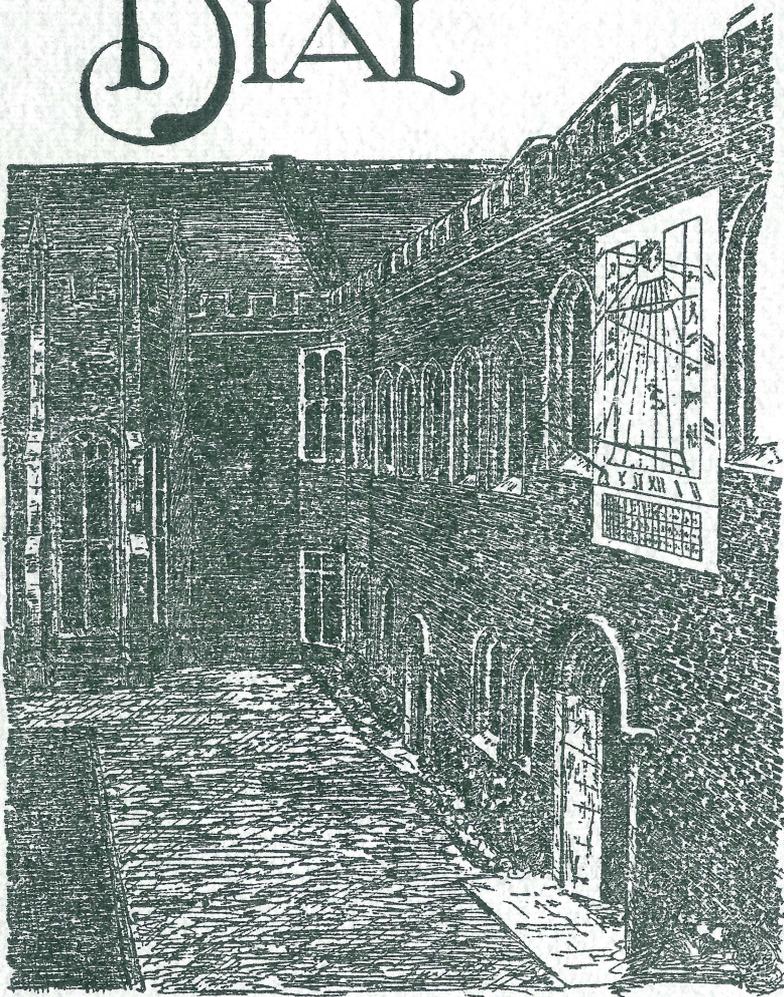


The Queens' College Art Union *A. Munro*

The
DIAL



Queens' College

Lent Term, 1912

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The Dial.

VOL. III. NO. 13.

MARCH, 1912.

Editorial.

THE functions of an editorial column are twofold, either to be wittily trifling or to be serious and useful. On this occasion we shall be serious and, we hope, useful, and our theme is the 'breaking of tens.' Are the authorities justified in expecting undergraduates to be in College or lodgings before ten o'clock?

At present, we are permitted to break three tens a week. Such a restriction is due, we suppose, to a desire on the part of the authorities to know where the men under their supervision are and to ensure a certain amount of work. Some probably would even assert that they can tell whether a man is working or not by the number of tens he breaks during the week. But is this so? It is quite possible—indeed it frequently happens—that a man should be out from Hall-time till one minute to ten, and should do this night after night. Will it be inferred, then, that this individual is working? Presumably, it will. Yet not only is he not working, but he is actually preventing others from doing. Be it said that this is a vice to which freshmen especially are addicted.

On the other hand, many a hard working man shuts his books shortly before ten, and hies him to visit some friend in or out of College. If he is in College and his friends are in lodgings, he naturally is out frequently after ten. What happens? He is hauled for transgressing the limit, and is probably set down as a slacker. If his friends too live in College, he breaks few tens, and his reputation as a worker is not harmed. There is something inconsistent in this.

If the real reason is that the authorities wish, so far as is possible, to know where men are, surely it would be practicable for all men to write their names and the time of leaving College or lodgings, the paper bearing this information to be given to the porter or landlady, and eventually to reach the various tutors. If it be clear that a man has gone straight back to his rooms, then everything necessary has been done. This practice, be it observed, is followed during this term, when there are chapels at ten o'clock.

It may be urged that it is unfair to keep the landladies waiting up often till close on midnight. Perhaps it is. Still it must be remembered that they are rarely the losers by it. Moreover if it be true that the virtue of a University education is that it gives a man liberty and trains him to make a wise use of that liberty, he should, we urge, be trusted farther than he is, and it will be morally better for him to realise the necessity of considering his landlady's view than for a well-meaning Don to tell him he *must* consider her.

But even in this age the spirit of conservatism is rampant, and nowhere more so than among the Cambridge authorities. Wherefore, it is not easy to show them that the ten o'clock rule is out of date. But we are quite certain that its reversal would be welcomed, and, as a sop to Cerberus, we may say that quite probably, as a result, tea would not be so much of a social gathering as it is. In any case, men who wished to work, would do just as much as at present ; men, who did not, would do no less, while a certain number, industrious and hard-working, to whom fines are a consideration, would find a decided barrier against social intercourse removed.

Dialiana.

HEARTY congratulations to Rev. G. A. Chase on gaining the Hulsean Essay Prize. It will be remembered that he has lately won the Carus Greek Testament Prize and the Crosse Scholarship.

We were glad to see the interest taken by the College in the Lent Boat. The Bump Supper went off very well. May we, in all courtesy, suggest that it would be wiser *not* to entertain ladies in College on Bump Supper nights?

The University Library has been sent several previous *Dials*, but to complete the set Nos. 4 and 9 are wanted. Would any gentlemen, having these copies to spare, kindly send them to the Editor? It is also proposed to get a complete set and present them to the Bernard Room. Again will anybody with spare copies please forward them?

Owing to the difficulty of collecting shillings from members of the College and from a desire to put *The Dial* on a firmer footing, the Committee propose, subject to the sanction of the Finance Committee, to have *The Dial* entered on each term's bill.

The Editor wishes to thank his contributors. Those, who do not find their efforts in this number, he bids be of good courage, as there *may* be room for them in the next number of *The Dial*.

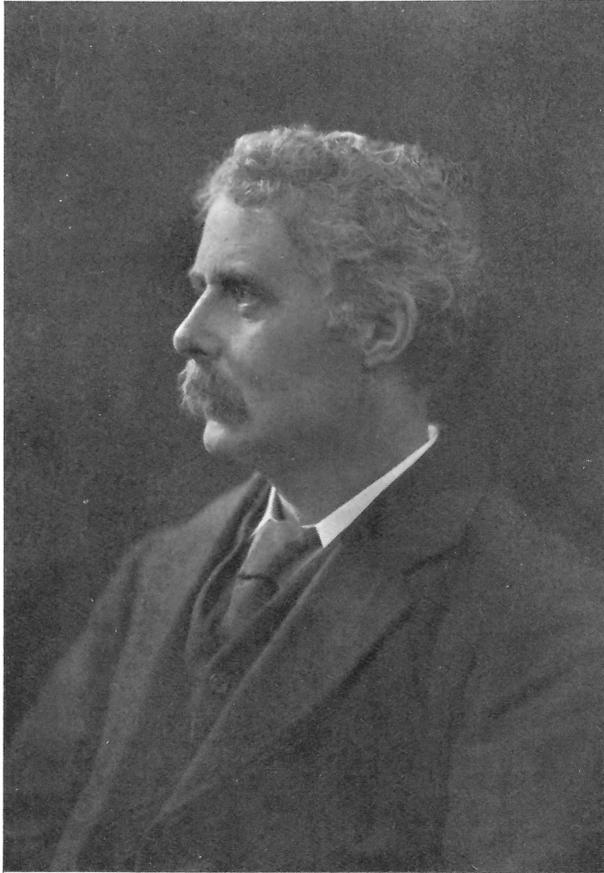


Photo by F. Palmer Clarke

W.M. Coates

The late Mr. W. M. Coates.

TO many members of the College the news that Mr. Coates was dead came as a great shock as they came back to college at the beginning of the term. He had seemed so bright and well all the autumn.

On the last day of full term he was taken ill; all the five weeks of the vacation the struggle for life continued. Humanly speaking only his great physical strength and simple life could have maintained the struggle. To us who watched and waited these were days of great trial, now of hope, now of despair.

He had very deep convictions and at times expressed himself strongly, but few men could have earned more completely the respect, and in many cases the affection, of those with whom he lived and worked. The gathering in the College Chapel for the first part of the funeral service was a witness to this, when his body was drawn through the courts past the staircase where he had lived and carried to the grave by members of the College.

If ever a man deserved regard for devotion to his work, he did. The College and its interests were always in his thoughts even in those weeks of illness. The erection of the new buildings was a great joy to him. He, as Bursar, prepared and laid before the Governing Body a scheme for its finance. Through a period of great difficulty his wise advice and ceaseless activity has been invaluable to the College and his death leaves to

many a gap but also an encouragement to be up and doing that the work may be continued with the same success.

W. M. Coates was born at Middleton, Co. Cork, on June 2, 1857, and therefore was in his 55th year when he died. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1876, having received his early education at Middleton College. At Dublin he had a distinguished career; he was awarded the Gold Medal for Mathematics and Mathematical Physics—the Madden Prize and the Gold Medal for Experimental Physics and took his B.A. degree in 1879. Between that time and January 1884, when he came into residence here, he was engaged in teaching and indeed in part supported himself during his Cambridge course by outside work.

The number of men in his year was only half that of the years now in residence. Besides his work for the Mathematical Tripos, for which he read with the famous coach, Dr. Routh, Coates took an active part in the life of the College. The groups on the walls of his rooms in College show him in the Rugby Football team. The success of the college clubs, financially and otherwise, was in his thoughts, while, as Bursar of the College, he was Treasurer of the Amalgamated Clubs.

I first made Coates' acquaintance in his undergraduate days, for he was frequently in Christ's, as a fellow student of Trinity College, Dublin, had entered there. Few men have had a greater joy in life and his presence in those days added to the happiness of any

gathering in which he took a part. In this way I think there was little change as the years passed. He was thus enabled by his joy in life to bear the discomfort and limitations of the last two or three years, so that few knew how trying they were. Last August he, Mr. Munro, and I went to visit College property in Carmarthenshire. My recollections are of his joy in the sunshine and the sea, and of the regard that the tenants had for him.

It would be difficult, I think, to exaggerate the value to the college of the relations which he has established with the tenants. Ever mindful of the interests of the College, he was just and fair to the tenants. He had been given the advice when he became Bursar to see as little as possible of the College property and of the tenants, advice which he did not act upon, but, because it had been the policy of some of his predecessors, the College has had to bear a burden of expenditure on repairs which should have been met in part by earlier generations.

Coates was Third Wrangler in 1886, and took his degree in that year. In 1887 he was placed in the second division of the first class in Part II. He was elected fellow on 14th June of that year. In January 1889, Mr. Temperley died and Coates was elected Mathematical Lecturer and Bursar in his place. Of his success as a Lecturer and a Coach in Mathematics, it is hardly necessary to write in an article to be read of Queens' men. He deserved success, for he never spared himself and his powers of work were remarkable. It is told of a distinguished mathematician that when a pupil

brought to him the excuse that he had not done his work because he had a headache, he had replied knocking his own head or the pupil's, history does not record which, 'How can a hard thing like this ache?' I doubt whether any of Mr. Coates' pupils took refuge in the excuse they had not time.

Like other men of the same capacity for work, he never seemed to be in a hurry, and was always at liberty when his advice was asked both within and without the College. He did not confine his interests to Queens', but took part in University work, and served the town on its Assessment Committee. How much he did for his humbler neighbours and friends will never be known, but he was at their service when he might well have pleaded work or weariness.

For many years on a Sunday he had had a Bible Class in connection with St. Mark's Parish, and I was privileged to address a large gathering of those who at one time or another had attended the class, at St. Mark's Church on the Sunday after his death.

This work bore witness to the real secret of his patience, his brightness and his service. He believed that in serving his brothers, he was engaged in the service of the Master, whom he trusted and followed with a very simple faith.

In 1889 he married Miss Susan Webb. In their home they gave a hearty welcome to successive generations of Queens' men, and it was a great regret to them when the rest which he was obliged to seek day by day in the last few years made it impossible for this to be

continued. His wife, daughter and son remain. The latter is to come into residence next autumn.

I cannot close this short account without a word of recognition of the brotherly regard I have received from Mr. Coates, during the happy years that I have spent at Queens'.

T. C. F.

On Stevenson's 'College Papers.'

TO see ourselves as others see us is a gift to which, for better and for worse, we can but approximate. The measure of attainment which is possible can be ours in more ways than one. There is the way of comparison of the actual with an acknowledged ideal: there is the application to ourselves and the things we stand for of the criteria by which we find ourselves judging men and things.

There is yet another way, less direct than these but at least as searching. It lies through the self-revelation of other people, an avenue of knowledge by no means to be despised. If the reader be restive here, expecting a homily, may the name of Robert Louis lure him on!

For it is he, Robert Louis Stevenson and no other, who suggests our musings. In a volume published last year* are five 'College Papers,' written by Stevenson from the standpoint of a Northern University, some of which contain a distinct note of confession. 'The Philosophy of Umbrellas,' 'The Philosophy of Nomenclature'—these may be read for the fun of the thing: the other three, equally characteristic of Stevenson, have an interest nearer home.

First we read of 'Edinburgh Students in 1824,' of the Divinity student of the period, tall, pale and slender with a weighty volume of theology under his arm: of the 'Medical,' again, who 'wore a white great coat and

* *Lay Morals and Other Papers*, by R. L. S., London, Chatto & Windus, 1911.

consequently talked loud,' whose hat was on one side: of the student of Law, who knew that Justinian wrote in Latin and had seen the title-page of Blackstone. Over these individualities we must not linger. Stevenson introduces them that he may compare with the time they represent the 'seventies in which he writes.

The contrast is striking. In 'the Modern student considered generally' we find a different scene. The plague of uniformity has settled on the College. The quadrangle is 'a court for owls.' Solemnity broods heavily, there is a dearth of merriment, an absence of real youthful enjoyment. Even the dandies were depressed: there was solemnity in dissipation: the merry men went about 'cogitating puns and inventing tricks,' and off the stage were as grave and sedate as anybody. All were frigid old men. Why was this state of affairs?

'We feel inclined to blame for it,' writes Stevenson, 'the unfortunate absence of *University feeling* which is so marked a characteristic of our students. Academical interests are so few and far between—there is such an entire want of broad college sympathies and ordinary college friendships, that we fancy that no University in the kingdom is in so poor a plight. . . . At present we are not a united body but a loose gathering of individuals, whose inherent attraction is allowed to condense them into little knots and coteries.'

Whereas a man is sent to an English University that he may have his prejudices rubbed off, Stevenson went on, the Northern tendency was to render prejudice indelible. Men saw through the same spectacles continually.

In the third 'paper' a plea is put in for a real University Debating Society as against the 'family party' societies there in vogue. Such an institution,

Stevenson claimed, would do a world of good to men who went up 'determined, deliberate opinionists, not to be moved by all the sleights of logic.'

'What have such men to do with study? He who studies . . . should keep his mind fluent and sensitive, keen to mark flaws and willing to surrender untenable positions. He should keep himself teachable, or cease the expensive farce of being taught.'

How far academic conditions in the Northern capital have changed since the 'College Papers' first saw the light we do not know. For immediate purposes it does not matter. A description such as Stevenson's, be it up-to-date or not, must suggest *some* reflections to the Cambridge men he envied. A precision of contrast and of parallel is foreign to our intention: without such immodesty may a son of this College speak of a possible tendency or two?

True, there seems but little fear that Cambridge will cease to be a place of perpetual youth. That is something to be thankful for. But is there here *no* danger to that 'University feeling' which the Edinburgh of Stevenson lacked so palpably? We live in an age of notice-boards and barbed wire, when common lands have almost ceased to be. This temper might easily be established in our midst—a calamity indeed! Inimical to that spirit of happy free-masonry with which we are so often credited, the mischief would be fatal to one of the primary advantages of education in a resident university. If here the segregating temper run riot unchecked, is there not every probability that later on a man will justify the gibe which too many are willing to believe, that when he goes down the 'Varsity man's first thought is to escape from one sanctuary to another?

Then there were the 'determined, deliberate opinionists.' A similar peril may be scented here if we mistake not. To human perception Truth is bright as a diamond, not as a looking-glass--as a diamond with many facets, cut by human hands: shall a man go down as he may have come up, with a knowledge of his one facet, with a sublime indifference to every other? Is it not better that, while holding fast to the good he knows experimentally, he should test what he has held second-hand and read the whole in the light of considerations hitherto, perhaps, undreamt of?

Men of Mark.

XII.

H. D. HOOPER.

TWENTY one years have come and gone since H. D. Hooper was born at Mombassa under the scorching African sun. Knowing this fact we cannot but wonder how he finds it possible to continue his existence under the Cambridge sun—or rather absence of sun, but we are very grateful that he finds it within his powers.

Of the first eighteen months of his life little is known except that they were spent in Africa. But this dark continent was not long to be his playground. Accordingly in the summer of 1892 he said “so long” to the land of his birth and sailed for England. No doubt the splashing sea must have made a great effect on his infantile mind and also perhaps upon certain parts of his infantile anatomy, but we are not told and can only hope that by reason of his youth he was saved from this malady.

Not many weeks later, after an uneventful voyage, the present object of our interest, first set foot in England, or perhaps, to be more correct was first wheeled ashore in his perambulator.

Southsea was chosen as his resting place for the next six or seven years, where he lived with some of his



relatives, his father and mother having remained in Africa. For some considerable time all his efforts were given to growing big and "bulgy," this feat having been accomplished it was decided that he should go to a kindergarten, where he seems to have developed somewhat pugnacious passions, for he spent most of his spare time in violently brandishing a toy sword and bullying the very young ladies who were studying at that establishment. But we are thankful that we can no longer find any such tendencies in his character.

Shortly afterwards he was removed to a dame's school, but it is uncertain if this was due to the complaints lodged against him by the female students of the kindergarten!

Of his career at the dame's school, only two facts have come down to us. Firstly he was caned periodically for various crimes and secondly, he suffered from growing pains. But it is thought that most probably these two facts are far more closely related than they appear at first sight, and that it is in reality only a case of cause and effect.

At the age of nine another move was made, and our young hero was sent to boarding school at Nuneaton, where he first felt the sorrow of leaving home, and the joy of being a "school-boy," and first began to realise what the poet meant when he wrote "O what a digestion I must have had when I was a boy at school."

By this time he had abandoned the very dangerous sport of sword-waving, and took very kindly to cricket and football and his efforts were soon rewarded by receiving his colours.

He passed some of his time by indulging in the joys of mumps and measles and other kindly illnesses, which enforce one to rest for a time while the unfortunate remain in perfect health, and daily smother yawns behind Latin grammar, and are finally overtaken by these diseases at the "Varsity" or at some other period of their existence when time seems much more precious.

As to his work he seems to have possessed the happy knack of being able to do "just enough to scrape through." But perhaps this is underrating him, for in 1905 we see him entering Marlborough in possession of a foundation scholarship.

Now a wider sphere of action opened out before him, but by no means too wide, for in due course he was awarded his "first sixty rugger cap," but what this implies is not quite certain. Perhaps he played for the first 'rugger' LX. or perhaps he may have procured sixty 'rugger' caps! But which ever the case may be, it is certain that much skill is necessary to perform either feat. For it must be none but the most skilful who can play in a 'rugger' match with a hundred and twenty men on the field. And on the other hand to procure sixty 'rugger' caps within four years is little short of incredible. He also received his cricket and 'rugger' house colours and was captain of the second XI. house hockey team, and also of his house swimming team.

In the class room he became more famous for ragging masters and escaping the usual consequences than for any abnormal feat of learning, although it must not be supposed for a moment that he was at all lacking in intelligence for this would be doing him a gross injustice.

At the end of the summer term 1909, Marlborough suffered a great loss. But Marlborough's loss was to be Cambridge's gain. For in the following October he arrived at Queens' with the "Little-go" safely behind his back.

He had spent the greater part of the summer in Germany and Switzerland, no doubt with the intention of fortifying his mind and body for the strenuous 'Varsity life which lay before him. It might here be mentioned that he had left his relations at Southsea and gone to live with the Graces, and it is only those who have been with them, who can realise what a happy home he had found, not to say that the part of the family with which most of us are acquainted, in any way points in the other direction—far from it.

On his arrival at Queens' he became known to his friends by the name of "Bulgy" which although not exactly poetical is somewhat descriptive. In his first two terms he represented the College at both 'rugger' and hockey, being elected secretary of the latter. During the summer term he bought a "hookah" and a gramophone, and became a very familiar sight on the river.

In his following years the same success attended him. He was elected Secretary of the Q. C. C. U., and President in his third year. He still plays 'rugger' and is Captain of the hockey, and there is no doubt that the river will not be deprived of his company during the coming term.

His work can best be described by passing over it lightly.

Those who know him best will realise how impossible it is to write down his many charms and

accomplishments in so small a space, but we are happy to say that in time to come they are all to be shared very closely with another, for he is engaged to be married. Although this is somewhat ancient history to some of us, we should like to take this opportunity of heartily congratulating him.

A casual glance round his room will show, that although he may not possess a passion for Latin and Greek Grammar, he has a liking for more inspiring literature. Many volumes of Ruskin adorn his book shelves, the poems of Robert Browning also find a place, and many other standard works. He is slightly absent-minded, but surely this is as it should be when in love. He has a characteristic method of telling stories, and has the additional charm of not taking it to heart if you don't always listen. He never loses his temper, although at times severely tried.

As to the future he will win the race because he is slow but very sure. This is not the only generation which will discover that he is a "man of mark."

He hopes, at some future date to return again to Africa as a missionary, and it is certain that our very best wishes will go with him.

When the time comes for him to leave these shores, he will leave behind him men who not only sorrow at his departure, but men who are the better for having known him as a friend.

Q. C. B. C.

THE "Lents" this year were distinctly successful, the first boat going up four places and the second three.

On Wednesday the first boat rowed head of the second division, hard pressed the whole way over by Jesus II. In the first division they bumped Pembroke II. early in the course. On the following three nights L.M.B.C. II., Clare I. and Corpus succumbed to us fairly easily.

The second boat had bad luck in not getting their oars. On the first night they bumped Selwyn II., but Downing, who were behind, overbumped Trinity Hall III., and gaining their bump the next night, prevented Queens' from going up. On the third and fourth nights we got Emmanuel III. and Caius III.

Our best thanks are due to Mr. Thoresby-Jones, of Third Trinity, for his successful coaching of the first boat, and also for having very kindly consented to coach the Clinker Four, with which we hope he will have the same success.

Our thanks are also due to Mr. Kindersley of Magdalene, to whom the second boat owe so much of their success.

CHARACTERS. FIRST BOAT.

Bow—*W. D. Gears* (9st. 7lbs.)—Short and sweet, but "a comparative novice."

2 *C. W. R. Tindall* (11st. 4lbs.)—Has pretty body form, and works hard, but must try to be quicker at both ends of the stroke.

- 3 *P. H. Turnbull* (11st. 8lbs.)—Might work harder during practice. Talking doesn't help the boat along!
- 4 *A. D. Browne* (12st. 5lbs.)—Skies his blade. Lacks a back, but makes up for this elsewhere.
- 5 *L. W. Wood* (13st. 11lbs.)—The "heaviest" man on the river in more senses than one.
- 6 *E. F. B. M. Kennett* (12st. 11b.)—Is very slow with his hands. Must try to keep his blade covered right through to the finish.
- 7 *W. H. Ferguson* (12st. 3lbs.)—Lies too far back at the finish, washes out, and has a very jerky recovery, and, according to stroke, a tongue also.
- Stroke*—*H. W. Arden* (11st. 11lbs.)—Is a "trial." Has a very good beginning, and was largely responsible for our getting over safely on the first night.

SECOND BOAT.

- Bow*—*K. W. Pain* (11st.)—Must try and get looser coming forward. Very heavy with his hands. Worked hard.
- 2 *E. S. Orme* (11st. 10lbs.)—Must get quicker at both ends of the stroke. Does a lot of work, most of which never reaches his blade.
- 3 *C. L. Nightingale* (10st. 6lbs.)—One of the shortest men in the boat. His back has improved slightly.
- 4 *A. M. Samson* (10st. 12lbs.)—Very short, but a hard worker. Should occasionally keep his eyes in the boat.
- 5 *H. W. Lee* (11st. 6lbs.)—Might be a bit quicker. Rowed his full weight and more.
- 6 *F. R. W. Hunt* (10st. 12lbs.)—Has a very bad back, but a good puddle.
- 7 *F. A. Page* (10st.)—Should keep his back in, and do just a little work during practice. Kept good time.
- Stroke*—*E. A. Barltrop* (10st. 2lbs.)—Has improved greatly, but must pay very great attention to his swing, which is bad. The boat owes much to his very efficient stroking.
- Cox*—*P. H. Parker* (8st. 7lbs.)—Should cultivate a little more self-confidence, especially on corners. Must confine his attention, during practice, to the boat which he is coxing.

Athletics.

THE first round of the Intercollegiate Competition was decided last term, when Queens' were drawn with Corpus in the second division on November 30th and December 1st. Corpus secured all three places in the Weight, O. Tindall being unable to put for Queens'. The Long Jump was shared equally by the two colleges; and we were rather anxious, till our valiant president romped home in the Quarter, backed up by H. M. Tulloch, who secured the third place. In the Mile, B. L. A. Kennett, E. H. King, and G. R. Sandford did as they liked, and secured the complete ten points for Queens'.

On the second day C. A. Herapath won three points for us in the 100 Yards; and H. C. Grace surprised us all (and himself) by sharing first place in the High Jump with M. Thompson at 5ft. 2in. We secured all three places in the Half-Mile, E. H. King winning the event in a style peculiarly his own. Mention must be made of the splendid performance of H. M. Tulloch in the Hurdles, ably seconded by C. A. Herapath.

The programme was concluded by the Hammer, won by D. Irving with a throw of 73ft.; and the Three Miles supplied us with another ten points. The points at the conclusion of the Sports were—

CORPUS 33 points. QUEENS' 67 points.

In the second round of the Competition, we were drawn against Sidney, on February 15th and 17th. The chief events of interest were the 100 Yards, the Quarter-Mile, and the Half-Mile—all of which were won by C. A. Herapath. We wish him every success in his race in the 'Varsity Sports. H. M. Tulloch was only beaten by inches in the Hurdles in very good time, and he also tied with H. C. Grace and the Sidney Secretary for the first place in the High Jump, as well as procuring third place for us in the Quarter.

The points were running so evenly for both colleges, that the excitement grew intense, especially when the Sports were to be won or lost on the result of the last race—the Three Miles. This nerve strain proved too much for our representatives; Sidney won the Sports by a few odd points, passed into the final, and have gone up into the First Division.

We are still busy arranging a fixture with Jesus (Oxford). If the Coal Strike permits of our going, we ought to have a sporting meeting as we did last year.

B. L. A. K.

The Mission.

WE feel there is not much of the work we can report on, but we do want subscribers to come down here to see what could be done, and what ought to be done for the boys along the Riverside. Here you can see the appalling contrast between the boys under and over eighteen, the one as bright a lad as you could find anywhere, the other, with the attitude of "I don't care what becomes of me", plainly written on his face as he returns from the docks from a usually unsuccessful effort to obtain work.

We heartily invite those who do not subscribe anything to the Mission to come down and see whether they think this is a work worth supporting. We can put up a few for the night if they will give us warning. They will find directions as to how to get here in the Mission report. May we ask in closing for any old cricket flannels, boots, bats, pads, etc., to be given to W. S. Thompson at the end of this term, or the beginning of next,—they are urgently needed.

H. M. GRACE.

In view of the small number of subscriptions that have been received so far, the Committee are regarding the future of the Mission with great apprehension, and desire to make a strong appeal to the members of the College, to give as liberally as they are able.

Q. C. C. U.

WE should like to take this opportunity of thanking all the speakers who have so kindly addressed the Union during this year, and all the men who have lent their rooms.

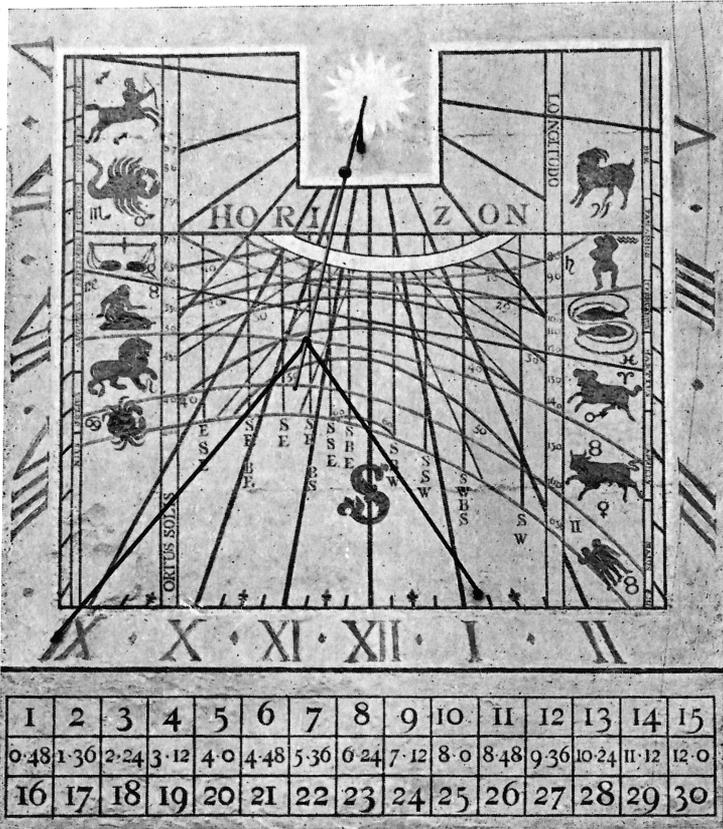
The meeting on Friday, March 1st was cancelled owing to the fact that Canon Nacnutt was unable to come to us, and also on account of several other meetings which were being held in Queens' and elsewhere during that week.

The attendance at the Friday night meetings has varied considerably, but on the whole it has been fairly good. Once again we would remind men of the Tuesday night meetings, at which any and every Queens' man is welcome.

We are sorry to see that freshmen do not make more use of the opportunities offered to them by the Union. Missionary and Bible study circles have met as usual and we hope much benefit has been derived from them. Only the Tuesday night meetings will be continued during next term. There will be no Friday night speakers.

We should like to remind men, though perhaps somewhat prematurely, of the annual conferences of the Student Christian movement to be held at Swanwick during July.

E. H. K.



The Dial.

IT is probably many years since Queens' men in general have taken such notice of our famous Dial as they have been compelled to take during the last few terms. Compelled we say, but the compulsion has been to avoid looking towards the Dial, for whereas two years ago the keenest eyes could not distinguish any of the detail from the level of the ground below,—or even from a height of five feet eight above the ground, a height from which we hope and believe more observations are taken,—the difficulty found by the would-be scientist last summer was that direct inspection even from the farthest corner of the court was physically impossible. The eagle, we know, can gaze unblinded on the noon-day sun, but when the writer ventured to bring his favourite bird to test the optical effect of the Bursar's paint, the experiment was interrupted by Mr. Stephen Coleridge and the secretary of the N.S.P.C.A., who had been summoned to interfere in person in a case of such extravagant and purposeless cruelty.

But Time can dull most things, and the past winter has been not without some effect on the brilliance of the Bursar's blue, so that now some study of this really fascinating work of science and art has become possible.

It is perhaps not surprising, even if it is unfortunate, that for a while every fresh inspection revealed new puzzles, many of which are still unsolved, but some notes on the matters as to which there is no doubt may entertain our readers, while further investigation may discover fresh facts of some interest.

Could the stars be seen during the day, so that the position of the Sun among them was directly seen, it would be found that while little change in this position was perceptible from hour to hour, yet in the course of a year the Sun made ¹²⁰ a complete circuit of the heavens, following through the constellations a path unchanged from year to year. The stars lying in the immediate neighbourhood of the Ecliptic, as the Sun's path is called, were grouped by the imagination of observers thousands of years ago into twelve constellations, the Signs of the Zodiac, and if nowadays we find it hard to see the shapes of fiery dragons or immortalized heroes in the skies, yet the Latin forms of the old Greek names are still used by astronomers, and the Sun is still said to be at the first point of Aries on that day in March which is exactly twelve hours long from sunrise to sunset. It is from that day that the Sun's journey is held to commence, but though it would be very convenient for astronomers if the year began then, or at any rate if the beginning of one of the months was on that day and if the Sun passed always from one Sign to another as the end of one month gave place to the beginning of the next, yet the effect of repeated "reforms" of the civil calendar has been to deprive it of all astronomical significance, so that this birthday of the Sun is on March 21st, and the Sun spends part of each month in one Sign and

part in the next,—as those of us who have studied Chaucer even only so far as the first dozen lines of the *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales* have had to learn.

Let us now look at the Dial, endeavouring to forget the border, which, unless we accept the Bursar's strange theory that its colour is that of the sky as it should be, has no astronomical value, save the obvious one that the hour of the day is to be read from the position upon it of the shadow of the style.

Immediately inside the blue border, is the scale from which the time of day is most accurately to be read. This scale is divided into quarter-hours, but the divisions for quarter to ten and for quarter past two are missing; it is true that both of these lines would fall very close to other lines serving different ends, but as a similar conjunction has not been held to necessitate the suppression of the mark for quarter to two, the omission is probably due to a failure on a painter's part at some restoration to notice the double mark on the design he was copying. All the marks on this scale should be divided towards the centre of the golden sun at the top of the dial, the point where the style whose shadow indicates the time leaves the stone. This direction has usually been approximately taken, but there is a very considerable error in the mark for quarter to three and in those between five and six.

Passing inwards now from the sides, we find columns from which we may read, in a manner presently to be explained, the position of the Sun in its annual path and therefore the month of the year. Here are brave autograph pictures of the twelve Signs, the Ram, the Bull, and the rest, whose names and order are embodied in many mnemonic doggerel verses. One such verse we

may perhaps quote as a model for any rhymesters who may see these pages :

The Ram, the Bull, the Heavenly Twins,
 And next the Crab the Lion shines,
 The Virgin and the Scales,
 The Scorpion, Archer, and the Goat
 The Man that Bears The Watering Pot
 And Fish with glittering scales.*

Another poem on the same theme will be found under the heading "Zodiac" in Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, but as the writer there has a weakness for writing complete sentences, the artistic value of his effusion is not great.

We have called these pictures autographed, for each bears the symbol associated long ago in astrology with the corresponding Sign. Unfortunately certain of the pictures bear more than one signature, and though these other signatures are clear enough and quite well known, being those of certain of the planets, the reasons governing their positions in the set of pictures are by no means obvious.

In connection with what we have already said of the lack of any astronomical meanings in our present months, it will be noticed that the month divisions are so far from coinciding with the Sign divisions that the names of June and December have actually been split, so that the Ju to the right of the Twins is continued by the veins to the left of the Crab while the bar to which the Goat's tail is pointing is only the end of the word which begins under the Archer's cave with Decem.

(*To be continued.*)

E. H. N.

* Of these lines another version is current in which "tales" replaces "scales" in the last line, but we cannot believe that the inspired author of this delightful poem would have missed the perfect and ingenious rhyme in the lines as we have given them.

A Qualm.

I HEARD something scratching at my bedroom door, presumably my 'Elp. Having at last woken up sufficiently to wonder what the time was, I closed my eyes again for a few minutes and wondered. The problem remaining unsolved, I began to wish that my watch under the pillow would strike (I subsequently found that it had, owing to my having forgotten to wind it overnight). A moment later, or so it seemed to me, I heard more, and more determined noises at my door. "Oh, put it down by the fire," I called sleepily. "It 'ave just struck ten o'clock, Mr. S., sir," a voice—my bedder's—answered. I turned over to the wall with a sigh of relief. It was no use hurrying then: I was just comfortably and hopelessly late for my lecture.

At length, feeling better, I rolled out of bed and went into my sitter yawning, and heard my Providence in the gyp-room remark to her assistant, "'E 'aint 'arf lazy, Miss J., 'aint 'e?" and that lady's idiomatic reply, "Not 'arf, Mrs. C." "If my son went on like that," continued Mrs. C., "....." I know only too well what that combination of all the virtues will do under any given circumstances; and so I did not listen further.

Finding three letters on my table, I took them back to bed to read. One was from a tailor that I never go to, telling me that as I would soon be taking my degree, I would be wanting a B.A.'s gown and

all the other insignia of Bachelorhood, and that he, etc., etc..... An awful thought struck me. My Tripos coming off in *two* months! *Two months!* I felt like a man drowning. All my past life flashed before me. I wished I had been kinder to my sister when a boy (when I was a boy, I mean), and that I had not been to 'Our Miss Gibbs,' and hoped it would all be forgiven me. I leapt out of bed, cut my bath, and propped the *Companion to Greek Studies* up on the mirror while I shaved. As a result of this I cut myself rather badly three times and dropped a biggish blob of soap on to the head of a picture of the Aphrodite of Melos. I had just finished Sculpture as I was cleaning my teeth, and was hard at Architecture during breakfast, when I had another misfortune over a plan of the Altis at Olympia. Owing to my pre-occupation I must have put my spoon into my eye, for a large dab of porridge descended succulently, completely obliterating the Heraeum, half the hill of Cronos, and slopping over into the altar of Pelops.

I got on well after breakfast, and began to read Herodotus, Demosthenes and Quintilian in rotation, taking a quarter-of-an-hour at each. I worked like a Titan for an hour. Then I funked Demosthenes' second innings, also Quintilian's, and so I scratched them both: and finding no satisfactory substitutes, I declared the match drawn. Herodotus being not out, went head of the river.

I now settled down to some original thinking. One should always think for oneself: it encourages the growth of independence and individuality, what?

My cold calculating reasoning soon convinced me

that I was labouring under difficulties that might well daunt the stoutest heart. For instance, I had no Catena. Now, I ask you, as working man to working (*sic*) men, who can do Trip.-work without a Catena? Put in that way, even a man cramming for the Botany special can see that the thing is absurd.

Wishing that my reasoning had not been so acute, and feeling a little despondent, I picked up the tongs, and by tilting my chair back was just able to abstract Aristotle's *Ethics* from the shelf, without getting up. This achievement rather cheered me up, and I started on the first line of the first chapter of the first book.

The very first sentence put new life into me. *Πᾶσα τεχ*—but I had better translate—“*Every art and every plan of work*” (then some rather difficult words) “*are generally supposed to aim at some good.*” There! Who could call the *Trip*os ‘a good’? It’s not a good; it’s a Bad, a — Bad. Ergo, it is wrong, nay, mentally immoral and physically degrading to work for it. I was jubilant: but, seeing four horrid words coming, I turned over two pages to a chapter marked like this: (4) 2. Skipping the first sentence—a long, dull, uninviting-looking sort of thing with no commas—I got to this: *Ὀνόμ*—sorry. “*Nearly everyone agrees as to its (i.e. the good’s) name: for all gentlemen call it Happiness.*” Crowing with delight, I ran out to show what I had found to my neighbour. He eyed me coldly, and said “I’ve done that bit as an unseen for A. B. years ago.” As he was unresponsive, I went to the man below, but he was toying coquettishly with a cosine and a pile of logs: so I gave it up, and followed the example of that chap who saw what’s-his-name with the donkey’s

ears, and then went and told it all to a hole he knew. I went out and scratched a small hole at the foot of the little walnut tree and told it to it.

I felt better then and went back to my room, and sat down luxuriously before the fire. "Ah, Happiness," I murmured. "Here's luck, Aristotle: May you live till Time grows old." And I reached down the Theatre card.

The Climber

I N contemplation of the wooded plains,
There stands high on a lone cragg'd mountain side
The Climber, gaunt, spare-faced and eagle-eyed,
Whilst creep the shades around as daylight wanes.
Deep-set in thought he gazes far below
On peopled regions where content he dwelt
Among his fellow-men until he felt
The mystic touch that set his heart aglow,
And resolute he scaled the mountain's brow
And sought 'midst snow and darksome clouds the goal,
To which in restless urge was driv'n his soul
When he obeyed the Call and dared to Know.
But wherefore creeps the sadness in his eye
Though 'bove his fellow-men he stands thus high?

L. C. R.

Q. C. R. U. F. C.

CHARACTERS OF XV.

- W. T. Thursby (captain).* Unfortunately received injuries in the early part of season, but played consistently afterwards. A good all round kick. Made an excellent skipper at half-back.
- R. N. Anderson.* One of the most useful forwards in the team, always on the ball. Plays with his head.
- E. Band.* A great asset to the three-quarter line when able to turn out, being particularly swift. His kicking was rather erratic. A hard tackler.
- R. B. Sanderson.* Always a useful man in a college side, having plenty of weight in the scrum and an efficient hand off.
- J. Batstone.* A good centre three-quarter with plenty of pace and swerve. Usually short with his approach punts.
- H. D. Hooper.* A very hard working forward, always on the ball. Plays a strenuous game. Useful out of touch.
- A. P. Burton.* Rather slow in making up his mind to get there, but once going takes a lot of stopping. Has a powerful push.
- G. Storey.* Has played very well this season and improved a good deal at half. Uses his feet to advantage in the loose.
- L. V. Upward.* Rather light for a forward; but does his possible,

H. B. Thompson. Does not get into the scrum tight enough. Is good with his feet in the loose.

O. Tindall. Has played moderately at back, but is too slow for any practical use. Occasionally collars a man. A fair kick.

D. Irving. A good forward, shoves hard and tackles his man.

P. A. T. Simey. A great asset to the side, has a very puzzling swerve in negotiating a stymie, and is distinctly fast on the wing. A very certain place kick.

H. M. Tulloch. Has played well at centre three-quarter, but ought to learn the right moment at which to pass. Also a traveller.

G. R. Sandford. Rather light as a forward. Has a very good tackle when he gets there.

Q. C. H. J. C.

THE 1st XI. have had a most uneventful season, and although they retained their place in the first division of the league, they have not performed any very startling feats. Four league games have been won and seven lost, but there are still two games to be decided before term ends. The annual match with Queens' College, Oxford, has also not yet been played. The team has suffered much through the constant changes made in the forward line, which is rarely the same for two consecutive games. The absence of Farnfield through illness or 'Varsity games has also had a bad effect on the side. The 2nd XI. has, however, been doing great things and has succeeded in regaining the position in the 2nd division which was lost last season. Two exciting wins against Selwyn, the latter of which decided whether we remained in the 3rd division or not gave us the coveted place. The 2nd XI. owes a great deal to the keenness and energy of Field, who as the Secretary, is almost as indispensable to the team as Farnfield is to the 1st. XI.

Colours have been awarded to H. C. Grace, E. A. B. Royds and C. A. Herapath.

CHARACTERS OF THE TEAM.

- C. H. Skey.*—A good goal, but relies too much on the size of his feet. Has occasional lapses of judgment in running out. Is fond of away matches.
- F. E. M. Cortazzi.*—An energetic back. Tackles well but is uncertain in the direction of his kicking. Rhetorical style, "fair to mod."

Did gallant work as Secretary during Michaelmas term. The amount of his correspondence over the Newmarket match is believed to be amazing.

- N. Langley-Smith.*—A really sound back who tackles and kicks well but should get rid of the ball quicker.
- H. J. Thompson.*—Has developed from a moderate into a really great half. Has taken over the Secretaryship, and enters into his duties with zest. We can safely predict a successful season under his captaincy. His keenness is indeed infectious.
- B. S. Farnfield.*—Always the mainstay of the side, and an excellent captain, whose sweetly-worded advice all should follow. Has been interviewed by the Press. "That'll be all right....."
- H. C. Grace.*—A good half, who works hard and kicks well. Appears to carry more weight than he really possesses.
- A. E. Ball.*—Moderately fast as outside right but very erratic. Has been known to centre accurately. Is the owner of a fine tenor voice.
- W. Dyson.*—Has not been able to turn out often owing to knee trouble. Has good control over the ball but is a weak shot. Is a sound half-back.
- C. E. Durrant.*—A capable centre-forward with plenty of dash. Should avoid childish complaints.
- E. A. B. Royds.*—Plays a good game at inside left and is a good shot. Inclined to get stale quickly.
- C. A. Herapath.*—Has no lack of pace, but is apt to lose sight of the ball or forgets to stop in time. His centreing is not reliable.

SECOND ELEVEN.

- E. P. Jennings.*—A safe goal who clears well and is a good kick.
- W. Thursby.*—A sound back who knows that it is necessary "to keep moving." Uses his weight well and kicks accurately in any position.
- H. J. Leigh-Clare.*—A truly ponderous back, who kicks very well when he doesn't miss the ball.
- B. P. Thomas.*—Has developed into a good half. Is most dangerous on occasions and appeals when needed. Is sometimes rather liable to lose his balance.

H. A. K. Barker.—As centre-half is most energetic. Is a very safe tackler, but passes rather weakly. Keeps up too much with the forwards.

S. J. Cowell.—A sound, hard-working half, who has been unable to obtain much practice. Tackles well.

H. T. C. Field.—A most energetic and enthusiastic secretary who has done a great deal for the team. Always in training and yet preserves his weight and reputation. Can run, and centres well when unopposed.

C. O. Skey.—Passes well and shoots on occasions. Avoids opponents too frequently but plays well with the centre-forward.

C. J. H. Treglown.—A good centre-forward with plenty of control. Knows where to place himself on the field and is a good shot.

E. F. Duggan.—Is out of his place at forward but still seems to feel safer on all fours. Passes well and feeds his outside man.

A. E. Wild.—Centres well when he has time but is very slow. He seems to find it a pleasant occupation to look at the ball instead of kicking it.

Despondency.

Ah! could I but in soothing slumber lie
 Till all this dragging sorrow passes by,
 And wake oblivious of the troubled past
 Another page of Life afresh to try!

A Leaf from the Diary of a Person in 2012.

February 21st. Going up the street, I met a mild looking youth in spectacles, and carrying a first edition of a well-known treatise on the synoptic problem, (now a valuable book, I believe.) I asked him why the ancient sport of boat-racing had died out. He told me that it was now considered too dangerous and had been abandoned just a century ago. He told me what happened then. "In my College, the boats had hit seven others, and the night after the races was a reign of terror. Half the College walked upon the grass, and actually lit a fire. So next year, and ever since, we have taken up Basket-ball and Spillikins. We have just won the final of the Basket-ball League, and the Dons have promised us a great treat—"here his face glowed with excitement—"Like to come? Eight o'clock." And so we parted.

I accepted the invitation, and arrived that evening at Queens' College. All the young gentlemen were going into the Hall, so I followed. The occasion of their victory was being celebrated by the engagement of a conjuror and a Punch and Judy Show. Several porters were in and out keeping order, and buns and lemonade were served out by the Head Cook. There were one or two rather noisy people at the back, but no disturbance took place until the conjuror actually produced a *wine-glass*. The Head Porter rushed up, and tried to seize the offensive article. But the noisy gentlemen, seeing that they were likely to lose an interesting trick, at once fell upon the Porter, and secured the trophy.

A Leaf from the Diary of a Person in 2012. 39

All was now confusion. Many of the younger members of the College at once put on their gowns, and departed to their rooms, saying that they could not be aiders and abettors in an indecent attack upon their beloved Porter. But the noisy gentlemen I have mentioned not only seized the wine-glass, but loaded the Porter with abuse, and unkind jesting about his affection for such articles. To such a pitch did their insolence reach, that they accused him of being incompetent. The uproar was at its greatest when the doors burst open, and the Dons, who were active enough to weather the storm, entered. A rush was made for the doors, and the yelling mob surged into the courts. Hither and thither they ran, with the Dons, paper and pencil in hand, in full cry after them ; and many were "found and made a note of." Peace was restored by a tall and partially bald-headed graduate who said, "My dear fellow-graduates, and undergraduates, things have gone far enough. Let us all retire to our rooms, and meditate upon our wrong-doing."

February 29th. It appears that afterwards, the entire staff of Dons was convened, and interviewed several of the supposed ringleaders. Numerous charges were preferred against them, of which the following were chief:—That the third button from the bottom of the waistcoat of the Head Porter had been well-nigh torn from its support by several persons ; and it was a question whether such persons should not be immediately expelled. That much exceedingly foul language had been used, and three gentlemen had drunk an entire syphon of soda-water between them ; and lastly, that great damage had been done to College property, to wit, the scratching of seven tiles on the Hall floor, the complete annihilation of fourteen crocuses growing beneath the Walnut Tree, and the loss of all notices belonging to various societies represented on the board in the screens. Great stress was laid by the Chairman of the Court Martial on the danger

that the College had nearly encountered. After three hours deliberation it was decided that five gentlemen should be expelled; and four others were ordered to go to bed nightly at 8.30 p.m. and to stand in the corners of the Hall during the hours of dining, with their faces to the wall. The following bill was subsequently sent in :—

	£	s.	d.
To entire re-paving of Hall floor ...	473	0	0
„ 14 crocuses at £1 each	14	0	0
„ Notices, drawing pins, etc.	10	10	0
„ Fee for clerical work of Bursar, caused by the recent riot	5	5	0
	<hr/>		
	£502	15	0
	<hr/>		

A long correspondence was inaugurated in the University magazines of the period, on the Successful Management of Infants and Young Children at this University.

OLD QUEENS' MEN.

OBITUARY.

W. M. Coates, Bursar and Mathematical Lecturer. Died January 16.

H. T. Bovey, *F.R.S.*, died on February 2. It will be remembered that the last number of *The Dial* contained an account of him and his work.

Professor Osborne Reynolds, *F.R.S.*, died on February 21. We append an account of him by Dr. Wright :—

In the course of the present term death has deprived us of no fewer than three distinguished members of the College. First was called hence Mr. Coates, Senior Bursar and Mathematical Lecturer: next Professor Bovey, who founded the flourishing engineering school in the University of Montreal and was first Rector of the Imperial College of Science and Technology in South Kensington; lastly Osborne Reynolds, Professor of Engineering in the University of Manchester. All were Fellows of the College, the last two became honorary Fellows and Fellows of the Royal Society.

Reynolds was in my year (1863). Entrance Scholarships were established in the College in that year: they were first started by Trinity Hall in 1859. Neither of us held one, being prevented by the age limit: Reynolds was too old by a year, I by a month. There were twelve freshmen in our year, every one of whom, whether an aspirant for honours or not, was required to attend as a matter of discipline two lectures a day in the Hall, one in Euclid, the other in a Greek author. There were no lecture rooms, and no lectures on Saturdays and Saints' days. The Greek author selected was Aeschines, not that he was particularly adapted to the needs of freshmen, but that he had been selected for the final examination of third year pass men, and the lecturer proposed to kill two birds with one stone by taking freshmen and third year men together. In this he did not succeed, for not a single third year man ever entered the Hall: they preferred and were allowed to employ

a private tutor. In the course of the second term Reynolds rebelled, naturally objecting to spend so many hours in getting up an author which he would never require. Granted that the idea of reading plenty of Greek authors was an excellent one, nevertheless even then specialisation was driving general study hard. For example at the beginning of the third term I was advised by the Tutor to give up Mathematical lectures and turn all my energies to Classics. So Reynolds and I saw but little of each other's work.

There was no school of engineering at Cambridge in those days. Reynolds of course read for the Mathematical Tripos, leaving in abeyance the studies in which he had already made his mark, but working at subjects which enabled him to return to engineering problems with zest and power when he had taken his degree. At the end of his first year he was upset in some canoe races and missed much of the "Mays." At the beginning of his fourth term—the earliest opportunity—he passed the Previous Examination and invited me to his rooms to witness a holocaust of his Classical books. In vain I pleaded that some of them would be useful to me. He had registered a vow and insisted on keeping it. We were elected Fellows on the same day and were non-resident, he for life, I for five years. In those days non-resident Fellows held their Fellowships thirteen years, to give them a start in life. They visited the College three times a year to keep the Audit and attend General Meetings. Thus we saw a good deal of each other and many of us took an active part in the numerous reforms of the College.

A year after taking his degree Reynolds was appointed Professor of Engineering in Owen's College, Manchester—an office which he held for nearly forty years. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1887: he served as a member of its council in 1883 and 1884: he was President of the Mechanical Science Section of the British Association in 1887 and won a gold medal of the Royal Society in 1888.

At a time when engineering was not studied in the old Universities pioneer work was formidable, but Owen's College soon made its mark. Reynolds organised and arranged the Whitworth laboratories and not only made them famous throughout the world,

but a pattern for other European schools of research. He became an acknowledged authority on mechanical questions and was frequently called as a witness in trials about collisions of steamers, etc.

Meanwhile he figured largely as an author, for he had an extraordinarily active and inventive intellect. He wrote more than seventy papers on Mechanics and Physics, among which the *Laws of Resistance in Parallel Channels*, *Theory of Lubrication*, and *Flow of Gases*, are familiar to all engineers. His work *Sub-Mechanics of the Universe*, a volume printed and circulated by the Royal Society, is pronounced by experts to be one of the most remarkable scientific works of the nineteenth century. He read the Rede Lecture in 1902, in the course of which he exhibited some most remarkable experiments.

His multifarious activities told upon his health and for some years before his death he lived in retirement.

A. WRIGHT.

CLERICAL.

Rev. P. J. Kelly to be Rector of Whitwood Mere, Castleford.

Rev. F. J. Thornburgh has been appointed Secretary to the South American Mission.

Rev. Eric Douglas is Curate of Hale near Farnham, Surrey.

Rev. B. G. Bourchier, Vicar of St. Jude-on-the-Hill, Hampstead Garden Suburb, has had to give up his work by doctor's orders, and left lately for Naples *en route* for Egypt and Palestine.

Rev H. E. Scallon is sailing for the Diocese of Calgary, Canada.

W. A. Feayes (London, N.W.) and *A. C. Sowter* (Greenwich) were ordained on Sunday, March 3rd. *E. M. Guilford*, who also was to have been ordained then, was unable to receive ordination owing to illness.

LAITY.

J. B. Hughes-Games has gone as sixth form master to Forest School, where are also two other Old Queens' Men, *Rev. C. H. Jones* and *G. B. Sleigh*.

W. D. Rogers is a master at Hill Side School, Eastbourne.

G. D. Roechling has returned from India and is at present at Highfield, Radlett, Herts.

H. Crick has arrived at St. John's School, Agra.

J. Kingdon, who is also at Agra, has had a severe attack of malaria, but, we are glad to say, is well on the way towards recovery.

R. L. Charlton now has a Nursery Garden at Ashton, Essex.

The following took their M.A. this term :

Rev. C. D. Job
 „ *C. W. Smith*
 „ *G. A. Chase*
 „ *H. E. Scallon*
 „ *L. A. S. Jones*
D. L. Kerr
R. A. Hayes
F. Kynoch Clark
W. B. Veysey

NOTICE TO OLD QUEENS' MEN.

Many Old Queens' Men are still in debt. Notices will be sent out to them during the Vacation by the Treasurer, N. Miller. May we ask them to read these notices and send their arrears at once ?

The Editor would be pleased if Old Queens' men would inform *The Dial* of their movements and would welcome any contributions to *The Dial*.

Vox Maris.

'TWAS morn, the fishing fleet was all astir,
The quay was clustered with the busy folk.
Afar the ocean with its ceaseless call,
And billows tossing, and the foam above
Riding triumphant on the heaving main,
Broke into many ripples, and thus cried :—

Away, away fair breeze to-day !

The wind is on the sea :

The sun has cast his golden ray

In myriad sparkles o'er the bay,

The surge is swelling free,

The wave uplifts his silver crest

Above the merry green ;

The seagulls throng the lofty nest

In wheeling flocks that never rest,

The grey clouds vanish in the west

And leave the sky serene.

The sunbeams flow, they come, they go,

They dance across the strand,

Where many waters ebb and flow,

And wanton, flitting to and fro,

And kiss the gleaming sand.

As far as mortal eyes discern

Across the purple main,

The laughing ripples skip and turn,

And like a fairy lantern burn

Beneath the tossing vessel's stern,

And sink to peace again.

The Dial.

The breezes call, the foam clouds fall,
The waves and waters sigh.
The white cliffs, like a towering wall,
Rise gleaming, great, and grandly tall,
As if to meet the sky.
Resistless billows sweep and sway,
Lift mountains on the sea,
And smite the winds in happy fray,
Where glittering rainbows long to stay ;
And all things lovely seem to say,
'Tis nature's harmony !

LABOR.

Q. C. H. C.

FOR the first time in its existence the Club has occupied a position in the first league. Owing to the loss of several of last year's star performers, it seemed highly probable that we should descend again at the end of the season.

The team, however, has shown marked improvement during the term, and, although we did not win a match in the first round, we succeeded in drawing with Emmanuel.

A few of the matches, in the second round, have been played, and on March 1st we had the satisfaction of defeating Jesus, hitherto an unbeaten team, surely a good omen.

The second eleven have shown great form, and have accounted for all comers, including Corpus II!

CHARACTERS.

- J. A. Burness.*—A fortunate discovery which has saved us many goals this season.
- H. J. Thompson.*—A sound, hard-working back.
- J. P. Dalley.*—A brilliant player with a fine drive: a wall of defence, —except on one occasion.
- H. D. Hooper.*—An anxious captain who has found his true form—and a new stroke. "Get rid of it, don't try that silly trick."
- E. W. Selwyn.* A very safe tackler, between the gasps.*
- J. R. Handford.*—Fond of the ball, but not of his outside man.
- B. P. Thomas.*—A bustling outside who has made noble efforts to emulate his predecessor.
- W. Thursby.*—A neat player with a merciless shot who combines well with the other forwards.
- E. A. B. Royds.*—A clever dribbler, with a useful turn of speed, but an erratic shot.
- H. J. Hallett.*—A steady player who has shewn much improvement.
- E. F. Duggan.*—A very useful, hard-working secretary, except on the field where he lacked opportunity.

* Has anyone seen my second wind?

Restoration of the Gallery.

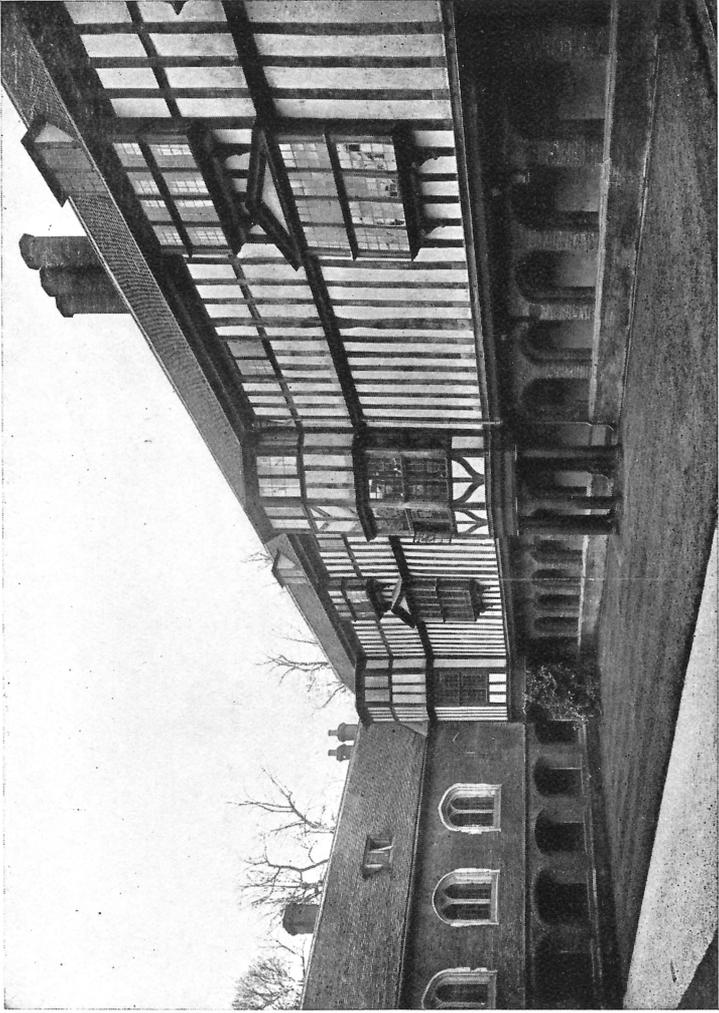
IN the course of last summer various changes of importance were made, affecting the exterior of the President's Lodge. The rains of preceding winters had so far damaged the plaster that an alteration of some sort had become imperative. The yellow-washed surface had flaked off in patches; and it was found that the old oak studs beneath were still for the most part in excellent preservation. It was therefore decided, after due discussion and partial experiment, to remove the whole of the later lath-and-plaster from the stud-work and to expose the original timbers throughout. In so doing the frames of several half-length windows came to light, the tops of which were on a level with the tops of the existing windows. The panelling behind these disused windows proved to be of deal—whereas that which elsewhere covers the walls inside, is of oak.

The Gallery, as originally designed, must have been a remarkably light room, perhaps too, remarkably draughty. This may be the reason why the half-length windows were blocked up. Their frame-mouldings were identical with those of the other windows of the Lodge; and they were carefully photographed before being again covered up. The space between the beams was filled in with white plaster slabs. And the ugly brick piers which supported the projecting bay, were shortly afterwards replaced by plain oak pillars of the Tuscan order resembling that at the north-west angle of the Cloisters.

It should be mentioned that when the 'lean-tos' on the side of the Gallery in the President's Garden were



The Gallery from the President's Garden.



The Gallery from the Cloister Court.

removed, an old doorway was revealed at the bottom of the chimney-stack. This has been restored. Our photograph does not show this.

The main effect of these changes which were carried out by Mr. Sindall under the direction of Mr. Hare is that the Gallery, front and back, has recovered much of its original appearance. Those who know the old building best and love it most are unanimous in feeling that this is a move in the right direction.* And it is hoped that the two beautiful photographs by Mr. W. H. Hayles which are reproduced in this number of *The Dial* will enable old Queens' men to appreciate the present look of our fine old Lodge.

A. B. C.

R. H. K.

* The only possible exception that might be taken to this restoration is as to the propriety of inserting the few *curved* timbers (which are not original) into an otherwise wholly rectilinear design. Mr. Hare aimed at relieving the monotony of the parallel lines.

“Homer as She is Spoke.”

[A certain Don has told us that we can never find bathos in Homer: the writer, while entertaining a profound respect for the learned gentleman begs to differ, and pictures the council of the Gods (see Iliad, iv. 1 seq.) something after the style described below].

THE Gods sat round Zeus on the floor, eagerly eyeing Hebe as she poured forth the nectars-and-sodas for them all. They then proceeded to clink their glasses, and drink each others' healths to the accompaniment of "She's a jolly good fellow," what time they watched the Trojans v. Achaeans match from the grandstand of Olympus. All would have been well, but for the fact that, as usual, Zeus and Hera must needs have one of their accustomed domestic quarrels, which when they were at home, generally ended in their throwing the furniture at each other; but owing to lack of elbow room they had to be content with abusive epithets.

"Look here," said Zeus to Hera, yelling in undignified fury, "it isn't fair; there's you and Athene both backing up Menelaus, yet you sit up here and make no attempt to go and help the poor fellow; whereas giggling Aphrodite runs alongside her man, and hands off everyone that tries to collar him. She's just saved him from being brought down on the point of scoring a magnificent try; but Menelaus ought easily to have got him. I'm not having any. Let's come to terms. Shall we go on with the game, or shall we have 'time'?"

He was only one, however, and Athene and Hera began to grizzle because they wanted the Achaeans to win by fair means or foul. Indeed Athene was so furious that she couldn't talk straight; but Hera gloating over the opportunity of telling her good man what she thought of him, gave vent to her feelings as follows:

"O Zeus, how dare you suggest anything contrary to my plans? Here have I been doing my level best to help the Achaeans and yelling my throat sore, and you suggest time before we've won! Of course you can do as you like; but if you do, we other immortals will go on strike. We've had just about enough of you."

Then spake the mighty son of Cronos, blue in the face with rage, "Goodness, woman what do you mean by having such a spite against the Trojans? They've never done you any harm! I've no doubt you would like to go and lynch the whole team! However you may do as you like this time, so long as you dry up nagging. But I tell you this straight, and you can put it in your pipe and smoke it; in the future, when I want to do something you don't like, you'll please to hold your tongue, see? I particularly wanted Priam's team to win; he often stands me drink-offerings and hecatomb lunches and things."

Then cow-faced Hera replied, "Well, there are three clubs I am rather keen on—Argos, Sparta, and Mycene; so you can allow them to be walked over, and I won't say anything. It wouldn't be much use if I did, either, as you would probably lay me out. However, in reality, I'm just as good as you. Let's come to terms, and

thereby set a good example to the children. We'll go on with the game. Tell Athene to go down and make the Trojans foul, so as we can have an excuse for renewing the quarrel."

For once in his life, Zeus listened to her, and spake winged words to Athene :

"Here you, don't look at me like that ! Go down and make the Trojans foul, so that we can start again."

Thus spake he, and owl-faced Athene blinked and obeyed. Even as a portion of greased lightning did she go, which the Father of Gods and Men had greased, even the mighty Son of Cronos, and she landed on Hector's toe. Thereupon, regardless of Hector's observations, she went up to Pandarus, and whispered in his ear :

"Look here, old sport, will you do us a favour ? Go and kick Menelaus as hard as you can on the shins. You see its this way," she continued, feeling some explanation was needed, " we gods want to start a quarrel between the two teams, so that the match can be played all over again."

Thus spake Athene ; and, like a fool, he did what she told him. Etc., etc.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Dial.

DEAR SIR,

May I trespass on your space to make an appeal to those men who take no part in the Athletic life of the College (there are only too many of them at present,) to give the river a trial next October term.

If these men only realised how important it is to the College that it should strive for a decent reputation in sports, if they only knew the difficulty a conscientious and painstaking Boat Captain has in making up his Lent Boats and if, above all, they only knew the keen pleasure there is in rowing, the feeling of fitness of strength and of *capability* it gives, I feel sure that they would not mind the undoubted grind of learning how to manage an oar.

It is a common remark amongst these who do not row (usually, it must be said in fairness, amongst those who do nothing) that it is impossible to work whilst rowing. I can contradict this from personal experience—moreover, the physical fitness necessary for and brought about by rowing must inevitably have its effect on the brain, as well as on the muscles.

It is most saddening for those who have done their best in the past for the dark green and white, to hear reports of lack of men at the beginning of each October term, and I have therefore no hesitation in asking the present generation to do their best to stop them.

It is no good for each man to look round and expect everybody else to do the work, everyone must do his own little best. Tubbing in the October term takes very little time, and if the would-be oarsman proves to be no good, he has done himself no harm, and has, at all events, done something to encourage the Boat Captain.—If he does prove of use, he will find the sport a most healthy and a most fascinating one. Perhaps I may add that a man who has never rowed before stands just as good a chance of obtaining a place in the boat as the old hand.

I hope this letter will be read in the spirit it is written, the spirit of a friend to friends and if it win but one man from the ranks of the 'do-nothings' to those of the 'try-to-dos,' I do not think it will have been written in vain. Believe me, Dear sir, Yours faithfully,

J. K. MANNOOCH,

Capt. Q. C. B. C. 1909-10.

24, RIBBLESDALE PLACE,

PRESTON,

January 28th. 1912.

To the Editor of the "Dial."

DEAR SIR,

At the beginning of this term we observed that the League match against Pembroke was *scratched*, and that therefore both points went to them. On enquiry we found that this was done merely because the authorities could not raise a team which they thought likely to win,

Last year, if we are not mistaken, the same thing occurred, our action affecting the position of the two top teams.

At the terminal 'Varsity Hockey meeting, it was decided that any teams scratching descended *ipso facto* to the bottom of the League, and it was the action of our College (in the "Soccer" League,) that was expressly quoted as showing the necessity of some such rule.

Surely, sir, with two teams we are capable of finding eleven men sportsmanlike enough to play even with the odds against them.

Also, sir, we protest most strongly against Queens' being put in such a position as to be quoted in the 'Varsity, as an example of what should not be done.

QUEENS' COLLEGE,

We are, Sir,

CAMBRIDGE.

DISGUSTED.

[We commend this letter to the notice of the "Soccer" authorities, and can only hope that future captains will prevent such a thing happening again.—Ed.]

The New Etchings of Queens'.

IT will doubtless be of interest to Old Queens' Men to hear that a new series of seven etchings of the College has just been issued. The publishers are Messrs. Beynon and Co., of Cheltenham, and the artist is Miss Myra K. Hughes. There seems to be a great variety of opinion as to the merits of the pictures, and this is probably due to the fact that the etchings themselves are curiously uneven. We unhesitatingly pick out the "Tower (by night)", the "Dining Hall" and the one of the Bridge as the best. Especially were we pleased with the first, in which the artist has been entirely successful. The etching of the Gallery (inside) is good, though it must be owned that the Gallery, as seen by Miss Hughes appears wider than it actually is. For ourselves, we do not think the etchings of the Cloister Court and Erasmus Tower adequately represent those parts of the College. Why is the artist so fond of putting in figures? The last one of the series, that of Walnut Tree Court, is very disappointing. Its chief demerit is that it totally fails to represent the right angle that the Chapel makes with the buildings and so gives one a quite wrong impression. The general effect seems patchy. We should add that the etchings may be seen on application to Mr. E. A. Doo of 24, Green Street, Cambridge. The President has very kindly presented a set to the Bernard Room.

Our Labour Exchange.

IN case the present Labour Troubles spread, the following gentlemen have kindly offered their services :—

I. C. B. is ready to act as Public Rhetorician for either side. Guaranteed a pithy and pointed speaker.

W. R. C. S. will act as lamp-lighter. Has had much experience, mostly of a negative character.

C. S. D. is willing to step into Sir George Askwith's shoes. Glib and touching.

W. H. F., & A. D. B. peaceful picketers: never in the fore, but create a good impression.

E. H. K. experienced navigator, willing to manage a coal-barge. Looks well in a beard.

B. S. F., & W. T. Good stokers. Their ardour is not easily damped.

M. L. C. will personally conduct parties to most disturbed regions. Tactful and popular.

J. I. C. will attend *any* gathering and play martial music (no doubt, in accordance with principle that music soothes the savage breast).

G. H. F. W. has kindly volunteered to work in the pit and will demonstrate in his very latest.

A. E. P. S. willing to officiate as barber. Beard-trimming a specialité.

R. J. G. will act as general overseer and critic-in-chief of everything.

Committee

- A. B. COOK, Esq.
J. R. WADE, *Editor.*
N. MILLER, *Treasurer.*
F. C. CLARE.
A. E. P. SLOMAN.
C. ROBBINS.
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