

The Dial



FEBRUARY 1952

No. 104

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Our artist (as ever) was

RODERICK HAMM

and DAVID TURNBULL

RODNEY BANISTER

and BRUCE MCKILLOP

*were also helpful in the production of
this edition.*

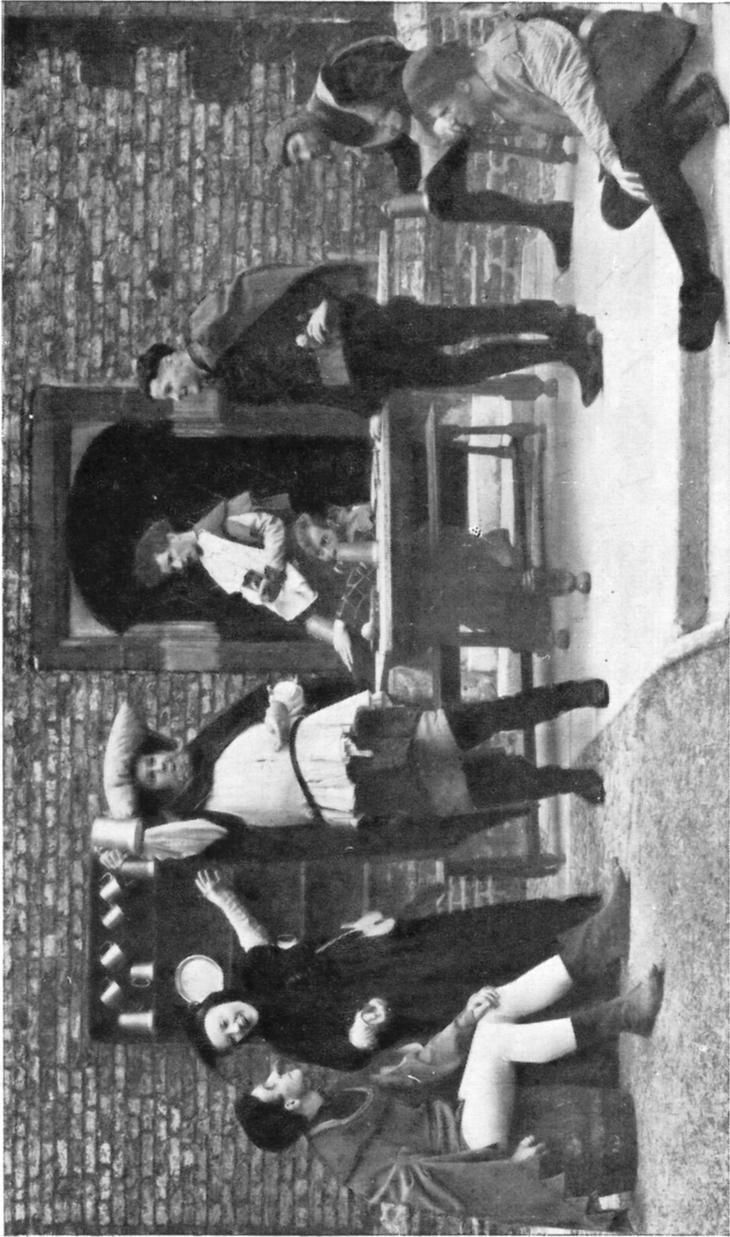
The Editor and Committee thank all those who were good enough to submit contributions and hope that they and others will do so for the next edition.



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BREAKFAST ENGAGEMENT

ONE looks upon breakfast more with anger than with sorrow. It is an unjust anger, for breakfast is a sad and unloved thing demanding pity rather than the bitter treatment it receives. Poets and gourmets have combined to lavish praises upon dinner and luncheon and tea and even elevenses, declaring them to be festivals of civilisation as well as of gastronomy but not, shame though it be, upon dear, dear breakfast. Not only is she neglected but actually attacked. One comes upon breakfast as often as not with a definite feeling of hostility. Porridge shivers before one's icy glare . . . bacon writhes in a desperate attempt to please; toast and marmalade remain passive as if resigned to contempt. One hates breakfast. Breakfast hates itself. Breakfast is very shallow. Breakfast has no soul.

It is universally agreed that breakfast then is aesthetically and indeed often functionally unsatisfactory, even, or as some would say especially, in the land where the elegant and futile brioche holds prandial sway. But just as the large-scale tedium of mediaeval banquets were relieved by the continual presence of bards, troubadours and other aural showmen, so breakfast in the gay, brilliant, sophisticated society of today has its diversions: there is the post, and there is the *Times* how sweet, how inexpressibly sweet it is to get a letter from dear Agnes, the girl who married a Guards-officer with a lisp, and now, judging from the lurid parti-coloured stamp on the airmail envelope, appears to be in Siam! What fun to be in Siam, one thinks! So too thinks the unshaven philatelist who sits opposite . . . he turns green with ill-concealed anxiety as he watches out of the corner of his eye. He stirs his coffee feverishly, as only philatelists do. At last the inevitable comes. . . . "I don't know," he is a little diffident, "but if you *don't* collect stamps, then perhaps . . ." One regards the speaker coldly. Someone has attempted conversation at breakfast. These foreign habits are becoming positively epidemic. . . .

"It happens," one murmurs in a soft purring Home-Service sort of voice, "that I disapprove of all forms of collective phenomena, charitable or, as in the present case, purely selfish . . . *would* you mind passing the coffee . . . thank you so much." One lowers one's head. The conversation is at an end. Brotherly love should always give way before fatherly lessons in matters of good form.

Correspondence over—"a mental note, *must* answer the Vanderberghs' kind invitation for the 10th March, although goodness knows *why* one can't prevaricate at this stage. . ."—and the great grave *Times*, the autocrat of all good breakfast tables, is propped against the coffee-pot, flopping gracefully and with that glad confidence that belongs to it alone, over the sugar into the milk. Some eat grapefruit at breakfast; Mr. Coward's happy few drink champagne; some are given white bread, some brown; some like their toast thin, some their coffee black; but everyone, that is, everyone who tries to escape the cancering depression of normal breakfast (and some don't), everyone then who is not just anyone reads the *Times*. There are different sorts of breakfast readers; Sherlock Holmes only read the Agony Column and the Law-Reports; many doubtless turn at first to the back page; not to look at the pictures, of course, but at the solution to yesterday's crossword. What after all *was* 16 down? Valetudinarianism, but how stupid to have missed it! But most are not crossword men. By a superhuman effort most at once get to grips with the immense sheaf of paper and let it fall open at the Court page. The Engagement column! This is the unkindest blow that breakfast ever perpetrated. If it were not for the presence of the *Times* engagement column one could forgive all. But it is always with us, day after day, and we cannot forgive it. For there in the cold clarity of the nine o'clock light, appears the worst news in the world—the news that the jolly Jennings girl has at last got engaged. There is, according to the *Times*, no doubt about it at all. The jolly Jennings girl whose Christian names were certainly Phyllis and Gwendolen, but who was never known by any other name except the jolly Jennings girl, announced her intention to abandon not only her jolliness and her girlness but her Jenningsness as well. What exactly is one to do when in the most humdrum of surroundings one sees with fatal comprehension that a flame which one expected would never be put out, has patently been quietly and efficiently finally extinguished. Of course it was a fire that had long been dying: the ashes had long been spread: the grate itself has been cleaned and more kindly laid once or twice at least: the jolly Jennings girl had disappeared into the mist of a rose-coloured past connected unaccountably with croquet, with vicarage fêtes, with coloured calicoes in summer and with ferrets and spaniels in winter. One had last seen her looking remarkably matronly and far from jolly struggling into the Knightsbridge tube. One had cut her then, cut her brutally, and afterwards had mur-

mured to mutual acquaintances . . . "Saw the jolly Jennings girl the other day . . . poor thing . . . isn't she a secretary or something? . . . my dear, her *unfortunate* employer . . . but then she never was, was she, *quite*. . . ?" The jolly Jennings girl had been forgotten, as unmourned perhaps as breakfast itself, but obviously, not as unloved. She has, announces the *Times*, stolen a march on us all at last,—the first time probably since she used to cheat at Ludo.

The whole civilised world must ever regret that not even Byron gave to posterity the benefit of his views upon such a crucial communication brought out of the shades of one's youth to the umbrage of one's maturity. I can think of no poet who has quite caught the essential fragility, the transient beauty, the rather wistful charm of this aesthetic moment. What nostalgia—a word to be whispered in the most highbrow of highbrow accents! What ineffable anguish! How many, one wonders, really appreciate the delicious humanity of the so human stories that lie begging to be told behind the Engagement column as well as the Agony column in the *Times*. Surely not the Jennings girl. Surely not the unshaven philatelist.

One raises one's head from the toast and glances around, a broken man, with however all the usual marks of British phlegm, that is, a stiff upper lip and a grin that grins and bears. . . . Do one's fellows note the haggard look in the brow, do they ask wherefore the fading rose withering on the cheek? No they don't. They talk and chatter and even move away, perhaps leaving one alone with one's marmalade and memories, memories of those days when, as a great modern poet has put it,

When I was young and you were young
And Charles was young and Fred
And Jane and Joyce Carew were young
And James and Ethelred.
When Mr Vincent Blow was young
And Soames and Mrs Reid
And everyone I know was young.
The world was young indeed.

Alas! What infinite remorse is here set down by this fine Old Etonian poet. One sighs: and hopelessly glances down at the harbinger of ill once more. The words dance before one's eyes. But to one's surprise they dance in a new way. It seems

one read it wrong at first. One sees that in fact the engagement between the jolly Jennings girl and the man called Bilkington of "The Spread, SANDWICH", will *not* now take place. What a scoundrel Bilkington must be! What a cad! What a bounder! One rises from the table upsetting the milk as well, one fears, as the still lingering unshaven one, his eyes still fixed on the Siamese Magenta. Breakfast is over; breakfast is still shadow; above all, breakfast still has no soul.

HERE

Where do the summers go in the winter-time?
Where are those bright June nights?
January has neither reason nor rhyme;
Even Piccadilly (for economy) has dimmed its lights.
Nevertheless to my great surprise—if not elation—
Sandwiched between a secondhand copy of Aristotle's Politics
 (with introduction by Sir Ernest Barker) and John Richard
 Green's Short History of the English Nation,
Here lies, like a dead maybug on mayday, my mayball carnation.

WHERE?

I have left my heart in many places,
In Bath and Tunbridge Wells,
Left without a sigh those faces
Which once left me dreams and spells.
I have left memories of nights of ease,
Left kisses in the dregs of hock:
But tell me, Lord, O tell me please
Where I left my other evening sock.

RENDER UNTO CAESAR

IT was the beginning of a hot summer's day in the little village of San Miatino. The main square of the village was as yet empty except for the worn wooden frameworks and dirty canvas of one or two stalls erected the evening before for the day's market. The sun had just risen and through the street which led into the square from the East a path of sunlight lay across the open space catching one of the stalls and the stone fountain in the middle of the square whose low, squat basin was surmounted by a delicate arch of wrought iron. The arch held up to the sunlight a painted statue of the Virgin and at this early hour her long-extended shadow was flung across the square reaching to the front door of a large house. The shadow seemed like a finger pointing out the chief object of interest in the village and indeed today this house, or rather the priest who lived in it, was to be the centre of attraction. It was to be a day the village would remember with rich delight.

The door of the house was opened from the inside and Father Aldesco stepped into the sunlight. He was about sixty years old and a small man, but in the present emptiness of the square and standing as he was impaled in a bar of sunlight with the tall plaster-fronted wall framing him in the doorway he appeared an impressive figure. He realised this and felt a sense of importance as he looked around the open space. With most of the village still asleep he found it easier to think of himself as the vigilant guardian of his flock for although a conscientious priest he was usually timid and preferred rather to smile benignly at the sins of his parish than attempt their correction. He was popular with the peasants whom he understood and loved, being himself of peasant stock, but the dignitaries of the village looked on him as a kindly old fool who would harm no one. In this they were mistaken. There was one sin which would rouse Father Aldesco to trembling indignation and, before this day was out, to violent action. But so far he had never had the courage to do more than preach against it in a general and platitudinous way, and even when an extra glass of wine betrayed him into a more than usually excited declamation his parishioners would wink at one another behind the old man's back and like him the more for his mild eccentricity. They thought he was far too simple and good

natured for them to listen to him seriously when he talked about worldly matters.

He closed the door behind him and walked slowly into the square, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes on the ground. Two or three narrow carts drawn by pairs of slow-blinking oxen lurched into the square bringing the first peasants to market who shouted to him a throaty, "Buon' giorno, Padre", but he did not hear them.

"He's growing deaf", one of the carters shouted to a second.

Father Aldesco stopped in front of a shop on the North side of the square. A pair of dirty shutters were still closed across the shop windows above which was a signboard with the words: "Luigi Padesti, Ironmonger." The priest looked up at the board and beat the back of one hand into the palm of the other three times. Still looking at the board he smiled. Then he walked on. As the sun rose higher more carts rolled into the square.

* * * * *

It was nearly midday. Two rows of market stalls made a lane along one side of the square and the space between them was crowded with slow-moving people, mostly women, who were peering critically at all the goods displayed, fingering the secondhand clothes, prodding the vegetables, nodding appreciatively at the cheap jewellery. Children chased screaming through the stalls or sailed icecream wrappings in the fountain. Through the shrill Italian clatter of the women and the children sounded the deeper noises of the oxen market. Excited conversations and emphatic gestures from small groups of men standing among the cattle showed business to be brisk.

In spite of all this activity Luigi Padesti was reluctantly closing his shop. He had to travel that afternoon to a nearby village for the first communion of his youngest niece, and as his wife was ill and his daughter expecting her third child at any moment there was no one to whom he could entrust his shop: he made it a principle in business matters never to trust anyone outside the family.

"Hullo Luigi, letting the money slide today?" asked his neighbour.

"I have to go to Maria's communion," said Luigi shortly, swinging the dirty shutters of his shop window into place and grunting as he forced their catch into position. He was a fat

man with wobbly skin and clumsy, carrot-like fingers.

"Hidden the treasure?" asked the neighbour, letting out a cackle of envious laughter.

"Yes, oh yes. I've seen to that", Luigi assured him, returning into the shop. The village knew Luigi had a lot of money, much more than he needed or spent, for he had a profitable business, lived stingily and had never given away a penny. The village also knew he never banked anything—very few villagers ever did, trusting more to holes in their gardens or the recesses of their chimneys. This was the first time Luigi had been away for seven years, as he hated leaving the shop and the opportunity of making money, and it had been a great worry to him what to do with his treasure, the steady profits of many years' trading which normally he kept in gold and silver coin in three blue bags at the bottom of the grandfather clock. Two incapable women did not seem to him sufficient security during the time he was going to be away, yet there was no one else he trusted for he was not the sort of man who made friends easily. It was not until the previous afternoon that he had had his splendid idea.

"Santa Maria, but of course!" he had suddenly exclaimed, dropping the box of screws he was just about to sell and running to get his hat. He came back to finish selling the screws and then went across the square to the church—to Father Aldesco, to the mild, simple-minded old man who had no use for money and could therefore be trusted better than anybody else. He found the priest alone.

"Buon' giorno, Padre". He stood at the altar rail, hat in hand, panting slightly. The priest looked down at him from the altar steps. "Buon' giorno, Luigi. You want me, my son?"

"Yes, I want. . . ." He looked round the church. "Could I speak to you in private?"

"There is no one here besides myself."

"I will be here."

Luigi crossed himself ostentatiously and advanced to the altar. He spoke in a rough whisper. "I have to go away for two days and there will be no one at home except Josetta who is ill and my daughter who is in labour, and I hoped that you Father might look after a little . . . er . . . some few . . .," he made small deprecating gestures with his fat hand, "the money which I keep in my house."

"Money? Yes, I will do that for you. Money. When will you bring it?"

“Tonight?”

“Grazie Padre, grazie.” Luigi went out of the church well pleased with himself. The priest watched him leave. Then he turned to the altar, his lips moving in prayer, his clasped hands trembling with indignation.

Later that night, when it was dark, Luigi had taken the three blue bags across to the church.

“What will you do with them?” he had asked.

“Trust me to do what is best,” replied the priest.

As he left his shop to go to the station and walked through the busy market, Luigi congratulated himself on what he had done and smiled at the stall-keepers. He always liked the market with its commercial bustle and sense of well-being. Its vigour and noise excited him. Suddenly he noticed that something was happening on the far side of the fountain: a voice was raised above the general hubbub and people turned to watch, moving slowly towards the fountain, shading their eyes against the sun. Luigi had plenty of time before his train left, and he wandered over to see what was going on. Father Aldesco was standing on the stone edge of the fountain and calling to the people, his whole figure animated, eyes bright and hands gesticulating. Luigi had never seen him like this before. It seemed as if something long bottled up inside him was being suddenly let out. As he talked the crowd thickened and the noise of the market grew less, so that soon everyone was gathered round the excited little figure. Some of them yelled derisive encouragement and the locals called across to each other, “He’s drunk too much at communion”, “I thought there was more in him that showed beneath a cassock”, “There’ll be a collection, you’ll see”. It was some time before Luigi could get near enough to hear distinctly what he was saying. He seemed to be just ending.

“. . . and often I have talked to you of the evils of avarice, telling you to trust in the providence of God and turn your thoughts away from the greeds and lusts of this world to the love of the next. I have talked enough. Today I want to show you the worthlessness of this life and the prizes which it offers so that you may believe in the glory of the life everlasting. I want you to come with me to the river.”

He stepped off the fountain and the crowd made a path for him through which he walked. A small procession formed with Father Aldesco alone at the head, for no one dared walk with

him while this new, unsuspected fire leapt out from what had always seemed warm but dying coals.

An excited murmur ran through the crowd as they wound down the road to the river. Everyone had theories to offer. Luigi talked to the chief of the Fire Brigade.

"He he! He's a one. Some stunt to *get* money, if you ask me."

"Oh, bound to be," agreed the Fire Brigade chief. "I shall keep at the back so as to nip away easy if I want to. I haven't got any money to fling about."

"Nor have I, nor have I," said Luigi, thinking of his three bags. In a way he admired the priest for his courage, and it tickled him to think of the old man agreeing to guard his money one moment and denouncing worldly greed the next. Did that mean perhaps he really wouldn't want any remuneration for his services in watching the bags? Luigi hoped so. But his secret knowledge of what he liked to think of as the old man's hypocrisy made him feel self-important and he found himself enjoying the whole charade enormously. But why the river?

The Fire Brigade chief nudged him. "He wants to baptise us again—right under. You have to renounce the Devil and all his works as you come up for the third time." He gave a wheezy laugh.

The procession reached the river, a swift-flowing, powerful stream, forcing its way through a channel of black, hard-pointed rock. The road crossed it on a high, narrow-arched bridge. The priest stopped when he reached the middle of the bridge and the crowd closed excitedly round him, those at the back standing on tiptoe. His eyes were bright but calm and he was breathing quickly. He held up a hand for silence.

"Piero," he called. A small boy whom no one had noticed came forward carrying something.

"Give it to me." The boy lifted up a small, evidently heavy sack which the priest put on the parapet of the bridge. The crowd pressed closer. Everyone was quiet. Father Aldesco looked round their faces and they could see a great joy was in him. His hands were trembling slightly. When he spoke his voice had a note of triumph, of Right calling out over the mutter of the world's evils.

"My children, trust in the goodness of the Lord. Believe his ways and leave behind you the broad and easy path which

leads only to wrongdoing." He paused, and there was no sound except the rush of water in the dark river below. "Busy yourselves about God's business and look to His affairs first, your own after; for at the final reckoning God will not heed your successes in this world; He will count them as trash, as nothing, as things worthless as these." He turned, wrenched open the mouth of the sack and tipped it so that its contents fell into the river below. Everyone rushed to the parapet. They saw a cascade of gold and silver coins slide from the sack in a thick and jostling stream. They gasped as they saw the coins rebound from the parapet, flinging off glints of sunlight as they fell. They watched unbelieving as a spatter of splashes on the river's surface showed where the coins were lost for ever. Luigi had been at the back of the crowd, and was too fat to push his way to the front.

"What's happened? What's he done?" he asked, frantic with curiosity. No one told him. They were watching the priest who was groping at the bottom of the sack.

"To the Glory and Might of Father, Son and Holy Ghost." As Father Aldesco spoke the words, in a voice of one who has conquered, he flung out over the river three empty blue bags.

C.J.S.T.-W.

THE ARTS — MUSIC

MMUSIC articles are usually dull, and this one will be no exception. The concert to be reviewed took place last June. Half the college was not there, presumably it is not interested in music. The other half will have forgotten entirely what was played.

If music articles are usually dull, they are always foolish or trivial. Music criticism is even more pointless than Literary or Dramatic criticism. There is, as far as one can discover, absolutely no "Critical Technique". (A very mysterious one has been invented for literature by the members of the Cambridge English Faculty, so that they themselves can be Experts in it.) Unless one can print examples of the score, one is reduced to a lot of wordy waffle. We are reminded of Mr Shaw's music critic who had to write a review of Hamlet's soliloquy on suicide. "Shakespeare, dispensing with the customary exordium, announced his subject at once in the infinitive, in which mood it is presently repeated after a short con-

necting passage in which, brief as it is, we recognise the alternative and negative forms on which so much of the significance of repetition demands. Here we reach a colon; and a pointed pository phrase, in which the accent falls decisively on the relative pronoun, brings us to the first full stop." Shaw goes on to ask if it was just that a literary critic should not be able to make his living in that way on pain of being interviewed by two doctors and a magistrate, and haled off to Bedlam forthwith, whilst the more a musical critic did it, the greater the veneration he inspired.

We are not intending then, in this review, to offer foolish musical criticism. So we are left with the (comparatively) trivial: we must deal with the performers, if we cannot deal with the music they played.

Firstly, a bouquet for Mr Collin. We have always had from him a musicianly performance coupled with admirable technique: this year we found that he had improved the quality of his tone greatly, especially on his lower notes.

The two concerted items were, like Palmerston and Prince Albert, opposite ends of the same stick: one was very well liked and the other very little, though excellent material went into both. The Saint Margaret Singers sang tunefully and sensitively. The orchestra, or those of them who had any light, plodded competently through a Handel Organ Concerto (arr.). This was a shocking waste of Bruce McKillop, whose piano work has always been a joy.

David Rees and Mrs Potts deserve a special place in this review, not only because of their outstanding instrumental ability, but because of their work to put Queens' music on its feet. Mr Rees, unlike Homer, does not like to plunge *in medias res*. He plays either the top line of the score with his flute, or the bottom line with his double bass.

On no more cheerful note could a music critic end than Mrs Potts. She is the greatest ornament of our college musical life. Not only does she perform willingly and beautifully, but she gives her advice and great knowledge to all Queensmen who ask for it, be it for a concert or a Bats production. Mrs Potts is in no sense like the prophet: we honour her as a fine musician. We know that we shall rarely hear her equal on the harpsichord, and we are grateful for the repeated opportunities she gives us to hear her at Queens'.

D.M.T.

The Bats May Week Production

HENRY IV Part I

Produced by COLIN TEMBLETT-WOOD

FOR four years the Bats have provided Cambridge with one of its most pleasant May Week entertainments. A Shakespeare play performed by a talented company in the Cloister Court on a June evening is fast becoming as permanent a part of the season as the Madrigals and the May Balls. Until last June it might have seemed that the Bats had given themselves an annual task which left them little room for experiment or innovation and threatened eventually to overburden their talent with a post-war mock-Tudor tradition. Colin Temblett-Wood's production has averted this danger. The choice of an unfamiliar play which seemed to offer few dramatic possibilities was a severe test for the Society. The Bats triumphed, and showed that *Henry IV* Part I by itself has a recognisable and self-contained plot, offering many more characters than Falstaff—a fact not easy to discover. Clearly this discovery was due to the producer, whose ambitious use of the stage (and discontinuance of the recorder accompaniment) was the most obvious sign of a bold, subtle and unified production.

He had a good cast, and he had trained them well. Michael Hall was the obvious choice for Falstaff, after his A.D.C. triumph in Part II. In Part I he was in better voice than ever; the only danger was that he would act everyone else off the stage. Trevor Stratford, as Prince Hal, ensured that this did not happen. He was better in this part than as Romeo in 1950, which is saying a lot, and it is always a delight to see and hear an intelligent and sensitive actor with a lovely voice. The producer ensured just the right balance in the scenes where these two appeared together, and between these scenes and the rest of the play, in so doing avoiding the long tedious passages of narrative always associated with the Wars of the Roses. Of course the worst part is saved by a battle, and a lovely battle it was. Martin Schrecker's spectacular leap and Peter Sparling's lusty swordplay more than redeemed the scene where their assumed Welsh and Scots accents infected first one another and then everybody else, until the whole stage was a babble of rather exotic Mummerset.

Douglas Collin's *Hotspur* was a moving interpretation, marred at first by too much petulant shouting, later overcome as he achieved dignity and depth. At times his performance was one of the best that has been seen in a Bats production. David Wade had the figure of a king, but his voice and his make-up were unfortunate; for the first time one realised how lucky previous years had been in their abundant crops of elderly youths. Where are the Adlams of yesteryear? Hugh Thomas's acting is as singular as his prose; to like it you have to be an addict. Addicts were enraptured by his penicillin green make-up and his casual, original, distribution of the Welsh border-land.

The ladies (particularly Joyce Quinney as *Mistress Quickly*) and the rest of the cast deserve more mention than can here be made; members of the audience will remember incidents in which minor characters—even stage-hands—were very good. The precision and skill of the stage-management, the professional efficiency of the lighting, even the programme, bore witness to an efficient production which had more than overcome the difficulties arising from the *May Ball*.

Colin Temblett-Wood and the rest of the Bats deserve praise for a fresh and accomplished production, leaving us with only one real complaint—that the producer himself did not also act, to repeat his triumph as *Mercutio*. However, there is still June 1952.

J.E.V.

CARRIAGE FOLK

At sermon-time, the *News of the World*
Lies on their late Sunday breakfast-tables, unfurled
Over the marmalade and egg with double yolk.
But thrice, they answer the bell: once with their nurse:
Once to be wed: and in a hearse;
They are the carriage-folk.

THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD

A MORAL TALE

“O MIHI praeteritos referat si Juppiter annos,” observed Jim Cracker, and Theo was forced to agree with him. Indeed, it seemed to Theo that during his first year he was agreeing with Jim Cracker, in some twisted or misquoted form, at least once each day. At first, he did not worry much about it: a fleeting, tinny voice murmuring “I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue”, as he rushed by a bookshelf in the library, a merry coo of “the true, the blushful Hippocrene”, as he inadvertently walked into the Anchor without first looking in at the window, and even a suggestive whisper of “warming both hands, eh?” as he passed with his cousin from Girton, these did not deeply move him. He was even amused by them; and flattered, too. For so far, and it was now the beginning of his second year, he had recognised every quotation. “One must choose,” he told his friend, a man of sober and saturnine aspect, “between the quotations and nothing. One may not have, even if one should wish, the man apart from what he says: it must be lutes, laurels, seas of milk and ships of amber, or an impenetrable wall, a chasm that may not be bridged.” His friend did not say anything, not because he felt himself cowed by this polished antithesis, but because he knew that the peroration was yet to come. Theo took another slice of Fitz-billy cake, and chewed meditatively. Through the open window of his room came the quiet boom of the organ scholar practising in the Chapel. At strange hours of the day and night the organ would sound, now loud, now soft, among the courts: and men (and their womenfolk) intent on anchovy toast or Marshall would suddenly stop, transfixed, as a selection from *South Pacific* or *The Student Prince* seemed, for surely it could only seem, to be coming from the direction of the Chapel. It was not Rodgers and Hammerstein this afternoon, however, nor Romberg, who vied with the rooks along Sidgwick Avenue and the flute-players of Friars in disturbing Theo’s tea. The respectable strains of *Crimond* rose louder and louder until Theo could stand it no longer, and shut the window.

“As I was saying,” he went on, and his friend settled himself more comfortably, “it is not in my opinion possible to separate the man from his daimon, as you might say. I have thought long and deeply on the subject, and am still no nearer

a solution. But something must be done." For he was becoming very, very desperate. Gradually, towards the end of his first year, the quotations speeded up, became more quickfire, more abstruse, more pertinent. It was no longer enough for him to smile encouragingly, if a little grimly, at the trite, apposite comments which passed, with Cracker, for conversation. There had, and this worried him most of all, to be a definite token of understanding, and worse, a reply, at once individual and appropriate, a half-soul to glue on to Jim's. The difficulty was not so much in finding an answer, but that he should be in this trapped position, a pawn in the hands of a shrewd player, or, as he sometimes said, a rudderless bark impotent before capricious winds. There was no doubt that it was an incremental difficulty, and one which he secured a little more firmly around his neck each time he acknowledged a shaft of wit, and responded to it.

It might well have happened, however, that the flow would, given its unchecked head by a tolerant Theo, have levelled out and, by the following year, have slipped obscurely into the background, no more and no less noticed than the endless bells or cardboard cartons at dinner or Reggie Chichester's horse tethered in Walnut Tree Court; Cracker's gloss on contemporary civilisation might even have become a cherished part of Theo's life, a reliable institution, an old, familiar face always recognised in the same seat at a theatre, or on a touchline. It might have, and then, perhaps there would have been no story. But things went otherwise, and as the leaves began to fall, the first shivers among the willows causing the overcoats in Joshua Taylor's to rub their arms with anticipation, the echoes of storm were heard from Fisher to Dockett, the spring began to unwind, to be cut short only by an unforeseen tragedy one Friday afternoon, cold and damp.

It began at a tea-party, and was concerned, in the way of the world, with a young woman. Who she was, or whence she came, it would be impolite and ungallant to reveal: sufficient to say that her name was Sarah, her hair long and fair, and her plans for the future the cause of much speculation and anxiety to Theo. Nothing of this inward turmoil was allowed to reveal itself upon his honest, thoughtful face. A few, and Jim was among them, discovered his passion; for the most part, he carried his problems so well hidden that not even his tutor was able to discern them. But the wound was there. It grew. It flourished, like the green bay tree Jim would have

added, but Theo did not. It was not that Sarah was cold or rude to him: no-one, he would tell himself, could appear more pleased to see him as he arrived, his arms aching from the carnations he carried, to take her to a theatre, or to a ball. She smiled, and he was filled with joy. She frowned, and it could not have been worse had *The Times* appeared with an article devoted to his shortcomings. If there are those who smile at this, who dismiss such anxiety over a young woman with scorn, it is a pity. For it is always these, secure and laughing, whom Nemesis gathers with a strong right arm, and leaves to flounder, victims of their own disbeliefs. Jim Cracker was one of them. If he was aware of shades of emotion, of passions imprecise and very beautiful, he restricted them to his essays. Love, to him, was not. That was all. And the sight of his friend Theo, for to Jim all his victims were friends, inwardly pining, was the cause of much perplexity, and many hours of discussion in the Koh-i-Noor with Monty Pye. He felt that something had to be done to help Theo: for he regarded him as a "white man" and often wished that there were more like him, and white men stuck together, that was one of the rules. Sarah he did not know, except by sight, attributing the lack of an introduction to his own absence rather than to Theo's planning. It was not to be, however, and they should never meet, and the accidental juxtaposition of Sarah and Jim in a queue to buy tickets for *Orphée* was not overlooked by the latter. A deft comparison of their position with that of Moses, a one-sided exploration of mutual acquaintances, and a "You must know old Theo" which temporarily deafened the cashier and even made Sarah flinch, and they knew each other.

This was Jim's opportunity. What could be better, he mused, than a tea-party? A few friends, the right atmosphere, wise and witty talk, all would show Sarah what a popular fellow Theo was in his own college, how discreet his friends, how choice his company. Sarah would be entranced, and never more leave Theo; and Theo, Theo would grip Jim's shoulder. That would be enough. Jim would understand. It was impossible for Theo to refuse absolutely, although at first he hedged and pondered and suggested a scarcely plausible number of other engagements. It was in vain that he did so. Jim had his plan, and there would be no swerving from it. Reluctantly, and with, even then, a faint tremor of hopelessness, Theo accepted, and it was arranged that he and Sarah would go to tea on Thursday the following week.

It was a cold day, that Thursday, and by the time that Theo arrived, quite dark. He could not bring himself to say very much to Sarah, not because he had nothing to say, but rather because he did not wish to be ungracious about the ordeal they were approaching. They arrived at Cracker's room, and Theo knocked on the door.

"Ah hah!" They heard his voice, and the door was opened. Jim stood there. "Tea is early," he announced, "but the room is well-lighted, the guests few and select." There was, after this, a pause, imperceptible and fragmentary, but still, a pause. Theo had the uncomfortable feeling that Sarah's mind, if not her eyes, was looking at him. Inside the room there were, as well as Jim, Monty Pye, his companion, Bobbie Burrell, a toper of uncertain temper and absent manners, Peter Segal, who had spent his National Service as a guard in one of His Majesty's Detention Barracks, and a girl named Flossie. Flossie was a mistake. Even Jim at first allowed embarrassment to trip up his words as she chattered on about the Rex. Indeed, dancing and beer and shady ladies were staples of the conversation, and Theo's attempts to branch out into higher things were neatly clipped by Jim. Jim was visibly slipping. At first, it had been a gallant "Steady, lads", and a sidelong glance at Sarah whenever one of the others had trespassed over the borders of Jim's decency. But tea and crumpets mellowed him, and after one riotous sally of Pye's he leaned over to Sarah and slapped her knee. Theo merely buried his face in his hands and pretended to be choking. What Sarah would now think of him, he dared not imagine. What made it worse was the way in which Jim, and his friends in a smaller way, suggested that he and Theo were companions only to be compared with David and Jonathan. Sarah's eyes widened with amazement as Jim capped one anecdote after another with "Eh, Theo?" and a ringing slap on the back. Each time that he did this, it seemed to Theo as if another pillar of Carthage crumbled into dust. The end could not, he thought, be far off. And he was right. The story was long, involved and concerned an American airman and a girl from Trumpington. As they approached the dénouement Theo felt, for the first time in his life, an impulse to impale himself on long, cooling spikes. Before the story was quite finished, Jim broke down into guffaws, and Sarah stood up. "I must go," she said, and, to Theo, "please don't bother to come with me. I will stay alone in future." And she was gone, and Theo could only sit there

and wring his hands. He never saw her again, and it was said that she went into a nunnery.

To Theo's surprise, Jim and the others did not seem to be disturbed by Sarah's departure. They stood around Flossie, now unfettered by any fear of appearing superfluous, and still called for Theo's approval of their conversation. It was monstrous. He brushed aside Jim's offer of madder music and stronger wine. He refused a beaker full of the warm South. It was awful. In one brief, blinding, tardy revelation he saw all, that here there was no hope, no soul, no feeling, that it was just, at bottom, and he groaned as he said it, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short. Without a word he left the room, oblivious to Jim's cries, oblivious to everything but the knowledge that Sarah had gone and he was alone. After that day he was never seen to smile, and it was observed that his converse with others was restricted to monosyllables, and few of those. He did not seek revenge, yet some who respected him would have engineered a plot, had not the incident of the bridge occurred.

There are those who view the intrusion of external affairs into private lives, especially when they are written down, with immense suspicion, and who are inclined to scoff at any incident which does not arise directly from an action of one of the protagonists. In fiction, it is true, these *dei ex machina* are often mere subterfuges to conceal the author's sparseness of plot; but because in the realm of fancy they may be derided, that does not give anyone licence to question their appearance in the narrative of fact. Neither writer, victim nor gods can be blamed for what happened. The Camden Building Society were not to know that the watchman whom they had set on the Mathematical Bridge, to safeguard passers-by from danger by its imminent collapse through decay, would, at the same moment as Jim Cracker walked towards the bridge, see someone taking his bicycle from the racks by the J.C.R. and run to remonstrate with the borrower. The Reverend Stobbs, a Fellow of the college, and one who had grown old in its service, was not, as he arrived at the bridge on the Cloister Court side, to know that the absence of the watchman was but temporary. Mr Stobbs paused, before beginning the ascent. Jim Cracker came to the other side and marched to the middle. "Ah, good afternoon, Sir." He surveyed the view on either side. It would be either the Lady of Shallott or Horatius. "All we want is Lars Porsena, eh Sir?" Mr Stobbs did not

reply. Nor did that aged priest smile as the bridge collapsed and Cracker was carried by the current, not alas, like Horatius, to the landing-place, but away, out of sight, his cries growing fainter and fainter and then ceasing. Mr Stobbs, murmuring something about the ranks of Tuscany, went off to find the Bursar.

D.A.S.

VILLANELLE

Dear Mr Eliot, could you not compress
Your tedious thoughts into a villanelle?
Those fancies that give such dire distress

Always seem so measureless.
That no highbrow doggerel
Dear Mr Eliot, could you not compress

Into a garb that is not undress?
Your love has no feet: true love you expel:
Those fancies that give such dire distress

Have they really been calmed with a poet's caress?
Does Calliope approve her new clientele?
Dear Mr Eliot, could you not compress

Your ignoble murmurs into noblesse?
Praise Form, if you will; only quell
Those fancies that give such dire distress.

Is the Pierian spring grown over with cress?
Is the bank worn bare of asphodel?
Dear Mr Eliot, could you not compress
Those fancies that give such dire distress?

Cheese Straws in the Wind

or

The Importance of Dancing with Daphne

SWEET it is to drive through the yews that line Mrs Blackwood-Blackwood's drive: to hover on the steps of Mrs Blackwood-Blackwood's porch: to hear the echo of a waltz through the heavy curtain of Mrs Blackwood-Blackwood's drawing-room; to smile at Mrs Blackwood-Blackwood's butler, noiselessly directing one to the gentlemen's cloaks . . . especially when all the beauty, rank and wit of the county are to be there . . . especially if there will be also Daphne DuCane, the beautiful woman-spy.

A final touch to double-ended evening tie: the shoulder brushed free of imaginary threads of cotton: a murmur of greeting to the couple just coming in. . . .

"Excuse me, sir," muttered the butler in my ear, "the Embassy on the 'phone."

Needless to say, it was Alastaire.

"Daphne DuCane is carrying the stolen treaty in her corsage. Behind the rose," he whispered harshly (in code, of course), "it's up to you. . . ."

I tipped the butler a seven-and-sixpenny bit: I tiptoed across the hall: I arrived in the drawing-room. It was L-shaped. Masses of maidenhair. Maidenhair everywhere. Sherry was being served. But I was a little late. Mrs Blackwood-Blackwood hastened to re-assure me.

"Our clocks are always a little fast." A dazzling smile. "You know Bridget? . . . But of course. . . ."

The party had begun.

The band (said Bridget) was divine: the floor was heaven: the flowers *so* well done.

Across the room, into the dining-room, through to the sitting-room, came the echo of a hundred English voices, amusing themselves in the amusing English way, intuning to the lilt of the palmiest of palm-court music.

Already cigarettes were being lit: already, indeed, cheese-straws were in the wind.

"What will you have? Cup or champagne?"

"Oh, champagne please, it *is* so refreshing."

In a corner,

"How are your people keeping?"

"Oh, *pretty* well, thank you sir."

And in another,

"One so seldom gets a chance to wear one's velvets, does one?"

And out in the open,

"Do look at the pianist. Isn't he *sweet*?"

"Sweet?"

"Could you ask them for These Foolish Things, Mark, dear?"

And "Do tell me, who is that fair young man?"

"Isn't he one of the Bourbon-Parmas?"

"Don't be *silly!*"

Over by that picture of Mrs Blackwood-Blackwood's great-great aunt (Sir Joshua, of course) stood a dowager with an ugly daughter. And Colonel Hack. "Of course I used to come here in the old days. When the father was alive. Lovely girls they used to be. Dances, tennis and so on."

"That's going back a bit."

After the waltz the quickstep. After the quickstep, the waltz.

I was soon in the thick of it.

"And the next dance is—Saint Vitus' dance."

"Oh, *blow*. I *cannot* stand those."

"Tell you what—we'll sit this one out. Let's sit on the stairs."

Young local farmers were wondering if they'd put the side-lights of their cars on. Or whether they had to, anyway.

In the dining-room Colonel Hack was passing round his new lighter. "Interesting gadget, what?"

Now there is a foxtrot.

It is well known that any Englishman who dances well is a bounder; or else he isn't an Englishman.

"I say. Can I forage for you?"

"No thanks. I *don't feel night-starvation yet.*"

"Ha ha ha ha, I say that's good."

Young Etonians were talking about the things that mattered.

"I hear Clive's flogging his Jaguar."

"Flogging his Jag?"

"Or trading it in."

Other young Old Etonians were being frivolous, flirtatious, even daring.

"What a long time since the Easter Monday point-to-point. Remember that, eh?"

The room is now comfortably full. Many of the late comers are soldiers from the nearby depot. On how many occasions had Mrs Blackwood-Blackwood rung up the brigadier? . . . "I'm seven men short . . . could you possibly? . . . oh that is kind."

But where was Daphne DuCane, the beautiful woman-spy?"

That was the question I was asking myself as I carried glasses of champagne to ageing Veleta connoisseurs: as I sympathised with Mrs Edward Ponsonby about her youngest daughter: as I listened to the girl in the organdie dress . . . her name was Alice. We talked. We were interrupted. Could I escape? But no. Not even though I saw that Daphne DuCane had arrived. She was the centre of an admiring throng, none of whom realised they were talking to an agent of a Foreign Power.

"No, don't go away . . . stay and talk to John" (said Alice). "Do you know John?"

"How do you do, John."

"How do you do. Alice, I say your brother was in good form last night."

"Drunk?"

"No, just good form . . . rowdy party."

"That was the Islington-Kensington's, wasn't it? Went with a bang, did it?"

"No, not a bang . . . but rowdy party."

"Excuse me . . . but I see someone I must talk to," I confided and was away. But Daphne was dancing a dashing white sergeant with a Grenadier. So I enjoyed a drink and a smoke with Cynthia Puff-Pugh, who is of course the only daughter of Mr Puff-Pugh, and was photographed by the *Tattler*.

Maidenhair, maidenhair, maidenhair everywhere.

"Have you had *the* most hectic season?" demanded Lady Asterick in passing. Lady Asterick had just sent off the proofs of her quite brilliant study entitled "Wild Life in Holland Park".

Then I came back to Daphne DuCane.

But no! "Everybody on the floor" trilled the bandleader encouragingly. Paul Jones.

When would I dance with Daphne DuCane, I cried to my inner man? When would the treaty leave the breast of the agent of a Foreign Power? It mattered to me little that the agent was a curdling of the cream of Debrett. The cream would be whipped at last.

At last.

"Daphne!"

"But how nice!"

"May I have the next dance?"

"I should love to . . . unless it's a Charleston. In which case I have to dance with Francis."

Francis smiled at me kindly.

"Or the supper dance . . . in which case it's Adrian . . . otherwise. . ."

"You like Charlestons?" I enquired.

"I adore them," said she, "so gay, so terribly gay."

"Less boring than anything else," said Francis.

"Much less," I agreed.

The next dance was a Charleston.

I walked to the bar.

"A glass of champagne, sir?"

"Yes, please. So good for one. Unlike water."

"Ha ha ha" said the char, who had come in to help with the refreshments.

"You look thirsty yourself."

"Ha ha ha" said the char.

Colonel Edgar-Edgar appeared. We talk of this and that. "Damn good tune, that. Remember every errand boy whistling that in my young days. And now there are no errand boys even."

"Times change, sir."

"They do, indeed, my boy. How are your parents?"

"They've both been dead since I was six."

"Damned hard luck that. Anyway, good luck."

"Oh, thank you, sir."

And then it happened. Daphne was alone. I saw Mark Trefusis making steps in her direction. I sprang in first. It was now or never.

"Ours, I think," I said, and violently propelled her into the maelstrom. I saw Trefusis swear between his teeth. I learnt afterwards he was M.I.5.

How strange, I thought, that so beautiful a creature should be the agent of a Foreign Power.

We talked of this and that. It was a waltz. The rose in her dress was enchanting.

"Your rose is drooping," I said. It was a long shot. But it worked. She stopped to look at it. I bent to help adjust it. As I did so I noticed a long roll of parchment. I gave a cry.

She looked for a moment away. In that brief space, something disappeared up my sleeve I shot my cuffs.

The dance came to an end.

It was a time for action. A quick glass of champagne. A murmured apology to Mrs Blackwood-Blackwood—"The Embassy you know. . ."—a dash for my ulster that lay deep among the duffel coats in the cloakroom, and I was off.

"Only a clearing shower," said the inscrutable butler as I disappeared into the pouring rain.

"Mourir, c'est partir un peu," I yelled back in reply. But as I leapt into my scarlet Hispano, did I hear Daphne's cool, well-bred voice echo through the open windows of the drawing-room.

"Lovely, lovely party . . . Thank you so much . . . so kind. I *must* fly . . . bye bye . . . lovely party." Was Daphne following? Had she already missed the Treaty?

The race was on.

I leant into the accelerator. The Hispano answered like a bird. We glided forward into the night. We were away. But as I turned into the London road, did I hear the roar of a white Bugatti from the drive?

I took the coast road. In the driving mirror I thought I could see a beautiful figure hunched over the wheel of a Bugatti, but I could not be sure. . . .

Down below in the bay I could see the lights of a yacht, a yacht that was built on classic foreign lines. . . .

I began to notice that the rain was pouring in, so I shut the sunshine roof.

When I reached the pleasant seaside town of F—— which, with its cosy harbour, lay nestling in beneath the hill, the strain began to tell. Perspiration like beads poured down my forehead.

Suddenly the Hispano faltered. It was the sparking plugs. They were done.

It was the end. I was beaten.

I waited without daring to look round, wondering whether she would fight it out with cold steel. I had foolishly left my walking-stick gun in the Blackwood-Blackwoods' umbrella rack.

The minutes ticked on. But no footsteps came. I turned. There was no Bugatti behind after all. It had all been imagination. Then I was safe in spite of all. To reassure myself, I put my arm up my sleeve, and drew out—a very crushed Doctor rose.

I had taken the rose instead of the treaty.
And my sparking plugs had gone.
As I cursed, a white Bugatti swept superbly by. It was on
its way to the yacht. I bit my lips in chagrin.
What would the F.O. say?
I had failed.
I had the memory of a waltz. And a crushed rose. What
more ever remains after a night of dancing?
[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Though this exciting tale is of course founded
on fact, names of persons have necessarily been changed
throughout.*]

AMO, AMAS, AMAT

White roots tunnel
in the sodden ash of Troy,
and the song of Eros sweeps still
in the wake of the Greeks,
ebbs from the Siren Isle
and leaves on the bare ruled bars
crotchets of weed and pebble.
Corrosion boils beneath the prows;
drift timber
whitens in surf, but the heroes
voyage on to Circe or to Clytemnestra:
Troy stirs and the plantain woos
with slow vegetable lust.

CATHEDRAL, LOOKING EAST

Lifted above the dark flame of windows
frozen in monotony of praise the tall rose
bleeds in stillness. We, observing how
this formal artistry of grief now merely
engraves the pain of not belonging,
weigh our cameras, and decide the light
is insufficient. Each lens would register
our imaged wills, reflecting the grey passion
of a wound which can no longer flower
round the keen spear of hatred.
Onlookers, we are aware at all times
of the pagan streets, the blinding postulate of day.

R.H.B.

THE LATEST INSTALMENT

THE President has returned from down under. Once more, his familiar figure will be seen in hall, at college functions, walking in the cloister, getting into taxis. But hidden from us all, he is all the time having a tremendous party of his own. The guests are legion. Cambridge men, only, of course. Their ages are as diverse as is conceivable. Their names are sometimes familiar, when we chance to be introduced to them. And every few years, a report is issued on the state of how the party is proceeding. One was issued last year. It was entitled "Alumni Cantabrigienses," part ii 1750 to 1900 vol. iv Kahlenberg-Oyler.*

Like its distinguished predecessors, this volume is superb, scholarly, Olympian. It goes without saying that the President's labour of love is the last word on his subject. And literally the last word, too. One day we shall all of us pass into a limbo of alumni. The President wields by his work a sword of destiny. Cabinet Ministers, musicians, fellows, sizars, pensioners, first-classes, and even some who never took up residence at all, here they all are, reduced to the same scale. Sometimes we must meet the same beings twice—for instance, Karim Khan, Abdul (1894) appears a few moments later, by cross-reference, as Khan, A. K. But for the most part, the President's guests flicker across our line of vision in a startlingly short space, sometimes with their families, their fathers, but never their wives, and then are gone forever. Lyttons and Maitlands, Lambs and Lloyds: there are no Browns, Robinsons, Joneses, Smiths. This part of the alphabet is rather exclusive.

It is neither sweet nor decorous perhaps to have one's life dismissed in one short biographical paragraph. But when one is in company with so many others, and when the paragraphs are the President's vignettes, who could complain? Volume IV 1750-1900, Kahlenberg to Oyler, is, finally, a splendid book to browse through. We look forward to Volume V—and perhaps therein will languish all the President's own ancestors, so well known in Cambridge. Or perhaps Vol. V will not reach to V?

H.S.T.

* Cambridge University Press. Crown Quarto. £7 10s.

PROFESSOR BAILEY

WITH the publication in the Cambridge Oriental Series of Khotanese Buddhist Texts, Professor Bailey has made another important contribution to Oriental scholarship.† His reputation is, of course, already established as one of the leading scholars of today in Iranian languages. These languages constitute a complex and exacting field of study, being very numerous, extending over thousands of years, being written in many scripts and representing many cultural traditions. Besides the Iranian languages proper Professor Bailey has a profound knowledge of the whole field of Indo-European linguistics, as well as other cultures and languages such as Turkish and Tibetan, wherever their influences are relevant.

About fifty years ago a stir was caused among linguists by the discovery in Central Asia of documents representing hitherto unknown Indo-European languages. These were spoken in a number of small kingdoms, in what is now Sinkiang, until about the end of the 9th century A.D., when the area finally became Turkish-speaking. Some of these documents are written in the two dialects of the language commonly known as Tokharian, an isolated member of the Indo-European family spoken in the neighbourhood of Kucha and Karashebe. Professor Bailey has made important contributions to Tokharian studies, but has concentrated mainly on the language spoken around Khotan; the Iranian language of the people variously known as Khotanese, Sakas and Indo-Scythians.

For over fifteen years he has been collecting copies of manuscripts from various European libraries, deciphering them from the various scripts and subjecting them to linguistic and historical examination.

These Central Asian kingdoms were intermediaries for trade and cultural intercourse between China and the countries to the west, especially India. It was mainly through them that Buddhism, whose influence in the Far East is comparable to that of Christianity in the West, reached China. The work being done by Professor Bailey besides its linguistic importance throws valuable light on Far Eastern history.

B.McK.

† Khotanese Texts I. Edited by H. W. Bailey. Cambridge University Press. Royal Octavo. 30/-.

THE MEMORY OF MAN

ARE we—it is a necessary question—to sit by the fire, meditating sadly on the old, familiar faces; an indistinct sepia photograph, a school prize, the 19-- May Ball programme accidentally discovered producing a cloud of nostalgia, an enervating wistfulness it seems nothing can divert; or, watching as yet another thousand-year slice is added to *A Study of History*, should we snap our fingers at sentiment and take another swig of the Historical Approach? One man today will find an emotional significance in everything, another will respond only to what the limits of his reason can assimilate. Confronted with the record of a five-hundred years' span, it is tempting to allow a *Scholar-Gipsy* melancholy to seize our senses, and progress through the centuries with tears in our eyes and cries of "Ichabod, Ichabod!" Tempting, but not a course which would be most appreciated by the authors of this quinentennial catalogue, the recently-published history of Queens*. To picture the development from St Bernard's Hostel to Mr Drinkwater's monolith; to halt, now and then, the lift ascending in its red-brick shaft and take a stroll through a layer of time ("John Wilcox, a seventeenth-century scholar, has come back to present-day Cambridge. Write a brief account of what you think his impressions would be."); to select representatively artists' work, and blend it to provide a worthy record, these are necessary and welcome tasks. They are not completed by this work, for it was planned within limits and produced with acknowledgments of omission. It is the elevation of relaxation to construction, and those who enjoy the rich variety of its plates will always owe a heavy debt to Mr Browne, for collecting the magnificent prints which make up the bulk of the book. To Mr Browne's accumulatory zeal and architectural knowledge, is added Dr Seltman's erudition, concerned primarily with historical matters that the book touches. The plates number 138, and each is faced by a short, clear, scholarly note of explanation; spatially, the prints overshadow the text, but the reader will find in the notes as much to inform and interest him about the college as in the illustrations.

* *A Pictorial History of The Queen's College of Saint Margaret and Saint Bernard commonly called Queens' College Cambridge 1448—1948* by A. D. Browne, M.A., A.M.I.C.E., and C. T. Seltman, Litt.D., *Fellows of the College*. Printed for the College 1951. Royal 4to. £7 15s.

It is a book, as the foreword makes clear, whose main interest is in the fabric of the college: views of its buildings, from the earliest maps and plans, from Loggan, from Ackermann, and, quite in the present, from Edward Leigh, predominate. The exaggerated proportion and asymmetrical perspective of past ages thrust towers into the sky and make the river-wall a quayside. The familiar prints of Queens' and maps of Cambridge are all here: but often it is the unfamiliar that has the greatest charm: a map, possibly drawn in 1575, from *Civitates Orbis Terrarum* shows, through a happy juxtaposition of map-legend and engraver's fancy, "a gallant conversing with a lady labelled Newnam while her frowning rival approaches". The prophetic caprice of this Elizabethan does not go unobserved by the writer. Indeed, young, or perhaps they are old, ladies appear zealously in prints, and in one they stand, chaperoned, in Hall—not dining, but possibly taking part in an early madeira-party.

Knowledge of the college today is increased in page after page. Where, Jones, is the Essex Building, Pump Court, Kidman's staircase? Returning at one minute to twelve, the strayed reveller can meet the keystone over the main gate with an added sense of devilment, knowing (or reasonably believing) that it is Andrew Dockett himself who frowns down. He will spring through the fifteenth-century doors, and look up (as quickly looking down) at the realistic snails carved on the bosses over his head. Better, in the hot light of a May afternoon he will, without any possible doubt, be perpetually more knowledgable than any tourist-guide he may meet. "The wooden bridge—not Mathematical, please—was designed by Etheridge, erected by Essex in 1749. Replaced 1805 by a copy that soon collapsed. Present bridge, copy of 1749, erected 1902. And over here. . . ." The green-kirtled guide will fade away, and enliven instead the Styx with his offers of misinformation. The sun-dial, and it is a moon-dial as well, we are told, dates from 1733; the beams of the President's Lodge were not restored to their present state until 1912. Evidence of a change in the climate of thought in recent decades is found in a note on the building of a new chapel: "because of the increase in numbers in the College by the year 1890 the Old Chapel proved too small." And present incumbents of the bed-sitters in Friars' may nod wisely at one aside—"the building is not remarkable for beauty." These are snippets cut at random, the equivalent of the 194 gilt stars which a statistician observes on the roof

of the Hall. It seems an interesting number, to balance the 1,000 meals a day served by the Kitchen as we know it, and the upwards of 55,000 volumes which the library contains. The college arms are dissected, and Richard III's Boar's Head, with St Margaret's cross and St Bernard's crozier, is explained by the side of superb colour-plates.

A mine of regalia: what lingers most? The enigmatic and fascinating portrait of Elizabeth Woodville, a photograph of the Cloister Court by moonlight, College Stamps, the coming and going of battlements. John Fisher and Erasmus are justly honoured: but it was not the authors' intention to give an account of college worthies, fellows or scholars. That is regrettable, for had they done so with equal powers, we should have had an incomparable cyclopaedia. We should like, for instance, to know more about Dean Milner, and of forgotten undergraduates who might have flared into fame momentarily, and as swiftly faded. Yet he is a poor critic who will not seize present excellence with both hands, and treasure such a volume. It is a work that all Queensmen may look on, and rejoice.

D.A.S.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

THE College Societies have continued to flourish, and most of them report a steep rise in active membership. This increase has been most dramatic in the ST BERNARD, where it has long been prophesied, but until the advent of J. C. Taylor to the Presidency, despaired of. Long may it continue!

The ST MARGARET SOCIETY has continued its new policy of holding live concerts instead of gramophone recitals. It now has a respectable orchestra of its own (including a dormant tuber), which meets every week under the leadership of Trevor Gartside. The principal events of last term were a well-attended concert in the Fitzpatrick Hall, where one of Mozart's Flute Quartets was the principal item, and a delightful recital of chamber music, for which Mrs Potts very kindly invited the Society to her home. Players and audience alike so relished what they had heard that they insisted on repeating the programme before dispersing!

The motions debated by the ST BERNARD SOCIETY since our last issue have been:

May 10th: "That this House is of the opinion that the discovery of America was Columbus's greatest mistake."—Carried.

November 2nd: "That this House believes that Women should Spin and not Preach."—Drawn 24—24, with some abstentions.

November 27th: "That this House prefers the Yule Log to the Gas Fire."—Carried.

The debate on November 2nd was a joint debate with the Boadiceans of Newnham, which it is hoped to make a regular event. Speeches from the floor have considerably improved both in quantity and quality. Beer and ballyhoo have been replaced by coffee and wit, while an encouraging number of freshmen have shown great enthusiasm.



There have been only two meetings of the QUEENS' BENCH. The first was for Annual Business; the second was to hear Judge Lawson Campbell's interesting address on the County Courts. His lively account of the history and procedure of these courts ended with a heated debate on what sort of misconduct he would have to commit to merit dismissal.

The HISTORY SOCIETY began the term well with a delightful paper by Dr Seltman, its vice-president. It was entitled "A Riot in Ephesus," and established a most unexpected connexion between Queens' College and Diana of the Ephesians, with passing glimpses of romantic novels and community singing in Hellenistic times. The Annual Dinner was held on All Saints' Day. The principal guest was Professor Rich of St Catharine's, H. S. Thomas and J. C. Taylor were the undergraduate speakers, and the port, though anonymous, was suspected to be the same Dickens '47 that horrified the Society on a previous occasion. Later in the term J. Parker read an admirable paper on "The Difficulty of Replacing Louis-Philippe". The Secretary writes: "We came away with vivid impressions of the February Revolution and its aftermath; of the *opéra bouffe* antics of the politicians, and the timorous lethargy of the Pretender; of the farcical National Workshops, and the surging mobs of workmen, unwilling to be paid for doing nothing, but only too ready to die on the bayonets of the soldiery; and finally of the empty stage of French politics, awash with blood, with no one to be seen but a

young man with sad eyes and a large moustache, standing in the flickering gaslight of the Second Empire." Finally, Professor M. C. Knowles, of Peterhouse, returned to the Society to read a paper on "The Last Prior of Worcester", in which he charmingly delineated the life of a sixteenth-century landowner, quoting liberally from accounts and other monastic records.

The ECONOMICS GROUP has been staggering from one cancelled meeting to another, as if intoxicated by its own incompetence. This term, however, it has definitely arranged a series of talks, beginning with Mr Noel Annan on "British Foreign Policy", which should attract a great many non-economists.

The MEDICAL SOCIETY has been privileged to hear a paper by Sir Geoffrey J. Jefferson on the fashionable subject of "Pre-frontal Leucotomy". It appeared that even the most incorrigible delinquents and the most shrewish wives can be transformed by this delicate surgical operation. The Secretary writes: "The Society heard this fascinating talk with mingled feelings of exhilaration and sadness. The exotic street-corner world that supplies the material for so much of our fiction and drama today seems doomed to extinction. No longer will the playgoer walk with familiar ease through the parlours of Notting Dale, where the boys are men, and the men are in gaol. No longer will he thrill at the sight of the familiar props; the rust-and-sago wallpaper, the cosh on the mantelpiece, the brylcreem on the dressing-table. Proletarian drama in future will have to be played out against the background of a public library or a W.E.A. lecture on 'How to Appreciate Jane Austen'." The Queens' Bench was invited to this meeting, and enjoyed it, not realising till several days later that the judges of the future will be panels of retired surgeons, deciding on what kind of leucotomy to inflict.



The KANGAROOS have played two matches. The first, with the C.U. Ladies' Squash Team, they lost, in spite of previous instruction from their opponents; in the second, with the C.U. Ladies' Lacrosse Team, they managed to be victorious, by a very narrow margin.

The CHERUBS are known to have held a dinner in November. No statement was issued but, as they were later heard to

hymn the morning star, it is thought to have been a great success.

And so, in high society and low society alike, life goes on as usual.

F.J.S.W.

FRIENDS OF QUEENS' HOUSE

THIS Society has been in existence for many years in order to maintain contact with a mission in S.E. London, originally founded by the Rev. C. T. Wood, Senior Fellow of the college. The mission has changed considerably since it was first founded, and it is now run as a youth club by the Save the Children Fund, having been re-opened by the Countess Mountbatten of Burma a few weeks ago.

A party of twelve children has already visited Cambridge this term, and we hope to enable more to come for day's outings during the coming terms—but we shall need help, especially in obtaining men willing to provide tea in their rooms for groups of three or four children.

We are also hoping to arrange other activities for the Society, such as a visit to a nearby approved school and possibly lectures on some aspects of social work.

If any members of the college would like to help in any way, members of the committee (A. Haworth, P4; P. Kenyon, E5; and R. Wisbey) will always be pleased to give further information.

COLLEGE SPORT

THIS article is intended to give a general view of the activities of the College Sports Clubs. The correct perspective is, however, not easy to portray, for the value of sporting activities cannot be assessed merely by detailing the results of matches and races: the success of a Club is to be measured by the sporting spirit which prevails in it, rather than by the bare facts recorded in a completed fixture card.

The BOAT CLUB has emerged from a troubled patch but has prospects of following winds and smoother waters ahead.

Seven members remain of the nine who acquitted themselves so creditably at Henley last year; new coxes have appeared in profusion, and a large number of Freshmen has helped to maintain and indeed increase the size of the Club which not so long ago was in some danger of foundering for lack of stability. The bare result of the Light Fours race last term was misleading. The Queens' crew was better than it has been for many years and put up a spirited performance against Emmanuel. A lead was established at First Post Corner, but at Ditton two seconds had been lost despite good cornering. In the Long Reach a strong spurt regained some distance, but near the Railway Bridge the boat steered too close to the inside bend and, hitting a stationary St Catharine's crew, lost some four to five seconds in making a fresh start. Despite a determined finish, the race was lost by $3\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. The Club looks forward with confidence to the Lent and May Races.

All Clubs have their "ups and downs"; this year the RUGGER CLUB is "up". The League results in the Michaelmas term were startling, one match only having been lost by a few points, and the winning scores being consistently in the region of 20 and 30. The forwards and three-quarters are reputed to be playing well together, and indeed to be the best that the Club has had in the last three or four years. Of this year's Freshmen, many of whom have been attracted to the Rugger Club, R. L. Hitchcock has been playing "stand off" with considerable success, and R. Umbers, also an asset to the Club, has already represented the LX Club in at least one of its matches. The record of the 2nd XV almost equals that of the 1st XV in points scored. It is indeed a considerable achievement for a College of this size to have produced two such successful teams, and it is with a justifiable optimism that the "Cuppers", which begin very soon, are awaited.

The HOCKEY CLUB, having gained promotion to the First Division of the League last season, achieved a high measure of success in last term's competition by finishing in 5th place. Team building was the most difficult problem for several of last year's players went down, and J. A. Skues, the goalkeeper, and L. R. Griffiths (who have both been asked to play against Oxford in February) were not available for the College team. There were, however, several promising Freshmen, of whom J. S. Ryland, J. Harrison and B. S. Dunn have been very useful to the 1st XI. The Club is now preparing for the second round of the "Cuppers", Magdalene having been

beaten 1—0 in the first round. To suggest that Queens' will win the Cup is perhaps to be visionary and to run the risk of over-confidence, but the proper material is available this year and every effort must be made to seize on this opportunity. Attempts are in hand to improve the topsoil of the 1st XI pitch, which from years of heavy rolling very easily becomes waterlogged. A dressing of coarse sand is being thrown on after each game, and already there is evidence of increased drainage and aeration of the turf. The Queens' hockey ground is one of the best in the University, and it would be a great pity if it were not to remain so.



The SOCCER CLUB lost several 1st XI players at the end of last season, leaving vacancies which have been filled by Freshmen and players promoted from the 2nd XI. The Club also welcomed the return of S. Dryden, after a year's absence from Cambridge. In spite of an unimpressive record of two wins out of six League matches played, the team has not been lacking in enthusiasm and spirit. A certain hesitancy in front of goal—this is a failing which does not affect the Soccer Club alone—has resulted in the missing of vital goals, but it must also be said that injuries seem to have been particularly heavy this year and may have had something to do with a rather conspicuous lack of “wins”. The membership of the Club is comparatively small, but there are sufficient players for a second team. The degree of enjoyment derived from the games played by the 2nd XI is reported to be in inverse proportion to the number of games won. G. W. Hall, an old Blue, and P. Jones have been playing regularly for the University. F. J. Woodley, a Freshman, J. E. S. Bretherton and S. Dryden have occasionally turned out for the Falcons.

In the first round of the “Cuppers” Peterhouse were beaten 3—2 in an exciting match. The second round had not been played before going to Press.

More fortunate than the other Clubs has been the ATHLETICS CLUB, in that the season was started with the majority of last year's members still up. The first event of the season was the Freshmen's Sports, in which R. T. G. Day won the Half-mile in 51.4 seconds. In the Field Events Competition, the Long Jump and Discus were won outright; first place was shared with Christ's in the Pole Vault. This was not, however, sufficient to repeat last year's win. The Club finished in

second place as runner-up to Christ's and one point behind. In the Inter-College Relays at the beginning of November, the Club was less successful and did not manage to reach any final. In the University Freshmen's Sports, however, Day led the field of half-milers from start to finish, to win in 1 min. 58.8 secs., so beating the record by over three seconds.

Some account must be given of the activities of the CRICKET CLUB since the last edition of "The Dial". The 1951 season was moderately successful and culminated in that immensely popular feature, the Somerset tour. Once again the Club sent its representatives to University Cricket. O. B. Popplewell kept wicket for Cambridge in the match against Oxford, and A. E. H. Rutter, being denied the chance of a Blue by circumstances beyond his control (for example, examinations at critical times), scored heavily in the University trials and on the several occasions when he played for the Crusaders. In the College games R. G. Barker, a freshman, proved a valuable asset to the side and batted consistently well through the season. Of the bowlers, J. S. Guthrie attained a good average and will be a mainstay for next year. D. A. Pitt also bowled well, but he has now gone down and, in the passing of the great David, the Club has suffered a grave loss. The tour in Somerset after the end of term was again a great success. Of six matches played, four were won and two drawn. The great unbroken stand of 175 by G. W. Hall and E. N. W. Jackson at Millfield might more appropriately be mentioned in the pages of Wisden than here, for the runs were made in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours against a side containing five players of County class. Undoubtedly the tour will be perpetuated in future years and this is no bad thing, for thereby the reputation of College sport is enhanced in districts other than round and about Cambridge.

Almost every member of the College must at one time or another have set foot in the Squash courts and thus become a member of the SQUASH CLUB. Only a few, of course, represent the College in the matches, for which a high standard of play is required, and, it seems, is being attained. Outstanding amongst the Freshmen is P. J. Ball who, as well as playing for the College, has represented The Ganders and reached the finals of the Freshmen's Tournament. In the League Competition, both College teams were successful, and there are good prospects in the "Cuppers".

The TENNIS CLUB met with only limited success last summer. The Club was not lacking in skilled players, but

for some reason the whole force could not be mustered at the critical times. Even for the "Cuppers" it proved impossible to bring the maximum strength to bear, and the result was accordingly disappointing. In the winter terms there is no organised College tennis, but several Queensmen have been playing in University games. R. T. Hazell, the College Captain, P. S. Wharton and R. A. Barron have been elected to the University Club, and the last named, a Freshman, reached the finals of the University doubles.

The activities of the **BADMINTON CLUB**, at least so far as matches are concerned, seem to be somewhat limited. Nevertheless the Club is not without talented players. J. B. Hope and A. C. Wells were invited to play in University trials, and Wells has since played for the team. He also manages to find time (*inter alia*) for Soccer and Hockey (including that variety which is played on ice and in which the reverse side of the stick may be used with impunity).

The **GOLF CLUB**, it will be remembered by those few who manage to attend the Annual General Meetings of the United Clubs, has recently been incorporated. This move has already proved successful, for, although the College is unable to boast any golfers of exceptional merit (except R. A. Hope, an old Blue), there has been a great increase in the interest shown in the game. The Club has taken its place in the University League, but it is too early to make any statement as to the standard of golf in this College compared with others. The College "knock-out" competition attracted a large entry; even larger than that for the Captain's Prize (a bottle of champagne provided by the Captain), which was played for at the end of the Easter term and won by the Captain.

The Kangaroo Club raised three-quarters of a Lacrosse team to play against the Cambridge University Ladies in the Michaelmas term; the College **LACROSSE CLUB** has, however, not been seen to take the field this year, but the Captain hopes to be able to produce 12 players for the "Cuppers". He can draw three Queensmen from the University Club, and clearly he will know where to look for the rest. R. Owen is to be congratulated on playing against Oxford.

The **CHESS CLUB** now has two teams, and is fortunate in having a distinguished player in N. McKelvie, who is to be congratulated on taking second place in the last inter-University tournament.

The TABLE TENNIS CLUB continues to flourish; bats are flourished at the ends of a magnificent new table. Indeed, every College sport is seen to flourish, and if the object of our games and sports is the pleasure we derive from playing them (whether we manage to win or not), then surely that object is being fully achieved.



N.C.W.

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