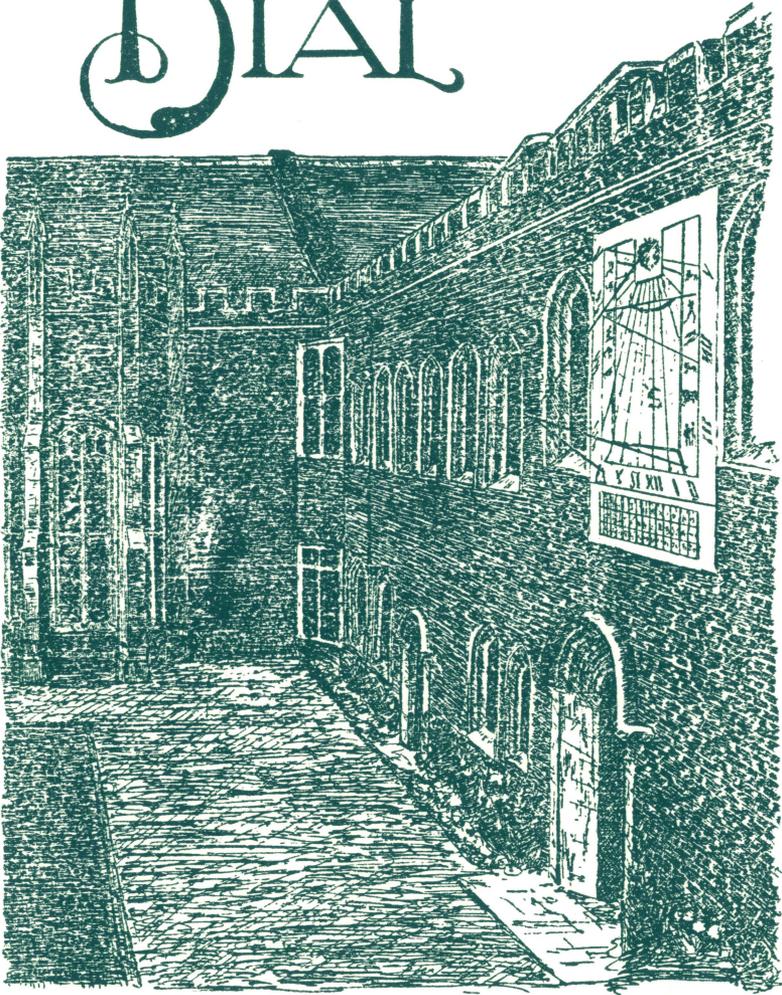


The
DIAL



Queens' College

Easter Term, 1911

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The Dial.

VOL. II. No. 11.

JUNE, 1911.

Editorial.

“**D**EAR, dear, bumped four nights in succession! ah, these boys can't row as we used to in my days”—The listener squirmed, as he heard these awful words uttered in that tone of condescending pity mingled with self-congratulation, which we all know so well. The speaker was the typical *laudator temporis acti se puero*, and typical too was his complaint.

We all know the kind. Its exponents are as plentiful as blackberries, and of all things the most irritating. Few of us are sufficiently non-chalant to treat such remarks with the contempt they deserve. They worry us and fill us with an unpleasant feeling of doubt. But wherein does lie degeneracy? We search for it but cannot discover its presence, and we begin to disbelieve in its existence at all. Then quite rightly we say—we do not yet claim to be superior to our forefathers, we do claim to be their equals, and we hope, or ought to hope, some day to surpass them. Else civilisation were indeed a failure.

But the most extraordinary thing is that this state of mind is not confined to our elders. For their opinion we can find excuse, deprecate it though we may. One of our English poets has spoken of “sorrow's crown of

sorrow, remembering happier things." So an exaggeration of the past, while it affects *us* unfairly, is yet perhaps to be expected. But that our own contemporaries, with most of their life yet before them, should also take up the old cry of degeneracy is all but incredible.

It may perhaps be our hope to set the Thames on fire: it certainly is not our expectation. Yet though we realise that an unkind fate has not fashioned us to be an Alexander or a Napoleon, a Julius Caesar or William Pitt, we need not sink into the Slough of Despond and cry sorrowfully "Ah, if we could only do what they did!" Such greatness is beyond us as it was beyond their contemporaries, but the general level of previous days is attainable.

It is for the majority of us that we are pleading, the majority, which refuses to believe that the day of great men is past, and which looks forward with longing to play the part assigned to it. To such an aspiration, based as it is upon true nobility, it comes as a terrible shock to hear people decrying the present at the expense of the past, for no other reason than a total lack of self-confidence, one of the worst forms of cowardice.

To apply the moral, then, of these few thoughts Those who are leaving Cambridge this term are almost at the cross roads. May they accomplish, each his own ideals; that is and ever will be the sincere wish of those they are leaving behind. But for goodness sake, let us no more hear the old cry—"How much better we ordered it in our day." Of which remark the truthfulness is, to say the least, doubtful. There must be a flaw in the outlook of one who says this, and moreover he is foolish inasmuch as he disparages and does not encourage.



Men of Mark.

X.

F. C. CLARE.

IN the early summer of 1883, to be precise the 15th. of June, Bedford city had one more name to add to its list of honour—that of Frank Conquest Clare. The results of that event have already been far-reaching and we are confident that the future will reap a still richer harvest. Of the initial stages of his life's history we can glean but little information. We have good reason to believe that the new edition was not unlike others of his species—save perhaps in one particular. So luxuriant was his head of hair (an unusual phenomenon we are told) that a far-seeing nurse was overheard to remark that it was “too good to last long.” Another feature of childish eccentricity was that he would devour the pages of all the books that he could lay his hands upon. This impaired his digestion, but was likewise indicative of the future; for although he has now cultivated a different method with printed matter he is still a glutton for reading. Barring this absorbing passion he was a docile and submissive child, and gave little trouble to his nurse.

The years passed and our hero was rewarded by being sent to a private school in his native place. We have little doubt that whilst here he impressed his unfolding genius on his fortunate overseers. But we must be content to surmise, and must pass on to the

more important section of his school career. It is evident that he soon drank deep the cup of knowledge afforded by a private school, for at the early age of ten he was entered at Bedford Grammar School, which had already been fortunate to number on its roll the President of Queens'. The years that he spent at the school were coincident with the closing years of Mr. J. S. Philpott's long head-mastership, but by special request we abstain from inferences. This period of his life was all too short. His comprehensive genius carried all before him in the academical life of the place. He was head of the Upper Fifth when he left at the early age of 16. Moreover he was a school Exhibitioner in his last year; he raked in Form prizes galore, and spoke French with such an exquisitely accurate accent—that of an archdeacon at afternoon tea—that he was awarded two prizes for that language. He tells us with becoming modesty that he never was athletic; yet those of us who have seen him ambling with apparently so little exertion along the lanes and roads of Cambridge know otherwise. Unfortunately these latent possibilities were not discovered at school, and he used instead to occupy his spare time in taking prodigious walks with a friend. As illustrative of the indefatigable genius of our hero's mind he and his friend used on these long walks to play what they styled "the Game." Even supposing we had the wit to grasp the details of this complicated form of amusement we have not the space to lay them before his admirers. But suffice it to say that "the Game" was a political romance of great force and originality in which the two conceived themselves monarchs of two American States. They warred, they married (in imagination),

they intrigued and in fact carried on in their fertile brains all the dealings of one great State with another. The last act left our hero Charles III. of Peru, with complications of all sorts to disentangle. No wonder is it that the luxuriant crop of childhood was unable to survive the weight of such a heavy crown.

In January 1900 he was called "to leave his kingdom" and his school for the life of Law. He was articled with his father's firm, Messrs. Conquest & Clare, Solicitors in Bedford, and for the next five years probed all the depths of the legal abysses. His attainments soon made themselves felt and he held the secretaryship of the Local Law Students' Society. He took an able part in the Debating Society and on one notable occasion appeared as junior counsel for the defence in a mock trial. The action was for breach of promise, and a black look out for his client. But by reason of the knowing and all-comprehensive experience of our hero, his client got off with a farthing damages. In November 1904 he sat for the Solicitors' Final Examination and brilliantly fulfilled the promise of his school life.

He was placed fifth of nine in the First Class Honours, and was also awarded a Law Society Prize and the "John Mackrell" Prize, the latter being given on the practical aspect of things. He was admitted Solicitor in January of the following year, and for the next three assisted his father in his practice. Not content with his legal activities he was licensed as a lay-reader to St. Peter's, Bedford, in the autumn of 1907. Shortly after this he decided to leave the legal profession, and to seek ordination in the Church of England. With a view to this he determined on going to the 'Varsity.

Having successfully floored the "Little Go," he brought all his wisdom to bear upon Queens' (in defiance of his own name) and the Theological Tripos. We must not however allow our readers to imagine that he is anything in the nature of being only a lover of books. He has a very large place in the social life of the college, and we well remember how completely he took us all by storm as a fresher. His behaviour during his first year must be a lasting model of what the deportment of a fresher should be. We believe that he was never guilty of a breach of the new etiquette, and he was correct to a fault, and yet his delicate "walk" was inspired by no such abominations as "Freshers' Dont's," but his own unerring sense of decorum. At such politeness we sat in wonder. Since those sedate days we have witnessed (*horribile dictu*) brief spasms of playful riot in his rooms, but never has he gone to the sad lengths of furniture destruction to which youth is so prone. Unfortunately his first year was curtailed by illness, and he was prevented from carrying off the laurels awaiting him in the first year May's. However, he had his revenge in the following summer and took to himself a prize. Besides this he had divided the Hughes' English Essay Prize. In 1910 he was elected Secretary of Q. C. C. U. and President in the following year. He was further elected Librarian of the St. Bernard Society, and his attitude during the selling of papers bid fair to rival that of the famous Pickwick. In October 1910 he filled the less onerous position of Vice-President of the same Society. He has taken a great part in the various debates and all who have heard him have listened spell-bound to his overflowing but well governed oratory. At the time of going to press he is defying all the difficulties—and they are many and great—of the Theological Tripos. We

are full of confidence that it will share the fate of the other examinations that he has tackled.

In the summer terms he has frequented the tennis-courts with no little zeal. Despite his keen interest in the game he is not so occupied, but that his partner may gather the pearls of wisdom which adorn his conversation; in fact it is well on these occasions to be on the spot with a bulky note book. He sighingly admits that in his first year he paid sundry fervent but short-lived visits to the Cam and was thereon "tubbed." Moreover he has always followed every branch of the athletic life of the college with the keenest interest. To many of his friends he is known as "Daddy"; his fatherly advice is always at the disposal of those who are in a hurry to have Exeats signed, having the recognised *status* in the college of "Junior Dean." Gentlemen with impending law-suits find in him a friend in need. Of his personal appearance we would say little. His benign character is apparent in every feature of his countenance. He is precise and neat in his dress and his complexion is faultless. He blushes as charmingly as he does everything else. He has the desperate affection for his coiffure of a man who knows he must make the most of it. He smokes with charming grace and occasionally partakes of the cup of conviviality. He has a two-fold hobby—music and reading. He is an accomplished musician, and those who have been privileged have greatly appreciated his playing on Sunday evenings and during the sacred half-hour which follows Hall. He is especially fond of Beethoven and Schumann. He has read widely and possesses a style which is a combination of all the most classical authors. He has a partiality for Charles Lamb, Walter Pater, A. C. Benson and William de Morgan.

Albeit, he is not yet in love, he often sighs to meet the heroines of some of his favourite authors. In politics he is on the horns of a dilemma, being in the uncomfortable position of having yet to find the party he distrusts least.

For the future we wish him all good luck. From the Theological College at Ely, to which he will soon betake himself, his intention is to advance by swift and sure steps to the dignity of Bishop, but—'the ideal is high: it is also wide.'

A Fable.

THE Cherubs and the Kangaroos
Abandoning their pride,
Sat eating at 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 ? ”

4.

Records of the Q. C. B. C.

IN May Term and with the glories of May week before us, no apology is needed for making public some of the records of the Q. C. B. C. Rowing is still the 'Varsity sport, par excellence. The divinity that doth ever hedge a rowing Blue, the constant enthusiasm excited by the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, and the comparative antiquity of the sport, all combine to render it interesting.

It is for these reasons that we have thought fit to cull from the records of the College Boat Club, and we must thank those in authority for granting us access thereto. If the reader feel some of the pleasure, which came to us in the perusal, we shall feel that our task has not been in vain. Our own records go back as far as 1831, and it is highly probable that before this date, rowing was carried on in a casual way. Significant of this are the following words, used by Dean Merivale in 1881 at the University Boat Race Commemoration Dinner.

“Boating and boat racing were then but as a thing of yesterday with us. In the summer of 1826, just before I came into residence, there were only two eight-oars on our water, a Trinity boat and a Johnian, and the only idea of encounter they had was that each should go, as it were casually, down stream and lie in wait, one of them, I believe, sounding a bugle to intimate its whereabouts, when the other coming up would give chase with as much animation as might be expected when there were no patrons of the sport or spectators of the race.” He went on to say that in 1827 a Trinity ten-oar was added, as well as two or three six-oars—

“Then the regular racing began, to be continued ever after. In the third year, 1828, most of the colleges manned their eights and we warmed to our work.”

The races had to be regulated, and, by 1828, the C. U. B. C. seems to have been established. We may assume, therefore, that the Queens' Boat Club was also in existence. In 1831, the first recorded year, we read of forty-five members having paid their subscriptions, and a Mr. Poone was captain. The minutes tell us, somewhat enigmatically, that the racing crew, consisting of thirteen men, constituted the committee. At this first meeting it was resolved that “The jacket for uniform be double-breasted and double collars and with buttons belonging to the Club,” and a little later “That trousers, shirt and cap be considered to compose the uniform.” Again, in 1833, dark blue striped jerseys were substituted for lilac and white. Of the boat itself, we read, that it was painted black inside and resined outside, then gilded, while it was proposed that “The flag be a rich black one with a golden eagle.”

The great event in the Club's Annals we find in 1833, when a silver cup was presented to F. W. Barron in token of respect for the very able and active manner in which he had fulfilled the office of captain, during which time the boat was raised from the bottom to the top of the river. The crew was as follows:—

<i>Steersman</i>	T. P. E. Thompson
8	F. W. Barron
7	W. Fitzherbert
6	J. May Allen
5	Allen Fox
4	J. N. Peile (Fellow of Queens')
3	Alfred Fennell
2	James Sabben
1	Edward Brine

and it is noted that Queens' not being head of the river on the last night rowed second in the procession. Still, we *have* rowed head of the river for more than one night.

The accounts show two items of interest, one, the sum of 1/6 paid as postage for two letters, from Searle, the boat-builder, and, another, the sum of £2 3s. 9d. paid for cushions, and corresponding to this, we find the proposal that "New cushions be made for Queen Mab of black cloth stuffed with flannel!" Luxury, indeed!

A rule passed in 1834 is delightful—"That no boat in any way belonging to, or hired by the Club should be taken by any member or members of the Club to any of the Clayhithe or Baitsbite Feasts, Hops, Wakes or Balls."

In this year it was decided that Mr. Peter's long-standing bill for buttons be paid by yearly instalments: £2 per annum to be paid at the end of each year.

1836. A rule was passed that "Any member of the crew looking round during the race be fined 2/6."

The chief item of interest in 1837 is that we hear of a second boat being put on. In 1839 the Club was badly in debt, and the boat was sold. What it fetched, is not recorded, though we hear of another being sold for £3. The minute book does not record 1840, though from the accounts we glean that a new boat was purchased for £40, the chief other items being

Fine for missing race	...	£1
" " "	...	£1
Band of Music	...	11/-

Music seems to have been popular for, in 1843, we hear of 15/- being paid for a band. For what was a band needed?

In 1842 the Club was fined twice for missing the race, and once for being late. The struggle for existence must have been a trying one; as witness the following

resolution in 1841 that: "Unless the crew of eight be found for this term, independently of those who have promised to pull next term, the Margaret of Anjou be sold and the boat club dissolved." Fortunately such a calamity was avoided.

Interesting, as indicative of the captain's power in those days, is the entry in the accounts of 1842 of two members being fined for talking in the boat.

In 1843 there were dissensions in consequence of the Second Boat Captain refusing to raise a second boat. The correspondence which passed on that occasion between the Committee and the recusant captain is preserved and worthy of notice for its very formality.

The Committee to Mr. Byers.

Sir,—I am directed by the Committee of the Queens' Boat Club to request you to take immediate measures for the formation of a second crew, as there are several men desirous of pulling, and as it is of the first importance that you should lose no more time.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

J. H. THOMPSON,
Secretary.

II. *Mr. Byers to the Committee.*

Sir,—Had not your letter which I have just received been sent by the direction "of the Committee of the Queens' Boat Club," I should have taken it as a personal insult. . . . I have done all that *can* be done to *persuade* men to pull in the second boat: and if you or the Committee can inform me of "the several men desirous of pulling" (?) I shall be most happy to wait upon them, and do my utmost to induce them to pull in

the second boat, as far as is consonant with gentlemanly feeling and propriety. Your remark that I should "lose no *more* time," I consider beneath my notice.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

OCTS. B. BYERS.

III. *The Committee to Mr. Byers.*

Sir,—The Committee of the Queens' College Boat Club received your letter in reply to their's of yesterday. They consider the expression "your remark that I should 'lose no more time,' I consider beneath my notice" as insulting to them as a body, and demand a full and explicit apology for the same.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

J. H. THOMPSON.

IV. *Mr. Byers to the Committee.*

Sir,—In answer to your letter which I have just found on my table, I can only say that I am most willing to give an *explanation*, though I do not consider myself bound to offer an *apology*. I consider that your letter of yesterday was nothing less than a severe reprimand for neglect of duty as captain of the second boat. . . . you say that 'it is of the first importance that *no more* time should be lost,' of course implying that I have already lost time, which I deny to be the case. . . . I will not bully men to pull in the second boat to please the Captain or any Committee, which has been the case in more than one instance to my certain knowledge With regard to the paragraph which you have extracted from my letter, I have only to say that it was a *decided insult* to tell me to lose *no more* time, when I

contend that I had lost *no* time. I therefore considered it beneath my notice.

I take this opportunity of paying my subscription for this term, and at the same time beg to withdraw from the Club. I sincerely wish the Queens' boat every success.

Not wishing to hear any more on this subject and regretting that I am unable to comply with the "*demand*" of the Committee.

I beg to submit myself,

Your obedient Servant,

OCTAVIUS BATHURST BYERS.

The Committee decided that Mr. Byers by resigning escaped an apology which he ought to have made. But the quarrel would appear to have been patched up, as about a year later we find Mr. Byers captain of the Boat Club.

Q. C. H. C.

IN the last edition our future was left upon the knees of the gods, and they certainly justified this confidence. At last we have secured the coveted position at the top of the second league; next year will see us in the first league; but how long shall we stay there? Unfortunately next year will see us bereft of the services of those players who were the mainstay of the side in the past season. Now we must hope that the gods once again will prove worthy of our confidence, and that among the members of the Hockey Club there are some brilliant performers who as yet have been unrecognised.

Q. C. C. U.

THE Union has passed another year of very flourishing existence. The Friday meetings have been very well attended, and both Bible, and missionary, study circles have met with increased support: but again we would ask members to consider the possibility of attendance at the Tuesday devotional meetings; they are intended for any, and every, Queens' man who cares to come, and not solely for members of the committee. Third year men are reminded that there is a library in connection with the Union, and that the librarian will be glad to receive any additions to it. As the vacation is almost upon us, we would draw the attention of members to the annual conferences of the Student Christian Movement to be held this year at Swanwick during July.

Q. C. B. C.

THIS year we again entered for the Clinker Fours. Unhappily four days before the races Cook, who had so far stroked us excellently, crocked. Williamson then came in at stroke, and the never-failing Cleworth at bow. In the draw we experienced good luck, drawing Lady Margaret, whom we beat by two lengths. On the second night we met Emmanuel, who fell before us very easily. By this victory we reached the final, a position to which a Queens' Clinker Four had never before attained. But First Trinity were too good for us, and beat us by a length and a half, after a good race. We have to thank Mr. Donaldson of T. C. B. C. most heartily for his able, if somewhat strenuous, coaching of the Four.

The May boat is progressing favourably under the auspices of the Rev. F. C. Kempson, who is very kindly coaching us this year. We expect great things from the "Getting-on" Boat, which A. D. Browne, assisted by C. M. Smith and T. H. Cleworth, has coached most ably throughout the term.

CLINKER FOUR CHARACTERS.

Bow—T. H. CLEWORTH.

How doth the little Tummy-bird
 Delight to row and sweat
 He tried to miss the Clinker-Fours,
 But didn't, you may bet.

2.—E. J. B. M. KENNETT.

Our Bunny puffs his chest well out,
 And keeps his back quite straight;
 Unhappily his blade he skies,
 Which often makes him late.

3.—W. H. FERGUSON.

The lanky Scot we come to now,
 Full forward fast he swings,
 He wraps his shoulders round his neck,
 And looks at pretty "things"!!!

Stroke—F. A. WILLIAMSON.

Our noble stroke he "skipped" us,
 Like sardines in a tin.
 But, sad to say, his back got bent,
 When "Doty" packed him in.

Cox—L. A. WAINWRIGHT.

The cox turns up when he is bored,
 And deigns to steer the "Four."
 At other times, upon the "Backs,"
 His flighty fancies soar.

F. A. W.

Our Lecturers.

I.

Scene—Hall, mid-day, an expectant audience of undergraduates and young ladies from Newnham await *His* entrance. Presently a door is opened with much difficulty, and the Antiquarian enters; in one hand are books, MSS., and copies of Greek vases, in the other printed papers, ancient coins, rattles and shells. These are arranged in due order round the desk, and a tolerant smile flits across the faces of those present. Then he begins—

“To-day we come to Sappho—Tradition speaks of her as the lover of Alcaeus. I have here a copy of the newly discovered Hagia Triada Sarcophagus—you may have heard of it. (Oh, no!) It depicts Alcaeus blowing kisses to Sappho. Whether blown kisses are naughts as well as crosses, I don’t know. Professor K. tells me, they are. Of course he has had more experience than I, and I may be wrong, but, if this is correct, it is strong proof of my contention. There is a little coin of Corinth, which also represents this amatory scene. I will pass it round. (He does so). (*Later*). We may translate then “Zeus, tricked out in divers colours”—now the question of Zeus arises: Was he pre-Achaean? The evidence for and against I have had summed up briefly in these papers.” (*He proceeds to hand them round: two kindly fellows offer to help him, and both make for the table where sit the students from Newnham; they start at either end, collide in the middle, blush confusedly, and retire, and the lecturer continues*)—“These represent Zeus, etc.” . . . and so on *ad infinitum*.

Queens' Backs.

WE journeyed on a summer's afternoon
With slow and listless paddle down the Cam,
And straightway left behind a busy scene
Of harsh-voic'd boatmen and a mill-pool's whirl,
And passed beneath an ancient bridge, o'er which
Re-echoed ceaselessly a motley throng.
But on the instant peaceful stillness reign'd
And, almost ere we knew it, we had passed
Beneath the rustic wooden bridge of Queens',
A cunning scholar's work, yet quaint withal;
And here we paus'd awhile in leafy shades,
And wonder'd how, amid the Roses' strife,
So peaceful, still and pleasant an abode
Came into being; and we thought it strange
That, tho' their lords had striven with bloody sword
For crown and sceptre on the stricken field,
The queens of rival lines should thus have been
Rivals in doing good, not shedding blood.
And here we passed a low-spann'd arch of stone
And saw set back with wide and spacious lawns
The massive, high, and lordly pile of King's,
And thought how well the twain had been design'd.
For well the open lawns and solid stone
Besem'd the haughty manners of a king.
The dainty gardens and the old-world brick
As well recall'd the two unwarlike queens.
The one a palace seem'd, the other Home.

G. M. W.

Life in Engineering Works.

TAKE heart reader—if you have already got farther than the title of this article, for it is in no sense a technical discourse, much as I grieve to disappoint certain young engineering enthusiasts in our College. It is rather an attempt to throw some light upon a few of the many sides of the life of a pupil in modern engineering works, particularly such as have, in the author's experience, proved different in actual fact from what he had anticipated.

To begin with, after three or more years of 'Varsity life one is inclined to think one is somebody. I, personally, found my error as to this point in the first five minutes at work on being "shown the way" by a very small urchin of unpleasing appearance and somewhat offensively familiar manner. That brings me at once to the question of social relations.

A "Premium," *i.e.* a pupil who pays for his education, as distinct from an "apprentice" who makes his way by the sweat of his brow,—is regarded by his foreman with respect, by the workman as an equal, and by the clerks and errand boys with supreme contempt. Perhaps in many ways the latter pass the fairest judgment.

I said the workmen regarded a pupil as an equal and certainly the relation is a most fortunate one for the pupil. For not only are they ready to help him in his work without expecting any return, but when an opportunity for conversation occurs, they have much to say that is both interesting and amusing. It is quite a

mistake to suppose that the vocabulary of the skilled British workman is limited to a few dozen words, half of which are not to be found in the dictionary. Indeed I am not sure that some of them could not give many undergraduates points in regard to language, conversation and general knowledge.

With such men one feels at once that gratuities in cash would be quite out of place as a recognition of services rendered, though by eliciting the private hobby of any man to whom gratitude is especially due, a more suitable remuneration can often be made with advantage. For example, if the man fishes, give him a bait-can. If he gardens, give him a rose tree, and so on. But note well that he does not in general expect any return at all for the immense amount of time and trouble he is willing to give up to the assistance of a struggling beginner. The one return he really appreciates is a trustful and friendly manner.

As a teacher, he is apt to make the mistake of assuming his pupil knows half of what he is trying to teach him. For instance I received a severe shock one day on being told that the tool I required for a certain piece of work was a "Solid-round-nose"! But by the exercise of a little mutual patience, the course of pupil and teacher can be made to run quite smoothly and happily. Altogether, then, the British workman is a most charming and companionable person, and has universally but one great fault, that is his habit of almost continuous expectoration! I speak in all seriousness, for the matter is one of real menace to the health of the state. Even the small boys follow suit, presumably with the idea of appearing like men, until one cannot help feeling how dry the poor little dears must be getting with their unceasing efforts.

So much for the men and their virtues and vices, they are more friendly, more interesting and more temperate both in language and habit than is commonly supposed.

The point which will occur next, if not first, to the fearful brain of a prospective engineer is early-rising. What a change for some of us to be up at 5 a.m. every day! Yet after a fortnight of so doing, I found myself waking punctually at 4.55 in instinctive dread of a peculiarly raucous alarm clock. In fact getting up, like hard work and many another dreadful thing, is only a question of habit if you make it a habit.

But unfortunately going to bed is not so, and the one real great hardship that has to be endured in work-life is that of going to bed at 9.30 when the rest of the household are off to some jollity or settling down to a congenial evening in drawing-room or study. But it is physically impossible to burn the candle at both ends and do $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours work standing up at a lathe in between.

Lesser hardships are noise and dirt. Even the Zoo at meal-times, or the Market Square on November 5th, are quiet compared with the machine shop of a large works. But to this also one soon gets inured. With dirt however the case is different. When very young I have been known greatly to enjoy an hour with the coal-box, and even now I do not mind a bit of honest dirt! An engineer mustn't. But being coated all over both inside and out with oil and the dust of cast iron is a thing which takes some getting used to. No soap will get it off, and it is only on Sunday evenings that the skin may at length begin to wear through to the light.

One last enlightenment of an unfortunate nature came to me in the matter of dress. Here at least I

thought I might save a little, while limited to the princely salary of four shillings a week. But no! Instead of wearing out my oldest grey flannel trousers,—relics of happy days at Cambridge—assisted with a bit of string tied round below the knee, I found that in order to be fit company for the clerks with whom I dine I must at once obtain some new clothes of the very latest cut! Of course overalls are worn over these during working hours but still—*O Vanitas Vanitatum!*

But I must now draw these remarks to a close if the Editor has not already rendered this unnecessary.

To recapitulate, “Philosophers may sing of the troubles of a king,” etc. The pleasant surprises have been many, and the discomforts well calculated to teach one self-control and better temper. But two great essentials are needed to ease all such trouble, a sense of humour and a trust in one’s fellows. Without these there would indeed be much truth in the tired American’s epitome of life as “Just one dashed thing after another.”

N.B.—I have altered one word in this!

R. A. H.

A Dial-ogue.

The Old Court—Midnight—The Junior Bursar, taking a last look round, glances with complacency at the Dial and is astonished to see the lines of time on its ancient face deepening into a frown, and is still more astonished to hear a menacing voice ejaculate:

So you're bent on dyeing—

J. B. (*gasping*). Eh, mon, who are ye?

T. D. The Dial.

J. B. (*turning a sickly pale colour*). The Deil?

T. D. No, the Dial! Now do you know me?

J. B. No, mon.

T. D. Gnomon—that's right. But where do you come from?

J. B. Scotland. D' ye no ken the dial-ect? But what do ye want wi' me?

T. D. I've been hit in the nose by a golf ball. What sort of game do you call that?

J. B. Clock golf! Anything else?

T. D. Yes, why don't you put another coat on me?

J. B. (*pricking up his ears*). Coton, who said Coton?

T. D. No one did. But I've had three coats of paint and

J. B. (*eagerly*). Havers, mon, d' ye no ken the *Munro* doctrine is aye three *Coates*?

T. D. Enough. I must be repainted.

J. B. 'M yes: Weel, ye ken it's muckle expensive, and we've missed

T. D. (*interrupting triumphantly*). Ah, Scotch mist. That's why you've such a queer notion of sky blue.

- J. B. (*drowsily*). It's enough to gie one a fit o' the blues.
- T. D. Yes, but your blues don't fit. First, Oxford blue, then Cambridge blue, then a Bletchley blue.
- J. B. I dinna ken what that may be.
- T. D. Why, a colour half-way between the two blues.
- J. B. (*suspiciously*). 'M yes. But ye're no quite reet. I meant ye to be purple.
- T. D. (*flushing a right royal purple in his rage*). Purple, forsooth, and why?
- J. B. Weel, ye see, they're crooning the King this year, and I thought it wadna cost so muckle...

(But at this last crowning insult, the Dial resumed its usual appearance, and the Junior Bursar turned away, feeling he had scored on the whole).

The Quaerists.

ON Wednesday, March 8th, P. H. Turnbull read a paper on Beethoven. It was much appreciated, and, if we are not mistaken, was the first paper dealing with musicians ever read to the Society! *O si sic omnes!*

From music to politics—On Wednesday, March 15, Mr. E. W. Eltham discussed 'The Individual and the State.' Such papers are ever welcome and not least because they provoke discussion, and thereby hold out a chance of arriving at something definite.

As usual Mr. Cook read us a paper: his subject was 'What is Beauty?' Mr. Cook is always interesting, and invariably lightens his subject with a fund of humour. His remarks about undergraduates' socks and his own boots, in relation to beauty, were much appreciated.

J. R. W.

Athletics.

AFTER much correspondence, doubt and delay, a fixture was at last finally settled with Jesus College, Oxford, and took place at Fenner's on March 16th. The programme included eight of the usual ten events, the Three Miles and Hammer being left out for want of exponents.

The weather seemed very unsettled, but after a sharp shower just as things were timed to start it cleared up and remained fine for the rest of the afternoon.

The Hundred was won by C. A. Herapath in 10 4-5th secs., and D. Hoole took the Weight with a put of 33ft. 4in. Next came the Half-Mile, which W. L. Williams, the Blue, won pretty easily for Jesus, although E. H. King who was second, ran very well indeed.

A slight break occurred in the proceedings at this stage, while the teams submitted to the demands of the photographer. When these were satisfied the programme was continued with the High Jump. M. H. B. Scott won it with a spring of 5ft. 3½ins., A. L. Silvester of Jesus being second.

The Quarter, which followed, was won very easily by C. A. Herapath, who was exceedingly well paced by M. H. B. Scott, in 51 3-5th. secs.

Hoole won the Long Jump next, clearing 20ft. 8ins., and then C. A. Herapath won the Hurdles in the splendid time of 19 3-5th secs.!

The last event, the Mile, went to Jesus, whose representative of the Oxford team won pretty easily. B. L. A. Kennett and E. H. King also ran very well in this race.

Thus a very enjoyable meeting ended in a handsome win for Queens' by 6 events to 2. No doubt the disparity in numbers between the Colleges and the fact that the visitors had had an early journey was largely responsible for the wide margin in favour of Queens'; but it is hoped that next season we shall be able to send a team to Oxford, and that this meeting will become an annual fixture.

Dialiana.

THE DIAL has been repainted; hence the pertinent enquiry. Is it worse for undergraduates to paint the place red or for dons to paint it blue?

There seems to be in the College a perfect fever for publishing at present. Would it be too much to ask authors to send their contributions to *The Dial* instead of writing them on the college notices?

Our Dean is really most versatile. To his numerous accomplishments, he has added that of rescuing fair ladies. Only the other day, when motoring, he came across a lady in distress, and small wonder, for her horse had deposited her in a stream. Our hero rose to the occasion, and thereby the motor almost justified its existence.

A propos of the above, a member of the College, a notorious woman hater, was heard to remark cynically "Another woman's trick! Trust a woman to be always at them."

On another page it will be noticed that the boat club officials, affected presumably by the hot weather or by "Trip" fever, have burst into poetry (save the mark). May we ask other clubs to abstain from following so awful a precedent?

The Dean was heard a few days ago to say that when he left Cambridge, one of the things he would most miss would be the Backs in the *early* morning. Comment is superfluous.

Mr. R. F. B-1- informs us that his new book may be expected shortly. It is to be called "Woman," a brief and attractive title. From our knowledge of the author, we may assure our readers that the book will be cynical and totally unreasonable; Mr. B-1- regards it as a serious contribution to literature.

Congratulations to N. Miller and R. A. Marsh on winning Stewart of Rannoch Scholarships.

The Dial.

"Nokes outdoes Stokes in azure feats"
From bad to worse or worser.
I know a man whose paint pot beats
Them both—our Junior Bursar.

A. B. C.

Church Congress Week in Queens'.

IT was a generous act on the part of the President and Fellows of the College to invite the graduate members of the College who were coming to the Church Congress to share the hospitality of their *Alma Mater*, and it was yet more kindly to make so many thoughtful plans for the comfort and happiness of the visitors.

To be again lodged, as many of us were privileged to be, in the rooms that we had occupied in our undergraduate days may seem a little thing, but it meant very much and was deeply appreciated. And this is but one of many arrangements prompted by kindly thoughtfulness which made us feel at home, and helped us to enjoy to the full our sojourn in the old College.

We came to the Church Congress and most of us, I do not doubt, make good use of our opportunities in that respect, but I feel sure that to many of us College meant more than Congress and that our more abiding and grateful memories will be of Queens'.

Let me briefly record some of my own impressions. As one entered the College and walked through the familiar courts the first thought was of the small change that time had wrought. How unaltered, how unchanged everything seemed to be! And then as one looked more observantly and noticed more carefully there was little that had been left altogether untouched. Everywhere there were signs of care for the venerable fabric, signs of renewal, evidences also of striking growth and large development. One could not but wonder at the thoughtfulness and skill which have preserved for us the essential features and general character of the College

whilst so many improvements and additions have been made. It was still the old familiar College, but it had *grown*.

It was a delight, reviving many touching memories, to attend each morning the service in the College Chapel. This was a link with the past, with our past, and that for many generations, and the memory and influence of it will not quickly pass. We realised that we had come back to the old College, come back in some measure to the old life. We had also come back to meet the old friends, the friends of many years ago. We remembered (Ah! what did we not remember?) the Class-rooms, the Lectures, the Tutors of years ago. It was difficult to realise the flight of time when Dr. Wright stood up as of yore and began "*Benedic, Domine.*" We remember and recounted achievements on the river and on the greensward, we told of the events and experiences of the past, many of them such as we had imagined that we had quite forgotten, and you may be sure that they lost nothing in the telling. The oldest of us grew young as the past was made to live again, nay the oldest and grayest amongst us seemed somehow or other to become the youngest and gayest.

"We love, we remember, we hope to the last;
And for all the base lies that the almanacs hold,
While we've youth in our hearts we can never grow old."

Two afternoons ought to be particularly mentioned. The one when the President kindly welcomed us to the Lodge and showed us the many objects of historic interest which it contains. The other when we were invited to visit the College Field and Pavilion, where under the expert guidance of one of our number an attempt was made to initiate us into the mysteries of

water-finding. It would have formed an interesting souvenir of our visit if we could have been photographed as we gravely perambulated the field, in long and in large, with arms apart and eyes steadily fixed on the unmoving aluminium wire or obstinately rigid hazel twig, for all the world like so many nurses wheeling so many phantom perambulators.

Some experimenters seemed to meet with some partial success and were heard to mutter like the astronomer of old "it did move," but the great majority had reluctantly to confess failure. It was rumoured that one was found late in the evening walking to and fro across the mathematical bridge in the vain endeavour to induce motion in the stubborn twig! However, all, sceptics or not, enjoyed their visit, and many of us recalled the days when a chance pitch on Parker's Piece was our only opportunity for College cricket and envied the undergraduates of to-day their ampler facilities.

To the President and Fellows once again we tender our deep gratitude.

"Though scattered ere the setting sun
As leaves when wild winds blow,
Our home is there, our hearts are one,
Till Cam forgets to flow."

Old Queens' Men.

DEATHS.

DURING the last Academic Year, the Rev. Richard Pilkington, one of the oldest Members of the College died whilst travelling in Bermuda. He took the B.A. Degree in 1850, and in the same year was ordained by the Bishop of Chester for the Curacy of Kirkdale, Lancs. He was subsequently curate of St. Helens, Lancs; Holy Trinity, Whitehaven; Bedale, Yorks; St. Jude's, Chelsea; and West Ham Parish Church; and Rector of Draycott, Foliatt, Wilts.

He took a great interest in many branches of science, and was the Pioneer of Magic Lantern Lectures for children in schools.

He was a Director of the late Royal Polytechnic Institution and was a friend of Dr. Brewster, Sir Charles Wheatstone, Professor Pepper and many other scientific men of that time. He was the author of various pamphlets on Church matters and also of a number of hymns and poems of a religious character.

CLERICAL.

Rev. W. J. Dannatt, appointed Vicar of Hlland, near Derby, in the diocese of Southwell. Country living.

Rev. F. W. Dwelly, Senior Curate of Cheltenham Parish Church.

Rev. H. V. Farnfield, curate of Holy Trinity, Twickenham.

Rev. S. A. P. Kermode to be Vicar of Moggerhanger, near Sandy. He will give up his work at Melbourn, were for nearly four years he has done strenuous service during the illness of the Vicar.

Dr. Ryle, the late bishop of Winchester, was installed as Dean of Westminster on April 29th. We are glad to see that he is well again, as he needs must be to face the work involved by the Coronation.

Rev. H. W. Wheeler, curate of Slough.

THE LAITY.

R. A. Hayes is now employing his usual energy in engineering works at Birmingham.

F. M. Edwards has been appointed to a mastership at Dover College.

C. A. Williams (Classical Tripos, 1901) is tutor to the son of the Gaekwar of Baroda, and is coming home to the Coronation.

Marcus Rainsford has been acting since 1909 as Secretary to the British Legation in Dresden.

Lionel Perry has been appointed Senior Resident Medical Officer to the Queen's Hospital for children, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green.

H. G. G. Rutherford is now teaching with G. S. Farnfield at Broadstairs.

L. R. Peace has collected for use in Chapel a series of 49 chants, among which we are glad to notice four of his own.

ORDINATIONS

On Trinity Sunday.

B. J. Failes, Stratford-on-Avon.

F. H. Collins, Christ Church, Sheffield.

R. A. Bevis, St. Augustine's, Plymouth.

E. W. Barker, St. John's, Ladbroke Grove, N. W.

H. C. Threlfall, St. Luke's, Wimbledon Park.

E. A. Cook, Holy Trinity, Margate.

In September.

J. Green, St. Mary's, Rochdale.

NOTICE TO OLD QUEENS' MEN.

The Committee beg to remind many Old Queens' men that their subscriptions to *The Dial* are in arrears. They hope that people will remember that the magazine cannot be continued as a charitable affair.

Last year on account of King Edward's death, the dinner of the Graduates of Queens' College had to be abandoned. Consequently it is three years since the last. A dinner is being held this year on Tuesday, 4th. of July, the second day of the University Cricket Match. It will take place at "The Criterion," Piccadilly Circus, at 7.45 p.m. The President of the College, the Rev. T. C. Fitzpatrick, has kindly consented to take the chair. The Bishop of Ely and Dr. Ryle, former Presidents, hope to attend.

Tickets (8/- each, exclusive of wine) can be obtained on forwarding a cheque or postal order to Sir S. B. Provis, K.C.B., at 2, Whitehall Court, London, S.W. Any post office order should be made payable at the Charing Cross Post Office.

Applicants for tickets are asked to state in what year they took their B.A. degree, so that, as far as practicable, men of the same year may sit together.

Q. C. I. T. C.

THE prospect for the present season was marred at the commencement by the absence of E. M. Guilford, from the team. It had been hoped that Batstone and Guilford would make a good first pair. However, Guilford being unavailable, it was decided to try Sloman in his place. The choice was a happy one. In the first round of the College Singles he beat Batstone, who it will be remembered won first prize last year, and generally he has proved to have thrown off the state of coma which last summer seemed to influence his play. He and Batstone are at present unbeaten in college matches and form probably the strongest combination which Queens' has produced, certainly for some years. Their tactics are sound and they are quick in assuming the attacking position at the net, a most important feature of doubles tactics ; for there you can, as Doherty recommended "be in a position to volley down thus forcing your opponents to volley up." Individually Batstone is rather the steadier of the two and his ground strokes more accurate, while Sloman has a freer style and is cleverer in his placing.

Whitfield and Simey have had many off-days in which the former's short lobs have nearly broken his partner's heart, while Simey's drive has failed to clear the net at all. On other days they have proved a resourceful pair, of considerable cunning ; Simey's check volleys and chop shots being particularly deadly.

The selection of a third pair was a difficult matter. Until H. M. Grace was put in they were inclined to fail when most wanted. At first King seemed safe to get in

while Ashman and Schooling stood about an equal chance for the other place. King has some pretty strokes and with more experience should be useful. He should practice standing up. At present he is usually full length on the ground at a critical moment.

Schooling and Ashman are both steady, but the latter is rather slow at the net. The final selections, Grace and Schooling, have proved most reliable; Grace has more sting in his play and more experience than the other competitors for the third pair.

B. S. Farnfield played a very good game in one League Match when the team was not at full strength.

The League Match results have been very satisfactory. We stand at present top of the second league and have to play Jesus in order to gain entry into the first league.

In the 'Varsity Tournament Queens' have reached the final in the Inter-Collegiate Singles. In this event the Singles' Team, consisting of Sloman, Batstone and Simey won against Trinity and King's. In the former match Sloman gained a sensational victory over A. L. Prinsep, the 'Varsity Captain.

We have little space left to record the doings of the Second Six. It has been impossible to turn out the same pairs together as often as could have been wished.

Snape and Cortazzi are an exception to this statement and have proved a good pair.

Skelton, Champion, Pickard and Tindall have also done good service.

Our thanks are also due to numerous other gentlemen for lending a hand occasionally.

J. B. W.

Q. C. C. C.

THE cricket team have had a fairly successful season, and have certainly been favoured with phenomenally fine weather. They have won two matches, lost two, and had the inevitable number of draws. They were undoubtedly a strong batting side, and the bowling was not as weak as had been expected: the one side of their play over which a veil might be drawn is the fielding, which with one or two conspicuous exceptions has been by no means good. Of the new colours, C. H. Skey proved a useful bowler, E. B. Dreyfus, in spite of the physical dangers of his position, kept wicket well, while E. F. Duggan promises well.

CHARACTERS OF THE XI.

- **J. P. K. Groves* (captain). Has acquitted himself creditably as captain. As a batsman he has hardly fulfilled the promise of former years. He bowls a wonderful "Head Ball," which causes much confusion, and his fielding is undoubtedly good.
- **W. Thursby*. A good secretary. Has at last come by his own in batting and made many good scores, especially in the match against Jesus, in which he took a forcible 175. Shewed unforeseen talent in bowling, though he is still modest about the googly. Is a good field, and inimitable in his neatness of attire.
- **D. C. G. Stileman*. The blazing landmark of the side: a useful and consistent bat, who has not had the best of luck. Has given up his old position of first slip, and created a furore by his lightning bowling.
- **G. Gemmell*. A good bat and very consistent in scoring: his fielding is good, and his bowling useful.

- **C. E. Durrant*. Except on one occasion his star has not been in the ascendant. Is noted for his feverish style of fielding.
- **D. Hoole*. Has come on by leaps and bounds as a bat, and played many a good innings. A good field : also an enterprising pioneer in local cricket.
- **G. B. Sleigh*. A cylindrical bowler, with eccentric tendencies, spherical in the field, and angular as a bat.
- **B. S. Farnfield*. His well-known affection for work has not allowed him to play much : his assiduous practice in bowling deserved greater success.
- **C. H. Skey*. A welcome surprise in the bowling department, who also has often been left undefeated with the bat. A pleasant fielder to watch.
- **E. B. Dreyfus*. A useful wicket-keeper : has endangered his reputation for classic beauty in the interests of the side.
- **E. F. Duggan*. A promising cricketer who has exhibited considerable keenness and energy : a useful bat and a fair field.
- O. Tindall*. A bowler who keeps a good length but lacks sting : has occasionally made runs.

*Colours.

St. Margaret Society.

LENT CONCERT.

A MOST enjoyable concert was given by the above Society in the College Hall, by the kind permission of the college authorities, on Saturday, March 11th. ult. There was a very large audience, which was augmented at half-time by the Hockey Team, who were unable to be present for the first part of the programme. On their arrival the hall was hardly large enough for the audience.

The concert was a great success. Most of the items were vociferously encored. Great credit is due to Mr. L. R. Peace for the excellent programme, which he took so much trouble to arrange.

It was a great pleasure to hear the celebrated Queens' College Orchestra again. Native talent is always acceptable. There is a bond of sympathy between the native artists and their audience.

The following was the programme :—

PART I.

PIANOFORTE DUETTwo Norwegian Dances.....*Greig*
A. E. D. BLISS. K. H. M. SUTTON.

SONG "Border Ballad" *Cowen*

VIOLIN... Violin Concerto. 1st Movement... *Mendelssohn*
S. G. GALSTAUN,

VOCAL QUARTETTE... "The Rhine" ... *Mendelssohn*
G. H. TAYLOR. L. B. EYRE.

D. MARSHALL. G. W. B. WILEMAN

(*Caius*).

TRIO ... Suite. No. 4. Molto Vivace...*M. Moszkowski*

Piano—P. H. TURNBULL. Flute—J. B. WHITFIELD

Violin—C. H. SKEY.

PART II.

PIANOFORTE DUET

{ “ Bailiff’s Daughter of Islington ” } *Arranged by*
{ “ Three Blind Mice ” } *Sir C. Hubert*
H. Parry

A. E. D. BLISS. K. H. M. SUTTON.

SONG “ Old Superb ” ... *Sir C. V. Stanford*

VIOLIN “ Romance ”... .. *Drdla*
S. G. GALSTAUN.

VOCAL QUARTETTE .. “ Simple Simon ” { *Arranged by*
Percy Fackman

G. H. TAYLOR. L. B. EYRE.

D. MARSHALL. G. W. B. WILFMAN

(*Caius*).

VENTRILLOQUISM
G. E. ARROWSMITH.

SONG
D. MARSHALL.

The programme for the coming May Concert is an exceptionally good one, and great pains have been taken to arrange it.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Dial.

DEAR SIR,

Although not wishing to say anything, my motives for saying which might be open to question, I feel it my duty to protest against the spirit of favouritism, which unfortunately seems to possess the minds of the committee of the *Dial* in selection of the "Men of Mark." Their choice in this matter does not seem to be very happy.

No doubt the men who have appeared recently in this capacity are good fellows, and in their way excellent sportsmen, but—I speak with all due deference—they are none of them what we would call "nuts." What we want is a person with some tone about him; a man who enhances the glory of his College, not merely by good work, either athletic or intellectual, but by the beauty of his appearance. For, believe me sir, a correct taste in dress is every whit as important as a keen appreciation of the beauties, say of the classics. But these facts don't seem to have been taken into consideration. But this deplorable as it is, is but one of of the many signs of the times, which I, and I may say at least five others, note with grave misgivings. What most distresses us is the general lack of interest, which seems to be shown nowadays in those men to whom the whole College used to look for guidance in such matters as I have mentioned above. I will mention one most distressing incident that occurred only the other day—A certain man of a certain year (I do not wish to drag in particulars) a man whose name one would have thought would have been a household word throughout the College, was actually unrecognised by

a fellow collegian of his own year. He was cycling up to the tennis field. A match was taking place. The teams were complete but for one of the visitors. The home captain mistook our unfortunate friend for this delinquent, and hailed him delightedly as, ye Gods! a Jesus man.

Needless to say the abject apologies, which the wretched man afterwards proffered for this awful mistake, proved insufficient to appease our disgusted friend. Nor is this the only thing.—A second astonishing occurrence was when another remarkable man found that even his name was unknown to one of his own year. We could well sympathise with our friend if he had refused to buy the publication for the purchase of which his name was sought. These are the more glaring instances. We could cite many smaller ones, but space forbids.

Now what can be the reason for this? Is it that we keep ourselves too much in the background? I don't think so. No, it cannot be anything but sheer indifference, an indifference as surprising as it is deplorable.

The remedies are obvious, and might I suggest that a good practical one would be to include among the "Men of Mark" one of the right sort of men. Once more may I disclaim any personal animus.

Yours,

ALARMED.

[We sympathise with our correspondent; but does he seriously intend us to immortalise his 'nutty' friends *e.g.* G. H. F. W.? That his taste in dress is correct we do not doubt, but can we profane the pages of the *Dial* by allowing a photograph and biography of such a man to appear? Perish the thought. We trust we have satisfied our correspondent this term. ED.]

Answers to Correspondents.

M-NT- (Clayhithe).

Yes, to ask after the health of unknown passers by or their people, is very considerate, but not quite *comme il faut*.

C. S. D-ds-n.

1. Would "Domes of Silence" meet your requirements?
2. No, purple, not brown, is to be the Coronation colour.

A. D. BR-WN-.

1. Yes, if you are entertaining people to breakfast, it is usual to turn up dressed.
2. Yes, Clayhithe is a very *pretty* place.

L. R. P--c-.

We were much interested in your efforts to get local colour for a new "*Marche Funèbre*."

F. C. CL-R-.

When unable to marshal one's facts it is best to trust to broad outlines and general principles.

J. P. K. G.

Glad you thought the people of Spain so awfully jolly. It must have been awfully jolly to find foreigners so like yourself.

E. H. K-NG.

No, it is not considered the correct thing to fall flat on one's face after serving. In ancient history there is no record of obeisance being done to Tennis Balls. We advise Wood-Milne Heels.

L. SP-LL-R.

1. We are afraid there is no Bill-Posting special yet.
2. If bare knees are absolutely necessary, we advise calf drill.

E. G. T. S.

A truly notable achievement. Ten years a minute! Cannot you get the record officially recognised?

G. H. C.

Really! We thought the last anthem an unqualified success, and cannot understand your despondency. We considered you in very good voice.

Advertisements.

L OST.—A Moustache.—Finder please return to
[E. H. W. A.]

E. G. T. S. and R. F. B. offer their services as ready conversationalists. Dinner conversations a specialité. Terms moderate.

W. S. T. is prepared to attend any Society function and laugh when required. Guaranteed to reach the ears of all within a mile radius.

G. H. D. has much spare time: would like to run errands. Those needing him should seek him in Walnut Tree Court, where he may be seen parading the walks at all times between 9 a.m. and 1 p.m.

A. D. B. would like engagement as comforter to any little girls knocked over by cyclists. Has much experience.

G. H. F. W. will, for a consideration, impart the name of his tailor to anyone desirous of achieving a striking toilette.

Committee :

A. B. COOK, Esq.

J. R. WADE, *Editor*

P. D. SCOTT

E. H. W. ASHMAN

J. R. POWELL

L. R. PEACE