

THE DIAL

LENT TERM, 1953

No. 106

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The Editorial Committee

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Hugh Thomas

Roderick Wilson

The Committee apologises for the late appearance of The Dial. Contributions for the Easter Term issue will be most gratefully received at any time, and should be sent to the Editor.

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The drawings are by Ken Gooderham and Sylvester Bone. The photograph of Dr Seltman was taken by Brian Upcott, that of the Organ by Robin Watt.

PERSONAL NOTE

IT WAS the firmly-held conviction of a former editor that College Meetings were not, as those who have read *The Masters* might suppose, devoted to struggles for power, the cost of port and the living at Swaffham Magna but were, on the other hand, taken up entirely with discussions about *The Dial*. This is an at once flattering and chastening heritage. Are we to believe that each undergraduate bon-mot is slivered down delicately to its most subtle meaning, and then weightily debated upon? Are we then to edit ourselves carefully so that no nuance remains that may give offence to those who will not hesitate to sit in judgment? Surely not: for we are but a thing of paper, designed to catch the moment, swiftly born, and swiftly dying, to languish unread for generations until some wondering scholar, wearying of Cheshire and Fifoot, disinters us from our calf-bound sepulchre. We often think of that student. Or rather, of that age that will think of *us* as the past, and laugh wonderingly at our funny clothes, our glazed expressions, our quaint customs. Yet, if our spirit hears this laughter, it will not be able to grumble, for have we not, too, smiled at the serried ranks of Edwardian undergraduates, and, as well, shed a tear for we know not what?

At a house where we stayed, some months ago, there was a photograph of Queens' College Freshmen, 1913. Flanked by sepia foliage, they gazed, fifty in number, towards the man from Stearns. We stood and looked at them; and although we knew that the following year their ivory tower lay shattered in Flanders, we were still sad for that bygone age. The golden lads are now out of breath, and open their copies of *The Times* twice yearly with resignation, to be followed, perhaps, by chagrin. They preach in tiny villages, and sell British goods over four continents. They send their sons to Cambridge. And they come back, and are suitably reminiscent, sometimes at length. And we. . .

But what will a College Meeting think of this decadent nonsense? Nostalgia is all right in its place, but is it not morbid to be nostalgic for that which has not yet passed away? We have written enough, and the lateness of the hour has perhaps dulled our mind. But we shall remember that editor's delusion: if the light that ever lurks upon our tutor's brow sinks at our approach, we shall understand. We are ready to depart.

KEYHOLE



Keyhole

Mr Chamberlain has gone, and another link with the past goes with him. Those of us who knew him will always remember him with pleasure. He served Queens' for fifty years, and such fidelity does not drop from the memory overnight. To both he and Mrs Chamberlain (whose command of the Buttery was both direct and pleasurable) we extend our best wishes for the future.

*

Those of us freezing in front of our slow-burning fires will not envy George Band, who is a member of this year's expedition to Everest. However, *quot homines . . .* and we wish him well. Perhaps he will send us an article on the Abominable Snowman.

*

One understands that the St Bernard Society has more committee members than ordinary debaters. This state of affairs doubtless justifies Mr Churchill's words on the 1st Earl of Birkenhead, whose life, he said proved that there is no bar of class, privilege or riches in our island to prevent the full fruition of otstanding capacity.'

*

The Bats are up to another Ballad-Opera. They obviously believe that one cannot have too much of a good thing. We hope they are right.

Roderick Cook, our statistician tells us, still appears in every dramatic production in Cambridge. Some people hold that it is not Mr Cook every time, but John Townsend, heavily made-up. Well. . .

*

Mr Potts, we are glad to see, is with us again, after his sabbatical year, which he spent in Paris. Rumour has it that he was writing a novel: if this is so, we hope he will send *The Dial* a review copy.

*

We are glad to see Hugh Thomas back again, after his debating tour of Canada. At the end of last term he was elected secretary of the Union Society: we hope that he continues his ascent after such a promising start.

*

Endpieces

'The Dean and I have a lot in common. We're both well-read.'

—*An Exhibitioner.*

'I don't care if a job does atrophy my brain, as long as I earn some money.'

—*An Historian.*

'I like a bit of dirt now and then.'

—*A Lawyer after the Bats Revue (Delayed by censor).*

A F A B L E

The Cherubs and the Kangaroos
Abandoning their pride,
Sat eating of a common meal
With waistcoats swelling wide
(And this was odd, for Cherubs have
A bust, but no inside).
'It's high time,' said the Kangaroos,
'To talk of ways and means,
Of Clubs that boast they're older far
Than hoary dons and deans,
Of men whose greatness marks them off
In any court of queens.'
'But wait a bit,' the Cherubs cried,
'Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat.
We're very weighty Cherubim,
And beat you all at that.'
'Our nostrils scent the game afar,
The likely Kangaroo.
We hunt out little boys at school,
Devour the sucking blue;
The only reason we exist
Is just to prey on you.'
The Kangaroos began to bound
(Although no bounders they),
'Oh, but for you,' they cried in scorn,
We'd take ourselves away;
Even our blazing coats renounce
Our pride for many a day.
'But no! if eating is the game,
We won't be beat by you,
And when we cry, "My little dear,
Become a Kangaroo,"
What puny athlete can resist
Who wants to be a blue?'



K.S.

L I B R A R Y R E P O R T

FOR the academic year 1952-53 the Governing Body has appointed as Librarian, Mr. Hart; as members of the Library Committee with the Librarian, Mr. Potts and Dr. Ramsay; as Assistant Librarians, Ds. J. H. Eaton and J. R. Madell.

The work of recataloguing the Library was begun in the middle of June, 1952. By the beginning of the Michaelmas Term the books on the ground floor of the Old Chapel were nearly completely catalogued. During the Michaelmas Term this operation was completed and the periodicals in the gallery were also catalogued. It is expected that books in the reference section (east end of old Library, first floor) will be catalogued before the beginning of the Lent Term, 1953. For this great labour the college is deeply indebted to Mr. J. R. Harrison (directing), Mr. A. R. Palmer, and Mr. R. C. G. Vickery, all members of the staff of the University Library, who planned and performed all, and to our own Mr. A. Chesselum, who affixed all the new labels (twenty thousand before the beginning of the Michaelmas Term). Some Directors of Studies also gave assistance of various kinds.

Among benefactors to the Library since the last issue of the *Dial* have been Miss L. Gwenllian Williams (who gave two volumes, of 1701 and 1706, of the *Notitia Orbis Antiqui* of Christophorus Cellarius, printed in Leipzig and once the property of the donor's great grandfather, Thomas Harrison, sometime fellow); E. Saville Peck, Esq., Alderman (who gave two apothecary's jars of Delft Ware, originally made to contain, the one *Electuary Diascordium*, the other *Unguentum sambuci*); Mr. Laffan, Dr. Maxwell, the Reverend Prebendary Professor H. M. Sanders, Mr. Chadwick, Professor Kirkaldy, Dr. Ramsay, Mr. Wood, the Swiss Legation in London, Dr. Seltman, Dr. J. Beattie, Mr. D. G. Price (who gave the two volumes of the limited edition of the Catalan translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost* by Josep M. Boixi Selva, splendidly printed and published in Barcelona, 1950).

H. St. J. H.

T H E R U L I N G F E W

Both the CHERUBS and the KANGAROOS had a full Michaelmas term. The Cherubs' main activities were a Seraphs' Night, when the Club threw open its doors an darsms to ladies for the first time in nearly fifty years, and the terminal dinner, when Mr Hardy Amies and Mr Russell Braddon were guests. The Kangaroos held joint meetings with similar societies in Emmanuel and St John's, played the University Ladies' Squash team twice (one player taking two hours to finish his match) and lost a lacrosse match against Newnham. It is rumoured that the Clubs may get together later this term for a social evening; but, as one aged Cherub pointed out, one is perhaps a little old for British Bulldog.



LITTLE-KNOWN QUEENS' NO. LXVII
THE ORGAN



DR SELTMAN

D R S E L T M A N

Charles Theodore Seltman, Litt.D., was the first Queens' don to be retired under the New Statutes. Happily, both for those who know him and for those who have yet to make his acquaintance, he has transferred his centre of operations only a few hundred yards to Little St Mary's Lane, and it is there, at number eleven, that aspiring Alcibiades will find him, in solitary splendour, at his eclectic best. It is to Dr Seltman's great advantage that he looks the sort of person he is; and if it is suggested that dons of advancing years are worthy of a more reverent critique, we must say that the cavillers have not met Dr Seltman. He superbly resists the conventional approach, for such an approach implies a life of order and duty without colour, and colour hangs over Dr Seltman like a Pennine rainbow, enhancing the already picturesque. If we may apply to him one of his own remarks about coins, his life has been 'simultaneously useful and active.' And there can be no better combination.

He was born in 1886, the son of an English father (of Bavarian descent), and a Scots Presbyterian mother, daughter of a sometime Procurator-Fiscal of Linlithgowshire; and his childhood was largely spent in Southern Italy, the ruins of Pompeii his playground, the streets of Herculaneum his resting-place. He was sent to Berkhamsted School, which he did not particularly like, and then came to Queens'. During the 1914-18 war he was a lieutenant in the Suffolk Regiment, serving in France in 1917. In this year too, he married, and returned to Cambridge after the war as that new phenomenon, the married undergraduate. One hears that the couple were regarded as 'modern' by a generation still basking in the Edwardian twilight: but that was a long time ago, and the gaiety of undergraduate days should perhaps be left to memory rather than memoir. Dr Seltman was taught by the late Professor A. B. Cook, and the former pupil's dedication to his teacher indicates the strength of their relationship: '*Arturo Bernardo Cook, Doctissimo Praeceptor, Amico Delecto.*' After taking a first in Part Two of the Classical Tripos (he was Winter Warr Scholar in the same year, 1921), Dr Seltman obtained the Diploma in Classical Archaeology, and then went to the British School at Athens for a year. By now he was well-established on the road of classical archaeology, and his feet, that first faltered gingerly on its verges, now trod its crest with firm and familiar step. His official wanderings between the wars read like an international Baedeker: member of the Johns Hopkins Expedition at Olynthus, 1928; Norton Professor, American Archaeological Institute, 1929; Martin Lecturer, Oberlin University, 1931; Lecturer at College de France, and Acting Professor, University of Paris, 1940. Shortly after his graduation, he was made one of the Special Editors of the Cambridge Ancient History, and was responsible for the five volumes of plates which supplement that work.

The outbreak of the 1939-45 war had found him in France, and he was one of the last civilians to fly out of Paris before the Nazis arrived. Having

escaped one peril, he found another awaiting him in Cambridge: the office of Senior Proctor, which he held in the year 1940-1. The office was not one to meet with his sympathy, and the story is told that he would take his bulldogs for long walks, far from the troubled scene, discoursing the while on the ancient world. While Proctor, he broke his foot—called now his ‘museum foot’ as it makes it impossible for him to walk round such places—and has used a stick ever since. In 1936, he had been appointed Librarian of Queens’, and to that task devoted a great part of his time and energy: the results are with us for all to see. It may surprise some to know that it is by the War Memorial Library that Dr Seltman would wish to be remembered, rather than by his academic work; and although there are those who might protest at his preference, none can deny that the sentiment reflects great credit upon its holder. Happily it is improbable that posterity will bother to choose between his monuments: it will allow him both.¹

In his subject, Dr Seltman is the acknowledged world authority on Greek Coins, and a respected critic of many other branches of classical learning. His chief work so far, *Greek Coins*, appeared in 1933, and has been the standard work ever since. Before that, two other books by him had been published, *The Temple Coins of Olympia*, 1921, and *Athens, Its History and Coinage* in 1924. It was not until after the recent war, however, that Dr Seltman has become a popular author—popular in the best sense, earning the approval of both general and specialised reader. In 1947 he published *Greek Art*, in collaboration with Mrs Jacqueline Chittenden, for many years his valued friend, and partner in research. His *Approach to Greek Art* appeared in 1948, and *Masterpieces of Greek Coinage* the following year. All this time, and subsequently, he was writing articles and reviews for magazines, notably in the *Cornhill* and later, when Peter Quennell, its editor, founded *History Today*, in the latter magazine. Of his style, we may say, as he himself wrote of Count Corti: ‘he is among those rather uncommon historians who have a happy gift of exposition, and who do not shrink from the arresting phrase and the dramatic manner for fear of having their scholarship called in question.’ And one day last term saw the simultaneous publication of his two latest works, the fruits of his widening popularity. One, a King Penguin, *A Book of Greek Coins*,² makes a perfect introduction for the ignorant, the ideal delicacy for the enthusiast. A small, beautifully-produced book, it contains a brief, comprehensive introduction, preface to the photographic reproductions, nearly all full size, of 117 coins. The other book, *The Twelve Olympians*,³ is issued in the Great Pan series, and is a full-length account of the twelve chief deities of Ancient Greece, told with humanistic glee. It is at once eminently readable, provoking and scholarly. Both these books should be most successful in opening the gates of academic culture to thousands who regard anything Greek and Latin with dismay, and never seek to enquire further than their own misgivings. It will not surprise Dr Seltman, however, if you tell him that

¹ An article by Dr Seltman on the War Memorial Library appeared in *The Dial* in May, 1952. There the reader may find a full account of the work.

² *A Book of Greek Coins*, Penguin Books, 1952. 4/6d.

³ *The Twelve Olympians*, Pan Books, 1952. 2/6d.

there is a strong public demand for information on classical matters. As Director of the Exhibitions of Greek Art at the Royal Academy in 1942, and at the Fitzwilliam Museum in 1945, he enjoyed the satisfaction of crowded galleries; and these successes, after two smaller exhibitions in Glasgow and Edinburgh, culminated in the Exhibition at the Academy in 1946, which met with enormous public acclaim, as the queues outside showed. Dr Seltman had been awarded the Medal of the Royal Numismatic Society in 1945, and in the following year he became a Medallist of the Royal Society of Arts. In 1951 he added the Hellenic Red Cross Medal with gold laurels to his honours. No longer a Fellow and University Lecturer, he now finds his time fuller than ever, being full of ideas for books, writing, furiously corresponding all over the world; and in addition, he has taken a job with a famous firm of antique dealers, and spends two days a week in London as their consultant adviser.

And where, it will be asked, is the real Dr Seltman? Behind the wit and learning, beneath the shrewd, benevolent exterior, what manner of man is lurking? If there are skeletons (although we have not heard the slightest rattle) they are for later generations to discover; we can only record the tolerance, the zeal for truth, the kindness of Dr Seltman. In the last few pages of *The Twelve Olympians* he quits the pantheon, and gives us glimpses of himself. Wickedness he does not believe in, only in folly. That this is Erasmus' word too, is no coincidence. Erasmus, one of the great humanists, is Dr Seltman's hero: having lived in his rooms for twenty years, he feels very strongly that it has had an effect on him. He is a temperamental cook and an ardent feminist, and will twinkle when telling you so: women, he believes, have far nicer characters than men. A dominant matriarchy he distrusts more than anything else in family life; and indeed, he would like to see family ties lightened for the good of mankind. Although his work has led him into the rarefied air of specialisation, he maintains a great deal of interest in other people's subjects: he is extremely interested in the visual arts of all periods, including contemporary work, but admits that he prefers horses in a field to horses in the Royal Academy.

There is much more that could be said: of his travels across Europe and the Balkans, and of the way he plans these journeys with masterly precision; of his great love of France; of the Ephesian film script he would like to write for Bob Hope and Jane Russell (he did once write a play that won a prize); but these will wait. We must leave Dr Seltman, leave him as he progresses in state through the fading grandeur of our civilisation, bringing the ancient world to redress the balance of the new. He will frequently be mistaken for Sir Thomas Beecham, and will take consolation from the fact that Sir Thomas was once mistaken for him; he will, perhaps, go to a race-meeting, something he has not yet done. There will be more books, more articles. Whatever he does, we may be sure that he will bring more honours to Queens', of which he has always been a faithful son.

In a famous editorial, Cyril Connolly once wrote that it was closing-time in the gardens of the West. As long as such men as Dr Seltman are alive to strengthen our arms, we shall keep the gates open, the gardens in good repair.

D. A. S.

SOCIETIES

ST. BERNARD SOCIETY

THE two debates last term were reasonably successful, thanks to the untiring efforts and advertising genius of R. Braithwaite, the secretary. The first of these proved to be a most amusing evening, and the motion "That this house believes to get ahead you must get a hat" produced novel views, and wild hats, from the principal speakers. John Taylor, the ex-President, was his usual self. Need I say more? The President, S. Burton, proposed the motion, and was supported by the whimsy, and formidable hat-collection, of David Stone. C. Wilton-Davies, as ever, saw some sinister implications in the motion, and started a witch-hunt against his opponents. The speeches from the floor were of a high standard, and it was encouraging to see a small group of interested freshmen present.

The second debate of the term was held on Thursday, November 20th, at Jesus College. "The Orators" are frequent and welcome visitors to Queens' and they were charming hosts when we visited them. The motion "That this house believes in the Middle Classes" received severe but witty handling from Hugh Thomas and Barry Orchard. The Jesus men were hard put to it to answer some of Mr. Thomas' thrusts at their expense.

This term three debates are arranged, one of which will be with either Girton or Newnham. How can the ranks of Tuscany forbear to cheer?

S. B.



ST. MARGARET SOCIETY

The May Week concert is for most of us merely a memory. But the vagaries of the academic year, and the publication date of the Dial decree it as the solemn duty of the present writer to review the events of an irrevocable and feverous May in the numbing chill of November. Detailed criticism is out of place, vague memories must suffice. One remembers Derek New's pleasing light baritone in arias from Mozart operas, a very creditable performance of Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto in A minor from Bruce McKillop, some vigorously sung male-voice part-songs from a group of enthusiasts, and a novelty from David Rees and Trevor Gartside in the form of some French dances of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries played on the flute and tabor. A pleasant evening, enjoyably concluded by refreshments served in Walnut Tree Court.

Innovation was the key of the Michaelmas Term. The opening of the new music room behind the Chapel gave both a stimulus and a focal point to music at Queens'. If there are some who find the bare walls and fluorescent lighting rather garish, the fact that the room has been in almost constant use since its opening amply demonstrates that it is satisfying a definite need.

Last term's Freshers' Concert was the first to be given in the college for some years. It is to be hoped that this re-established precedent will be followed in succeeding years. While recording progress it must be noted that the band of enthusiasts who sang in the May Week Concert has been supplemented by sopranos and altos from Newnham and Girton, and has thus been translated into a full chorus. The continuing existence of this chorus owes much to the unobtrusive yet firm guiding hand of its conductor, John Price.

The Society's concerts have been of a high standard. Firstly there was a piano recital by David Turnbull, in which his casual manner was belied by a thoughtful and accomplished performance. An organ recital by Pat Gannon revealed his proficiency at the organ, and the fact that the Chapel has, if not great architectural beauty, at least certain good acoustic qualities. Peter Nelson (piano) and Tony Jacobs (flute) provided the highlights of the Freshers' concert. Two groups of madrigals and folk songs were competently sung by a male-voice group which contained some very good voices. There were, however, moments when the singers were obviously not singing as an ensemble, consciously listening to, and blending with, the other parts. The performance by Mary Potts of two Bach Concertos for Clavier was undoubtedly the musical treat of the term. Mrs. Potts, ably supported by a string quartet, played her own harpsichord sensitively and with real understanding. Her concert showed how much music of this type gains from being played in the intimate informal atmosphere of a room such as the Upper Fitzpatrick. Accustomed as we are to hearing such works performed in the echoing spaciousness of a concert hall conditioned by the mellow tone of a modern grand piano, it is a rare delight to hear them restored once more to something approaching their original setting.

The final concert was given by the St. Margaret Society Chorus and Orchestra, and formed a climax to the term's musical activities. The concert opened with a carol, "Welcome, Yule," which introduced the Christmas mood in an authentic if breathless manner. The singing of "The Shepherd's Farewell" by Berlioz was perhaps a little too restrained; the sopranos did not seem fully conscious of the haunting beauty of their melody. Britten's setting of "There is no rose" is interfused with the spiritual, semi-mystical side of the mediæval conception of Christmas, whereas Vaughan Williams' in his Wassail Song jovially evokes the secular carol. Tony Jacobs, accompanied by Pat Gannon and Bruce Nightingale, gave a polished performance of Bach's Sonata No. 1 in C for Flute and Continuo, and the concert was concluded by the Cantata "Sleepers Wake" by Bach. The orchestra and chorus reached a high standard in this work, apart from occasional lapses into untidiness from the chorus. Margaret Lander (Soprano) and Peter Nelson (Tenor) both sang with lively musicianship. Simon Rees (Bass), however, was a little lacking in vitality. The concert was conducted by John Price in his own unassuming yet definite manner. An enjoyable party given by the Dean for members of the St. Margaret Society Orchestra and Chorus was a fitting conclusion to a pleasant evening, and an active and encouraging musical term.

E. B. W.

THE HISTORY SOCIETY

The Society met four times this term, one of these meetings taking the form of the Annual Dinner. The first meeting was held on October 17th when Mr. McCartney, of All Souls' College, Oxford, read a paper on "Hungary in World War II". In this he valiantly and successfully described the part Hungary played in that most baffling of all pursuits, Balkan diplomacy.

There followed on Saturday, November 1st, the Annual Dinner of the Society at which we were pleased to include among the guests Mrs. Laffan, Miss Patricia Laffan, Mr. Gilbert Harding, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Goulding Brown of Emmanuel. Perhaps in a somewhat benevolent mood after an excellent bill of fare, Mr. Harding's speech was somewhat more subdued than his normal custom would suggest, and he further gratified many of his hearers by the encouragement he gave to the less intellectually gifted among us. He also endorsed John Knox's views by telling us to be wary of encroachments by the "gentle sex" into formerly exclusively male preserves. After the dinner, all those who stayed were hospitably entertained in Mr. Laffan's rooms where were provided both refreshments and a dog—deemed a cat for purposes of College regulations.

The third meeting was held on November 13th, when Mr. P. Grierson, F.S.A., M.A., of Caius College, read us a paper on "The Breakdown of the Roman Empire—the evidence of the coinage", in which he amply proved his points by periodically passing round specimen coins of the period. At the last meeting, R. D. H. Wilson read his paper entitled "The Heritage of Leonardo da Vinci", in which much erudition was displayed. Thus a very successful term came to an end, and we are looking forward to one which we hope will be equally successful, if not more so.

W. H. W.

THE MEDICAL SOCIETY

Dr. J. D. Simpson found himself faced by a full room at the first lecture of the Michaelmas Term. We enjoyed, yet again, a delightful mixture of his sound advice on the subject of Medical Practitioners, generously enriched with his own humour.

The new officers elected the previous term included: C. C. Wilton-Davies as President, B. S. Kennett as Secretary, and C. J. M. Maxwell as Treasurer.

We were most grateful for another fully-attended talk given by Air Marshal Kilpatrick on "Aviation Medicine". In view of recent events in the history of aerodynamics, the talk was both topical and informative, and we are all indebted to the Air Marshal for sparing his valuable time to talk to us. Also, we were pleased to welcome some members of the University Air Squadron as our guests for the evening.

At the joint meeting with the Queen's Bench, the Chief Constable of Cambridgeshire assured us that he would not make the Colleges burglar-proof in his illuminating lecture on the Police and the Public.

An excellent dinner brought the term's activities to a fitting climax. Finally, we must express our sincere thanks to Dr. McCullagh for his extended kindness in the loan of his rooms for our meetings.

B. S. K.

OMBRE CLUB

Ombre, she said, let it be Ombre, and she drew her chair nearer the table . . .

The Game of Belinda, Lord Hervey and Pope, of elegance and grace, is played once more in Queens' and there are those amongst us to whom the civilisation of knowing how to "venture on the *vole*" means more than the intellectual absurdity of Bridge.

To the younger Beginner the mystery of *Matadors*, of *Punto, primera, voltereta* and *sacada* can only be confusing but to the lettered player they are the distillation of the game, the silver phial of Augustan nectar which infuses a mere pack of cards with antiquarian glory and connoisseurs' delight. But in despite of ebullient Spanish, Ombre is a quiet game, a nonchalant game, a wordly game, that even lazy Anne could play; where Heroes and Nymphs can with Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain, find a languor in cards and card-players, that the dangerous enthusiast of *Whist* has routed over several centuries from the gaming table. And here lies its merit! Scandal can be its hand-maiden and conversion its unerring companion. There is no fear through want of concentration of leading wrongly or taking out of turn, for all the tricks may be inspected, all the cards renounced and to an exulting gamester the magic charms of *raps*, of "gano's" and of "gano si se puede" allow the delicacy of cheating openly.

. . . if there is an aspiring neophyte who knows no one amongst the Concourse of the players, let him read a book of "infraction for the young princeſſes" the *Complete Gameſter* of Seymour conned by the fashionable of 1741 . . . and if even there be he who despises the preciosity of Ombre, albeit knowing nothing of the game, let him read his Seymour and learn that "Gaming hath become fo much the fafhion amongt the Beau Monde that he who in company should appear ignorant of the Games in Vogue would be reckoned low-bred and hardly fit for converfation."

J. C. T.

THE D SOCIETY

The first meeting (the 126th of the Society) was on Wednesday, November 5th, when the University Librarian, Mr. H. R. Greswick, Fellow of Jesus College, gave a paper on the "University Library".

On November 12th, Dr. J. Beattie was the speaker and his subject was "Erasmus and his English Circle." He was followed on November 19th by Professor A. H. M. Jones, Fellow of Jesus College and Professor of Ancient History, who spoke about "Some Causes of the Fall of the Roman Empire". The Master of Emmanuel College visited the Society for its last meeting of term; his subject being "The Study of Economic History".

About 45 members of the College were present at the first two meetings and about 35 at the remaining two meetings.

THE QUEENS' BENCH

The Queens' Bench held three meetings during the Michaelmas term. The first was purely social. The President met the Freshmen, the Freshmen met the Old Lags, and, of course, the beer was good. For the second meeting of the term Professor John Hazard, of Havard University, was the speaker. Taking the Russian Legal System as his subject, the Professor showed that, after the Revolution, Russian judges had been ordered to decide litigation "according to all Czarist law and revolutionary conscience and consciousness." This had proved inadequate and in time the authorities had realised that law and a legal system were essential to every modern state. The Chief Constable addressed us for the third and last meeting of term and his subject was "The Police and the Public". We received much instruction in the working of the Police Force.

Meetings for this, the Lent, term have still to be arranged but already we know that the Town Clerk will visit us some time in February. All are welcome, be they lawyers or laymen.

D. H. P.

"THE TEMPEST"

IF the Bats had been able to perform *The Tempest* later at night when darkness was already on Cloister Court, some more enchantment might have reached the audience. In the last flood-lit scenes, magic was credible and Prospero was to be believed. Earlier we saw too much, and far too much of the masque. In choosing *The Tempest* for a May Week production The Bats must have realised the difficulties of creating a magic island in broad daylight by the Combination Room door, and they cannot be surprised that mostly red-brick-reality won.

Mr. Roderick Cook's production was misjudged for Cloister Court, falling between an attempt to spellbind the audience through verse alone, and an effort to suspend their disbelief by devices effective in an indoor theatre. The shipwreck scene is often considered the biggest problem for an open-air producer, and on some occasions it has been timidly omitted. But Mr. Cook did achieve real success with it. There was an illusion of disaster and distress as the ship foundered, out of sight, and the groans and cries of the damned mingled realistically with the shouts of survivors as they staggered through the tent-like masking of the centre-door, with Mr. Hugh Thomas looking definitely seasick. But there was a price to pay for the usefulness of this tent (a permanent fixture), and the three goddesses, for instance, should never have been discovered inside a marquee. Nor should the dancing boys and girls, manifested by Prospero's magic, have appeared to enjoy a May-Day romp. It was just this: magic failed. There was hardly a fairy in whom to believe.

The mortals had a much better time, and the love scenes of Ferdinand and Miranda, sometimes said to be boring, appeared as very charming parts of the play. All the costumes were delightful,

and Dr. Beament's music many times caught the atmosphere of the play when the actors missed it. Ariel was most pleasing—except she sang no songs—and Mr. Trevor Stratford was a very good Caliban in a magnificent make-up, but especially there was a superbly-spoken and dominating performance of Prospero by Mr. Colin Temblett-Wood.

Considering Cloister Court as a setting for Elizabethan plays, perhaps The Bats will soon think again of giving their plays against the background of the President's Lodge. Not only is it much more pleasant to look at and, by chance similar in part to an Elizabethan theatre set—but such a plan would prevent the present effect of an immensely wide stage where the audience cranes to watch the play from corner to corner with contortions familiar at a tennis-match.

M S. B.

"BLOW YOUR OWN TRUMPET"

THIS play by Peter Ustinov ran for five nights in London in 1944. It ran for four nights in the Upper Fitzpatrick Hall in 1952, and it is unlikely that anyone considers that London audiences were too hard. Even in 1944, topical in war-time London only just out of the blitz, it was not successful, and eight years later, at some distance from the guns, its success seems that much more remote. It fails to capture an atmosphere we might be interested to sense again. It is not even a period piece. The only genuine birthmarks it bears from its time are possibly its very naivety and emotional sham, indicating perhaps that a leading playwright wrote it under the stress of a very bad air-raid.

However, it has been said that The Bats select a play for this term's production largely to put their actors—especially their new actors—on view, and, for showing off your actor's paces, *Blow Your Own Trumpet* is a very good choice. Nearly every part in it is strong actor's meat with lots of "character". The danger is that your producer and your actors enjoy these parts so much that they become caricatures, and Mr. Alan Sheldon did not always keep his cast out of the grotesque. Nearly every performance could have been very good if it had not been overdone—excepting from this Miss Jean Parry and Mr. Joe Lyde who most of the time seemed real people.

One of Mr. Sheldon's problems in producing this play must have been arranging quite a large cast on a tiny stage already crowded with a bar, numerous café-tables, chairs, and the like, and with some clever scenery he did this very well, especially by keeping one of the tables on ground-level by the audience. Somehow this kept within the scene, and yet expanded the restaurant to an intimate degree. With the actors so close to the audience it is virtually impossible to present a convincing elderly make-up, and the players of the Maestro and the café-owner were handicapped by obvious youth; though the psychiatrist with his lugubrious manner was far more persuading. It is not as difficult to appear eighty-three as it is to appear fifty-three, but Grandmother Bossi would not have been so amusing or convincing if Miss Joyce Quinney had not so carefully timed and delightfully varied her little wordless excursions into gibberish.

For accuracy's sake Mr. Sheldon should have tried to get a soldier without a beard.

M. S. B.

F O R E S I G H T

I CAN JUST SEE YOU in forty years' time, they say, I can just see you at sixty. They have sharp eyes, these friends of ours who are also prophets, men with vision. And always there is a question, to which we return the answer answerless: what shall you do when you Go Down, demand the tall secure friends of the family, what are your plans for the Future, ask the slight acquaintances in the pause of the Christmas celebration, the pause punctuated by the arid shock of a cracker, between the soufflé and the sigh? You will be glad to get away from here, murmur the men from the Bigger City, this is hardly the Real World, you understand. We understand. We talk much of the Future then, this year.

We consider, too, that Other World: the struggle in the Under-ground, the Carving of the Niche, the throttling by the stiff white collar, which is the most unpardonable assassination, the Sarajevo end to youth. Even now there is the noise from the Next Room and the noise is not the noise of laughter. The cry of rising young men in the city is harsh, like a corn-crake. Especially in the Winter Time. This Other Kingdom is of course a Republic, where the Elect struggle for Power with the Elect-to-be. It is only Here that we are still reactionary, our serfs unemancipated, our intrigues the care of dowager tsarinas. Our courts are tranquil, and our courtiers soft-voiced and do not scramble; for what they wish, they have.

O Peter, David, Charles, and Those Others: what then will you do? There stands the Train, there gloom the clean harsh lines. It is a train for which we early developed train-fever, there is no fear that we shall miss it, for it will remain until we are on board, our cases in the compartment, our gloves in the restaurant car. Where shall we ask it to stop, where pull the communication cord? Somewhere perhaps rather above our station.

Do not be so self-contained as to believe your lives will be free from drama. We are all dramatic and shall be much concerned.

There is a decision. Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, U.N.E.S.C.O., the Church, V.I.P. When the Meccano failed we were inclined to be engine-drivers. Now we must revise the juvenile aspiration; the examination is upon us. The lot of engine-driver is not good enough for us. We wish to be men of destiny, men not to be trifled with, whose opinions are consulted, striding manfully into history, our personal telegrams become public archives. Anthony Eden shall we be, urbane and melancholic, inventing a new style in hats, with a honeymoon in our fifties in a Portuguese farmhouse. We shall be impressive international bankers, our names unknown to the general public, feted by the Press Lords, the only bankers to make advances to Madame Chiang Kai-Shek. We shall have

large gold-plated Daimlers and shall drive through London with their leopard-skin hoods flung back, shocking those who flinch at cold gold. We shall be fashionable novelists, crying for inspiration in the squalor of Knightsbridge, chronicling the tragedy of aristocracy's gallant fight against poverty. We shall be Lord McGowan, pressing knobs, we shall make the Tory Party go. We shall keep large artistic households where painters meet politicians on an equal footing, whilst our unprincipled and fantastic wife will patter about taking down details of our conversation and her own thoughts in a green morocco book. We shall be the only ambassadors to be bored by Buenos Aires: we shall be lionized in India, duped by our valets in Ankara: issuing stiff notes demanding the preservation of British lives and property in Bangkok. And in the evening of our lives, we shall retire to the Moated Grange three hours from London by car . . . And when after dinner the last peach is eaten, we shall lead out our brilliant guests into the garden—my land, we shall say, my earth, my England. Remarkably well preserved shall we be, we shall wear our years lightly and with distinction. And we shall come again to Cambridge, and ask, in the empty halls of the palaces that once we knew, where is Peter, where is Charles, where is David? Ay, which is more and most of all, where are Those Other Ones? And back the answer, they are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality; forgotten, lost, cremated. We too shall go—in large Louis Quatorze beds, and there will be monuments in the local cathedrals, with our dogs at our feet and our legs uncrossed, for we shall not have been to the crusades. And *The Times* will commiserate with our wives, “who survives him and whose painstaking and unrewarding duty of making indexes to her husband's books was a symbol of the happiness of a marriage that never knew a single cloud. . .”

Such is the prospect: such is the call from the Next Kingdom which is a Republic. Do you wonder then that we are afraid? Would it not be sweeter, more decorous not to hear, to shrink back into the shadows whence we have come, to die in the slum or in the country club in Surrey, our lance unbroken, our tennis-racquet in constant use? Let us not go to the Sale of Indulgences, nor hear the elfin cry, Come Buy, Come Buy. These things are not for us. Not for Us.

What then for Us?

The permanent regret for the This-World-Kingdom (which is a kingdom), which we shall have abdicated for the tumult of the National Assembly; the meal in the regretted restaurant (when passing through), the car in the regretted car park, the echo of the regretted music and the flavour of the regretted wine, the recollection of the regretted friends. We shall, in the future, have Past-Regret. Displaced persons in time. We shall have decided: decided not to decide.

H. S. T.

DEATH OF A QUEENSMAN

OUT of the cloud of steam enveloping both the bath and its occupant stretched a hand, dressed only in a signet ring that bore a noble heraldic crest. The hand searched on the nearby chair and found a cigarette case, which was of gold and carried upon it the coat-of-arms and initials of Humphrey D'Umpty. The hand was his too.

Elegantly the fingers opened the case, took out a cigarette and withdrew into the world of steam and soap-suds, returning only to grasp a cigarette lighter and later to replace it. A thin stream of smoke curled from the finely-chiselled nostrils and joined the steam, less artfully produced. Humphrey was thinking.

As the feet stepped out of the bath, the fingers were again drawn towards the cigarette case; they fondled it and *weighed* it.

"A pity," thought Humphrey, "but the only thing left to sell." The thought disturbed him. Was it the act of a gentleman to cash the last gift of a titled grandfather?

Then the eyes fell on the family motto: *Rather Death than Dishonour.*

Death. Any alternative to his present difficulties seemed attractive to Humphrey. "Yes," he concluded, "I *would* rather die than be dishonoured," and he could not avoid being struck by the singular nobility of the sentiment.

His mode of life at Cambrdige was elegant if not affluent. It held promise of a distinguished undergraduate career, but he lacked the drive necessary for success in any particular sphere of activity. Humphrey was fully conscious of this, knowing that his only art was that of elegant living—and he could not much longer afford even to be respectable.

To destroy his only creation, his standard of living, by a descent to poverty seemed a philistine, boorish thought. No, rather must he bring his opus to a magnificent conclusion in a noble and artistic death, not only to be the finale of the work but the *pièce de résistance*. Had not D'Umptys fallen in glory on the crowded fields of Agincourt and Waterloo? And if the twentieth Humphrey was to die alone, at least he would like to have a good audience.

Gradually the idea took shape. He would climb the reputedly unassailable Chapel of King's, succeeding where others had failed, for surely the ascent had never been attempted by anyone with absolutely nothing to lose except the extra publicity of reaching the top. Here was a death at once honourable and ostentatious. If he reached the summit, and he had little doubt that he would, having tested his physical abilities too seldom ever to have lost

confidence in them; if he could stand with one hand resting gently on a lightning conductor while he delivered his own funeral oration. . . .

Back inside his room he calmly walked round, placing his bills in a tidy pile, for he was scrupulously honest, and burning his private letters. Into the fire with the latter went his abortive attempts to write verse and draw caricatures. Nothing should remain of him but the legend of his living and the manner of his dying. A few well-chosen photographs, left near at hand, ready for the posthumous press reports, were his only bequest to the material future.

He would be beautiful in death as in life. As dawn broke over his pinnacle he would shave in preparation for his last social engagement. He quickly packed towel, razor, brush, soap and a thermos of hot water into a small knapsack.

Then he would carefully attach the ties of his school, his regiment and his college to the lightning conductor, as a tribute to his upbringing and a memorial to their product. He folded the ties and added them to the contents of the knapsack, then, after donning his evening dress, he filled his hip-flask with brandy and placed this with his cigarette case in an inside pocket.

As the crowds gathered below he would start his farewell address: "I, Humphrey D'Umpty, Lieutenant, the ——shire Yeomanry, Exhibitor at the Queens' College of Saint Bernard and Saint Margaret, . . ."

He could hear the magnificent, sonorous words rolling down King's Parade, could see the expectant, admiring looks on the upturned faces of the hushed crowd far below. At last the perfect swallow dive to death and glory. . . .

In vain had the D'Umptys fought at Hastings, Poitiers, Blenheim, Corunna and the Somme. Nowhere could Humphrey find even the first foothold to start him on his climb to one of those airy pinnacles from which alone could he drop into the more exclusive Halls of Fame. He had approached King's Chapel from every direction; he was tired, his impeccable tails were now dishevelled and dirty, and he couldn't remember where he had left his knapsack.

He had not gone unobserved. A Fellow of King's, mistaking from a distance, in the light only of the moon and stars, Humphrey's determination for ability, had telephoned for the Proctors. Humphrey saw them as they arrived and, with the vision of dishonour without even death, he fled in the direction of Queens' with a Proctor and two bulldogs several hundred yards behind him.

Fear was obviously a stronger emotion in Humphrey than thirst for glory. When he came to the wall he jumped, and seizing handholds soon clambered to the top. He sat on the wall for a few seconds watching the approaching figures.

Then, as he turned to descend into the College, he felt his cigarette case slipping out of his tailcoat pocket, saw the noble coat-of-arms upon it, and, throwing out his hand to save it from falling, overbalanced and himself crashed to the ground.

Porters and undergraduates gathered round. They sent for Doctor, Dean and Tutor. Medical students advanced to his aid, but Humphrey waved them aside. They would soon know *how* he had died, but how could he tell them *why*?

To save his family honour from falling into the dust? Yet more than that, even if unintentionally. He had crowned a life of distinction with a death of absolute mediocrity, but might thereby achieve more lasting fame.

"What were your principal beliefs?" simpered a struggling young undergraduate reporter into his ear.

"I don't know . . . to sort of play up and play the game . . . and . . . and not let the side down . . ." replied Humphrey, as he recalled his military service with stiff, empire-building upper lip.

"What were your main interests?"

"Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto," was the answer as Humphrey's thoughts went further back to his early classical education.

"What were your favourite books?"

But the limbs were already forming into the traditional pose of the sleeping Crusader. The last breath departed as the Dons arrived. And the last of the D'Umptys was gathered to his fathers.

J. D.

B E R L I N, 1952

THERE was a map on the programme-cover of a small but much-frequented revue theatre in West Berlin, and on this map there stood a naked, very vulgar, very Teutonic figure which was making an even more vulgar and equally Teutonic gesture towards all four corners of the city. There was a caption to this picture: "Laughter will set us free!" . . . In the East, the Berliner may laugh at the Western Powers, in the West he may laugh at the great God Stalin too.

He laughs then as he passes from West to East, as he passes the flaunting placards which welcome him in giant letters to the "Democratic Sector of the People's Republic," he laughs when he

sees the iron bars of the residence of the People's President, Pieck, and the little grey plate on the door which gives the times he is available for audience; he smiles grimly at the grandeur of the new Soviet Embassy rising resplendent from the empty shell that was once the "Unter den Linden". . . and then perhaps in admiration as he gazes at the blocks of workers' flats being built along the "Stalinallee". As he returns across the boundary he laughs again at the memory of the "Free German Youth" who stormed the Western police with "Freedom" on their lips and stones in their hands; he laughs aloud at the platinum-blonde glitter of Kempinky's—the new hotel in the "Kurfürstendamm" where even Americans fear to tread—and at that pathetic contrast . . . the British Centre, erected in memorial to Mr. T. S. Eliot and B.E.A.

He laughs till tears stream down his cheeks as he looks up into the skies and sees coloured balloons floating overhead, bearing anti-Communist propaganda to the lost lands of the East.

But can this then be laughter . . . that twists past the glittering facade of new Berlin, that eddies amongst Western elegance and Eastern apathy, that gurgles harshly round the wooden huts of hungry refugee camps and swirls to silence in the empty bowels of ruined buildings?

J. D. de P.

CREPUSCULE

Mumbled by the shades of the dead
on grass where the day fades and falls
the columbine strips herself nude
inspects her body in the pool

a shadowy mountebank calls
boosting turns they have on their bills
milk-star constellations wanly
relieve the pallor of the sky

from trestles livid Harlequin
makes his bow to the audience
wizards out of Bohemia
a few fairies and the magicians

unhooking a star from the night
he does a stiff-armed juggling act
while the feet of a suicide
are kicking rhythms from cymbals

the blind man lulls a lovely child
the hind passes by with her fawns
sadly the dwarf observes the growth
of Hermes-statured Harlequin

*From the French of GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE
translated by R. H. B.*

ON MOVING INTO THE NEW LIBRARY

A Protest

Atmosphere once gave our betters
Thoughts enough for thousand brains
Dons gave alphas, genius sparkles
In their work that still remains.

Atmosphere inspired essays,
Guided pens across the page;
Atmosphere was background music,
Manna to a golden age.

Manna of this kind fed Fuller,
Brought Erasmus to these shores
And sustained the tongue of Harding
On so many, many floors.

Manna of this kind seems lacking
In their work that still remains.
History seems more dead than Fuller,
“Humanist” an unknown phrase.

Neon-lights in all their harshness
Kill each intellectual spark,
Vacant eyes have lost all focus
On walls that boast no dirty mark.

Varnished chairs and varnished tables,
Odd Picasso's on the wall,
Lino floors and iron cases
Help the scholar not at all.

Spiders' webs seem gone for ever,
Gone the dust we used to know.
Nothing stirs to contemplation,
Genius here has failed to grow.

O, give us back our Library,
Its ageless dust that genius bore,
That these hygienic days might be
Distinguished days once more.

R. D. H. W.

A PIECE OF MUSIC

For me, my love, it was a music,
delicately, palely wrought,
blinding through fields at morning mist
and coltishly;
but opening desk, a dawn imagined
moist june blue the music wreathed
shallow heard as moment's mood.
Yet O its mothlike brown andante
filled our soft dissolving sky
and undefined particular love.

And O your upturned face, my dear,
was instrument so tautly strung
plucked by whims of summer rain, say,
sensing music being moulded
aware as I
of formlessness but sound.
A violin cadenza then
your prickly smile like catgut
clawing out its pattern of light
through fog of lost directions
numbing the senses
and throttling the understanding.

Yet we could not listen wholly to the work.
Streams ran continually silver,
but through forest
and the theme we declared was forgotten.
Till, lacking concentration
and power to restate or define
memory of mist and forest found themes of their
own
stream ran to new landscapes
lit by different suns.

Only a flash of light
shrill single trumpet high
sounded our truth for me;
and now, in vacuum,
the immediacy of sound suspended,
the soul is warmed
by a piece of music.

J. L.

REVIEW

LOWER LIFE

A BOOK by a University examiner is always welcome, one based on an annual series of lectures is doubly so. Dr. Ramsay's recently published work* is designed for the brighter schoolboy and the first-year undergraduate.

In his Preface the author acknowledges criticisms of omission and oversimplification. "It is intended to be an introduction to the subject, a discussion of certain principles and their application, but not in any sense a survey of invertebrate physiology," he writes, and he has admirably followed the theme of his title within these self-imposed limitations. The lucid style of the book approaches that rarity, Science designed to be read as Literature. Dr. Ramsay has included no index, because he cannot imagine that anyone will want to use this book as a work of reference. Your reviewer confesses that he has already done so!

The physiological approach to general topics in biology is no new one, though it has been but rarely presented to the elementary student. The old theme-song of "lab is lab and field is field and never the twain shall meet," has long disappeared from the Cambridge Department of Zoology, but it lingers on in many text-books. While recognising that human physiology alone has been adequately studied, Dr. Ramsay refutes the contention that Man, as well as being "the proper study of mankind," is also the only work of reference for physiologists. He argues from the general to the particular, and Man, as firstly particular and secondly outside the scope of the book, receives little mention. This is unusual in an account of invertebrate physiology.

Dr. Ramsay's book is not intended to be self-sufficient. It is an aperitif. He is more likely to attract larger audiences to the fuller meal of exceptions and structural intricacies than to convert them into armchair scientists.

J. D.

* '*Physiological Approach to the Lower Animals*,' Cambridge University Press, 15s.

SPORT

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Last term the 1st XV enjoyed more success than it had for a considerable time previously. Having gained promotion the year before from Division II the team quickly settled down and won the Division I championship, which it had apparently never done before, by a comfortable margin. Of the seven games played six were won, and the other, against Pembroke, was drawn 3—3. The match against Clare had to be cancelled because the ground was unfit, and each side took a point. A consideration of the points for, 95, to those against, nine, might serve as an indication of the fitness and enthusiasm of the players. P. I. Reid has captained the side well, and given a fine lead on the field. Although changes were made from time to time these were not the result of calls from a higher level; three players each made an appearance for the LX Club, but no league games were being played at that time. It would be idle not to pretend that there are weaknesses in the side, for these were well exhibited in the game against Pembroke. The pack, though fast, is light, and much more at home on a dry ground than in the muddy conditions which often prevail. Even so, there are several games which remain in the memory, and it is not inappropriate here to thank those members of the college who, sometimes in the worst of weathers, have turned out to support the team, for to their encouragement no small part of its success is due.

The 2nd and 3rd XVs have participated in the general revival. The former, captained by K. W. B. Gooderham, has probably gained promotion to Division III, though this has not finally been decided. Had the team not been weakened for vital matches it is possible that promotion would not now be in doubt. About half way down Division V the 3rd XV has found a pleasant niche. One of the embarrassments of the Rugby Committee has been to try and provide the large number of the members of the Club with games. It is to be regretted that it has not always been possible to do this, but there are many who have been fortunate enough to enjoy moments of glory, and sometimes, it must be admitted, of despair, with the 3rd XV. It has been captained, with aplomb and some condescension, by D. A. Stone, busy as ever in his search for the *mots justes* to express, at appropriate times, the varied emotions common to rugby players. His "Well played—relatively speaking," during one particularly bitter and particularly unsuccessful struggle, will not easily be forgotten by those who were present.*

At the end of the term 19 players went on tour to Devon, where three games were played in four days. That against Sidmouth was lost 3—11, those against Brixham and Newton Abbot were won, the former, 8—0, the latter, 11—3. This record compares favourably with that of any other College side which has visited Devon in recent years. This experience against tough Western sides should prove valuable when Queens' meet Sidney Sussex in the preliminary round of the Cuppers in the near future.

E. D. B.

* Since these notes were written, Mr. Stone has been promoted to the 2nd XV.
—Editor.

BOAT CLUB

The Boat Club has been struggling throughout the last year to overcome the effects of two bad seasons, and results show that their efforts have not been in vain.

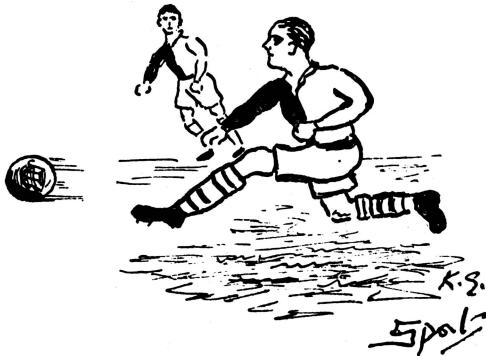
In the May Races Queens' boats made six bumps, but were bumped three times. Particular credit here is due to the Second VIII who failed to win their oars by three feet. Only two members of this crew had more than a year's rowing experience when they raced in the Junior VIII's at Reading Regatta. They were defeated in the semi-final by the ultimate winners.

At Henley the First VIII, entered for the Ladies Plate, defeated Emmanuel comfortably in a preliminary heat, but lost to Magdalen, Oxford, on the first day of the Regatta. Four members of the VIII also rowed in a Wyfold IV, although this was always subjugated to the needs of the eight. This crew reached the semi-final, after some exciting and enjoyable rowing.

Last term we entered two crews for the Light Four races. The "B" crew were unlucky to meet L.M.B.C. "A" after defeating Sidney Sussex. The "A" crew reached the semi-final, where it lost to the subsequent winners.

The corner has been turned, and the Club looks forward to winning finals instead of losing semi-finals.

T. M. A.



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB

Of 12 matches played to date, the first XI have won seven and lost five; the second team have played nine, won four and lost three, two being drawn. In the League the first scored 30 goals, only having six against them.

The first XI, after relegation from Division I last year, gained promotion last term, losing only to Downing in the League. The first plays best with its back to the wall.

F. J. Woodley has played for the Varsity, and was asked to play against Oxford. M. E. Taylor and B. C. Richards have played in the Falcons.

J. V. G.-B.

HOCKEY, 1952

The hockey team began and ended last term in a winning vein; unfortunately it lost all the intervening matches. A. E. H. Rutter, the Captain, remarked after one game that "He could not find his feet," and this was often true of the team as a whole. Still it seems that the dangers of relegation are past and with P. Wharton, who has played for the Wanderers, and M. J. Gleed, who demonstrated at the end of the term his ability to score, as inside forwards there may well be every chance of success in the cuppers if the defence can be trained as an efficient and solid unit.

The second team, captained by E. Cox, has had its moments but on the whole it did not have a very successful term.

Two fixtures against Homerton provided some exciting incidents and it is to be regretted that a Rugby football match against the Boat Club had to be abandoned.

B. S. D.

GOLFING SOCIETY

With the advent of several golfers among this term's freshmen, prospects are somewhat brighter. We have been unable to compete in the League, as some members are unable to play at Mildenhall. However, we have been able to arrange several matches at the Gogs. A weakened side lost to Downing, while in our last match we defeated Caius.

This term's prospects include Cuppers, for which we should be able to provide two fairly strong pairs, and also the Annual Captain's Prize Competition, open to all members of the College.

J. R. P.

SQUASH CLUB

The Squash Club has had another successful season. Last year's promise has been considered, and all three teams hope for the first or second place in their respective divisions. The first V have been fortunate in having the services of P. J. Ball when he was not playing for the University or the Ganders and of R. H. Norden when he was not with the Ganders or winning the University Freshman's Tournament. Promotion prospects of the second and third teams are due in no small measure to the response of the Freshmen, and we face our opponents in the next league, as well as the Cuppers, with Confidence.

R. C. B.

A THLETICS

The bait with which the Athletic Club angles for Freshmen is savoured with vacancies for all events. But the appeal of Fenner's is to the talented, for it is the past reputations that break the records—one may be fast but one has to be quick to succeed. Of the six University athletes placed on the list of top British performers, the Club possessed two, B. L. Callaway and R. T. J. Day; a most creditable distinction. In the First Division of the Inter-College Field Events Competition, fourth place was gained, but owing to the absence of the leading athletes in the inter-college relays, the rear-guard action could bring us no more than seventh place in the Second Division. The fact remains that whoever can beat the Secretary is encouraged to run—those who cannot are persuaded to compete.

J. R. S.

TABLE TENNIS CLUB

The club is this season in a flourishing state, the third and fourth teams having gained promotion, and all teams well maintaining their high positions in the University League.

Queens' is still the only college with two teams in the first division, and this position has already been justified by the results so far this season.

We possess four members of the University club, and J. B. Hope and G. F. Modlen represented the University second team against Oxford last year.

J. H.

LAWN TENNIS CLUB

The season's league results were disappointing, the first team only managing to win two of its matches. However, this was due in the main to the unfortunate unavailability of most of our players caused by the pressure of work. In the Cuppers competition, Queens' redeemed itself by reaching the semi-finals in both the singles and doubles events. R. T. Hazell and M. S. Gleed came very close to beating the eventual winners of the doubles cuppers. R. A. Barron played for the Grasshoppers last season while R. T. Hazell last term was selected to play for the Secretary's team against the Captain's. This year we have high hopes as we now have six members in the University club, including two promising freshmen, D. Coles and S. T. Kilachand.

R. A. B.

SWIMMING CLUB

Queens' were unable to enter a team for the inter-college relay races; and in the water polo Cuppers we lost 2—0 to Caius. However, later in the term the College beat the Leys School in a friendly match 4—3.

S. Shaldon played in the University Water Polo team against Oxford, scoring two goals.

A. A. B.

BADMINTON CLUB

The club is flourishing and has eighteen active members. It was decided to have two teams this season as most of last year's team, which was promoted from the second division, are still in residence. Both have won their one match so far, and it is expected that this success will continue. Four club members (including one Half-Blue) played at C.U. Cockerel practices last term.

J. N. A.

RUGBY FIVES

The Rugby Fives Club has unfortunately had a poor season because there are so few players in the College at the moment. The first round Cuppers match against Selwyn was lost by two matches to none.

J. D. de P.

LACROSSE CLUB

Epps and Kershaw have been appearing regularly for the University side. Queens' have played no inter-college matches so far, but it is anticipated that a strong team will play in the Cuppers, in which we reached the final last year.

J. F. E.

CHESS

The Chess Club is very much alive with an active membership of about 35, ranging from the University top-board, N. R. McKelvie, to the annual "timber-shifting" beginners of any Chess Club. Two teams have been entered for both the Cambridge District League and the Cuppers; in the latter, at the time of writing, our first team remain unbeaten and the second team stand as runners-up of their section.

K. D. S.

FIELD SPORTS

Quite a number of members of the College have enjoyed some good days shooting this year, and one or two people have even been out beagling. In fact one man was discovered disappearing into a clump of bushes, but the quarry was somewhat uncertain. As far as we know, nobody has been out with the Drag, but one illustrious member hopes to run his horse at Cottenham, though we do not advise people to risk their shirt on him, in a valiant attempt to keep the Undergraduate Race in the College.

The Joys of Duck Flighting

Having once made up one's mind that (a) one is going and (b) where to, one sets one's alarm clock resolutely at 4.30 a.m. and retires to sleep uncomfortably on one's sofa. On being rudely awoken, one rapidly dresses, collects flasks, coffee, and sandwiches, and if one remembers, a gun and cartridges, and surreptitiously leaves college at about 5 a.m. The next problem is transport. If it's there all well and good. If not, one spends an anxious hour, alternately wondering whether they are going to turn up or how one is going to awake them. However, let us assume transport does arrive and at 6 o'clock one gets to one's destination. The question then arises as to how and where the duck are going to fly. Having decided this all important point, one sets off for a rather long walk through water or over ice, invariably collecting a brace of wet feet on the way. One then settles down for a long wait and when the duck eventually flight, one is either so cold or one's lips are frozen to one's whisky flask, that one is quite incapable of raising the gun to one's shoulder and pulling the triggers in anything like the right direction. Frozen stiff, one eventually decides to come back, and the best part of the day ensues . . . A hot and most welcome breakfast has been prepared by some well meaning but misguided young ladies, and one spends the time discussing in rather loud and over exaggerated terms how cold it was, how wet one got, and trying to make excuses for missing the easiest of easy shots. What one does for sport even though wild duck is first-class eating !!!

Castor and Pollux





FOISTER AND JAGG, CAMBRIDGE