil destiny of my stars that surely I am born to be thwarted. At present I am overwhelmed with business, and know not which way in the [? world] to turn myself. I have two Churches to serve and part of a Chapel, being *Dean*. The Officers of the University, in addition to their regular duties, are expected to attend Congregations in the Senate, which are held for transacting University business, conferring Degrees, etc. As [? Senior] Taxor it is my office to attend the Market and seize on all weights and measures which are deficient; and likewise on all articles of victual which are exposed to sale short of weight or bad in quality. Last Saturday, being my first appearance in that character, I made a glorious debut, and returned home with two men laden with weights, scales, and butter short in weight or mixed with whey. On Saturday next I meditate an attack upon the Bakers; and for that purpose I have already

prepared the proper material, viz just weights and a just balance. Thus am I spending my strength in the Service of my Country ; and though I doubt not to acquire most splendid glory and renown, hardly earned indeed and infinitely well merited, yet I am not so vain as to suppose that my laurels will not be sullied [and] pecked at.

II.

To B. E.

Q. C. 9 July, 1821

Dear E.

Your letter July 5 I duly received, and I shall endeavour to answer the Enquiries it contains in the clearest manner I can.

I do think and have always thought that you ought to have been elected fellow of this College before you gave up your rooms. I hope however that it is not too late now. I sincerely wish the event may take place, and I will do all in my power to promote its accomplishment. There are however obstacles in the way.

In the first place,

1. I am not quite certain that the County of York is not full. There are Graham and Tattershall of that County. Graham at present stands on what is called the Trotter foundation. And whether in addition to these two there may be a fellow elected for the diocese I am not certain.

I should think it would be adviseable to write to Beever. He, I believe, is your friend ; and I think you may rely upon him.

2. As your name has been taken off the boards I do not know whether that would not be an objection. These two questions can be answered satisfactorily only by the Master, as he is in possession of the documents appertaining to the College and which relate to the subject.

3. There are I believe instances of widowers having been elected fellows of different Colleges.

4. The examination probably might be dispensed with ; but this is a question which the Society must determine.

Much depends on the side which the Seniors take. Hewitt I understand from Metcalfe is favourable. They are both hostile to me, and if I was to mention it, would I have no doubt oppose it immediately purely on that account. You may rely on my services ; at the same time, you will be aware from what I have said that great caution is necessary.

Holmes lives at a place called Croxton about 15 miles from Cambridge, and is very well.

Mr Godfrey's address is at
14 Colebrook Row,
Islington,
London

(*Note.* "The County of York" : see the third paragraph of the letter of 8 June, 1822, below.)

III.

To Revd. H. Godfrey

Q. C. 7 Sept. 1821

My dear Sir,

The Bursar's account with the Tutor for the Quarter ending Xmas last, 1820, amounts to £655. 0. 6, of which sum I have received £400 from Mr Mandell. The principal part of this account is for Bread, Meat, Coals, and Beer. The Bursar pays the Cook £50 or £100 nearly every week during term time. The Coals, Beer, and Bread have been paid for some time ago.

Mr Mandell refuses to pay me the remaining £255 0. 6 which is due on the Quarter ending Xmas 1820. Although he has not only received the whole of that sum (perhaps with some small exceptions) but also the greater part of sums due for the two Quarters ending Lady Day and Midsummer, which together amount to about double that of the Quarter to Xmas.

As it is my earnest wish and endeavour to have all business conducted with order and regularity in a manner intirely pacific, I thought it right to submit the matter to your consideration, and at

the same time I would beg the favour of you to determine the times when the Tutor and Bursar are to settle their accounts for each Quarter.

I remain Dear Sir

Yours faithfully

N.B. If Mr Mandell would have advanced £100 on account it would have been sufficient for the present.

IV.

To the Rev. B. Rickings.

Queen's College,

Cambridge

8 June, 1822

Revd. and Dear Sir,

Had it been in my power to have paid an earlier attention to your Letter dated May 23, I should have done so with great pleasure ; but my engagements rendered it almost impossible.

Probably you may have heard that the mode of Examination for the degree of A.B. at Cambridge has recently undergone a very material alteration, and that from henceforth a competent knowledge of the Classics and Theology will be required as a sine qua non for the attainment of that step. It will therefore be a great advantage to any Student entering at this University to be a good Classic. The Scholarships generally speaking are determined by examinations, in which the Classics form a very conspicuous part. Indeed the Examinations for the University Scholarships are entirely confined to classical subjects.

I feel a difficulty in recommending any particular College, to your friend Mr. Morewood. The fellowships belonging to some of the Colleges in Cambridge are restricted to certain Counties ; in two instances, however, they are not, but open to all Candidates, whatever may be the County in which they were born. These Colleges are Trinity and St. John's : at either of which Colleges a fellowship would be open to him : and no doubt there [are] several Colleges where there is at present no Warwickshire fellow.

This University is very full, and consequently Rooms in College are procured not without some difficulty. If a Student lodges in the town the expenses are of course materially increased. There are many good Scholarships and exhibitions in almost every College here : the one to which I belong has two or three, value each about £10 p. ann., but they are at present engaged. Some of these are confined to Scholars from certain Schools ; some of them to the Sons of Clergymen ; and some are open to all Candidates. The competition for Scholarships of the latter class is commonly ably contested.

I remain Dear Sir

Yours faithfully,

J. J.



POEM IN SPRING

NOW through this stamen evocation
 Of buttercup light the fat toad lurches,
 And with the formal transformation
 The northern wind shrinks through the birches.

Mindless through such green resurgence
 The cold and clammy worm emerges,
 Fantastically along the meadows
 Copulates with frenzied sparrows.

Smell of oily stoves within the brain
 Grapples with a stumbling sun,
 And round the housewife shaking crumbs
 Probe lecherous showers of rain.

B. T.

NO PLAY BEFORE LUNCH

. . . and I was going on to argue this point with my partner, Glaucon, when I noticed that we had arrived at the crease.

Protagoras, the umpire, was saying :

“What do you want, Socrates ?”

“My dear Protagoras,” I replied, “that, I fear, I cannot tell you, for you have asked me something which philosophers themselves cannot answer. I must confess that I do not even know what you mean.”

“How is that ?” he said.

“Tell me,” said I, “do we not speak of children crying for the moon when we mean that they want something very badly ? But do we mean that they are in need of the moon or, on the other hand, that they desire the moon to play with or to satisfy some other childish caprice ? For I believe we must mean one or the other.”

“Surely Socrates,” interrupted Glaucon, “we must mean the latter, for the former is folly itself.”

“Glaucon is right, Protagoras,” I cried. “But you see, your question can refer either to my needs or to my desires ; and I do not know to which. To know a particular need is to be aware of a particular end, and to know one’s general needs is to know no less than the purpose of life itself, which the gods have providentially hidden from us. If this is what you ask me Protagoras, you demand of me knowledge which the gods have reserved for themselves. And nobody,” I added, smiling, “would call me a god.”

“That is certainly true,” observed Protagoras, sourly. “But suppose, then, that I reword my question thus—what do you desire ? What then ?”

“What then, indeed,” I cried. “A man may desire many things, sometimes separately and sometimes all at once, and if you ask him in general terms what he desires, he must be at a loss to give you a plain answer. Let me put it to you this way. I desire to know the good and the beautiful, I desire to be wise, I desire that umpires should be efficient and batsmen courageous ; but my most immediate desire is to prevent Phaedrus, there, from hitting my wicket with

the swift-swerving ball and to remain here until I have scored a century."

"If I may interrupt the discussion ——" began Glaucon.

"By all means, my young friend," I said, "for it is quite likely that what I have said is wrong and that you have found me out."

"I was merely about to suggest," said Glaucon, "that perhaps Protagoras means what *guard* do you desire."

"Why, Glaucon, I believe you are right," I cried, "and how stupid of me not to have thought of that. But tell me, Glaucon, when we desire a thing, do we desire something or nothing?"

"Something," he replied.

"And if one man desires to be a great umpire, like Protagoras, and another desires a new pair of batting gloves, do they desire the same thing or something different?"

"Something different," he said.

"And in what does the difference consist, in so far as it applies to the desires of the two men?"

"I confess, Socrates," he said, "that I cannot quite put my finger on the point of difference."

"Let me put it another way," I said, "for we must clear up this point in order to begin the game as soon as possible. Suppose you desire a new bat and I desire a pair of flannels. In what respect do our desires differ?"

"In respect of their object," he said.

"You have hit it exactly," I cried. "Now apply this to our former case, where one man desired to be a great umpire and the other desired to possess a new pair of batting gloves, and you will observe the difference to be even greater than merely in respect of the object of their desires; for the one man desires to *be* something and the other desires to *have* something. Do you agree, or have I made some blunder or other?"

"It is just as you say, Socrates," he replied.

"Now when Protagoras asks me what guard I desire," I continued, "does he mean what guard I desire to have, or what sort of guard I desire to be? For I confess, at present, I do not know what I am to answer."

"Then, Socrates, how can you expect me to know?" said he.

"That is very true," I answered, "for the young are not likely to be able to answer questions which puzzle the old. But let us approach the problem from a different angle; and this, Glaucon, I am sure you will be able to answer. When we desire something do we know what we desire or not?"

"Surely we know," he said.

"Exactly," I replied. "Now you will remember that at the beginning of our discussion I mentioned that, among other things, I desired to score a century, and that to do this I must presumably prevent the red ball from striking my wicket. Now tell me; can the ball hit all three stumps at once, or is it more likely to hit only one of them?"

"The latter is more probable," he replied.

"And that if my wicket is struck, a particular stump will be struck by a particular ball?"

"You have said justly."

"And then when Protagoras asks me what guard I desire, he means what guard do I desire to prevent the ball from hitting my wicket?"

"He does."

"But we have agreed that when the balls hits the wicket, it is a particular ball hitting a particular stump?"

"We have."

"Well then, my young friend, how in the name of Zeus am I able to foresee which ball is going to hit which particular stump?"

"Certainly, Socrates, you are not to know."

"But if I did know, that is the stump I should desire to guard?"

"Exactly."

"But I do not know, and therefore I do not know which stump I desire to guard."

"Correct."

"But we said just now that we know what we desire."

"We did."

"Therefore, my dear Glaucon, when Protagoras asks me what stump I desire to guard, I must reply that I do not desire to guard

any particular one, for desire is based upon knowledge of what is desired, and that knowledge I do not possess."

"Let me then," said Protagoras, "ask Socrates what guard he chooses. Come along now, Socrates, what guard do you choose?"

"It seems," I replied, "that you are wasting a good deal of time in putting these questions to an ignorant man like myself, who came here only to enjoy a game of cricket. But since you press me, I must do my best to answer your questions."

"Your answer, Socrates," he replied, "is, I assure you, eagerly awaited by us all."

"Let me ask you first, Protagoras," I said, "how you would define choice, for the word, I take it, must mean something."

"That is easy, Socrates," he said. "I should say that choice is implied when one elects or prefers a particular thing or course of action before others which are equally possible and within one's power."

"Admirable, Protagoras," I replied. And turning to Glaucon I added, "You see, Glaucon, what an advantage it is to have clear ideas like Protagoras and not muddled ones like mine. But answer me this, Protagoras; is choice one thing or two things?"

"How do you mean, Socrates?" he said.

"Let me put it to you this way," I replied. "If you had to choose between three objects, you could make three different selections. But is that the same as making three different choices? If you chose one object, would your action be fundamentally different to that if you chose either of the others?"

"I should be choosing something different," he said.

"Yes," I replied, "but you would still be choosing. Can we not say that to a particular mode of action we appropriate the name, choice? That this action is different from other actions, and although the result of one choice may differ from the result of another, the mode of action involved is of one particular quality and always the same?"

"That is true," he said.

"You would agree too," I went on, "that choice is choice, and that we cannot have different sorts of choice?"

"Of course," he said, "for we have agreed that, considered qualitatively, it is a particular mode of action."

"You will allow me then, my dear Protagoras," I said, "to make a small correction of grammar in your question and reword it thus—*which* guard do you choose? For we are not concerned with the quality of the guard, but rather with which, out of several possibilities, it shall be."

"You are right, Socrates," he said, wearily.

"Good," I cried, "for I believe that we are now coming to the root of our problem. You will remember that we agreed just now that I did not know which particular ball is going to hit the wicket—or rather, a particular stump."

"How could I forget that, Socrates," he said, "when you argued the point so well?"

"But if I did know," I continued, "that is the stump I should guard?"

"That is right," he said.

"And in that case there would only be one possible guard to take, and so I could not be said to be choosing at all."

"Correct."

"Well, my friend," I cried, "we seem to have arrived halfway towards our goal, for I do not know the one right guard, and so I can truly be said to choose a guard, if, that is, there are several possibilities, which I am told there are."

"There are, Socrates," he said. "I will rehearse them in turn."

"Good," said I. "Put your questions."

"Do you choose," said he, "one leg?"

"My dear friend," I said, "do you suppose me to be a one-legged man and therefore in need of an additional limb? Or how do you mean?"

“ Do you choose,” he said, “ to guard exclusively your leg stump, that is, the stump nearest to you ? ”

“ Tell me this,” I said. “ What should we say of a general who, in defending a city, fortified every gate but two? Should we not say that those would be the gates the enemy would most likely attack? And should we not add further that he was not a skilful general? ”

“ We should, Socrates,” he said.

“ Well, then,” I said, “ it seems that I should be open to a similar charge if I were to choose to guard only my leg stump. But let us proceed to review with equal care the other possibilities, and quickly too, as I am anxious to begin.”

Protagoras did not answer and, on looking up, I saw that he had been seized and was being firmly held by Agathon and Alcibiades, and that Phaedrus, the bowler, no longer blocked by the presence of an umpire, was approaching the wicket at something more than walking pace. As I was wondering what could be happening, I felt a sharp blow on the knee and then heard the ball hitting the wicket.

“ You are out, Socrates,” observed Crito, the wicket-keeper.

“ That indeed seems to be so,” I answered, “ but you will notice that . . . ”

I was about to remark that we had been correct in our assumption that the ball would hit only one stump, but, on looking round, I saw that the stumps were no longer there. Crito had pulled the remaining two up and was approaching me with one in each hand. This, I concluded, must be a new strategy in the game, for I had never noticed it before, and was about to ask him what it meant when . . .

A. J. T.

THE JOYFUL FOOL

(Spasm II)

NOW who will see the world like me,
 And wander out of season
 With hate intense of all good sense,
 Against all rhyme and reason,
 To prize th' absurd before the word
 Of logic and the school,
 And even tend the worthy end
 Of being a Joyful Fool?

O, loud may ring th' Aeolian string
 And angels form a choir,
 But I, whose pants contain red ants,
 Must *strike a crazy lyre*—
 And when I told a linguist bold
 What I have written here,
 "And so must I!" he made reply,
 And clipped me on the ear.



I drew a knife and took his life,
 But found it was profane,
 And straight repined, and changed my mind,
 And gave it back again—
 And turned to curse a book of verse
 Beneath old Omar's bough,
 A flask, a loaf, and thou, thou oaf,
 Some Paradise, and how!



When all support shall count for nought,
 Black shame o'erwhelms the mind ;
 It means, my son, you should have done
 Your braces up behind ;
 But you contend the search for Truth
 's the proper use of leisure ;
 And he who beats upon my roof
 Shall suffer my displeasure.

A girl I kissed, a Socialist—
 Her cheek was worth a prize,
 Her lip was Red, we might have wed,
 But she had national-eyes :
 She dared despise my enterprise,
 And so I turned my back,
 And now, for spite, I am all Right
 —and you be bothered, Jack !

But I have made a serenade,
 A love-song that excels,
 And those who wish to clean wet fish
 Must do it somewhere else ;
 For I will sing this perfect thing
 Beneath a—cirton—wall,
 But, Hone-a-rie ! Where should I be
 If anything should fall . . .



The heron wings, the throistle sings,
 And rosy dawns the day ;
 The fields are kist with silver mist,
 Come, take the open way !
 O, free from care the balmy air
 And dewy bright the dell,
 Come, taste of life ; put out the wife,
 And kiss the cat farewell ; (*Vivat Castanea !*)



O, waly ! waly ! up the bank,
 And, blimey ! down the dell,
 And glory ! for a septic tank
 Regardless of the inconvenience ;
 The breakers roar round Chandrapore,
 And by Balclutha's walls
 All desolate, the powers of State
 Are washing dirty smalls.



So take again the Cambridge train,
 And cut the Cantab. Caper,
 Where *she* is sweet to gain a seat,
 Then hides behind the paper ;
 And *you* will mourn your shattered corn,
 And *he* his hat has bent,
 And *I* will biff the awkward stiff
 Who questions my descent.



[Illustrations by H. F. Letty]

Envoy (or end bit)

It *might* be said when I am dead,
 "Although he plied no craft,
 Had nought to teach, and could not preach,
 Yet Tom o'Bedlam laughed."
 But since my style is imbecile
 And this a foolish song,
 If you've a mind to grouse and bind,
 No extra charge ; so long.

Tom o'Bedlam

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

There is, behind the Friar Building, a small derelict house. Its existence may not be known of by many members of the College, nor, perhaps, by the Authorities.

The house is single-storied, with a steeply-pitched roof of slate—this may be a precaution against the snow which so often falls in that part of the College. It has a chimney-stack which hints at the probability of a fireplace within.

It seems, sir, to me, that here could be a perfect set of rooms, or even a reading-room for those who live in the Friar and Dokett Buildings ; and I would, through your columns, urge the Authorities to recondition, nay, to enlarge, this building before it is annexed by the ever-encroaching King's.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

A. L. Holdgarth.

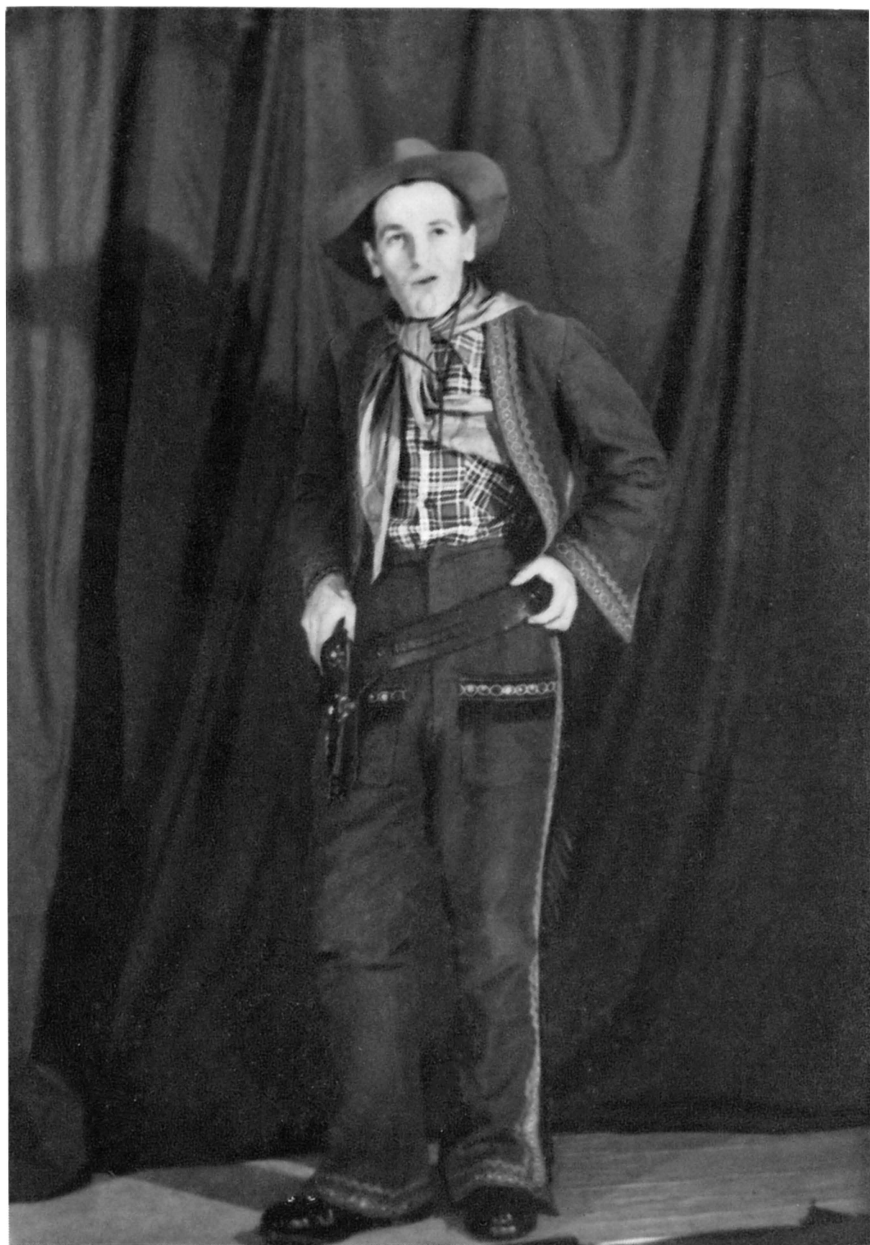


Photo by]

A Nut from Nuts and Crackers

[H. C. Mashiter

THE BATS

THE Annual General Meeting was held in June, and the following officers were elected for the academic year 1949-50 :—

President : Denys Graebe ; *Vice-President* : Stephen Coleman ;
Secretary : F. G. Smith ; *Business Manager* : Ivor Hussey ;
Committee Member : Robert Glen : Mr. L. J. Potts remains on the Committee for his second year as Treasurer.

The last production for the year 1948-49 took place on four evenings in June, when *Much Ado About Nothing* was performed. A note appears below.

The Annual Dinner was held on June 6th in the Erasmus Room, with Dr. McCullagh, and Messrs. Armitage, Findlay and Chadwick as the Society's guests.

The first production of the new year was the revue *Nuts and Crackers*, produced by Ivor Hussey, which is criticised below.

Tobias and the Angel is to be staged in the Fitzpatrick Hall for four performances on March 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th. The play is to be produced by Frederic Smith, assisted by Anthony Wallace, with *décor* by John Hughes.

In May Week *Romeo and Juliet* will be staged in the Cloister Court. The production is by Robert Glen, assisted by Ben Meredith and Trevor Stratford.

Members of the Society have again appeared with the various University and Town Dramatic Societies, and have provided all the lyrics, most of the music, and a considerable proportion of the cast for the second edition of the Theatre Group's revue *Hey Nonny No.*

Nuts and Crackers more than maintained that high reputation which The Bats have created for themselves in the past two years. Tunes were catchy, words witty, and, after a shaky ten minutes on the first night, they were put over with an ease so often embarrassing lacking in amateur performances.

The star performer was undoubtedly Kay Robertson. Her vivacious personality and swift smile were a delightful *apéritif* to the Christmas vacation.

Nelson Meredith was especially funny in "Zoot Suit," a modern American version of "Trial By Jury," written by Alan Isaacs.

Looking back it is difficult to choose the numbers which appealed most; but we easily remember, for instance, Monica Beament and Leslie Clarke in "A Pine Romance," the strong voice of Douglas Collin, the hilarious "St. Trinian's Minions or Toutes Seatles," and, above all, the excellent finale to the first half, "Christmas Carol," by Robert Glen, culminating in the good old Mummies' St. George *versus* the Dragon: this sort of thing is a blessed relief from the unnatural tendency of University shows to be *blasé* and Noel Coward *all* the time. Here we were really in the realms of nuts and crackers.

Others taking part were Joyce Quinney, Ivor Hussey and Walter Wilde. Music was arranged by James Beament and Robert Glen, who, with Alan Isaacs, wrote most of the songs and sketches.

To put on such a show on such a tiny stage in barely six weeks was a credit to the whole company.

A. G. P.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"

Produced by Adrian Bristow

THE Bats' May Week play followed the precedents of 1948 as closely as the difference of play would permit. "Much Ado" is difficult to stage, because of the violent incongruities in the plot; the producer was wise to play it through vigorously without any attempt to smooth out its crudities. He managed to bridge the gap between melodrama and farce with some good grotesque acting by the villains and Antonio; perhaps it is impossible to make sense of the mixture of pathos and high comedy among the chief characters—we had to do this for ourselves as best we could. But the cast acted

well, and the producer is to be congratulated on the remarkably high standard of his timing, on his *mise-en-scène*, and on his use of dancing and music. The audience, which included several distinguished visitors, enjoyed the whole play : so much so that on one night most of them sat through a discouraging and persistent rain rather than miss any of it. L. J. P.



INTERVIEW

IT was only after Lawrence had sent the form to the Embassy that he decided he did not really want the job. You might think that it was a simple matter of cancelling the application ; but you would be wrong. The application was yet to be made : he had only sent off a chit promising to take the job if it were offered, and guaranteeing that he was a *bona fide* applicant. The three application forms arrived later, and Lawrence set about them with the interesting object of making himself a quite unsuitable candidate.

He arrived, late, at the Spanish Embassy for the interview to find that his margin of unpunctuality was exactly right, and his show of bad temper only seemed to make the Ambassador more friendly and courteous.

The forms lay on the table. The Ambassador proposed to run through them briefly with him : this would give him an idea of Lawrence's character. Lawrence assembled his wits.

“ I see you have left the space for your father's name and nationality blank. Could you please complete that ? ”

“ I do not know who my father is.”

“ Oh ! I am so sorry. Nor, in effect, do I know mine.” The Ambassador beamed cunningly across the table. Lawrence glared bleakly back.

“ And your Identity Card number ? ”

" I have lost my Identity Card. I lose most things."

" We are so alike. You say you know Spanish well ? "

" *Si, lo capisco abbastanza bene,*" replied Lawrence in Italian.

" But you have a charming Italian accent. Perhaps we shall send you to Rome."

" *La pronuncia italiana è molto più facile di spagnolo,*" said Lawrence, icily.

" *Lo so.*"

" *Da quanto tempo lo studia ?* " said Lawrence, offensively.

" *Circa sei anni.*"

Lawrence looked contemptuously surprised ; the Ambassador returned to the forms.

" You were at school only two years ? "

" I was expelled."

" Justly or unjustly, may I ask ? Lawrence paused, baffled.

" Justly."

" Your repentance recommends you," said the Ambassador, sleekly.

" I'd do it again," snarled Lawrence.

" You lacerate yourself," said the Ambassador, dramatically. A tear of sweat got through Lawrence's right eyebrow and spread quickly over his eyeball. He dabbed at the eye : the Ambassador appeared moved, and looked hastily at the forms.

" You are friendly to the Franco régime ? "

" No."

" Good. And your knowledge of Spanish history, is it fair ? "

" I only know it round about the time England was inflicting defeat after defeat, and when, in Cadiz harbour, the King of Spain's . . ."

" Those were the great days of English supremacy," interrupted the Ambassador, with a slight show of temper. Lawrence pushed hard on the hilt, hoping it would follow the dagger.

" Spain was a third-rate Power before and after."

" Your medical history is poor. You say you had leprosy in 1943, and spent five years in a lunatics' home between 1944 and 1949. Was that a result of the leprosy ? "

"No. I am subject to fits of lunacy. Sometimes they last quite a long time."

"I see. You are indeed unlucky; unbelievably so. Now let us look at your references. What is—er—Mr. Sydney Stanley's profession?"

"He was involved in the Lynskey Tribunal."

"His profession?"

"Company promoter," said Lawrence, "I suppose."

"Yes, I see," said the Ambassador. "And who is—er—Jack Solomons?"

"He organises Boxing matches."

"Oh! I always wondered who made them. *Swan*, perhaps?"

"No, no," said Lawrence, surprised into an alliance with Truth, "I mean he organises fights between professional boxers."

"Ah, a misunderstanding," said the Ambassador, apparently recovered from the Cadiz harbour incident. Lawrence saw himself being shipped to Spain; the Ambassador's finger rested on the last section of the application.

"You leave this section blank. You have no preference for district?"

"No, I think I shall dislike all districts equally."

"The Spanish countryside does not appeal to all types of mind."

"I don't know why it appeals to anyone."

"Certain things are inexplicable," said the Ambassador, putting what looked like a tick against a name on a list.

A secretary came in, and past him scampered a pomeranian dog, yapping. Lawrence gave it a look of disgust and smiled sympathetically at the Ambassador. The Ambassador did not respond, but rose, to take up the pomeranian. Then he turned to Lawrence again.

"You dislike dogs?"

"Yes, and especially those foul little things."

"Oh!" said the Ambassador, after a short interval, sheathing his diplomatic sword and signalling to the Secretary to take away Lawrence's body.

J. J.

“INDEED, INDEED, REPENTANCE
OFT I SWORE . . .”

Omar Khayyám

ON Breock Moor when the heartless moon is full
There rides a damnèd countryman of mine,
Who neither sees nor cares for ought of life,
But gallops onward, careless of all time.
Heeds not the golden gorse that marks the spring ;
The purple heather and the autumn tints
Are cruelly blighted by the steely light,
And all is seen, by his dust dimnèd eyes,
A monochromic corpse of black and white.

They say Tregeagle is a patient man :
That was the only virtue he retained
When, with the devil, he made the common pact
And all the love of God and man disdained.

They say 'twas writ that such as he should hang :
Of kindly death he has abandoned hope ;
For nigh three hundred years he sat and span—
The devil gave him sand to make the rope.

Yet has he not for ever lost his soul,
For if he can, by patient toil, drain
The brackish waters of Dozmare Pool
His contract with the fiënd will be paid.

The Devil thought 'twas bottomless—the fool ;
I know that now it is but nine foot deep,
And nightly, slowly, growing less and less :
For in the darkness, while we others sleep,
Tregagle with his broken limpet shell
Toils steadily to bail his soul from hell.

And so, in time, by constancy,
His patience will rewarded be,
And see his Cornish soul set free
To join the love he lost when he
Followed Faustus' dreaded path,
And lost, not gained, his Helen thus :
For Jan was damned of ignorance and mere chicanery,
While Faust was damned of knowledge, and damned eternally.

I would that I had Jan's virtue ;
I would that I were constant too.
I'll try ; would she but smile on me,
Then I into this soul of mine
Would delve so deep, it purge so clean
Of all the dross of former years,
That I might quiet all her fears
And lay, before her purity,
What little there'd be left of me.

R. A. H.

CLUB AND SOCIETY REPORTS

ROWING

IN the May Term, 1949, six Eights were in training. Unfortunately the 1st Boat, which started well, suffered considerable set-backs that prevented it from reaching its maximum performance. The 2nd and 3rd Boats raced off against each other after four weeks' training, and as a result changed places. Six Eights were entered for the races and the results were as follows :—

- 1st VIII Rowed over for two nights and were bumped down by Lady Margaret I and Pembroke I. Started 5th, finished 7th.
- 2nd VIII Bumped Pembroke II. Started 23rd, finished 22nd.
- 3rd VIII Bumped Downing III, Christ's III, Lady Margaret IV, and Pembroke III. Started 48th, finished 44th.
- 4th VIII Bumped King's III, Jesus VI, Emmanuel IV and Trinity Hall VI. Started 67th, finished 63rd.
- 5th VIII Bumped Caius IV, bumped by Lady Margaret V and VI. Started 71st, finished 72nd.
- 6th VIII Bumped by Pembroke IV, St. Catharine's V, Pembroke V, and Emmanuel V. Started 79th, finished 83rd.

The 3rd and 4th Boats were awarded their oars.

In June, one Eight and two Fours were sent to Henley. The Eight entered for the Ladies' Plate, and after beating Shrewsbury, were knocked out in the second round by New College, Oxford.

The 1st Four were beaten by Trinity Hall in the Visitors'. The 2nd Four were very successful and got through three rounds of the Wyfolds before being beaten by St. Edmund Hall, Oxford.

In October two Light Fours and one Clinker Four went into training before Term started. The 2nd Four was beaten by Emmanuel II, and the 1st Four, who had a life in the first round, beat Corpus by 17 seconds in the quarter-finals, and lost to Clare the eventual winners, in the Semi-Finals.

The Clinker Four lost to King's I, who narrowly defeated Lady Margaret in the Finals.

The Phillips Challenge Sculls were won by D. J. Edwards.

Five men were entered for Trials, but none of them survived for more than a fortnight.

Six Eights went into training for the Fairbairn, but only five were considered good enough to be entered for the race. The 1st Boat did very well indeed, and, although their boat control was only mediocre, sheer hard work moved the boat over the course in the excellent time of 16 mins. 43 secs. They came 3rd, thereby putting Queens' in their highest ever position in this event.

This Term our numbers have decreased, but we hope to enter five Eights for the Lent Bumping Races.

R. C. W.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

THE season 1948-49 was not a great one for the Club. The 1st XV only reached the second round in the Cup Competition when they were beaten by Downing by 11 points to 3. In the first round the Club beat Peterhouse by 11 points to 6. However, the Club achieved a new honour in this season; the Captain, W. B. Holmes, played in the final two English trials and gained four caps for England at full-back. He also played against Oxford at Twickenham in December. Both he and M. T. Maloney were members of the combined Oxford-Cambridge team that toured the Argentine without being beaten.

The Club has since been deeply grieved to learn of his death from typhoid in the Argentine on November 8th, 1949.

P. G.

CRICKET

Captain : A. L. Jagger.

Hon. Sec. : A. J. Trott.

LAST season was, on the whole, a successful one. The 1st XI won six games, lost three and drew six ; the 2nd XI, under the very able captaincy of A. G. Crocker, won six, lost one, and drew four. The most prolific batsmen in the 1st XI were A. L. Jagger (average 38.4) and P. V. Dodge (average 51.8), whilst D. A. Brunt and S. Squires proved by far the most dangerous bowlers. The tour, again in Shropshire, was as pleasant and more successful than the previous one ; four out of five games were won and two centuries were scored.

There can be no doubt, however, that the most satisfactory event of the whole season was the success of O. B. Popplewell in getting a Blue. It was also good to see the club produce two new Crusader Caps—D. A. Brunt and S. Squires.

A. J. T.

C. I. C. C. U.

SEVERAL informal tea-meetings were held in College during the week from November 23rd in connection with the series of sermons by Dr. D. G. Barnhouse, of the U.S.A. At these, Assistant Missioners presented the claims of faith in Jesus Christ.

David Adeney, an old Queens' man, and a missionary in whom we are particularly interested, writes from Shanghai to say what life is like in the "liberated areas." His work is mainly amongst University Students. In some Universities meetings continue to be held, though several churches in the North have been compelled to close.

Throughout the Michaelmas Term weekly Bible Studies and weekly United Prayers were held. During the Lent Term the Bible Studies were given on "The Life and Work of Jesus Christ."

R. B. O.

HOCKEY

THE Hockey Club suffered a great loss when it was learned that W. M. Strong, who had been elected Secretary, would not be returning to Cambridge owing to a serious illness. In his place J. M. Wiltshire was elected, with E. Button Captain. The Club now only had one regular member of last year's 1st XI available, R. S. K. Riddle. Fortunately there were several promising Freshmen this year, notably J. Skues in goal and R. Percival at back, both of whom have played for the Wanderers; A. E. H. Rutter at half and N. C. Wright at centre-forward. Of last year's 2nd XI, J. Wiltshire, M. H. C. Warner and J. Huckstep have all played well. The process of team building, however, has necessarily been slow, and it is with regret that we have to record that the 1st XI has been unable to avoid relegation from the First Division. In the Cuppers we have been drawn against St. John's, a strong favourite; but the team, strengthened by the inclusion of D. I. Pearce and E. Button from the Varsity side, will put up a hard fight in a match which should be among the best of the competition.

Full Colours have been awarded to M. H. C. Warner, J. Huckstep, R. Percival, and J. Skues, and Half Colours to A. E. H. Rutter and N. C. Wright.

E. Button has been invited to play against Oxford on February 18th and has also played for the South in the Divisional Trials.

E. B.

CHESS

THIS year the Club has received better support than it had last year and has not yet been defeated in the Cambridge and District League or the Cuppers. The prospect for the rest of the season, particularly in the League, is good.

A. M. D.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

THE Club entered the season with good prospects, but these were not realised. Although the first team had one or two individually sound players, it never really produced good football. As a result it was a long struggle throughout the term to avoid relegation to the second division. This fear was not dispelled until the last game against Pembroke, when the side at last worked hard together. The 1st XI only won three matches, but was seventh in the table, thus remaining to fight there again next year.

The 2nd XI—all too often weakened by the calls of the first team—had varied success. Keeness here made up for any lack of football ability.

The Club's prospects in the Knock-out Competition were definitely good, so that we started as favourites in the eyes of a good many people. The tale is sad and all too short. On an afternoon of continuous rain we were defeated in the 1st Round by Magdalene—a good all-round side, who played with a will to win—and did so by 3 goals to 1.

The Club was well represented in the varsity football—R. Cowan, E. W. N. Jackson and J. A. Hull played against Oxford. R. C. Peagram and, towards the close of the season, N. Marshall played for the Falcons. Congratulations to R. Cowan on his election as next year's University Captain.

G. W. H.

LACROSSE

LAST season saw the inauguration of the College Lacrosse Club. The College team were fortunate in having the experience of A. J. E. Rigby to draw upon, which, together with the great enthusiasm of its new members, resulted in its heading the Inter-College League table, and brought it to the Semi-Final of the Cup matches. Here the College was narrowly defeated after extra time by five goals to four.

This year the membership of the Club has shown a slight increase, and the College has now two Half Blues (A. J. E. Rigby and J. C. Kershaw) together with four members who play regularly for the "Eagles." With this strength to draw upon, it is not surprising that the College is so far undefeated, and higher hopes than last year are entertained for success in the Cup matches later this Term.

It must be emphasised that the game provides great opportunity for promotion into the University teams. Three of the four "Eagles" commenced playing only last season; of these P. B. R. Gordon has so far represented the University three times; whilst A. J. Stedman, a newcomer to the game last Term, has also had one game for the University.

College games take place on the University Ground, Grantchester Road, where crosses may be borrowed by any member of the Club who desire to do so. In view of the College prestige in the Inter-College League, it is hoped that next year will see even more recruits for this interesting and exhilarating game.

H. H.

ATHLETICS

QUEENS' Freshmen distinguished themselves in the University Trials at the beginning of the Michaelmas Term by winning the High Jump, and gaining three Second and three Third positions in other events. B. L. Callaway (javelin) and J. G. Clarke (discus) were subsequently selected to represent the University in the Freshmen's Sports against Oxford.

Later in the Term J. Tresfon represented the Combined Varsities in the High Jump against the British Empire Games team. In the new Inter-College Field Events Competition Queens' were placed third; three Queens' men achieved the best performances of the day (J. Tresfon retiring at 5 ft. 11½ ins. in the High Jump). Although placed fourth in Division I of the Inter-College Relays, Queens' retained the distinction of being the only College represented in every final of both the track and field competitions.

E. C.

THE HISTORY SOCIETY

AT the first of four meetings last Term, Mr. A. D. Browne spoke on "The History of the Structure of Queens' College"; some very interesting lantern slides showed the College as it was, as it might have been, and as it is. P. G. Reed, at the second meeting gave a full survey of "Abraham Lincoln and Slavery." Professor Knowles, of Peterhouse, later read a paper on "The Humanism of the Twelfth Century," stressing the wide literary culture, the great devotion to the past, and the importance of personal relationships. N. A. Neville, the last speaker of the Term, gave a most interesting talk on "The Grand Tour in the Eighteenth Century."

The Society's tie, which has not been made since 1938, is about to be seen again.

M. J. C. W.

ST. BERNARD SOCIETY

THE motions debated during the Easter and Michaelmas Terms were:—

21st April. "That this House considers that the Cow is a more useful animal than the Horse." Carried.

3rd June. "That this House deplors the Emancipation of Women." Lost.

26th October. "That this House considers that Ignorance is Bliss." Carried.

9th November. "That this House considers that Nursery Rhymes are of the utmost value in training our Young in habits of sobriety and clean living." Lost.

23rd November. "That this House considers that the Intellectual gives more to the world than the Athlete." Lost.

The debate on November 9th was a Joint Debate with members of The Boadiceans who, in spite of their warlike name, came peacefully and added a most pleasant feminine touch to our proceedings.

All the debates were well attended, and speeches from the floor of the House have improved considerably, both in quantity and quality ; although the last debate was marred by the late entry of gentlemen who had been roystering in the Town. Apart from this contretemps the affairs of the Society are beginning to flourish once more. No small part of the credit is due to those Freshmen who take an interested and active part in the proceedings.

C. J. C. P.

THE FRIENDS OF QUEENS' HOUSE

ON Thursday, November 3rd, Mr. G. Guthrie Moir, Chief Officer of the St. John Cadets, spoke to the Society about his youth organisation and of the ways in which University men can play their part in youth work.

The Rev. C. T. Wood, speaking at the second meeting of the Michaelmas Term, outlined the history of the connection between the College and youth work in Bermondsey.

Queens' House reopened before Christmas ; a small party from the College was able to make a visit during the vacation.

M. J. C. W.

TABLE TENNIS

THERE has been considerable enthusiasm and interest among members of the College in the activities of the Table Tennis Club this year. The ladder, with 36 players on it, has been continually active, and the games room is seldom empty. The results to date are :—

Queens' I (Division I). Played 8, Won 4, Lost 4.

Queens' II (Division II). Played 8, Won 6, Lost 2.

Queens' III (Division III). Played 6, Won 3, Lost 3.

The Club congratulates their captain, D. E. Cronin, on his election as General Secretary of the University Table Tennis Club.

P. G. R.

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36 KING STREET
CAMBRIDGE